**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 24**

“Slap on a fresh coat of makeup while you are up there! I also want your toes and fingernails painted before the dance tonight. Must look smoking hot for Dylan,” Joe teased his sister as he followed her upstairs so he could put on his school clothes.

“Yes, Master,” Ariel answered her brother. She seldom wore much makeup as Barbara. She was sure Ariel would let her use her makeup, and she could find some cherry lipstick and blue eyeshadow to make her look a little slutty.

“Watch the Master stuff around the house,” Joe warned as they reached the top of the stairs.

“I am sure mom would freak out more about me wearing boy shorts that look like panties to jog than she would be calling you Master!” she teased playfully while anticipating another swat to her bottom. She wasn’t disappointed.

“Yeah, well, wait until she sees what I’ve chosen for you to wear to school! Now before you freak out, just calm your tits and follow my lead!” Joe and Barbie went their separate ways upstairs.

Joe could leisurely take his time, but Barbie was expected to be back downstairs in less than ten minutes, wearing just a t-shirt and panties with her makeup and hair ready. It seemed like an impossible task, but she managed it.

Her mother was already up and preparing breakfast. “Nice of you to join me,” Helen said sarcastically.

“Sorry, Mom, I’m not used to getting up this early,” Barbie yawned. She had been awake most of the night listening to her brother’s breathing and had found it hard to sleep as she reflected on the day to come.

“If six in the morning is tough for you, you should try your brother’s schedule. Joe is out jogging every morning before I even wake up!” Helen reminded her daughter.

“I know, Mom. I joined him this morning,” she replied as her mother prepared breakfast.

Helen looked at her skeptically. “You didn’t wear that t-shirt, did you?” she asked, then told her daughter to grab her some butter and eggs from the refrigerator.

“No, don’t be silly!” Barbie smirked. She imagined her mother’s face if she had admitted she wore something far skimpier to run around their neighborhood in.

“Was this part of your punishment or something you already wanted to do?” Helen asked.

“It’s not a punishment, mom! You, dad, and Joseph made the rules to that, remember? Joseph just told me that I could afford to get in better shape if I want to join the cheerleading squad,” Barbie replied.

“You’re joining cheerleading?” Helen asked in surprise. It was the first time her daughter had ever mentioned joining Joe and Ariel in sports. Without waiting for a reply, she continued, “Anyway, I don’t think I actually made the rules at all,” Helen observed wryly. She didn’t want to get into that so she changed the subject. “What about honor society? Why all the sudden changes?” she asked.

“It probably just seems sudden to you, mom. I’ve been thinking about this for a while,” Barbie admitted. That much was actually true. Barbie had regretted her goody-two-shoes image for a while.

She had just never thought she could change her nature on her own. She was too worried about what others might think. Barbie was stuck in her routine to do anything about it independently. The fact that Joe was making her change was heavenly to her. It lifted the burden of making decisions but it also made her feel less guilty about all the dirty thoughts she was having since she was simply obeying orders.

“Why didn’t you talk to me about any of this before you made all these big decisions?” Helen asked as she showed Barbie how to prepare pancakes.

“I was afraid you’d tell me I shouldn’t do them and look down your nose at me at me for trying,” Barbie said truthfully. Everything that happened had all been such a whirlwind. It was hard to believe she had ruined her clothes only just last night. “I promise I’ll still come to you for advice too, though, mom!” she lied.

“Am I really that bad?” Helen asked rhetorically. “Well, you’re probably right. In hindsight, I know there are a lot of things I would have done differently, but that is because I have already made the same mistakes you’re looking at. I would rather you learn from mine so you don’t make the same ones,” she said.

Barbie thought it was highly unlikely her mother had ever made THESE kinds of mistakes. She tried not to smirk as she imagined asking her uncle Roy about whether or not her mother had ever surrendered her dignity and control to him.

It wasn’t a mistake to her anyway – Barbie wanted this more than ever now. Barbie assumed her mother’s plan for her to avoid mistakes, was to make her as predictable and boring as she herself was. That certainly wasn’t what Barbie wanted now!

“Maybe if you allowed me to make my own decisions more, you’d find I HAVE learned a thing or two from you, mom,” Barbie couldn’t help but say. Then she thought about being in a tee shirt and panties. Her mom had been loath to agree to that, even just around the house.

Helen didn’t answer her daughter’s comment, but it bounced around in her own head, making her wonder if her daughter didn’t have a point. Was she too rigid? No. It was for the best, she convinced herself as she worked.

“No, not like that! Pay more attention to what you are doing,” Helen chided Barbie for not flipping the pancakes. She quickly took control of the pan. Barbie thanked her for showing her how to make breakfast and said she had a lot to learn.

“You could have woken up early any day before today, and I would have shown you. You didn’t have to get in trouble to hang out with me,” Helen said, sounding a little sad. “It makes me feel bad that the only reason you are down here right now is that you think it’s a term of your punishment,” Helen admitted. It really did bother her, knowing that Barbie wouldn’t have wanted to spend time bonding if she wasn’t being forced to.

“I am sorry, Mom. I guess I’ve been a selfish brat,” Barbie apologized. She didn’t want to hurt her mom’s feelings. She also remembered she was supposed to be in brat mode. She had intentionally burnt one side of the pancakes when her mother had let her handle them even while insisting she knew what she was doing.

It was pretty easy to seem clueless in the kitchen because she really was. Barbie felt guilty that she was more of a hindrance than a help, and even if she hadn’t been in brat mode, she would have been next to useless.

Despite her failures, her mother kept patiently instructing her on the finer points of making bacon, toast, pancakes, eggs, and biscuits. Helen prepared another fantastic home-cooked meal, and Barbie set the table.

Her siblings started to emerge from their bedrooms when the smell of bacon wafted upstairs. Helen had timed that smell reaching them to provide her kids with enough time to eat and prepare for school. They all loved bacon!

“I smell something burnt. I guess Barbie really is cooking this morning?” Kevin sniffed as he joined Joe and Ariel at the table. “Panty check!” he shouted at Barbie as she flitted around, filling up the orange juice.

“Kevin, you aren’t supposed to give your big sister a panty check!” Helen scolded Kevin. She wasn’t comfortable with Joe doing it but she definitely wasn’t going to concede to Kevin bossing his older sister around in that manner.

She regretted being the person who made such a big deal about her wearing panties under the shirt in the first place.

Helen’s scolding was too late, though. Barbie had already flipped her shirt up abruptly at the same time as her mother had spoken. She covered by saying, “What’s the big deal, mom? you or Joe were going to do it anyway. It doesn’t matter who tells me. I have panties on so it doesn’t matter,” she sighed. When Helen didn’t bother to argue the point, she winked at Kevin to let him know she didn’t mind his command.

He was shocked but pleasantly surprised. After their conversation the night before, he thought there would be some animosity. It almost took all of the fun out of telling her to flip her shirt up now that he knew she would do it anytime he told her to do it.

Barbie hovered around the table like a dutiful but sassy waitress. She tossed straws and a napkin at her little sister playfully. She put extra bacon on Joe AND Kevin’s plates while teasing them with playful banter. She found it much easier to be sassy and bratty when her entire family was together. She made a point to evenly distribute her jokes so that she didn’t leave anyone out.

“Where is your tee shirt this morning? I thought you were going full Nelson Mandela with Barbie?” Kevin asked Ariel. Ariel had agreed to back off on trying to help her sister so she could continue whatever game she was playing and had instead gone the other direction.

“If her shirt was up your ass, you would know about it,” Barbie answered for her little sister. It was a cute and very spontaneous comment. It was also highly unusual for Barbie to say ‘ass’ much less at the dining table. Their mother frowned on profanity. It didn’t mean that no one ever used it at, and they had said far worse.

It did mean that Helen would remind them all about decorum and talking politely at the table.

“Yeah, what did I tell you would happen if you kept using profanity at the table, Barbie?” Joe spoke up while he ate.

“I don’t remember, Joseph,” Barbie looked genuinely concerned. She hadn’t sat down yet to enjoy her own breakfast. She had assumed the plan was for her to eat at the last minute. That way she could change and make a mad dash for the door before her mother had a chance to protest. She didn’t have any clue where Joe was going with his question.

“Yeah, just like you don’t remember that every day, mom reminds you that there is no profanity at the table, and you do it anyway!” he said.

“Oh, Joe, you say much worse sometimes!” Ariel instinctively reminded her brother that he was being a hypocrite. She let it drop when she saw a look on Barbie’s face that suggested she should let it go.

“Follow me!” Joe dropped his napkin and led his sister into the bathroom. He firmly closed the door so that their mom couldn’t complain about doors slamming while ensuring everyone understood his mood.

“Damn, did Barbie’s eggs make him crap his pants or something?” Kevin offered a joke in the awkward silence that followed.

“I made the eggs, Kevin. And don’t say the ‘c’ word!” Helen reminded him.

“And they are excellent eggs!” Kevin smiled at his mother and held up his fork covered in eggs before taking a bite of them.

In the downstairs bathroom, Joe pulled Barbie’s thong to the side and slipped his dick into his sister’s pussy while she bent her over the sink. He put his hands around her throat and held her close so that he could whisper into her ear. “You are so fucking hot! I couldn’t wait another moment to fuck your sweet cunt,” he told her as he drove his cock into her wet pussy. She didn’t consider resisting him but rather, encouraged his thrusts even though most of their family was so close behind a single closed door.

“Oh, Master, yes fuck me,” Barbie quietly swooned with delight. She’d happily be late for school if it meant enjoying a spontaneous fuck session. Fucking her Master was possibly the best part of being his slave. She didn’t think about the consequences or excuses she’d have to give for why her brother and her had spent an extended amount of time alone in the bathroom.

Joe paused with his cock deeply in his sister’s clutching pussy and slid his rough hands over her mouth and throat and said, “All in good time, Pet! You haven’t been giving me much to work with out there,” he said then thrust his penis in and out of her rapidly. “You are supposed to be in brat mode, but you’ve been a perfect little angel. You haven’t fucked up once. The worst thing you did was say, ‘ass’,” he chided her.

“I am sorry, Sir?” Barbie was confused. Her brother was urgently humping her from behind and she could feel every inch of his excitement yet he was disappointed in her, and she didn’t understand.

“I need you to cuss me out right now and tell me you are not going to do it! Loud enough mom can hear,” he said as he continued to pump her pussy.

“Do it? Do what? Sex, Sir?” Barbie was close to panicking at the idea Joe wanted everyone to know she was being fucked by her own brother just feet from their mother and siblings.

“No! It doesn’t matter what it is. Just cuss me out! Tell me to shove my advice up my own ass or something,” he panted as he fucked her forcefully from behind.

Barbie did as she’d been told, almost screaming while Joe pounded into her cunt. “Stop trying to tell me what to do, you dumbass! I am not doing what you say! Only mom and dad are the boss of me!” Barbie shouted.

“Mom and Dad would make you do the same thing! I am just trying to help!” Joe tried to sound patient even as he raised his voice.

“Hell, no! I’m not doing it and you can’t make me!” Barbie said.

“You will or I’ll make you do it for a week!” Joe demanded loud enough that it could be heard in the dining room. He whispered in her ear that she needed to give him more profanity.

“You cocksucker! How dare you!” Barbie summoned up the only vulgarity she could think of, and then Joe forced her mouth open with his fingers. He stuffed a full bar of soap into her mouth and made her bite down on it. He wanted her protests to sound authentic, so he didn’t give her any warning.

“I am not throwing hammers and hoping nothing gets broken, Barbie. I have a plan. When we go back I need you to show everyone how much you hate this but do not remove this soap from your mouth,” he whispered.

The soap tasted acrid, and Barbie’s eyes immediately began to water. She naturally wanted to spit it out. Joe continued loudly, “I doubt you will want to use profanity again at the table. You can watch us eat and enjoy a nice tasty bar of soap! Come on!”

Joe had the hardest time of his life pulling his throbbing cock out of Barbie’s pussy, He knew he could have fucked her more and he would have loved to have pumped her full of cum but she wasn’t yet safe for unprotected sex. It was sheer willpower alone that enabled him to resist the hot, wet clutches of her swampy love tunnel. He forced his still hard cock back into his pants and looked at Barbie from behind. He had to use a hand towel to roughly swipe at the juncture where her pussy had already soaked her upper thighs before pulling her thong back into place and letting her tee shirt drop over her ass. Joe roughly pulled her out of the bathroom, still pretending to be outraged at her.

Barbie was still dazed and confused by her Master’s actions and the short-lived fuck he’d started to give her. It was only while she stumbled back to the breakfast table with Joe holding one arm that she realized he’d fucked her without a condom. Thinking of Joe’s self-control cranked up her arousal a notch at the worst possible time. One of her hands, balled into a fist as she fought to regain control of her body, nearly bumped her mound through her tee shirt. She knew her clit was peeking proudly past her cuntlips and was begging for the attention it was being denied. Her mom’s voice jarred her back to reality.

“Joe! What are you doing?” Helen protested immediately when she saw her son manhandle Barbie back to the table.

“Doing what should have probably been done to all of us to teach us some manners. I am just as guilty as anyone else. If I speak profanity again at the table, I’ll expect one of you to remind me. I wouldn’t make Barbie do anything I wouldn’t do!” he demanded.

It seemed absolutely outrageous to everyone else that Barbie had a bar of soap in her mouth. Even Kevin didn’t laugh – not at first, anyway. The suds were starting to dribble down her chin, and Barbie’s look was easily mistaken for angry and unremorseful. She was channeling her disappointment that her Master had wound her up so tight only to present her to her family with a bar of disgusting-tasting soap in her mouth.

“Stand here and watch us devour your bacon.” Joe divided the remaining bacon to everyone else. The bacon that had been reserved for his Barbie when she’d been given permission to sit down and eat. “You can eat a bar of soap instead of normal food anytime you cuss at the table. I can imagine it will only take one or two of those meals before you learn to speak more appropriately around the table!” Joe made the case that his mother worked hard to provide them with a hot breakfast. “She also expects us to be polite and not cuss like sailors!”

“Barbie only said the word ass at the table, Joe. It’s not like we don’t say it all the time. Ass, ass, ass,” Ariel enjoyed saying the word ass and smirked while she did it.

“The difference is that you aren’t on restriction and I specifically warned her that she needed to watch her language. I only meant to have a private conversation with her in the bathroom about her language. I won’t tell you what she said in response!”

“You don’t have to. We all heard it from here,” Kevin smirked. Barbie was genuinely turning red in the face. It wasn’t just intense embarrassment. The soap tasted horrible.

Helen had been raised in a strict household and soap in the mouth had been a routine punishment. It had never killed her and she had very quickly learned to watch her mouth around her parents. Even so, it wasn’t something she had ever planned on subjecting her kids to.

She appealed to Joe, suggesting his reaction had been rather extreme even as she wondered about what had prompted it. Helen really did appreciate the serious way Joe was approaching his self-appointed duty of helping his sister. Helen assumed her daughter was resisting and didn’t want his help and she admired Joe’s persistence. It was becoming clear to Helen that Joe was probably more right than wrong in the way he was riding Barbie. Helen made a snap judgement that if Barbie was hell bent on making her own mistakes, this was at least one where the repercussions would teach her without really hurting her.

“Do YOU think it’s a bit extreme, Barbie? What did I tell you I would do if you cussed at the table during restriction?” he looked straight at Barbie.

She mumbled something unintelligible with the soap in her mouth. It sounded so pathetic that even Ariel giggled.

Joe loosened the soap clenched between her jaws just a little so she could speak. “You said you would wash my mouth out with soap, but I didn’t think you would actually do it,” she tried to say before he shoved the bar right back in her mouth. She clenched her teeth around it.

“Well, now, you know I am serious. You faced a consequence for destroying all of your clothes. It may have been the first real consequence you ever actually had to face. Now, you are going to face a consequence of having your mouth washed out for cussing at the dinner table. You might think you can cuss like a sailor any other time but not at our table and not in front of your poor mother. Why is that so hard?” he asked rhetorically.

Barbie mumbled pathetically again. Even Helen had a tough time not chuckling at the garbled sounds she was hearing from her daughter. She could see her daughter wasn’t in intense pain and the atmosphere was hardly sadistic. Joe had intended it to seem kind of funny for that reason.

“Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle?” Joe nodded his head as if he understood his sister’s mumble-speak. “Does that mean you agree with having your mouth washed out whenever you talk nasty at the table?”

Barbie nodded that she agreed, but still looked angry.

“Fine, don’t give me a reason to keep doing this and this may be the only bar of soap you have to eat. I’ll pack you a little bag of oats and eggs that you can eat on the bus ride.” He patted his sister on the head in front of everyone as if she was finally being an obedient pet and went back to eating breakfast.

The family tried not to giggle when Barbie cleared the table. Her nose stung from the soap. It wasn’t harsh soap, but it certainly wasn’t delightful either. She mumbled and had drool running down her chin but never once removed the soap on her own.

“I hope you learned your lesson when you had your mouth cleaned out?” Joe asked after Barbie had loaded the dishwasher and finished clearing the table. He removed the soap from her mouth. Barbie had little bubbles of soap forming in the corners of her mouth that she absolutely did NOT want to suck back in. As a result she felt humiliated and knew she looked just as silly-looking as if the soap was still there. The urge to wipe her mouth with her arm was strong but she ignored it.

“Not really,” she said then opened and closed her mouth and moved her jaw from side to side as she adjusted to having the big block of soap removed from her mouth.

“Well, that’s fine, we can do this again just as often as you need it. I am sure a few more times is all it would take,” Joe insisted.

“I doubt it, asshole,” Barbie whispered loud enough for everyone to hear but still quietly, as though she was afraid of her brother’s wrath. He chased her upstairs but she stopped out of sight of the others so Joe could catch up.

“Get dressed. I laid out your school clothes on your bed. The bus will be here soon, so chop-chop!” Joe clapped his hands to get his sister moving.

“Yes, Joseph, Yes, Joseph! Sheesh!” Barbie loudly complained. She went into her room and dropped on the bed for a second. Her lovely bed that had been left unused last night. She writhed for a moment soaking up it’s luxurious comfort.

She had spent the night on the floor in Joe’s room. Breakfast had been such an exciting and intense experience that she desperately wanted to play with herself.

Instead, she hurriedly put on the clothes her Master had laid out without really even looking at them. She then went to the bathroom to spit out the soap residue and to rinse her mouth with fresh water.

“Hurry! Hurry!” Joe yelled up at her from downstairs. “Get a move on! Your outfit doesn’t have to be perfect,” Joe chided her.

Jaws dropped as she walked downstairs. There was a silent moment of disbelief as the family watched the former Barbara Chipman emerge from upstairs as Barbie. It looked to Kevin like his sister was walking in sexy slow motion. Barbie was indeed channeling the confident stride that she had seen Morgan use in the supermarket.

She pivoted her hips slightly and walked with her chin up and her shoulders back. She also left her mouth open slightly as if she were about to suck a cock or blow a kiss.

The outfit included a simple grey half-sweater that did nothing to cover her body. She was wearing a white button-down shirt with no bra underneath. It wasn’t immediately apparent, but the outline of her small breasts was readily apparent. She wore a black pleated mini-skirt high on her hips. It was still longer than the tee shirt she’d worn at breakfast, but not by much. She was wearing saddle shoes with cute white anklet socks.

“That outfit would be perfect for a Brittany Spears video,” Kevin was the first to break their stunned silence.

“No. Change!!” Helen didn’t need to say any more than that. Barbie would have immediately gone back up to change on those two words alone except that her brother Joe held up his finger and said there wasn’t time.

“Then I’ll drive her to school myself. I am not permitting her to leave the house in that outfit,” Helen was aghast at the idea of anyone outside the house seeing it.

“See, I told you she’d say it looks stupid,” Barbie poked her tongue out at her brother.

I don’t even know why you’re making a fuss, mom. Now, if Barbie made Joe wear that, I can see you having a case, but it’s just a skirt, shirt, and sweater,” Kevin came to Barbie’s rescue.

“Sheesh, mom, welcome to the twentieth century,” Ariel added. “I thought you’d like that she’s not wearing boring jeans again!” Barbie’s sister said helpfully.

“It’s not even the twentieth century anymore, Pinkerbell. That was so last century!” Kevin corrected his sister. “But mom’s right if she’s saying you don’t look nearly nerdy enough,” he laughed. “Maybe you could borrow a pair of glasses or a pocket protector or something?”

Joe knew that his mother would hate the clothes. He had a prepared arguments to make his case. He’d been given pretty much carte blanche from his father and had hoped his dad would be there to back him up. Unfortunately, his dad was already at work. Ariel and Kevin were inadvertently a great help, though.

“I’m sorry if you’re upset that I didn’t pick sexy stuff for my sister. She isn’t dressed like a Kardashian. She is dressed like any of the girls who live in that trailer park next door.” Joe hadn’t meant to insult Becky, but it sounded that way when he made his case. He was just happy she wasn’t there, or she might have thrown one of her shoes at his head.

“And that’s exactly why I have a problem with it, Joseph!” Helen replied, ignoring Kevin and Ariel. “What about you, Barbie?” Helen looked at her daughter.

Barbie was embarrassed because it was starting to sink in to her that she’d be dressing like a slut at school from now on, and that was way out of her comfort zone. Her mother’s approval still meant a lot to her whether she wanted to admit it or not, too.

She was carrying hers and Joe’s books. She was also carrying a sack lunch with her breakfast all mushed together in a single ziplock bag. She was dressed like a total slut and not wearing any panties or a bra.

“What ABOUT me, mom?” Barbie asked her mother as she took a deep breath to summon some courage. “I don’t get a choice here, remember? You made sure of that!”

Helen accepted her daughter’s criticism for a moment before realizing that her daughter had bought all this upon herself in the first place. Barbie’s words had stung, but now she was getting annoyed by Barbie’s attitude.

“Do you want to go to school dressed like that or not? She considered leaving the decision up to her daughter and making it clear Barbie WAS being given a choice.

Barbie was uncertain about how to respond. She wanted to please her brother and break her old habits. She was also frightened of change and her mother’s attention was making her confidence in doing that waver.

“Are you kidding? No way. This is like a nightmare!” Barbie chose her response without thinking about what she might say next.

Joe was about to say that was the point. She wasn’t supposed to like it. Helen cut him off.

“Why don’t you want to wear this outfit?” Helen asked her.

“I’d rather turn up at school naked than have to wear this crap!” Barbie channeled Becky with her response, hoping she sounded believable. She couldn’t even imagine what it’d be like going to school naked!

“You are NOT going to school naked!” Helen insisted. She was shocked at how sassy Barbie was in the morning. She sensed Barbie was serious and a part of her understood the lesson that Gerald and Joe were trying to teach her. She still couldn’t let her baby be the laughing stock at school.

The clothing was trashy, but at least Barbie was covered. Her next words came as a surprise to Barbie as much as everyone else. “Okay, you can wear that but WE will be going shopping TONIGHT for more appropriate attire,” Helen said, thinking she was putting an end to the discussion.

Joe was not going to argue any more with his mother. Tonight was the dance so there would be no shopping if she intended to attend the dance. He knew that was a dead-end. He had achieved his goals of getting her to school dressed like a slut. He’d have to come up with a strategy to keep this going as long as he could. He liked seeing his little sister dressed like a tramp. He loved how vulnerable she looked – and how sexy!

Joe grabbed Barbie’s arm and pulled her towards the door. “Darn it, Barbie, your screwing around has made us late for the bus! Love ya Mom!” He said as he hustled his sisters and brother out the door.

Helen watched Barbie stumble in two-inch heels and her short little skirt as she tried to keep up with her siblings. She suppressed a guilty laugh at her daughter’s expense. Only then did she remember that tonight was the dance. Maybe it’d be better to wait until her daughter came to her senses and begged for a shopping expedition? Helen decided to reserve judgment on the matter until she was sure Barbie would beg for the chance to take her advice again, just as Joe had inferred.

Helen assumed it might be a painful lesson for her daughter and hoped she was not being too harsh.

**Chapter 25**

“So Joe convinced Mom to let you go to school dressed like this?” Kevin asked on the bus a few minutes later when Barbie sat next to him. He was clearly delighted by the outcome, even if he didn’t know why things had gone down as they had. It was certainly not a typical morning for any of them.

“I’ve got to say I’m impressed. I did offer to have your back, but you said you had things under control. Is this what you meant?” Kevin laughed as he indicated his sister’s appearance.

“I thought mom was going to flip out, okay?” Barbie said, uncomfortable at the way Kevin just started talking to her while being grateful he’d brought it up, so she didn’t have to.

“So, are you ready to tell me what’s REALLY going on?”

“I can’t tell you what’s going on. I can’t trust you won’t go running to Joe or Mom and Dad and tell them,” Barbie pouted. She felt she was getting good at it finally, even though she didn’t WANT to be good at it.

“So Joe doesn’t know what’s going on either?” Kevin asked skeptically.

“Like I said, I can’t tell you. I don’t think you’d swear yourself to secrecy, and even if you did, you wouldn’t keep your word,” Barbie accused her brother bluntly.

“I would too!” Kevin insisted. If there was one thing Kevin prided himself on, it was maintaining confidences, at least as long as it suited him.

“Sure, that’s exactly what someone who would not keep their word would say,” Barbie allowed herself a smile. She’d heard him say the same thing to Ariel once.

“Look,” Kevin offered a pinky promise.

Barbie looked at his pinky before dismissing it with a wave of her hand. “Means nothing to you! I want to trust you, Kevin, but I need assurances, not fake promises!”

“What kind of assurances?” Kevin asked. He felt elated that his sister hadn’t shut him down cold. It meant that the negotiation phase had begun, and maybe he could save himself additional digging. One thing was for sure, though. His sister WAS hiding some huge secret!

“Okay, first - whatever I tell you - you have to SWEAR that you will not tell anyone! Not Joe, Not Ariel, not a stranger and absolutely not mom or dad,” Barbie listed one finger at a time.

“Not even you?” he joked.

“Be serious, or we aren’t doing this”

“Okay, okay, I swear,” Kevin assured his sister.

“Fine then. Do you remember today when you panty checked me, and I did it without bitching?”

“Yeah, that was weird.”

“Well, don’t get used to it. I just didn’t want to argue. If I tell you my secret and you KEEP your word and don’t tell anyone, I’ll keep doing it whenever you tell me,” Barbie agreed without argument.

“Really?” he asked suspiciously, knowing Barbie wouldn’t agree to something like that unless she thought he was on the verge of finding out anyway.

“What else?” he asked, expecting there to be more. This couldn’t be all there was to this.

“Well, that is up to you,” she was reluctant to tell him what Joe wanted her to offer him. Her hesitation made it appear like she was thinking about her answer. The pause was driving Kevin wild with curiosity. He HAD to know his sister’s secret now.

“You’re in no position to stonewall me, sis,” Kevin assured his sister, misunderstanding what she’d said. “If you think I’m going to offer concessions for the chance at possibly finding out something I know I can work out for myself, you need to rethink your approach.”

“No! I meant I won’t do everything you tell me, and once we agree on the terms I won’t let you change the rules,” she said. Kevin had a reputation for making up board games for the family to play and changing the rules when he was losing. It was why no one would play any board games with him now.

“Yeah, okay?” He agreed, hiding the surprise from his face and voice. Barbie was offering HIM concessions for telling him her secret? What the fuck?!

“I’ll remove my shirt anytime I come in to clean your room. I’ll just wear panties. You can basically check me the entire time. How is that?” she asked nervously. It was clear to Kevin that his sister was uncomfortable but willing to bargain with him. He liked that – a lot.

“And all I have to do is keep your secret? It must be some secret. Let’s hear it before I agree,” he was ready to agree already, but she was playing hard to get, and he knew ALL about that game.

“It doesn’t work like that, Kevin. If I tell you and you disagreed, you can just throw me under the bus. So in exchange for your guaranteed silence, I will keep doing what I promised as long as you don’t tell anyone. That’s how I’ll ensure your loyalty. If I stop, you can tell everyone,” Barbie suggested.

“Hmm, and what about when you are off restriction?” Barbie rolled her eyes. This was more difficult than she’d imagined. Barbie didn’t think she’d get off restriction anytime soon, but Kevin didn’t know that.

She assured him she’d keep cleaning his room even when she was off restriction. Kevin wasn’t sure just how long he could play that card, but he was very intrigued. He wasn’t obsessed with his sister’s tits, but he would definitely enjoy watching them bounce around his room – especially as she started developing in the next few years.

Once they agreed, she told him what she’d told Ariel the night before. “You are very observant, Kevin. I thought I was clever. I wanted to change and be more daring. I decided to change my name to Barbie and act a little more mature, okay?”

“That’s the big secret? I think that one is out,” Kevin laughed.

“No, the secret is I am playing a little bit of a game with Joe, but he isn’t aware I am playing it. I am trying to see how bratty I can act. I am naturally very polite, and it’s a hard habit to break. The more Joe tries to boss me around, the brattier I act.”

“How do you win a game like that?” Kevin asked.

“I dunno, so far, I’ve earned a seat next to you because he didn’t want to sit with me, dressed like a total slut, and earned an indefinite restriction. How am I doing so far?” She laughed.

Kevin chuckled too. “Touché,” he said.

“So all I have to do is not tell anyone your secret? Why did you tell me? I NEVER would have guessed that.”

“Look, you almost guessed last night. You went to Joe, and I got nervous that you two would figure it out. If you’d started snooping around Pinkerbell as well, you would have figured it out for sure, and all of this would have been for nothing.”

“I was going to ask her today at school,” he admitted.

“There are three ways that you can get a message across Sebastian Inlet. Telephone, television and tell-Ariel,” she quoted her older brother. “If you started talking to her, she would have initiated rumors just trying to figure it out for herself, and the game would be over real quick. Obviously, catastrophic game over if you’d talked to mom and dad. Now that you know the big secret, do you want the game to be over, Kevin?” she asked.

He didn’t, and he saw her point. “Okay, and all you will do for me is let me panty check you and clean my room topless?” he asked.

“Isn’t that more than enough?” Barbie asked in surprise. She had thought Joe was incredibly generous with the offer she’d passed along as if it were really her own. She didn’t want to strut around topless in front of Kevin, but she would do it if Joe told her she had to do it.

“I think it’s your first offer. It’s not your BEST offer,” Kevin sounded like an insurance salesman, or at least what she imagined a salesman would sound like. “I also think there is more to this game that you aren’t telling me.”

“I can’t tell you more because I don’t know if you’ll keep it to yourself, Kevin. Do you blame me? you are talking about basically blackmailing me into letting me keep playing,” she said.

“Hey, now, that’s a dirty word. I am talking about you making it worth my while to HELP you with your game,” he said.

“I don’t want help. I want you to stop asking questions and putting your nose where it doesn’t belong so I can play my little game in peace,” she insisted.

“You want to know what I think?” he asked.

“That it was a mistake to ask you to keep your mouth shut?” she guessed dryly.

Kevin offered her a lemony smirk in response. “I think if you were just trying to be a brat to Joe, no matter how much he pushed you, then you would have pulled that soap out of your mouth and shoved it up his ass,” he theorized.

“Joe is much stronger than me. He would never have let me do that,” Barbie laughed at the idea of her stuffing a bar of soap anywhere Joe didn’t want it.

“I was speaking metaphorically,” Kevin corrected. “I meant that if all this was really only about you giving him as much shit as he gives you, then you would have never let him stuff a bar of soap in your mouth. But you chewed it all through breakfast,” he reminded her.

Barbie realized that he was right, and Kevin could tell from her body language he was on the right track. She was instantly regretting, not asking that Joe be the one to talk to Kevin. She had once again underestimated her little brother’s analytical intelligence.

“Okay, you got me, alright, Kevin? But I am telling you that I will never forgive you if you let the cat out of the bag. I am serious!”

Kevin was very aware of that fact and knew she could make his life pretty bad if she put her mind to it.

“Joe and I made a bet. I didn’t think mom and dad wouldn’t let him lay out the rules. Anything he gets them to agree to, I will do,” Barbie said as if she was admitting the world really was flat. “The restriction lasts as long as he can get them to agree to keep it going. That’s the deal,” she made a cute duck face when she admitted that was all that was really going on.

As preposterous as it sounded, it fit more perfectly than Anything else Kevin had been told.

“ANYTHING?” Kevin asked enthusiastically.

“Shhhh,” Barbie told him to keep his voice down. “Anything that our PARENTS would agree to, not YOU! So yes, now when I cuss at the table, I’ll get soap in my mouth,” she confirmed.

“Did you like that?” he asked.

“What are you? Crazy? No, of course not! But a bet is a bet, Kevin, just like a deal is a deal. Are you going to keep your end of it?” she asked. “You can’t even tell Joe. If he knew you knew, the bet would be over, and I would stop being on restriction. That’s how it’s supposed to work,” she lied.

“Like Jenga? You pull the wrong block, and the tower collapses. If anyone guesses the game, the game ends. Brilliant! Oh yeah, no problem. We can reach a deal,” he smiled wickedly.

“Reach?” she asked, worried about what he meant.

“Yeah. I am going to dictate ten things for you to write down,” Kevin used some alliteration on the word dictate to make it sound like “Dick-Tate.” He noted his sister rolled her eyes, but she didn’t acknowledge his naughty joke. “I will then let you cross two things off the list. Your secret will be safe with me as long as you keep doing the other eight. Like an incentive for me and a guarantee for you. That sounds more than fair, don’t you think?”

“What sort of things?” Barbie asked cautiously. She found it hard to believe Kevin could dream up ten things he thought she might do in order to keep her secret safe.

Kevin made her write out the ten things (see below). He used language reminiscent from a non-disclosure agreement terms and conditions he had to sign when he was beta testing Fortnite at the start of the list.

He spouted out ten things for his sister to agree to, and she blushed, hemmed, and hawed and even complained, but she dutifully transcribed all ten. “Kevin, do you really want to make me do these things?”

“All ten,” Kevin shot back. “I will settle for eight, but if you want to get bonus points and I know an over-achiever like you loves to get extra credit, I will accept all ten!” he pinched his older sister’s cheek. It was a very powerful move on his part to reach up and touch her face. She let him do it and didn’t smack him. He was testing his boundaries, and her reaction surprised him. He felt this would be an exciting game with his sister, no matter how it played out.

“I really need time to think about this, Kevin,” Barbie was strangely happy she wouldn’t be the one making the final decision. Her brother wanted her to do his homework. On the surface, that would be easy, but then he might fall behind academically. She really didn’t want to harm him by making him academically lazy in the process of serving her older brother. Barbie truly did mean well.

The submissive personality that was emerging in her was quite daring. Barbie had not stopped caring about other people – in fact, she was finding herself more empathetic than ever. She could more easily see things from the perspective of someone like Tammy or Becky, and that had only broadened her empathy.

She might have been mortified to show her brother her tits before today. Kevin obviously saw a lot of boobs on the Internet. He even had little figurines of naughty half-cat Asian women on his shelves with bare breasts. It wasn’t like she’d be showing him something he had never seen before.

Kevin was quite pleased with himself. He had been so positive his sister was doing something, maybe even something illegal. He didn’t consider his demands blackmail, just mutually beneficial suggestions. He even magnanimously offered to let her pick the most attractive eight of them. The thought of making her fret and the torture of choosing which eight to agree to was delicious to him. The very fact she had to choose already meant she was giving him the power to select eight things she had to do and accepting her new reality.

He really wanted to go to Joe to find out if he was enjoying this as much as he himself was, but Kevin intended to keep his bargain.

“You already agreed to one of them and practically agreed to the second as well. Why not just pick the two on the list you like least, and we can conclude our little negotiation? I know you don’t want to sit with me. I knew the moment you sat down we were going to talk about last night,” he admitted.

“Yes, well, thank you for not making me write down that I have to sit with you every day on the bus,” Barbie teased.

“I may be a dictator, but I am not a tyrant, Sis!” Kevin laughed as well. “It would be just as much torture for me as well. I have a reputation to uphold after all,” Kevin preened to indicate it would be social suicide to be seen with his sister at school. He was kidding, of course, but the two of them rarely did hang out.

“Think about the ten. Make your choices, and we’ll conclude our negotiations this afternoon when you sign the NDA. That’s a non-disclosure agreement if you didn’t know. If you refuse to agree to at least eight, I’ll have no recourse but to believe you’re not committed to your own game.”

“If what I’ve done so far doesn’t show you I’m committed, ten more rules won’t!” Barbie knew she couldn’t agree to any of Kevin’s stipulations, but she didn’t want him adding more on the fly.

“You keep your end of the bargain, and I’ll keep mine. That’s the only way to have a successful business arrangement,” Kevin tapped his chest like he was a successful investor offering financial advice and wearing a three-piece suit.

Barbie didn’t address his comment about this being just business. She felt like all eyes on the bus were on her as if she were cheating at homework. The feeling gave her a tingling sensation. As if she really was a naughty girl.

“Ten things? I am surprised he didn’t have a hundred,” Joe asked when they left the bus at school. She’d slipped him the note, and as soon as he was sure Kevin was out of sight, he’d opened it and started reading.

“Rule one is a gimme,” he said as he read that Kevin expected to be able to do panty checks whenever he felt like it.

“Well, I did let him do a panty check this morning, Master,” Barbie agreed. Joe didn’t address the fact that Barbie was still thinking for herself.

“Rule two is no surprise,” Kevin had stipulated that Barbie clean his room in the nude.

“Yes, Sir,” Barbie nodded. She would have to endure all of her little brother’s dirty comments, and he would most likely make it weird.

“Rule three fits perfectly with my plan. Mom’s got to agree to something a little more stringent than soap if you keep cussing at the table when the soap doesn’t effectively do the trick. But rule 4 puts a wrench in the works. I don’t think you can agree to that.

“Is that the one about spending time with him doing whatever he wants, Sir?”

“Rule 4 is the one about not being a brat to him. He didn’t know that was part of the plan, though, I guess. Still, you need to make him understand that it’s probably a deal-breaker. You’ll have to give him shit to get into trouble,”

“That’s just it, Master. I told him. If I break the deal, he goes to mom.”

“And tells her he wanted you to clean his room naked? Yeah, right!” Joe laughed. “We’ll have to cross that one off then. That’s a pity there are a few others on here I don’t like either that I would have crossed off,” he said as he read the list.

“Rule 5 is okay, especially since I already told you you’d be spending time with him. Rule six, check. I was going to make you start to ‘forget’ panties soon anyway. Kevin just got you to write it down before I ordered it.”

Barbie swallowed nervously. She had difficulty imagining how her parents would deal with her actually failing panty check. Barbie trusted her brother, but she would spend endless hours fantasizing and theorizing about that humiliating moment when it finally came.

“Rule seven is just silly. Mom and Dad are going to know he ripped a big one,” Joe laughed.

“I guess he just wants me to take the blame, even if it’s fairly obvious, Sir,” Barbie said, earning her a swat on the ass and a reminder that he wasn’t asking her opinion. His question was rhetorical.

“I may cross that one off the list just on principle. I don’t want things to be so over the top that we can’t explain why you are claiming a fart that clearly happened across the table,” Joe theorized.

“Yes, Master,” Barbie looked down at her feet. She didn’t get into the fart humor the way Joe, Kevin, and Ariel often did. She tended to frown on it and had never “ripped” one at the table. All of her siblings had at least once, and Kevin and Ariel did quite frequently.

“Rule eight? Not going to happen. He can do his own damned math homework! You could tutor him, maybe. As for nine, I’m okay with as long as WE don’t have to play those crooked board games of his too, but rule ten? That Kevin can punish you? That came out of left field!”

“It doesn’t say he can punish me. It just says that if he can get mom and dad to agree to a punishment and that I have to accept it, Sir” Barbie explained. She told her brother that Kevin thinks the only thing that is happening is that they played a game to see how long our parents would go along with her punishment.

“Oh, then that would work perfectly. It might even play right into my hands because if he suggests something outrageous, I can suggest something not quite as bad to seem like the reasonable one,” Joe slapped her on the ass playfully before heading to class. He told her that he’d have an answer to her by lunchtime.

“I want to see you in that Cheerio’s uniform later today. Good luck with your tryouts, and remember not to wear panties even in the uniform,” he said.

“I am sure they would kick me off the squad if I show up without anything under my uniform to try-outs, Master?”

“Good point,” Joe conceded. “You can wear the spanks under your cheerleading uniform ONLY at games, practice, and pep rallies or school functions,” he said. He told her that today for tryouts it was important to make a good first impression and wear them. Barbie thanked him, but Joe said not to thank him so fast.

“As compensation for my generosity, I’ll think of other ways to humiliate you and test your obedience to me while you are in the uniform,” he promised.

“Meanie Butt,” Barbie teased him playfully and stuck out her tongue.

“ ... and you love it!” Joe left with a big smile on his face for his first class of the day.

AS DICTATED TO BARBIE CHIPMAN;

My brother based this on an NDA agreement he signed to beta test a video game. I hand wrote these as he dictated them to me.

TEN THINGS KEVIN WANTS ME TO DO

I Barbara N. Chipman A.K.A “Barbie”, agree to perform eight out of the ten rules below for my brother. In exchange, Kevin Chipman agrees to remain silent and not talk to anyone about my bet. This includes implying, hinting, writing emails, or suggesting.

In addition, he will make no further demands. I can elect to remove two items from the list below at the start of our agreement. Once bound, refusing to perform any of them immediately breaks our agreement and frees Kevin from his non-disclosure obligation.

1. He may panty-check me at any time, and I must oblige him with a quick flip-up of whatever is coving them like my shirt, dress or skirt.

2. I will clean his room completely nude with the door closed.

3. Once per day, I will intentionally speak profanity at the dinner table in front of my mother in order to get my mouth washed out with soap. I will accept this punishment.

4. I will not mock Kevin, berate Kevin, intentionally try to get Kevin in trouble, or in any way impugn his reputation.

5. When Kevin gets free time with me, he will select my outfit as long as Joe and my parents allow it. I will do whatever Kevin wants for that free time. This may include watching anime or running behind him while he rides his bike.

6. I will intentionally forget to wear my panties to dinner once a week. I can make an excuse or say that I forgot.

7. Anytime Kevin farts, I will claim responsibility if I am in close proximity.

8. I will do Kevin’s math homework for him nightly and explain it to him.

9. I will volunteer to play any board game that Kevin creates. I can complain if he changes the rules, but I will play anyway.

10. I will agree to any punishment that my parents will accept that Kevin convinces them I deserve as well.