**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 21**

Just as Barbie was dressing and about to leave her brother’s room his phone rang. Barbie watched him pull the phone away from his ear and look at it as if checking to make sure it was indeed his phone. Then he smiled and pushed the speaker button. Barbie heard Becky on the other end saying, “ ... me back?” Like she’d been asking a question.

“What was that? I missed what you said. The connection fritzed,” he said to the phone. Barbie didn’t know if she wanted to hear this conversation but listened because her Master obviously wanted her to or he wouldn’t have put Becky on speaker.

“Am I on speaker, motherfucker?” Becky said like she was accusing him of doing something wrong.

“Yeah, my hands are busy,” he replied.

“Oh. So why didn’t you call me back today, cumwad?” Becky asked as if she’d been insulted that Joe hadn’t immediately called her back earlier when he was at Duncan’s house. That had been hours ago. They wondered if Becky had been stewing this long and waiting to see if Joe would call her back.

It was one of Becky’s little tests. If this boy really wanted to take her to the dance she felt he should have been jumping through hoops to call her a few more times before she finally said yes.

“What was there to say? You’re obviously too shallow to enjoy good company without a price tag and I’m certainly not going to PAY to take you on a date. You just hung up before I could,” he shrugged as if she could see him.

“We lost the connection, dumbass!” Becky lied through the phone. It was clear Joe knew that too. “I was just joking. I was about to agree,” Becky added the surprising next sentence.

Joe looked at his sister and tilted his head as if wondering what Becky’s game was now. As if Barbie had any clue. She shrugged her shoulders too, bewildered at this change in events but happy for Joe.

“Are you talking to me while you’re fucking some OTHER skank?” Becky asked with suspicion evident in her tone. “Ditch the bitch and come over. You can ride me and we’ll talk about what I’m wearing, okay?”

“Yeah, too late for that! I am in my P.J’s getting ready for mommy to tuck me in and read me a bedtime story!” Joe joked.

“You seem like the milk and cookies type,” Becky said. “Look, I thought about your offer and I will accept but YOU are paying for the tickets!” she insisted.

“Done,” Joe agreed.

“Okay. You have a car? And don’t say a fucking Prius because I’d rather walk to the dance than drive in a piece of shit like that,” Becky said sourly.

“No car,” Joe said.

“Fuck. Fine. My Dad is driving Dylan and whatever the fuck her name is to the dance tomorrow. We can tag along with them but don’t think you are getting laid. I just want to get the fuck out of the house for a while,” she said.

“Are you going out with me because nobody else asked you or because you want to go out with me?” Joe asked.

“Does it matter, motherfucker?” Becky replied sarcastically.

“I just want to know if I am an excuse not to play Winky Wednesday in front of your family or if you really want to be at the dance with ME,” Joe clarified his question.

Becky was silent for a moment as if she was frustrated. He heard the furious sound of pussy flaps being masturbated and it wasn’t his sister so he assumed it was probably Becky. “Hah hah, motherfucker. I bet you loved watching that! Well, I am glad you enjoyed the little floor show. A lot of boys would have freaked out a lot sooner. We all had a big laugh when your sister lost her shit and made up that excuse about babysitting. We were taking bets on when you two would run away,” she said sarcastically.

“We didn’t run away,” Joe lied. They totally did run away. It freaked them both out but at the same time it deeply inspired the new relationship they had. He was actually quite grateful for that but if he told Becky she probably wouldn’t understand.

“Yeah, well you aren’t the first boy to think I am a crazy bitch yet you called me and asked me out anyway. So I give you credit for that. Just don’t make demands of me because you know I submit to punishments. I don’t need YOU to whip my ass,” she said.

“Okay, and I am sorry about how I asked,” Joe apologized.

“Don’t apologize to me. Ever,” Becky insisted that apologies were as worthless as used toilet paper. “They are just something you say when you want someone to stop being mad at you. I’ll stop when I am ready. You didn’t ask me jack shit. You told me I was coming and you don’t know me well enough for that. You came at me with a demand. I may be a slut but I am not a doormat. There are plenty of ways to rub me so that I’ll grant a wish and that wasn’t one of them,” she said.

Joe smiled and waved his hand at Barbie to dismiss her so she could start on her chores. He’d told her to spend approximately 30 minutes each on Kevin and Ariel but hurry up and finish her hygiene so he could decide what to do with her after she’d finished.

Barbie could barely contain her happiness that her brother had a date. She had been jealous at first that he asked Becky but now she thought it might be fun to double-date with the Simmons’ at Homecoming.

“Dress nice tomorrow and be here early so I can decide if I like what you are wearing. And if you bring me flowers, be prepared to have them shoved directly up your ass. You can bring me a carton of Kool Menthol Filter King 100s if you want to spend money on something I might like. Becky hung up immediately after that without saying goodbye.

Barbie knocked at Ariel’s door. No one in the house ever just invited themselves into anyone else’s room, especially Barbie now that she was under her brother’s control.

“Go away, Kevin. I’m studying,” Ariel said dismissively. She apparently forgot all about the fact that Barbie was supposed to clean up her room. Ariel could be an air-head at times.

Barbie heard something in Ariel’s voice that made her guilt rise. It was something in her sister’s tone that wasn’t the normal bubbly Ariel. Like Ariel didn’t want Kevin to know she’d been crying, perhaps? Barbie bit her lip and opened her sister’s door without permission.

“I said, go away!” Ariel shouted before she saw who it was. “Oh. It’s you,” Ariel said, deadpan. “You can go away too,” Ariel in an irate tone of voice. She was still angry about her sister’s response when she’d stood up for her at the dinner table.

“I can, but I wanted to apologize first,” Barbie said, making no move to back out of her sister’s room. She made a split-second decision to address her behavior at dinner.

“What is there to apologize for? You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m just your silly little sister,” Ariel pouted.

“Yes,” Barbie agreed, seeing Ariel’s expression harden. “You’re my little sister, and I’m sorry that I didn’t thank you for being supportive. I was so wrapped up in myself that I didn’t thank you for wearing your nighty to dinner. Can you forgive me?”

Barbie didn’t expect Ariel to burst into tears, but that’s precisely what happened. Barbie ran to her sister, flinging the door closed without another thought. She knew their mother would complain about doors being slammed, but at that moment, she didn’t care. Her sister was crying, and it was all her fault.

“Hey, don’t cry, Pinkerbell. Your eyes will dry out, and you’ll go blind,” she joked, trying to make her sister feel better. She forgot all about brat mode and was real with her sister.

Ariel let her sister come into her room. Ariel was still wearing the shirt she had on from earlier tonight at the dinner table.

“I’m sorry, Barbie. I’m not mad at you anymore, I promise!” She stuttered, trying to stem her sobs, which only made Barbie feel worse.

“Hey sis. It’s just you and me to keep the boys in line,” she said to Ariel, smiling a little at her own words. If Ariel only knew the truth, she’d absolutely flip out, Barbie knew.

“Why is Joe being such a butt crack to you? He’s never been like that before,” she agreed, rubbing her nose down her sleeve like a five-year-old.

“He’s doing it because he thinks he has to, sis. He really is about the best brother we could ever hope to have but don’t you dare tell him I said so!” Barbie paused as if making up her mind about something. “Can I tell you a secret?”

Ariel looked up at her sister with adoration in her red eyes as if she was being entrusted with the secret to life itself, her little breakdown already almost completely forgotten. She nodded eagerly. Ariel was confused that her sister spoke so highly of Joe after how he treated her at dinner. He was the reason she was in her room now to clean up.

“We’re women,” Barbie said as if that explained everything.

“I know THAT!” Ariel replied, a small smile breaking out on her features.

“What I mean is that mom would give Kevin or Joseph way more grief if THEY came to the dinner table in just a tee shirt or nighty.”

“I don’t think either boy owns a nighty,” Ariel giggled softly. “But Joe’s still being a meany butt. He’s acting worse than mom and dad combined!”

“We’re playing a game of sorts, Pinkerbell. The more he tries to boss me around, the brattier I act. Just don’t tell him I told you, okay? That’d ruin the game if he knew we were playing it,” Barbie winked. She didn’t want to tell Ariel everything, but she thought it may help if she knew it was just a game.

“Oh! Wow! Okay. A game?” Ariel laughed as if she had been given the real secret to life. She liked games. She was thrilled to be let in on a little secret and promised not to tell anyone.

She did have a habit of blabbing out secrets. Barbie instantly realized she may have made a huge mistake letting her sister in on it without consulting Joe. She couldn’t take it back now, but she would be cautious about exactly how much she told her sister.

“So, what did you mean about us being girls?” Ariel asked, confusion beginning to creep back into her voice.

“Mom’s a real prude, right?” Barbie asked her sister.

Ariel had never thought that about their mother. To her, she was just ‘mom.’ She said as much and asked what that had to do with anything anyway.

“Mom doesn’t want me growing up. That’s the real reason I came out in my shirt and panties. I wanted to show her I was growing up, but that whole thing went sideways real fast. Now I HAVE to wear them in the house. Can I tell you another secret?” Barbie asked conspiratorially.

Ariel nodded her head vigorously. “I thought of not wearing panties either, just to shock her and make her see that I’m growing up. But I think it’d be too much for Kevin. He would never let me live it down or Mom would have a heart attack.

“Oh, you should have!” Ariel giggled playfully. “You sound just like Marilyn! She’s wild”. Ariel was a chatterbox, and she started on a long, rambling story about her and Marilyn and the Cheerios. That was the name for the junior varsity cheer squad. The story Ariel told was going nowhere fast.

“That reminds me I want to join the cheer squad. Do you think you can help me?” Barbie asked.

“What? Cheerios? That would be awesome! Yes!” Ariel started doing kicks and fist pumps that were part of her cheerleading routine.

“No, not junior varsity. It has to be varsity so I can be at Joe’s games,” Barbie clarified.

“I hate to break it to you but that squad is super competitive. You have to have years of cheerleading, and for a sophomore to earn a spot, she’d have to be Charli D’Amelio or something,” Ariel joked about the most popular Tik Tok star in the world. She encouraged her sister to join the Cheerios and said she could get her on the squad tomorrow. “You try out for that, and if you are good and several girls on Varsity break their legs, then who knows?” Ariel tried to be sweet.

“Are you sure I would get on the team?” Barbie thought Joe would not approve of her being on junior varsity, but she could ask his permission.

“Yeah, we don’t have a full squad anyway, and it is no-cut. So unless you don’t show up for the games, you should get in! Marilyn and I can help you. Just come to the gym at lunchtime,” she said.

“Don’t you eat lunch?” Barbie asked. She was cleaning up her sister’s room while they talked.

“How do you think I keep this wonderful figure?” Ariel slapped her little bubble-shaped butt playfully. “We meet at the gym on Friday because the Homecoming Dance is tomorrow, and we can’t practice after school because they will have it set up for that. I am so excited to do something with you!” Ariel said.

“Well, that’s kind of why I told you about that game I am playing with Joe. We are sisters, and I trust you. You really can’t tell anyone, okay? I mean not Marilyn, Not Mom, Not even Joe!” Barbie warned her.

“Why not, Joe? He’s in on it, isn’t he?” Ariel seemed puzzled.

Barbie could imagine her brother becoming furious with her now that she had time to think about it. She had made a decision to tell Ariel that the brat mode was a little game. Joe expected her to consult him and get his approval on everything. She’d already broken his rules, and she felt incredibly guilty.

“Okay, well, Joe and I have a little bit of a bet going on to see how long this restriction can really last. I did not think mom and dad would let him lay out the rules. Anything he gets them to agree to, I will do. That even includes spending at least one hour with you a week and an hour with Kevin doing whatever you guys want, instead of what I want. That’s the deal I made with him,” Barbie admitted truthfully.

“I have to act like a pouty brat. That’s part of the game. If I don’t, then mom and dad won’t believe I deserve to stay on restriction. That’s why I said what I did to you about getting my way after they forget about my punishment at dinner, loud enough they could hear it,”

“Wicked! That’s wicked! I want in! I can be a pouty brat!” Ariel smiled enthusiastically. Barbie didn’t want to admit that she modeled some of her pouty behavior on Ariel. It sounded fun to her, and she was down for something exciting. She had no idea there was a naughty component to any of the things Barbie was doing outside of panty-checks and t-shirts with panties.

“I don’t want YOU getting in trouble, sis. I really did mess up the clothes, and that is all my fault. I appreciate you wanting to get in trouble with me, but please don’t. I can handle it, but if you start wearing your nighty all the time, I’d feel bad if you got in trouble too. I ended up on restriction,” she said, not reminding her sister that it’d been because of the ruined clothes, “but I’m going to fight fire with fire. I’ll do what Joseph says, but I’m going to intentionally be naughty sometimes, okay? Just don’t think I don’t care about you or don’t appreciate your support because I do!” Barbie said emphatically.

“Oh c’mon, getting on restriction isn’t that big of a deal! I want to have some fun, and it will give me a reason to practice my acting skills.” Ariel considered herself a future Disney television star waiting to be discovered. She was incredibly cute and precocious.

“If Joe knows you are on my side, he’ll realize I am rigging the game. I am supposed to be a brat to you, and you can be a brat to me back. You can tell me to do your chores, tease me, and tell mom that I should be on restriction. It would actually help if you do that. So if you want to play-act, you can be a little twat to me all the time except during Cheerios practice?”

“You said twat? Oh my gosh, you really are changing, Barbie!” Ariel covered her mouth and blushed.

Barbie didn’t even realize she said the dirty word until Ariel mentioned it. She was obeying her brother’s instruction to say dirty words instinctively now.

“That’s the other reason I don’t want you to play this game. It is kind of naughty,” Barbie was afraid she told her little sister too much already.

“What sort of naughty things will you do?” Ariel wanted desperately to know.

“Truth or dare stuff,” Barbie admitted. Ariel had played truth or dare at sleepovers plenty of times. They put their bras in the freezer and dared each other to wear them while they were ice cold and told each other dirty secrets about boys they liked. She enjoyed those games.

Barbie had never attended sleepovers because she had so few girlfriends and would have preferred a good book, but she knew about them.

“I want to play, but if I am a meanie butt to you, are you going to get mad?” Ariel asked for an assurance.

“Not as long as you keep our secret. If you break my trust, then I can never trust you again with a secret,” Barbie made that much clear. She was risking a lot, letting her sister know about this.

“I can really be a meanie butt, though! You have to organize all my lipsticks by shade,” Ariel teased as she dumped over her lipsticks.

“Well, you don’t have to be a meanie when we are alone,” Barbie chuckled a little and started organizing the lipsticks. She had a mild form of OCD that made her desperately want to color coordinate them anyway. Barbie wondered if it ran in the family because her mother was that way about kitchen utensils.

Ariel agreed it’d be their secret, and she’d help in any way she could. She felt excited to be a part of a secret, and she assured her sister she would back her up no matter what.

“So Joe isn’t really a big butt head?” Ariel clarified while she watched her sister straighten up her makeup cabinet.

“No, but he is going to act like one, and I am not mad at him either,” Barbie admitted.

“What about Kevin?” she asked.

“Oh, Kevin IS a big butt head, and I’ll probably really be mad at him,” Barbie offered a wry grin. “He doesn’t know about our game, and he’d be a brat to me for sure. He will NEVER know, okay? Sister’s promise?” Barbie offered a pinky so they could swear on it, and Ariel accepted.

Barbie hadn’t really told Ariel anything truly secret, knowing that Ariel was a blabbermouth, but it had undoubtedly improved her sister’s mood, and she felt better having, in a way, confided in her little sister. Barbie didn’t like lying and what she’d said wasn’t really all lies. They DID have the best big brother ever, and she WAS going to be naughty. At least hopefully, Ariel wouldn’t get so upset the next time Joe was a ‘meanie butt’ to her.

Barbie could tell Ariel was feeling a lot better now, so she told her sister she wanted to clean her room. Ariel had already put away the clothes she’d discarded when Barbie had asked for something to wear, and Ariel’s room was now as tidy as she kept her own. Of course, there were SOME things she had to straighten up, but the dusting and tidying really only took a few minutes. Barbie grabbed the vacuum cleaner and carefully went over the floor. Ariel had even made her bed. Kevin’s room, in comparison, would take days to get looking as spic and span as her sister’s.

“Are you wearing panties right now, Barbie?” Ariel asked innocently when she saw her sister lean forward to push the vacuum cleaner under the bed. Ariel had seen a lot of butt cheek.

“Are you doing a panty check on me?” Barbie laughed as she pulled her tee shirt hem up and remembered Kevin had tried earlier and she shot him down. “See? I got some new panties at Goodwill!” She said, lifting her shirt higher so Ariel could see the waistband of the little thong she wore.

She’d never been naked in a room with her sister until today, but Barbie was slowly getting used to baring skin. “You should have seen how embarrassed Joseph was when he had to help me pick them out!” She laughed.

“I bet you’re glad he didn’t make you try them on for size!” Ariel laughed back.

“I offered to! I can’t fit my big butt into those teeny tiny little panties you wear,” Barbie tittered, making both girls giggle almost uncontrollably. “You would never dare?” She gushed.

“That’s the game, Ariel. I am daring! One of the dares was to start going by Barbie and stop being a stick in the mud,” Barbie explained.

“That’s so cool! You are so cool, Sis!” Ariel hugged her sister. “I felt so bad I left the room a mess for you. I did that intentionally because I thought you threw me under the bus! Now that I know it is a game, I am sorry,” she said.

“So, are you going to clean your own room for me every night so that I don’t have to?” Barbie asked.

“No, but I don’t feel as bad!” Ariel offered a mirthful grin and looked up at her sister with her big blue eyes.

“Meanie butt,” Barbie stuck her tongue out at her little sister for teasing her.

When Barbie left Ariel’s room a few minutes later, Pinkerbell was back to her usual, enthusiastic, and bubbly self. She began texting her friend Marilyn about Barbie joining the Cheerios.

**Chapter 22**

Barbie had not planned to tell Ariel her dirty little secrets. She kept most of them to herself, but she knew Joe would be unhappy when she told him. IF she told him. She felt obligated to tell him now, though, and face the music. She’d just have to find a way to explain how it happened and accept whatever he decided.

Kevin would be a different story altogether. She fully expected her little brother to tease her. She and Kevin got along fairly well. He had played a few relatively harmless practical jokes on her in the past, but he had done that with Ariel and Joe as well. There was no specific animosity between them, but Barbie was apprehensive anyway. She knew Kevin would probably try to take advantage of the situation, and she prepared herself for that. She also told herself that she would, under no circumstances, tell him what she’d told Ariel about her and Joe.

She pulled her t-shirt down as far as it would go (about mid-thigh) and then knocked on her little brother’s door.

“What?” he demanded. He was preoccupied with his X-box game.

“Housekeeping!” Barbie called back playfully, remembering what Kevin had said about her being a waitress at dinner.

“Oh, goody! Come on in!” he sounded bemused by her presence. Barbie sighed and reminded herself she was in brat mode. The problem was that she felt so incredibly submissive and calm at the moment. She had been fucked for the first time in her life. She had also made up with her little sister, and that made her feel a sense of clarity of purpose. She made a lemony face and tried to switch into brat mode so she could keep up with Kevin’s barbs.

The smell of sweat and dirty socks assaulted her nose, and she didn’t really know how Kevin could stand it in here. There was the distinct odor of “boy,” and it disgusted Barbie.

Kevin’s room was a jumble of Manga, anime’ figurines, video game stuff, and Star Wars.

It would take all night to give it a proper cleaning. She wondered how her mother could let him keep his room in such a disorganized state.

Kevin’s Anime stuff frequently seemed perverted to Barbie. He had figurines of scantily clad cat women with big bouncing breasts in sexy outfits. Barbie didn’t recognize the titles of his Manga, but much of it ws related to Hentai, Futanari, Shota, and Ecchi - the DVD covers said so.

He was an avid collector of Japanese DVDs that were normally not available in America. She had no idea Kevin had just finished watching Shinsei: Futanari Idol - Dekatama-Kei! For the seventh time.

This is the story of Riko and Mizuho, two unbelievably beautiful girls who just happen to have giant cocks between their legs. They also have huge tits and they giggle all the time. One is shy, the other is a pervert, but they both try to keep their penises a secret.

They are recruited to become singing sensations, which is a dream come true for both. One day, Riko tries to perv on Mizuho and finds out about her dick. At first, Mizuho tries to hide it, but Riko isn’t having that, so she begins to grab and rub her penis, which forces her to orgasm. Kevin shot his load at the same time Riko did.

Barbie rarely visited his room. She and her younger brother had very little in common, and usually, he would never have permitted her to enter his “Kevin Cave.” It was his domain here where he came to play video games and apparently masturbate in privacy.

He seemed to be engrossed in his Xbox. His laptop was open and several of the tabs were clearly pornographic websites. She noticed wadded up tissues all over the floor and she surmised either Kevin had a cold or he jerked off into them. She rolled her eyes when she saw the sheer quantity of them.

His desk was a jumble of notepaper, a couple of textbooks, and lots of models. He’d made enough room to start construction of a model x-wing, but the glue bottle was lying on its side stuck to the top of the box. It looked like a project he’d quickly tired of.

Kevin’s mother probably would have complained about how extensively he had left things out since the last time she cleaned. He had intentionally made a mess because he knew his sister was expected to clean it up.

He snapped his fingers without looking at her. “Less looking and more cleaning!”

“As you command, Grand Lord Supreme Kevin Almighty,” Barbie snickered just like Candy would have, if her brother Harlan had told her to do something. She began to straighten up, but there was no fixing all of this in half an hour. She would have to do just as much as she could within the thirty minutes Joe had given her. Her brother insisted she bend at the waist, and that was perhaps the most humiliating aspect of picking up her brother’s room because he frequently took his eyes from his game to stare at her ass.

“Now, that sounds better!” Kevin snickered right back. “Speaking of which, how about a panty check?”

“Gross, no way, Kevin!” Barbie told him absolutely not. It wasn’t that she minded flipping up her shirt. She was probably flashing a lot of her pantied crotch at him when she bent over. It was the idea that HE could order her to do it that irked her. It was flattering and powerful when Joe did it, but that is because she’d surrendered to Joe. She didn’t think of Kevin that way at all.

“What is the big deal? I can see your fat butt when you bend over anyway?” he chuckled as he turned his attention to slaughtering some accountant from Wisconsin in a game of Fortnite.

“My butt is not fat, and if you’re looking at it, you can see that I have panties on, so why do you need me to flip up my shirt?” she stuck her nose in the air and pouted like Ariel might have.

“You don’t seem to have a problem doing it when Joe tells you to,” he sneered.

“I do, but I don’t have any choice in that! It’s different with you. So, you’ll have to get your jollies some other way and stop staring at my butt!” She threw a stuffed Pokemon doll at her little brother.

“It’s so big it blocks out the light in here!” Kevin teased. “All I have to do is go ask Joe to let me give you panty checks, and he will, so you might want to just do it and save me the trip!” Kevin snickered.

It was a small humiliation to flip her t-shirt up. Barbie knew she could just do it and placate her brother. It was the principle of doing what Kevin told her that bothered her. She wondered if she would have felt the same way about Joe if he had talked his parents into putting her on restriction without knowing she wanted to be his pet. She probably would have naturally resented being told what to do by her older brother as well.

“Go ahead and ask him then,” she stuck out her tongue at him. She knew she didn’t HAVE to do anything to save Kevin ‘the trouble’ of asking permission.

“If I do, then I am going to ask him to let me do bra checks too! You have one of those on?” he said as he set his controller down in frustration. The accountant in Wisconsin respawned and took him out at the end of the match.

“That’s so mean and perverted, Kevin, even for you!” Barbie countered back. She genuinely started to turn red. She’d offered to suck a stranger’s cock today and been less embarrassed in comparison to how she felt being talked to this way by her little brother. The fact that she knew him and she might never see the stranger again probably had a lot to do with that.

“You are the one walking around braless, yet I AM the pervert for looking at what you are showing me?” Kevin turned his focus on his sister and addressed her. “Okay, one last chance. Booby Check. Let’s see if you are properly padded, like a good girl,” he asked.

“Buzz off,” Barbie turned around and began cleaning. She stuck her ass out and arched her back as she did. She was trying not to show him how red her face was and, at the same time, prove she wouldn’t be rattled if he really did look at her butt. Kevin admired the fine strip of white panty between his sister’s pussy and ass crack for a moment.

“Fine. I am going to talk to Joe!” he huffed and left the room.

Barbie kept cleaning. She wondered what Joe would say? She assumed she could stall long enough by saying she’d have to hear it from Joe directly. She didn’t have her phone with her, or she would have texted Joe to warn him that their brother was coming to see him.

In the meantime, Barbie took the opportunity to clean up the tissues around her brother’s desk. She didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of watching her picking up his cum-soaked tissues with her fingers. She didn’t have a broom or any cleaning supplies because she was supposed to be just straightening up right now and managing clutter. The deep cleaning would happen this weekend according to their mother’s chore wheel she kept on the fridge.

After she tossed several in the bin, she sniffed one. She wondered if it would smell like Joe’s semen. Her older brother had a very distinct taste that was quite different from Duncan or the Mexican construction worker she’d blown this afternoon. Kevin abruptly opened the door and almost caught her with the tissue up to her nose. She immediately felt her heart jump up to her throat and was incredibly embarrassed. She had almost been caught trying to analyze the smell of cum. She was probably being just as creepy as her little brother even though she didn’t want to admit it to herself.

“What did he say?” She asked as casually as she dared.

“Doesn’t matter.” Kevin’s answer told her all she needed to know. If Joe had said she had to do it, Kevin would have lead with that. “The point is that something is up. Mom and Dad may be too repressed to call you on it. They probably don’t want to upset the perfect little bubble that they live in. Ariel worships the ground you walk on, so she wouldn’t call you out either,” he said.

Barbie didn’t think Ariel worshipped her but if she did, that would be quite flattering. Her little sister was a precocious free-spirit that followed her own path. She doubted that Ariel was influenced by her at all.

“I don’t know what is going on with Joe, but something is different about him too. All I know is that you changed your name, changed everything about how you act, and how you dress all in the same day. You’ve been as rigid and predictable as a mom since as long as I can remember. Now suddenly, you are Barbie, and the perfect daughter is on restriction?” Kevin sounded like he was trying to put together a mystery in his head.

“I don’t know what you are talking about. Sometimes a coincidence is just a coincidence. I’ve wanted to stop being a bookworm and be lonely on Saturday nights for a long time. She felt put on to tell him any more than that. Barbie had made a deal with herself that she would never reveal anything to Kevin about her and Joe, and she was going to stick to that.

Unfortunately it seemed clear he was very close to figuring out, and that worried Barbie. She told him that it was all in his imagination, and that’s all there was to it. “Yeah, I wanted to change and try out a new nickname. That has nothing to do with getting on restriction. I fucked up the laundry by not paying attention,” she admitted.

“You would never have said ‘fucked up’ yesterday. You would have said, ‘messed up’. It sure is a coincidence that you only fucked up YOUR OWN laundry? And destroyed every outfit you own, which you conveniently replaced with, I’m guessing here, slutty clothes?” he asked with one raised eyebrow.

Barbie couldn’t deny his guess. He’d know soon enough that allher new clothes were indeed what their mom would consider indecent. “Look, I am almost done cleaning up your room. How about you take your conspiracy theories and your pornographic websites and let me finish cleaning, Kevin?”

“Fine.” Kevin warned her that he would be watching her.

“Oh, I am sure! Watching my butt mostly! You creeper!” she chuckled. Barbie was secretly flattered even though he was her brother. She had no reservations about fucking Joe now. It had been a really big taboo, but she saw him as her protector and owner now. She didn’t think of Kevin that way at all. He was still just her perverted little brother, and she planned to keep thinking of him that way.

THE CONFESSION AND EDUCATION OF A PERFECT SLUT

Written by Barbie Chipman

I was physically exhausted from the spanking, fucking, sucking, but most of all, the cleaning. It had taken me more than hour to finish Kevin’s room alone. I didn’t want to half-ass the cleaning. I knew Joe wouldn’t check up on me. I just felt if I was going to clean Kevin’s room it I might as well do it right.

Kevin had confused me so much that cleaning gave me a time to think. Usually, when I think, I spend time thinking about endless possibilities and the myriad ways I could act when situations arose.

Now that I had surrendered myself to my brother, I was starting to do much less of that. I was more focused and meditative while I cleaned. It allowed me to calm myself and find my center.

Unfortunately I also knew I’d have to tell Joe what I had told Ariel. The sooner the better, because if I let it wait, then I was sure he would be even angrier with me. I suspected he would be mad that I made the choice to address my behavior with her. I did it for all the right reasons, but Joe had been very clear that I was no longer the one to decide things for myself. What was done was done, though, and I couldn’t un-tell Ariel. I would have to throw myself on his mercy.

As to Kevin, that was something else entirely. I was puzzled by him. I suspected he’d try to find a way to benefit from my restriction. What surprised me most was that he was able to connect so many dots with his observation.

I suppose my brother and I had left a trail of bread crumbs for anyone to figure out if they looked hard enough. This was all so new to us, and we were probably making some of our games a little too obvious.

Kevin had also asked really good probing questions. I reflected on some of the ones he asked. When he said he had to go ask Joe if he could tell me to do a panty check, I probably accidentally revealed that Joe was really in charge when I told him he needed to. Then I realized Joe might find fault with me making Kevin ask about panty checks in the first place. One of my rules was that I was supposed to be making my siblings’ lives easier and Kevin had said, I should save him the trouble of having to ask. I hadn’t.

I didn’t think about it at the time, but I’ve grossly underestimated my little brother’s curiosity and intelligence. I used to think I was the smartest kid of all of us because I always had the best grades.

I realize now both Joe and Kevin both have a lot more common sense than me. Joe has the same ability that Kevin does, to ask probing questions and reach intelligent conclusions. I guess it must run in the family.

I took a much needed hot shower and let the water wash over my naked body. I explored myself, and while I was tempted to masturbate to orgasm, I didn’t. Joe had made clear to me that I could no longer make that decision for myself. As much as I was tempted to break the rules for a self-indulgent finger-fuck in the shower, I resisted temptation.

I washed my hair and really took my time. I was refreshed and feeling relaxed when I opened the shower curtain.

I was shocked to see my brother Joe seated calmly on the toilet holding a plastic bottle. He looked angry and impatient. Before I even knew who it was I found myself bent over, hiding my tits and pussy.

Recovering slowly, I straightened and uncovered my ‘goodies’. “What are you doing in here, Master?” I asked nervously as I grabbed a towel.

“The better question is, what were you doing in the shower for so long? From now on, you will use cold water only and complete your entire shower in five minutes. The only thing you could have been doing with that extra time is playing with yourself and last I checked, that was my job,” he said quite seriously. “Then again, Kevin paid me a visit, and he seems to think it is HIS job now,” he said.

“I don’t know what he said, Sir, but I can explain,” I offered to tell him everything that transpired between Kevin and me as I dried off.

“I am starting to wonder how much of what you tell me, I can believe. You seem to think that you can still make choices for yourself. The only choice you need to make is to obey me and be totally honest with me. No secrets,” he insisted. I was nervous and felt quite vulnerable and not just because I was naked and Joe was fully dressed. When he mentioned secrets, I felt even more guilty about the ones I kept with my sister.

“Drop the towel and get into pet position,” he said. I obeyed even though I was still a little wet and now cold, too. I was on my hands and knees as I adjusted my clit so that it was pulled out.

“This is a Fleet enema bottle. It contains 27.8 ounces of cleansing solution. It’s the family size,” he let me see the slender tip of the bottle before he jammed it into my asshole. He left it there to drain into my backside. I found myself wondering what families would share an enema!

“Every night before you take your shit, you will take at least one of these. You can stop refilling the bottle once the water runs clear. I want your asshole to be empty of shit. I don’t want brown on my dick when I take your anal virginity. You will refill the enema with tap water.”

“Yes, Master, thank you,” I tried not to seem disgusted by the idea that I’d be emptying my bowels while he was in the same room. “How long should I leave it in for?” I asked.

“The instructions on the bottle say five minutes per application, so we’ll start there and work our way up. You have no privacy any longer, Barbie, so I will be coming to your room or entering the bathroom anytime I like when you’re in it. Mom and Dad have their own bathroom, and as long as you keep your voice down, I doubt we have to worry about Kevin and Ariel catching us this late at night. Now, why don’t you start by telling me what happened with Kevin tonight?” We’ll save the part about you taking twice as long as I told you to spend there.

I told him the whole truth and left nothing out.

“I told you not to waste cum, and yet you threw the used tissues in the bin?” he asked.

“Master! They were KEVIN’S little tissues!” I insisted.

“Cum is cum. In the future, when you empty his bin, I want you to bring the tissues back to your room. I was serious about recycling. He doesn’t need to know you are doing that,” Joe said.

He told me that my little brother asked for permission to flip my shirt up and pressed him to explain what was really going on. Kevin told him basically the same thing he told me, except in that version, I was the devious one who had ensnared Joe in some dastardly game. “He seems to think you are calling all the shots and that I am your puppet. He thinks you either tricked me or held something over my head to make me suggest you get an entirely new wardrobe and he offered to help me get even with you,” Joe laughed.

“Wow,” I said. The enema was forcing my tummy to expand, and I felt so full. I felt and I’m sure I looked, about two months pregnant and I wanted to poop so bad, but Joe told me I still had 3 more minutes left. I did my best to clench my asshole closed. I was thankful Joe had been making me practice ‘winking’ exercises because even though he made me hold the heavy bottle myself. I might have accidentally dropped the enema bottle he’d forced into my butthole and I couldn’t just allow the solution to spray out everywhere.

“Wow, is right. Kevin is clever, and he will keep digging until he figures out what is going on. So here is what you are going to do tomorrow,” Joe said.

“If he asks you to flip up your shirt around the house, you will. For whatever reason, he seems to want that badly. If he knows I told you it was okay, he will know I call the shots. Just tell the ‘rents that he may as well. There is no difference if he sees when I tell you or you’re doing it for him directly. I will agree and say it will keep you on your toes. He’ll stop trying to make you do it because you volunteered. Got it?” Joe said.

I agreed and grunted. My stomach was bloated, and I now looked three months pregnant. Any more water, and I’d get as round as Candy’s fat belly.

“You are going to sit with him on the bus tomorrow. You won’t ask me if you can. You are going to tell him that you are exploring your sexuality and trying to express yourself, but you want to keep it a secret. You will beg him not to talk to anyone about this. You will offer to flip up or even remove your t-shirt completely when you clean his room as long as he talks to no one about this. If he wants anything else, you will tell him you will think about it. Then you will ask me, and we’ll go from there,” Joe said.

I was nervous about it, but Joe felt there was no other way. “Did you know about the pictures boys were taking?”

I looked at my Master blankly.

“Barbie, it is 2019 and everyone has Snapchat to send dirty pictures to one another. Yes, several boys warned me about what you were doing and tried to show me. I acted like I didn’t approve or want to see their proof, and I want you to tell your brother not to make a big deal about the pictures. You aren’t the only attention whore in Sebastian. There are plenty of dirty pictures of the girl I am taking to Homecoming. The rumor is there’s even some of her with the entire Football team. As long as he doesn’t show our parents or Ariel, we are good. If you have to play along with him to buy his silence, I am fine with that.”

I agreed. What else could I do? I trusted Joe, and I belonged to him. Master let me squat over the toilet but not sit on it, to release my bowels.

I was so thankful the water was only a very light brown. He seemed pleased and told me I could shave myself. I have razors to shave my legs, but I don’t do it as frequently as Ariel. She is on the cheerleading squad, and she has to keep her legs shaved.

I started by shaving my legs in the bathroom. Master made several adjustments so that I was soon on my back with my legs up in the air shaving my cunt and the hairs between my ass cheeks. I lifted my clit and delicately shaved in the direction of hair growth. I told him that my sister offered to get me into the Junior Varsity cheerleading team.

“That won’t do me any good. I want you cheering ME on at my games,” he lamented.

“Should I not join her squad, Master?” I asked as I held my pussy flaps apart and scraped off the last of my blonde pubic hair.

“I never said not to join. I just said that it is not what I wanted. Yes, you will go out for the team. You will not wear any bottoms under your cheerleader uniform,” he said.

“What if they kick me off the team, Master?” I asked as I adjusted myself so that I could shave the peach fuzz off of my ass. It wasn’t easy and required a lot of bending. Master chided me for my lack of flexibility and even helped me. It was weird and highly arousing to get my brother’s help with such an intimate chore.

“The first time you get an official warning from the coach, you will say you weren’t aware that was frowned upon. I will let you wear your spanks to the game and practice, but no other time. The Cheerios wear their uniforms on varsity game days and get to come to some of our rallies and events. You did well. How did it go in Ariel’s room?” he asked.

It was now or never. I could tell my brother what I had done, or I could lie. “Master, I didn’t continue brat mode with Ariel. She was angry with me.” I explained how she felt betrayed when she’d tried to be supportive.

“It sounds like you disobeyed me because once again, you think you know what is best for you. Maybe Kevin is right, and you are secretly calling the shots,” Joe sounded really angry, but he remained calm. I was afraid to admit the next part.

I confessed to him that I felt certain I could let Ariel know I was just playing a naughty dare game. I told him that, like Kevin, she’d keep wondering what was happening until she figured it out or got the wrong impression.

“It is my job to decide what is best for you. You only agreed to that last night and several times again today. Yet, you thought it might be best if you told your sister that you obey me because you want to and that some of this is naughty?” Joe could hardly believe I was serious right now.

“When you say it like that, it sounds really worse than it is, Master,” I explained. I tried to explain how I had never mentioned being his pet or obeying his rules, but Joe was livid now.

“There are three ways to get a message across Sebastian. Telephone, Television, and Tell Ariel. You really think your blabbermouth sister can be trusted?” Joe’s question was rhetorical. I assured him that we’d pinky sworn on it.

“You don’t think Kevin would talk to Pinkerbell

about you? Just like he talked to me? What do you think will happen when they compare notes?” he asked. I assured him that Ariel wouldn’t tell on me.

“Kevin is a smart kid. I used to think you were smart too but you don’t have any common sense, and that is why you need to be under my thumb at all times. Kevin will butter her up and make her think he knows something she doesn’t. This is bad. It isn’t unfixable, but it is another mess you have left for me to clean up,” he sounded so disappointed in me.

I was so proud of how I shaved my body. I shaved my armpits, pubic hair, ass-cheeks, legs, and all the random hair on my body other than what was on the top of my head. I felt so grown up and so smooth. I couldn’t savor that feeling because of the intense feeling of guilt that had overwhelmed me.

“Tomorrow on the bus, you will tell Kevin EXACTLY what you told Ariel. You will make him promise to keep it to himself. He isn’t likely to be willing to keep that promise without some concession from you. I want you to really think about the jam you put us both in now,” he said.

“I wouldn’t blame you if you wanted to stop right now, Master?” I had tears in my eyes.

Master grabbed my chin and pushed my face down on his cock. I opened my mouth and sucked him while he sat on the toilet. He was only semi-hard, which is not surprising considering he had just came. I still tried my best to suck him to orgasm anyway.

“You are my pet. You fucked up. I don’t abandon a pet because it tears up my favorite shoe. I scold it and punish it. You will be severely punished,” he promised.

“Yes, Master, I will accept any punishment you want to give me,” I thanked him while I did my best to engulf his entire dick with my throat. Slobber ran down my chin.

“No, I won’t be punishing you. YOU will be punishing you. Whatever Kevin demands tomorrow in exchange for silence, I want you to refuse to do other than the panty checks and cleaning his room in just panties. You will be very reluctant to do anything else he suggests in exchange for keeping your secret. You will tell him you have to think about it and you will bring that list to me. You will ultimately do anything he wants that doesn’t put your training in jeopardy.”

“Anything, Master?” I asked skeptically. He pulled my head away from his dick and pushed me away from him.

“You made a decision to tell Ariel about your little games. If she tells Kevin, he will make these demands anyway. What do you think will happen if you refuse him?” he asked rhetorically.

Master ordered me into ready position and began to check my body closely for hair. He spanked, plunked, and slapped me when he saw any stubble. “Clean your holes,” he folded his arms and sat back on the toilet with his dick out.

I had never shaved my pussy bald before. It looked really good in the mirror. I smiled as I applied toothpaste to my electric toothbrush. I had used that on my pussy before but never with toothpaste. I assumed it would be very creamy and make my pussy taste minty! Master may even want to eat me out right after.

It never occurred to me that there was a reason Master wanted me to start with my pussy and not my mouth. The moment I touched the electric toothbrush to my clit, I began to spasm. It was incredible at first, and I found myself stopping a few times just to get used to the tremendous vibration echoing through my nervous system.

It took less than a minute for the toothpaste to interact with my cunt juices before I felt the burn. It was generously all around my clit, inside me, and around my lips. “Ahh, it burns! Master it burns!”

“Yes, keep going! Or I’ll make you start over. I want to get SOME sleep tonight,” he insisted. He told me to lower my voice unless I’d like to explain what I was doing to whoever wakes up. “That’s for taking too long in Kevin’s room,” he grinned.

“Ah, ah, ah, ah,” I fanned my pussy in a futile effort to deal with the stinging sensation. “Why? What? Is this?”

“One of our initiations in football is to cover our dicks and assholes with Ben-Gay and run a final practice in full gear. You can handle this, Sis,” he said. He was absolutely right about the sensation of the toothpaste. It felt like the Icy-Hot muscle cream I once put on my shoulder. That made it feel good at the time. Once applied to my most sensitive area, I was dancing around and shaking my hips like Shakira in a dance video.

“You got four more minutes, then I want you to do the same thing to your asshole. You will do this every night,” Joe said calmly and without sympathy.

My eyes were red, and they glistened with tears. My cunt felt like it was burning but not freezing. I wanted to rub it off and quit, but I powered through the pain. I was glad I did because either the endorphins kicked in after two minutes, or I was having an orgasm. I didn’t care. I used the toothbrush to stimulate the outside of my pussy and stared at myself in the mirror.

I looked like a wanton slut who was so high on her own pleasure. My nipples were hard enough to cut diamonds. I smiled and didn’t want to stop when it was over. Joe told me to do the same thing to my asshole.

I was entirely new to anal play. It seemed gross to me and painful. Yet, I also knew I signed up to be a three-hole whore, and I had better get used to it whether I liked it or not. I spread my cheeks so he could watch and began applying the toothpaste covered electric brush to the rim of my asshole.

“OOooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh,” I sang out in a strange mixture of ecstasy and agony. My pussy was still burning, and I found myself spasming. “How come toothpaste doesn’t burn my gums, but it burns my asshole, Master?” I asked.

“You are supposed to be the smart one. Why don’t you look that up?” Joe was amused as I swung my ass back and forth slowly. Moving around didn’t help the stinging, but it was all I could do, and that is what I did. I could have sworn he made me do it for a lot longer than five minutes.

My nose was running by the time I was finished. I moved to wash the brush and apply a fresh coat of toothpaste.

“No cunt. The entire idea is to get you used to the taste of ass and pussy. Brush. You have plenty of toothpaste on there,” he insisted.

I didn’t want to get bacteria from my butthole. Master assured me my asshole was clean enough to eat from. It probably was, and my old persona Barbara was overly cautious. Old habits aren’t as easy to discard as it seems. I was reluctant, but with his prodding, I brushed my mouth with a cunt and asshole-flavored toothbrush. It didn’t taste all that bad. It was just the humiliating idea that I would be doing that.

Master took a picture of me with his cell phone. “I wasn’t even smiling, Sir! What would happen if those get out?” I asked.

“It’s 2019, Pet. There are about a billion photos on Snapchat of teenage girls sending nudes to their boyfriends at night. You would just be one of a million in a sea of porn. I knew some kid would snap a shot of you up-skirt. They do that to girls, whether they have panties on or not. I am not going to share this with anyone else. This is for my own personal enjoyment. I liked the innocent look on your face mixed with the wanton lust of a girl who is just learning how much she likes being a freak. I wanted to capture that perfect moment,” he shrugged.

It was kind of flattering. I didn’t bother to ask him to keep the picture to himself. I knew he would. It freaked me out to know there were pictures of me floating around the Internet. Joe told me that there were pictures of me back in Chicago too.

“Why, Sir? I wasn’t dressing like a slut back then,” I said.

“You are a hot girl. Boys like hot girls, and some creeper is always going to try to take pictures of young girls. Back then, I’d kick the ass of anyone I caught distributing your pictures. I could never erase them from the Internet once they are out there, though. Now, I don’t have to. All we have to do is keep them from mom and dad and you are good,” he said with confidence.

The feeling of being photographed made me uncomfortable – but that was part of the reason I chose to be his pet. I wanted to be made uncomfortable with my routine and outlook on life.

“You’ve been talking a little too freely with me. You are in Pet mode in here, and I don’t want you getting so comfortable you think that is normal. Crawl to my room. I want to spank you before I fall asleep. You’ll spend the night there,” he insisted and left the bathroom.

My brother expected me to crawl down the hallway past Ariel and Kevin’s rooms like a dog and enter his room totally naked without any clothes. I felt so sneaky and so naughty doing it. It was exciting and dirty. I wondered if I would always feel this way about serving my brother.

I swallowed my pride and resigned myself to the mess I had just made. I was just thankful Joe still wanted me after that.