**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 23**

Barbie was on her hands and knees, absolutely naked, outside her Master’s bedroom door. She was more completely naked than she’d been the last time she’d done this because now she didn’t even have the protection of pubic hair around her soaked sex. A small thing, but something she was very aware of.

Although there was little chance she’d be caught by her parents, Ariel or Kevin, there WAS still a chance. Her dad had been working crazy and unusual hours at the plant, so he could potentially leave his room and see her. Ariel or Kevin might need the bathroom and any of them coming into the hallway would find her and there could be no excuses for her being naked other than that she was doing something naughty. Barbie had no idea what she’d do in the event that she was caught by any of them.

Barbie found being naked where people could catch her to be exciting and at the same time terrifying. She’d acted like such an exhibitionist for Joe at Goodwill and Publix because he’d demanded it. It wasn’t something she would EVER do by herself although giving strangers a thrill, thrilled her too. Being caught by Kevin or her dad would be the most mortifying thing ever, not something that fueled any sort of fantasy for her - especially being naked in front of Kevin. The thought of her father catching her was bad because he’d be disappointed in her but not as terrifying as the thought of Kevin seeing her like that because she was sure Kevin would stare and pop wood right where he stood. Barbie did NOT want to give Kevin fuel for fantasy! Yet here she was again, naked in her hallway, on her hands and knees, her cunt soaked and her nipples as hard as pebbles.

She quietly scratched at Joe’s door, knowing he’d hear and hoping no one else would wonder about the sound and decide to investigate. He was expecting her and Barbie hoped the sounds she made would only register as house noises to her parents and other siblings. Still, the second time she scratched at the door, there was a definite urgency in the sounds her nails made on the wood. Joe had made her wait and every nerve ending in her body tingled and popped with the bulk of her angst causing her pussy to drip in excitement and fear. She lifted her fingers to the door one more time just as the handle turned and Joe opened it and looked down at her. She almost collapsed in relief, her arms suddenly feeling like Jell-o.

Without a word, he looked at her and eventually swung the door open enough to allow her entry. Joe smiled, completely naked himself except for his sports socks, his already-solid cock pointed straight up and his hairy balls the perfect addition to his masculine perfection. Barbie crawled into Joe’s room, her eyes not leaving Joe’s crotch as she marveled at having so recently had her mouth and even her pussy completely covering that amazing appendage.

It looked so massive to her from that angle and it hardly seemed possible she could have so recently touched his pubic hair with her lips, the whole shaft inside her mouth and into her throat. She desperately wanted to do it again. To feel helpless as he choked her with his cock. And she wanted to offer him her cunt again too, even though it was a little sore. But a wonderful sore. The sort of sore the toothbrush she’d fucked herself with had enhanced instead of detracting from. Barbie was hopelessly enamoured by her new Master already. The knowledge that he was going to spank her once more was nothing compared with the reward of having him take her and treat her as his fuck toy again.

Barbie had been raised with the urge to believe in a Prince Charming, sweeping her off her feet and treating her like a princess but although Joe definitely looked like a Prince Charming, he would only sweep her off her feet and over his lap to spank her and punish her for being a slut - that reality seemed to fit more perfectly with her REAL secret fantasies. Barbie almost creamed herself just being in her naked brother’s presence tonight.

“I heard you the first time you knocked, Barbie. Were you TRYING to get caught by someone?” Joe asked, watching his sister blush. His words reminded her of the rule she’d transcribed that said she was supposed to scratch and wait, not knock a second time.

“I’m sorry, Master. I thought\_”

“Yes, you thought. That’s your problem!” Joe almost barked at her, cutting her off. “Your thoughts should be like your tits. Teeny tiny little mounds of joy for men to enjoy. They should be there, sure. Just enough to avoid trouble and be pleasing. It’s ME who does the bulk of your thinking for you now and YOU who’s supposed to be focused on pleasing me, not concerning yourself with how YOU can get more of anything for yourself. I think you fuck up just so you can be punished!”

Barbie completely missed the comparison. All she heard was her brother belittling her chest. “No, please, Master! I’m sorry my tits are so small and disappointing to you,” Barbie apologized for not having boobs like Tammy, Candy or even Becky. She was going to beg Joe not to punish her for thinking too much before she realized that spanking her was something Joe liked to do and something she didn’t mind too much either. She hated the initial pain but something inside her welcomed it as well. Like parmesan cheese - stinky but once tasted, an incredible addition to food.

“That’s exactly why you need me, slut. I heard what you meant to say but were too scared to. You said no, but your very next word was please. Please, as in please punish me. Well there are too many people in the house to thrash you as soundly as you want and need. Your screams would have everyone at my door in moments so as much as I’d love to hear your cries of anguish, what am I to do?”

Barbie was speechless. She hadn’t meant to beg for a spanking. Or at least she didn’t think she’d meant to. Maybe she had? Joe managed to confuse her so easily. As for Joe admitting that he liked to hear her cry out as he struck her, she knew the idea should have made her worry that her brother would go too far but she really did trust that he wouldn’t really hurt her. She thought about all the ways she’d let him down from being jealous to being resentful and for messing things up with both Kevin and Ariel in so many ways. She couldn’t even follow a simple order to spend just half an hour cleaning Kevin’s room. She decided she’d subconsciously been begging to be punished and now she was about to let her Master down again by not giving him the satisfaction of doing it. “Couldn’t you just gag me, Master? With something nasty like your used underwear?” She suggested.

“See? That’s what I mean. You’re thinking too much. And you’re too selfish. You WANT to suck on my crusty shorts, slut. No. Tonight I’m going to gag you with a pair of used socks, bitch. Lets see how you like the taste of smelly, sweaty socks in your mouth while I spank your tits. We may as well teach you that there’s SOMETHING those pathetic little bumps on your chest are good for. I certainly cant tit-fuck them.”

Barbie swallowed hard. If there was one thing she didn’t like at all, it was feet. Smelly socks came in a close second. Her response was barely audible. “Yes, Master. Thank you Master.”

Barbie had tears in her eyes once Joe had peeled off his socks and had jammed BOTH of them into her mouth before roughly duct taping her mouth so she couldn’t spit them out - not that she planned to. She’d let her Master down too many times already.

Joe made her take up a position like they’d seen Candy and Becky maintain during their nighttime race-dare out on the road near their trailer, with her nipples pointed towards the ceiling while her hands and feet were on the floor. The position was immediately difficult to hold and her arms, unused to being in such a position, made themselves clear about it. Joe didn’t start spanking her immediately.

Barbie’s eyes bulged and her nostrils flared when Joe grabbed her nipples as if trying to lift her off the floor using nothing but brute strength. The pain was excruciating and she nearly wet herself but instead, the moisture she felt was her pussy juices sliding down her thighs. Joe grinned and let her nipples go, but used a couple of fingers to feel how wet the fuck sheath between her legs was.

“Good. Slippery and ready for action. Just the way you should be. I told you that you’d make a good whore, Barbie. Thank you for proving it so well. Count for me while I punish your pathetic little udders. Maybe I can stimulate some growth, huh?” He laughed then shaped her chest. Hard.

Joe had to learn the best way to punish her tits and he learned as he went, paying close attention to the effect each slap to her chest made her react, while she made a noise that in no way resembled counting, with each blow that landed. He’s only slapped her ten times when her arms gave way and her back hit the floor with a thump.

“Back in position, cunt!” Joe hissed. “Those don’t count now. You’ve got twenty more coming and if you drop again, we’ll start again!”

Barbie quickly shook out her arms and although she couldn’t see because her eyes were misty from her tears, she did her best to get back into position for her brother to resume torturing her boobs. By fifteen slaps, her arms were vibrating under the strain but she chomped down on the nasty socks in her mouth and refused to allow her arms to give out again. By the time Joe had hit her twenty times, she was beyond knowing if she could stand holding the position a moment longer. Her boobs were on fire and her arms were almost numb, but she thought she might have accidentally cum without either of them having touched her pussy.

Somehow she found herself on her back again, not even aware that her arms had once more given out. All she could think of was that she’d failed her Master once more and she wanted to cry about that even though she was already crying from the pain he’d caused to her breasts. She couldn’t see Joe grinning down at her, pleased with her efforts.

“Good girl. I was beginning to think you wouldn’t make it. You’ve earned another fuck. C’mon, move that fat ass into doggy position with your lady lumps to the carpet and your ass up. I’m going to take you from behind as a reward for being a good girl. But you aren’t to cum unless I tell you to!” He needlessly reminded his pain-wracked, exhausted sister.

Joe had to prod her in the ribs with his toe, to make her focus. Barbie finally processed what Joe had ordered and moved as quickly as she could, feeling the carpet on her nipples as if it was sandpaper and like her cunt would explode the moment his cock pushed between her folds. Joe didn’t last very long in her pussy but the experience was even more intense than her first penetration. She wasn’t even sure if she came or not. Her brain just refused to perform like it was supposed to. Since Joe was wearing a condom he’d had to put on himself, it was only his withdrawal that signalled he was finished with her. He did roughly tear the duct tape off her face and allow her to spit out the socks so she could remove the condom, recycle and clean his now-flaccid cock with her dry mouth.

The Training and Re-education of a Perfect Slut

As told by Barbie Chipman

“Lay at the foot of the bed. That’s your place tonight,” my brother told me I could sleep in his room. He let me curl up on the floor. I didn’t have a blanket and I was completely naked. I smiled up at him, but he didn’t look down from the bed at me.

I was going to sleep really happy for the first time in a long time. I listened to Jeff’s breathing in and out. It lured me to sleep. I was content and looking forward to what Friday would bring. I didn’t even think about the genuine possibility my mom could check on me and find that I wasn’t in my room.

I suppose I could tell her that I snuck out to see Dylan. It might mean a few more glorious weeks of restriction!

That morning I awoke with my hands inside my pussy. I was wrapped around a pillow as if I had been humping it.

“Good morning, little sister. Did you know that you snore?” Joe was already awake and checking himself out in the mirror. He was dressed to go jogging. He had on his shorts and a tank top and looked ready.

“No, Master, I am so sorry!” I pulled my fingers out of my pussy.

“I am going to ask Harlan to borrow some handcuffs. I realized last night that you also play with yourself in your sleep. I gave you a pillow, and you humped it for two hours while moaning my name. It was the sweetest thing,” he teased.

“I did?” I was embarrassed I had made such a fool of myself. I would have known if I’d ever masturbated at night, because my fingers would have been soaked like they were now.

“Oh yeah, I wanted to wake you up and spank your ass, but I realized you couldn’t help yourself. It’s going to mean that I have to tie you up at night. I’ll have to think about how that is going to work so you can meet me over here for my morning blow job. Speaking of which, I let you sleep in. Come get some protein before our jog,” he snapped his fingers and pointed at his dick.

I crawled over to where he stood and squatted at his feet. He told me to sit up and beg like a puppy. I stuck my tongue out and put my hands in front of me like a dog begging for a treat. I wiggled my butt and blinked at him enthusiastically.

“Good girl, what do you want for breakfast?” he asked.

“Cock, Sir,” I said.

“Bark,” he commanded.

“Ruff!!” I barked agreeably.

He pulled his shorts down and unrolled his fat dick. It was an amazing appendage to my eyes, nice looking, and it turned me on to start sucking him. “I may ask Becky to teach you a few things. I can’t wait to see how she compares to you tonight,” he teased.

He knew he was making me jealous. I wondered just how serious he was about telling Harlan’s family about us. He’d already mentioned borrowing handcuffs. If it got back to Marilyn, it could spell the end of having our fantasy be a reality. I trusted Joe to make the right decision, though. I’d have to obey my brother tonight at the dance, so it might just be noticeable anyway.

I was getting better at sucking cock. My technique was wet and to kiss and worship his cock. I knew I couldn’t deep throat very well, but I did my best. My brother let me tease his prick for a little while before grabbing me by my ears and thrusting his dick into my mouth, and face-fucking me. I certainly felt his pubes against my lips then.

“Gaw-Gaw-Gaw-”escaped my lips as I let him thrust his pecker into the back of my throat. I hoped I wouldn’t throw up on his cock. I put my hands behind my back so that I could focus on his dick with just my mouth while I knelt before my brother.

He shot his load into my mouth and reminded me not to swallow. “You can hold that in your mouth while we run today. I’ve already picked out your outfit. I think you’ll like it,” he said without thanking me for the blowjob as he put away his flaccid cock.

He’s somehow known I didn’t want to be thanked. It felt right that he treated me like a cum-sponge, and I loved it. My mother had reinforced manners in all of us since we were little. I regularly apologize for things I did not do as a force of habit, And I always said thank you, no matter what. Saying ‘you are welcome’ is as natural to me as hello and goodbye to everyone else.

Yet, the fact that Joe didn’t bother with telling me he was grateful seemed so taboo and contrary that it secretly thrilled me to be taken for granted. I know that probably sounds crazy, and I still don’t fully understand why I like it. Still, it was ME who thanked HIM for giving me his load and that felt right, somehow.

The outfit my brother chose for me was a black sports bra and a pair of pink boy shorts that were more panties than they were shorts because that’s exactly what they were. Made to be worn instead of shorts, under clothes, not AS clothes. They were panties made of probably the most material of any of the underwear he’d chosen for me the night before, but they were still pretty skimpy and left practically nothing to the imagination. I knew he’d selected them because they COULD conceivably pass for shorts though. I also knew he intended for me to wear the sports bra only when we ran and not under any additional top. I was to go running outside in just a bra and panties!

https://st3.depositphotos.com/11618586/18237/i/1600/depositphotos\_182375184-stock-photo-dark-haired-young-woman-fitness.jpg

“Mom would have a heart attack if she caught me in this outfit, Master!” I warned him. Master smacked my tits hard and pulled my nipples. They were still sore from the night before but in a warm, wonderful way.

“How many times do I have to remind you that you are in pet mode? I didn’t ask you what mom’s reaction would be,” he reminded me sternly. I was having a tough time minding my tongue. I loved sharing my dirty thoughts with my brother. He was the only one I felt I could honestly talk to about any of this.

“Sorry! Sorry!” I was still getting used to the many rules my brother had made up for me.

“Mom is asleep. She is very rigid and likes her routine, just like Barbara did. You can set your watch by her. She will wake up in approximately 30 minutes to start breakfast. We should be back in twenty-five minutes if you will squeeze your sweet ass into that outfit and stop demanding answers. I’ll tell you how to respond if you are caught while we jog! Let’s go, hurry!”

“Yes, Master,” I stepped into the panties. My brother’s cum was still sloshing around in my mouth and I had to speak with a slight lisp, like a spoiled baby. The material of the panties felt good on my body, but it was strange to no longer be naked. That had already begun to feel like my natural state. They were secondhand panties that had belonged to someone else before me. I wondered if they had once belonged to the woman who dropped us off at our house in that red sports car. I imagined she was the kind of lady who didn’t wear panties very often either. I kind of wanted to be her when I grew up now and I enjoyed pretending the boy shorts had been on her before me.

Then again – I wanted to be whatever my brother decided I should be, and right now, he wanted me to be the perfect slut. I put the bra on next.

“In the future, top first, bottoms last. I want that ass and cunt exposed before everything else and the last thing I see before you’re dressed,” Master coached me.

“Yes, Master,” I breathed in. He told me I could run barefoot today because when I tried to put on my shoes, I didn’t bend over with my ass sticking out even to put them on. He wanted me to always go out of my way to stick my butt out whenever I had the opportunity. I wasn’t angry that he was punishing me for screwing up again. I knew the rules, so I thanked him.

It wouldn’t be easy running on the gravel barefoot, but I’d need to toughen up to serve him anyway.

We started our early morning run. My brother wakes up before dawn every day and does this run. He told me it helps him focus. He doesn’t like to talk much while running, but he permitted me to speak freely. I told him about how things had gone with Ariel and Kevin last night, and he laughed a little.

“If one of them were to catch you in this outfit when you get back home, what would you say?” he asked.

“Whatever you tell me to say, Master,” I answered. We did laps around Alexa street. Our neighborhood is just a single street next to the trailer park. No cars were out, and almost no one was outside at this time of the morning. It felt strangely exhilarating to be almost naked outside. I imagined I could have run completely naked, and no one would know. I knew better than to suggest it though.

“That’s not what I asked. I haven’t told you what to tell Ariel or Kevin anyway,” Master spanked my ass hard, not even pausing his stride. I have to run to his right, slightly in front of him, and keep his pace. I also have to lift my knees higher when we run because he likes that. It’s the perfect formation so that he can hit my butt anytime I speak out of turn.

“Roll your panties down so I can see your ass crack,” he said it was a punishment for not answering his question. “More. More,” he told me to continue until six inches of the top of my ass crack was visible. More than half my ass cheeks were hanging out now. “You don’t respond to my questions. You answer them. There are going to be times when you have to think on your feet. I can practice with you and give you structure, but you have to be prepared to adjust in the moment. You would be in brat mode automatically around them, so tell me what you would say.”

I told him that I didn’t want to disappoint him and say the wrong thing before answering his question. It gave me a moment to think about his terrifying hypothetical scenario. “It’s not a big deal, Kevin! Get over it,” I said. I pictured Kevin calling me out long before Ariel ever did.

“Good. So now it’s mom. What would you tell her?” he asked.

I hesitated because it was easy to dismiss Kevin. My mom questions everything and would probably freak out about what I was wearing even if I was alone in my bedroom at the time. “This is just a sports top and a pair of shorts, mom! All the girls on the track team wear this stuff?”

My brother told me my answers could not be questions and made me practice that with a little more confidence. “Yeah, this outfit is not a punishment outfit. This is your idea. I am still deciding whether to make you change once you get to school or if I can get you out of the door wearing what I want you to wear at school from now on. The problem is if I let you change at school and mom finds out, she will realize I wasn’t riding you very hard. I’d rather her accept it,” Joe said.

I was flattered that my brother had spent so much time thinking about it. I am an AP honors student, and I love puzzles. It was strangely arousing to turn my brain off and let him think about those sorts of things. I only wished I could actually do that. My mind tends to spin off into a thousand what-if scenarios, but I had to really understand what the goal was supposed to be. I needed to know what conclusion he wanted my mother to make.

“Is the goal to get mom to believe that I am growing into a young woman and I should dress less like the Amish and more like girls my own age who aren’t total fuddy-duddys? Or is this goal to make her think that she should let me dress like a slut so I will learn to appreciate the clothes she bought for me?” I asked.

Joe put his hand on his chin as we ran. I knew he could jog faster than that, but he was setting a pace I could maintain. He didn’t let me stop. I also knew he was checking out my rear-end.

“Good point, Barbie. Let’s start with the end in mind,” he tapped my ass. “I want mom to approve of you dressing slutty. I doubt she will do that without hypnosis, drugs, or blackmail,” he laughed at his own joke. At least, I hoped it was a joke. “I can either slowly make you go to school wearing less and less so she doesn’t notice until it reaches a point she does OR I can rip the Band-aid off this morning and hit it head-on,” he observed.

“I can tell her that yesterday this was the MOST conservative stuff they had in your size. It’s Florida, and the girls down here dress like sluts. That isn’t really a lie. I will tell her that as part of your restriction, you have to wear what I pick out for you and until you learn to appreciate it I’m going to make it harder and harder to appreciate. What do you think mom would say to that?”

“I think she would tell you hell to the no, Master” I smiled at him playfully as I looked over my shoulder.

“You have a new jogger with you this morning, I see,” an unfamiliar voice said from one of the yards we were passing. I was shocked because I was looking at my brother at the time. I was about to make a smarmy comment about my mother having a conniption fit and making me wear Ariel’s clothes instead before she’d let me go out in any of the outfits Joe had selected. I almost fell down when I heard the man’s voice.

“Hey, Mr. Johnson,” Joe stopped and jogged in place. I righted myself and jogged in place as well.

“This is my sister Barbie,” Joe introduced me. I started to feel a growing tingle of embarrassment as I realized my panties were pulled down pretty far in the back, and there was no mistaking my ass on display.

“I think I’ve seen you before, but I’ve never introduced myself. I am George Johnson. How did your brother drag you out this early in the morning?” George asked curiously.

“Oh, he has his ways!” I tried to turn so that my ass was not facing him. It was not quite sunrise yet and still quite dark, but he would be able to see my ass crack being this close to where I was jogging in place if I didn’t pull up the shorts.

“Why don’t you tell Mr. Johnson Barbie? Seems like a good chance for you to practice what we were just talking about?” My brother suggested the real reason, while continuing to jog in place. That meant I did not stop jogging either – except I was bringing my knees up to my waist as I lifted my legs. I am sure I looked absurd.

“Well, I’ve been put on restriction and my parents trust my brother to make sure I do all my chores and spend more time with my siblings doing whatever they want to do instead of what I want to do all of the time. He wanted me to go jogging with him, so here I am,” I told the truth.

“Yes, and here you are. And what a glorious little thing you are,” Mr. Johnson was clearly admiring my body and he seemed like a dirty old man through and through.

“I am trying to get my sister to stop being such a prude, George. Can you help me out with something?” Joe asked. I could feel a familiar flock of butterflies start to move around in the pit of my lower intestines, into my stomach and begin fluttering around in circles as soon as Master asked for help from a dirty old man. I’d probably soon be sucking his dick or something equally as nasty. The problem was this guy lived only a few houses down from mine. The strangers we met on the street might never see me again, even though we live in a small town. I was sure to run into George every morning from now on.

“You know the reason I volunteer as a substitute teacher is that I always love to help young people,” George admitted.

“Barbie, turn around and keep jogging,” Joe ordered. I tried not to make eye contact, and I began to pivot-jog so that he could see how much of my booty was hanging out of my shorts.

“Now, let me ask you, George. Do you think I made her wear her shorts too low? Should she pull them up?” my brother asked with a sort of confidence like he was a peer in age to the old man and not just a teenage boy.

“Oh, that is fine! I’d see nothing wrong with that on the beach or out here at this hour of the morning,” George sounded half-serious as he admired my butt.

“My sister has always been extremely shy about her body, George. I told her to run in something that would let her have maximum mobility and she tried to wear a full tracksuit so I dared her to run like this. She told me someone would complain. You’re not complaining, are you, George?” he asked.

“No! No complaints here. My wife is asleep otherwise she might complain, but that’s just because she wouldn’t look as good as Barbie in those shorts.”

“See Barbie? I told you and a bet is a bet,” Joe smiled at Barbie who could only guess at what he meant.

She knew he was going to make her offer to do something humiliating or sexual for their neighbor, and the thought scared the heck out of her, but her pussy seemed to know her true feelings better than her brain.

She could feel herself getting wet. All she could do, though, was to wait for Joe to ‘remind’ her what she had ‘agreed’ to do if she lost their ‘bet.’

“George, you have a choice to make. Barbie lost our bet, and the deal was that she’d step completely out of her shorts and run fifty steps bottomless if she lost. But I don’t want her offending you. I can either make her run in place for fifty steps, or you can turn around and pretend you didn’t see us. But a bet is a bet, and that was the deal. What should she do, George?”

The way Joe glanced at his watch and the tone of his voice didn’t suggest he was open to discuss the bet in detail, but rather he wanted George to to make a snap choice.

Joe was putting George on the spot. George had agreed that Barbie showing her butt crack was fine so now Joe was forcing George to either go all in or turn his back while Joe and I finished our little game. That he be discreet was implied, but not demanded.

His choice would tell Joe how much the school teacher was willing to indulge himself. Joe looked a little surprised when George agreed it’d be a shame to watch me jog off into the darkness.

“If you’re okay with jogging in place while you have an audience, far be it for me to judge,” George grinned lewdly.

“You heard the man, Barbie. Drop ‘em.” He turned his attention back to George for a moment. “This is just between us, okay, George?” George could only nod mutely.

I instantly felt my face heat up, but my fingers nonetheless went to the waistband of my barely-there shorts. I was going to REALLY feel what it was like to be outside truly more than half-naked. I just wished my pussy wasn’t already so wet. There was to me, already no mistaking the aroma of her pussy in the still, predawn air.

Subconsciously pinching my bottom lip between my two front teeth, I slowly slid my panties down and off as if I’d practiced the move without bending my knees, a thousand times. I knew George was seeing my asshole and my split peach cunt, and I could only wonder if my Master was pleased that I didn’t hesitate too much.

I was so acutely aware of the situation that I began to imagine I was feeling George’s breath on my lower lips. He was our neighbor. He’d likely see me someday soon with our whole family. What did he think of my behavior?

As worked up as I was, I was tempted to swipe my fingers between those lips just as an added cherry on top of George’s experience while drying my pussy a little. But my Master hadn’t told me to, so I didn’t.

Still, I felt like a consummate slut allowing another person to see me strip myself out of my panties and resume jogging on the spot.

“One, two, three...” I began quietly counting each footfall out loud for the benefit of my Master and the neighbor.

“Turn as you jog in place so George can get the full show,” Joe demanded. Of course, I immediately complied, despite my embarrassment.

“Well you certainly look like you’re taking to be more outgoing! Are you feeling more outgoing right now?” George asked.

I didn’t really know if I trusted myself to speak. Still, I managed to agree I would never have dreamed of jogging bottomless in front of the neighbor a few days ago. “I’m paying the price for losing a bet. At least Joseph won’t be able to hold me chickening out, over my head,” I said, adding, “I doubt I could be more outgoing than this!” I assured him.

“Do you think you’d make the same bet tomorrow?” George asked with a grin.

“I’m blonde, but I’m not BLONDE, Sir,” I laughed, then wondered if Joe would take George’s question as an invitation to do exactly that the next morning. She was reluctant to rule out Joe deciding she lost another bet and added “I am sure you will see a lot more of me and soon, Sir.”

Barbie didn’t short change George by skipping some counting, and instead, she picked up where she’d stopped counting. “Twenty-one, twenty-two...”

“You know a step is the act of putting a foot forward as well as bringing your second foot forward. So isn’t your count inaccurate? You really should count to a hundred if you’re going to count every footfall, you know,” George observed with a wink to Joe.

“You’re absolutely right, George. Make it a hundred, Barbie!” He ordered his sister. Neither male had bothered mentioning that she’d probably taken ten or more steps while answering George’s question. George wasn’t finished yet, either.

“Please forgive me for being forward, but you look a little older. Do you shave off your pubic hair, or have you not started growing it yet? Girls your apparent age never shaved their pubic hair when I was young,” George wondered.

Quite aside from the fact that the question made her think of George as more of a dirty old man than ever, Barbara found that intimate question immeasurably more difficult to answer, yet she did. “I shave every evening now, Sir. I heard it’s what outgoing girls do,” she replied.

“You don’t seem shocked by this, Sir. I never would have believed Joseph could win our bet. Have you seen half-naked joggers before?” She asked.

“New York, remember, Barbie? Liberal capital of America,” he replied as if that explained everything. Then he added as an afterthought, “there’s a trailer park around the corner, and sometimes the residents pull similar stunts, but you’re by far the youngest and loveliest example of unusual behavior I’ve seen around here,” he agreed.

“Please don’t tell my parents,” Barbie begged, finally allowing him to hear how worried she was about being caught.

“What? And cut my nose off to spite my face? If your parents stopped you from jogging in the morning, I could be missing out on a future thrill!” He promised. “As a minimum, it’s far nicer saying hello to Joe AND you each morning,” he said, in a way that made it clear he wanted Barbie to continue jogging with Joe each morning.

“You’re out here at this time every morning?” She asked, surprised.

“I will be if you are,” he assured her.

By the time she reached a count of one hundred, Barbie wanted to both scramble back into her imitation shorts, mortified by what she’d done AND finger fuck herself to orgasm in front of her audience before she dressed. Her embarrassment had fueled her desire.

Joe again made her adjust her shorts, so about four inches of her ass crack was visible before they bid George farewell and continued their jog.

“Master, how did you know he would react that way?” Barbie asked after they were far enough away from George he could not hear them. Her pretty face was still red, but she was grinning.

“Oh, George loves to watch us all line up at the bus stop. I was pretty sure that he particularly likes checking you out,” my brother grinned.

“There are other girls at the bus stop, much prettier than me,” Barbie tried not to acknowledge the compliment.

“You are going to have to learn when to accept a compliment and when not to crave them,” Joe sighed. He was about to explain a little more about that when he noticed his dad’s car was not in the driveway.

They were both paralyzed with the sudden realization that while Helen lives by a very predictable schedule, their father does not.

“Do you think he saw me running without my bottoms, Master?” Barbie asked.

“No, because if he had, he would have ran over George on the way over to yell at us. The fact that we are all still alive suggests he didn’t notice,” Joe said with his trademark deadpan sense of humor.

“Get inside and go change into your shirt for breakfast,” Joe slapped her bottom then pulled her panties back up over her crack.