**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 26**

“Hey, can I talk to you for a minute,” Dylan caught Barbie in the hallway between classes before lunchtime.

“Sure,” she smiled at him. She had no interest in Dylan romantically, but he was her date this evening, and she would have been polite even if her brother didn’t expect her to be nice to him.

She was surprised when he offered her a bouquet of flowers. He had obviously purchased it before school and had been hiding it behind his back.

“Wow, that is unexpected,” she sniffed them. Barbie was quite flattered but didn’t want to give Dylan the wrong impression. She wasn’t going to be his girlfriend after this – she couldn’t be.

“Hey, I do the unexpected all the time,” Dylan smirked. “I just wanted to say you are a really cool person Barbie. When I first asked you out, I had no idea how just how cool,”

“Well, thanks Dylan.”

“I wanted to talk to you about something before tonight, though,” Dylan became seriously. Barbie hoped he wasn’t going to ask her to be his girlfriend. She’d have to let him down easy, and she had never had to do that before. Most boys broke up with her when they finally realized she would never put out. She didn’t want to break his heart, but there was no way she could be in a committed relationship with anyone but Joe at this point.

“I noticed you started wearing different clothes at school. I like them. Don’t get me wrong. My sister said you borrowed a pair of her panties and a dildo too. I can’t help but wonder if you started changing after you saw how I lived to appeal to me,” he said.

“No,” Barbie started to answer him.

“Well, it’s good that you say that because the reason I asked you out was precisely because you seemed so normal and so stable. My aunt keeps setting me up with strippers who are older than me. I keep ending up with trashy girls from the trailer park, and most of them are pretty crazy. I thought you were this sweet, shy new girl when I approached you. I don’t want you to be trashy for me. I’ve had that already, and I like nice. You are nice, and I just wanted to tell you that I didn’t want to put any pressure on you to change.”

“That’s sweet, Dylan! You aren’t.”

“That’s good because I really didn’t think about the filthy stuff my family does all the time when I invited you over. It is so normal around the house that I always assume everyone is used to titties and asses hanging out. I’ve freaked out other girls before. I thought when you abruptly left that I would never hear from you again,” he said.

“No, we are still on for the dance tonight, Dylan,” Barbie said.

“Good, because you didn’t call or text since then. I wasn’t sure how you felt,” Dylan admitted.

“You didn’t text me either,” Barbie reminded him.

“True, I guess I was afraid you’d say that my family is just a bunch of freaks or something,” Dylan smiled. He was handsome and confident. He wasn’t Joe, though, and Barbie wasn’t interested in him that way.

“No, I don’t think that at all,” Barbie admitted. She thought they were pretty freaky, but they had actually inspired her to be more adventurous and slutty.

“I guess there is probably no chance you’ll ever want to come over again, though, right?” Dylan asked.

“No, I don’t mind. I’d have to ask Joe to come with me,” she said.

“Yeah, Joe is always welcome. I wouldn’t blame you. The reason I ask is Dad can pick you up for the dance, but he has to come over early to get you unless you want to walk over? I didn’t think you wanted to hop the fence in your dress,” he smirked.

Barbie wondered how her mother would feel about that. “Would Becky be coming with you to pick us up?” she asked.

“There isn’t a lot of room in the truck, but if you don’t mind sitting on my lap, that would be fine!” he smiled. “You think your parents would want to meet me?” he asked.

“Yeah, I think they’d feel better about it if they did,” she admitted. “You know Marilyn comes over to our house all the time?” she told him.

“She does? I wondered where she disappears to when she gets off at your stop,” Dylan shrugged that made sense.

“You don’t care where she goes?” Barbie was a little surprised that Dylan wasn’t overprotective like Joe was. Marilyn was a cute little girl a year younger than she was.

“Marilyn can handle herself, and it is none of my business. As long as she isn’t committing crimes, I doubt my parents would care either. She is always home by dark. If she is at your house, that’s good. I am sure your parents cook a lot better food than we do,” he said.

“Well, she never stays for dinner, and I think the food you served was fine,” Barbie replied politely.

“It’s low-grade dog food at best! Frozen dinners and junk food,” he laughed.

“Well, I would appreciate it,” Barbie said politely. Joe had recently been stressing she needed to appreciate her food and comforts she took for granted because he could take them away if he so chose.

“Now, you sound a little like my grandmother!” Dylan joked.

“Your grandmother lives there too?” Barbie was surprised by how many people they could fit in a single wide.

“Well, she isn’t home a lot, but yeah, she lives there too. I know it sounds crowded, but I’ve even got my own room. If Dad drops you off at our house early, would you like to have dinner at my house again? Mom isn’t on punishment anymore,” he said.

“That would be up to Joe, but I would like that,” she smiled. She put the flowers in her locker after smelling and admiring them. Barbie was incredibly flattered by Dylan but not interested in pursuing anything more with him after the dance.

Barbie had never worn anything as revealing as she had on to school before. She did not get many looks the previous day because what she had on may have been scandalous for her mother, but it was really quite tame for High School. Today she was getting stares from male classmates and teachers alike. A Janitor even dropped his mop when she bent over to pick up her notebook. She knew he had a good look at her clam, and she smiled at him playfully. It was fun getting that kind of attention at school.

The kind she didn’t like was the negative attention she received from girls. Some were jealous or confused by Barbie’s sudden change. There were others who looked down their nose at her with scorn. There were some who had started gossiping and talking behind her back.

She wasn’t the only girl who dressed like a slut in school, but her sudden transformation had raised a lot of eyebrows. Barbie didn’t hang out with many people, but the bookish, nerdy girls that considered her one of them saw her as some kind of pariah. The attention whores who dressed like sluts considered her a wannabe and didn’t accept her either.

She wondered if the reaction of other girls was one of the reasons Becky avoided having any friends. They could be such hateful back-biting bitches even though they were kind to her face.

Around lunchtime she met up with Marilyn and Ariel at the gymnasium for Cheerio tryouts. “Wow, I never thought you would want to be a cheerleader,” Ariel smiled proudly at her sister’s decision. “Do you have any shorts?” she asked.

Marilyn and Ariel were wearing blue and white uniforms. They revealed much more skin than Barbie did. Their tops were sleeveless, and their skirts were simple pleated mini-skirts. The difference was that no one was shocked by the uniforms because they were used to seeing them.

“I thought I would get a uniform?” Barbie replied.

“You don’t just get a uniform to try out! You have to get the job first!” Marilyn explained. “We get a lot of fatties who try out,” she chuckled sarcastically.

“You sound so much like your sister sometimes,” Barbie laughed.

“Hey, that’s mean! You take that back,” Marilyn pouted playfully. Barbie had a pair of shorts in her locker for P.E. She entered the locker room to change.

There were a few kids roaming around in the gym during lunch period. There is an area for weight lifting, and the Cheerios use the basketball court for practice. There were already a few of the young girls jumping and prancing around to warm up. Ariel joined her sister and told Marilyn she would catch up with her.

“So, what did you and Kevin talk about today?” Ariel asked after they’d entered the girl’s locker room. She’d noticed that Barbie sat with her brother on the way to school, and that was unusual for her.

“So what’s the team like?” Barbie asked as she shimmied out of her skirt, pulling her panties down with it.

“Which one? We cheer for both the ... oh, you mean the squad?” She giggled. “We’re a squad, not a team, although we are a team too, but that would be confusing if we called ourselves a team when we’re cheering on the football team!” Ariel giggled again as if laughing WITH Barbie and not AT her, before launching into a long winded description of each of the Cheerio cheerleaders and what their positions on the squad were. She was explaining what the role of the differing positions was when she got quiet.

She stopped abruptly after Barbie had put her shorts on and then peeled off her top. For a moment Barbie thought Ariel was going to say something about her not getting fully naked before she put her gym clothes on - then realized that Ariel would have no idea what her dressing rules were supposed to be.

Barbie kicked herself anyway. She’d been in a hurry to cover her cunt so that her sister wouldn’t be embarrassed by her if another girl came into the locker room and said something about it being shaved bare. She SHOULD have stripped completely naked before putting any other clothing on. She made a mental note to confess her mistake to her Master.

“No bra, sis? Do you at least have one for tryouts? You’ll want one, for sure. Penny says if she doesn’t wear one she gives herself black eyes but she’s such a liar. Her boobies are bigger than mine but not THAT big!”

Barbie put her palms over her tits and grinned at her sister. “I don’t think I’m going to have a problem with THAT either,” she laughed before pulling on a tee shirt. Her puffy nipples made it look like she had two-stage nipples under the tight fabric even though her nipples themselves weren’t hard. Her small mounds looked like they had small mounds of their own on top and there was no mistaking that she was braless under the shirt.

“I bet the creepers who hang out here at lunchtime are going to enjoy your outfit, Barbie!” Ariel tittered and covered her mouth.

Barbie knew exactly what her sister meant and although she was a little embarrassed that her sister had come right out and said something, her nipples began to harden under the shirt anyway, as she imagined being watched. Ariel didn’t say anything about Barbie’s ‘development’ under her shirt and instead just carried on with her pep talk.

Ariel gave her some tips about smiling and trying to be graceful under pressure. Barbie was incredibly nervous, but she tried to project confidence. She signed up with the cheerleading coach.

“Hi, Coach Etheridge, my name is Barbie Chipman,” she greeted the dour coach.

Sue Etheridge had short blonde hair, a tough exterior, and stark features. She had a very fit body for a woman in her forties, but she only wore tracksuits, and that hid her fantastic tits.

“What do you want? A medal? Now I’ve got two Chipmans to deal with? How about I call you Chipman One and Chipman Two?” she pointed at Ariel and Barbie, respectively.

“You could call her Ariel and me Barbie, Ma’am?” Barbie offered politely.

The coach blew her whistle abruptly. “Bring it in, bring it in,” she called the other cheerleaders over to her. “We’ve got new meat trying out today. She gave me a suggestion. What do I think about suggestions?” she asked.

“Suggestions are bullshit, Coach!” the cheerleaders responded in unison. Even Marilyn and Ariel said it. They all smiled while they did.

“That’s right, Suggestions are bullshit. I am the Coach. You are the Cheerleaders. If I want suggestions from you, I will quit my job and sign up to get taught by High School girls on how to best run a team. Then I’ll come back as coach, and we can all suck together. This is not a Democracy. We don’t vote on any of this. It is the Dictatorship of Coach Etheridge, and if you want to be Cheerleaders, you will keep your big mouths shut and your suggestions to yourselves. So that’s one mark against you, Chipman Two,” the Coach said quite seriously as she checked off something on her clipboard by Barbie’s name. Barbie hated to genuinely get in trouble at school. She was fantastic at academics but frequently struggled in art, home sciences, and physical education.

The negative mark only served to inspire Barbie to work harder to earn her coach’s approval.

The coach blew her whistle and asked everyone while they were will still standing around. She instructed them to continue freestyle warm-ups while she assessed the newbies seeking a place on the squad.

“We’ve got three new try-outs today. First, we have Twinkle-Toes McGee,” Sue introduced one of the girls. Twinkle-Toes had a real first name when she walked into the gym, but today Sue was calling her Twinkle-Toes because she had tripped once during warm-ups. Twinkle-Toes was top-heavy with a huge set of tits that were impossibly huge for a girl so short.

“Then we have Banana,” Sue introduced the second girl. She was Hispanic and had cute chipmunk cheeks and really big dark doe eyes. Sue had decided to call her Banana for no particular reason.

“Lastly, we have a legacy. Chipman Two wants to be on the squad because her sister is on the squad. Do you think that entitles you to be a Cheerio?” she asked Barbie.

“No, Ma’am,” Barbie said.

“Good attitude, Chipman Two! Okay, let’s see you three run laps around the court while I run the girls through drills!”

“Why do we have to run?” Twinkle Toes asked.

The Coach did not respond to the question.

“You know there are four boys on the squad? It’s not just girls,” Banana reminded her.

Sue also did not answer.

“Any questions from you, Chipman Two?” Sue asked.

“No, Ma’am,” Barbie kicked her legs up and started running in place. She was a little sore from her morning jog with her brother, but she was thankful he taught her to run in place. Sue was impressed.

The coach placed checks by Twinkle Toes and Banana’s names. Barbie thought Sue may have drawn a happy face or a star by her own name. “Start running! Time is money, and I am all out of quarters, “Sue said

“I am all out of quarters,” Twinkle Toes imitated the coach once they were out of earshot.

“What does that even mean?” Banana asked as she rolled her eyes.

Barbie kept her mouth shut and smiled. She was happy she had the courage to even make this run.

She noticed three boys were in the bleachers watching the practice. One of them was her brother Kevin.

“Perverts, my side,” Twinkle Toes warned. Her tits jiggled from side to side and threatened to spank her in the face as she jogged. Although she was wearing a bra, it did nothing to support or reduce her massive mammaries’ bounce. Barbie thought that if any cheerleader was going to give herself black eyes, it’d be Twinkle Toes.

Banana sighed at them and ignored the boys. They were obviously leering while pretending to be working on something else. The boys frequently hung out in the gym during lunch to catch cheerleader practice. They were forbidden from watching the varsity girls. The varsity squad got to practice on the actual football field. As long as they weren’t a disruption, Coach Etheridge really didn’t care what the boys did.

“One of them is my brother,” Barbie defended Kevin.

“Then he is a perv, too!” Banana and Twinkle Toes both agreed. It was hard for Barbie to defend him after the rules he wanted her to follow. Her brother had decided which ones she had to follow and she’d have to tell him soon. She gave some thought to how she would explain her choices while she remained focus on the jog.

Tits bounced, asses jiggled, and after four exhausting laps around the gym, the three girls were called over to rejoin the rest of the squad. The Coach made them run just to see if they would follow her instructions or complain. She was happy with how Barbie was shaping up, but she didn’t let on. She talked down to all three and put them through basic cheerleader positions.

“The three main roles in cheerleading are the bases, the flyers, and the spotters,” Sue pointed to the members of the squad who were in each role. Marilyn and Ariel were flyers.

“A truly versatile cheerleader will be able to do any of these roles even though it is more common for cheerleaders to be focused on only one or two roles. Some of you were meant to be bases,” Sue looked directly at Twinkle Toes. She wasn’t stocky, but her enormous boobs were so top-heavy she couldn’t be much else.

“Some of you are spotters,” she looked at Banana.

“Some of you may think you are flyers,” the Coach rolled her eyes in disgust. “The only flying most of you will be doing is falling out of the air and landing on shit.

“Still, some of you may think you are flyers anyway,” she repeated, this time looking pointedly at Barbie. “So instead of starting you out in a position you MIGHT be passable at, I want to see just how bad you are at the other roles. Chipman two. Spotter. Twinkle toes, Flyer. Banana, Flyer.

Twinkle toes was not a flier in any sense of the word. She immediately fell flat on her chest, luckily saving her face. At least Barbara showed that she had a natural inclination for being a spotter. She was able to support Banana when Banana provided the platform for Twinkle Toes’ second effort by simply visualizing what Banana needed as if it were a math problem. Twinkle toes nearly twisted an ankle when Banana couldn’t support her weight.

All the cheerleaders had a good laugh, but Ariel and Marilyn could be heard shouting encouragement. Barbie kept her chin up and continued to practice.

Coach Etheridge had the newbies watch the squad execute the maneuver flawlessly as a demonstration. She played their music, which was a combination of Marilyn Manson’s “Tainted Love,” C&C Music Factory’s “Everybody Dance Now,” and a mish-mash of “Y’all ready for this?” and the Tootsee Roll.

The cheerleaders twerked and shook their booties like little hustlers and exotic dancers. It was all done to bubble-pop music and performed by highly enthusiastic junior varsity cheerleaders, so it looked perfectly normal. Butts shaking, high kicks, titties jiggling, and a lot of cheers about Football.

Banana, Twinkle Toes, and Barbie joined in but had difficulty picking up the routines.” I can’t wait to help you practice when we get home!” Ariel told her older sister when the practice wrapped up.

“Yeah, if there is time!” Barbie offered politely.

“Oh, there is gonna be time! Joe said I get time with you. Or is part of the game you are playing that you are going to break his rules?” she pouted.

“No, I’ll spend time with you. It is just that tonight is the dance,” Barbie reminded her.

“Oh yeah. No one asked me!” Ariel sounded excited about it even though she could have been miffed.

“Why are you happy about that?” Barbie asked.

“I’m not, but if cheerleading has taught me anything, it is to stay positive!” Ariel walked with her sister toward the coach.

“Chipman Two, not half bad! You earned a uniform,” the Coach threw the short skirt and white and blue top at Barbie.

“Banana and Twinkle Toes, you both blow chunks,” the Coach said.

“Does this mean we aren’t on the squad?” Twinkle Toes asked.

“Does this mean we aren’t on the squad?” Coach Etheridge imitated Twinkle Toes like she was a lisping baby. “Yes, it means you are on the squad. It is no cut, and we are a few members down.”

The coach tossed the uniforms at the girls. “The moment we have a full squad, I’ll probably cut both of you! So watch your shit! Now get out of here. I am tired of your faces,” The coach sounded harsh. It was actually endearing to most of the cheerleaders, though. They knew she actually had a heart of gold even though she liked to talk tough.

Barbie was very excited to finally get her uniform. Ariel danced around her playfully as she went to the locker to put it on. “Do you think that Kevin is a pervert for watching you practice?” she asked Ariel once the other girls were out of earshot.

“No! He is just here to support my cheerleading!” Ariel smiled innocently. It would never occur to her to think poorly of her brother even though he frequently said disgusting things to her.

“What about the other boys he is with? Are they here to support THEIR sisters?” Barbie asked.

“Oh no, they are definitely pervs,” Ariel seemed a little more sure of herself and worldly when she gave that answer.

“So, what did you and Kevin talk about today?” Ariel asked when they entered the girl’s locker room. She had noticed that Barbie sat with her brother on the way to school, and that was unusual for her.

Barbie froze. She wasn’t sure what to tell Ariel. If she told her the truth, Ariel would feel betrayed. She’d told her sister Ariel couldn’t tell anyone what they’d talked about, and she’d had to trust that Ariel wouldn’t. At the same time, Ariel would know if she lied. She’d barely survived the conversation with Kevin. She wasn’t sure what to say.

“You know Kevin, sis,” she eventually said, shimmying out of her skirt. “Always scheming. He was asking my opinion on whether he’d get in more trouble for not handing in homework or for copying off one of his friends. I ended up helping him do his own, so he wouldn’t get in trouble at all,” Barbie lied through her teeth as she started to change in front of her sister.

“You’re the best, Barbie,” Ariel said. She stripped naked so that she could shower before putting her own cheerleading uniform back on.

“Thank you, Pinkerbell,” Barbie smiled at her sister. She felt a little guilty because she wasn’t being entirely honest with her. She was also only on the team because her brother told her to join. Ariel seemed to think Barbie suddenly had school spirit and wanted to hang out with her.

Barbie was not a good liar, and Joe or Kevin would have known in an instant. Luckily Ariel was so trusting she believed every word Barbie said. It made Barbie feel even worse. She loved being called Pinkerbell at home, but Ariel quickly dodged the nickname before anyone else could hear it.

She silently shook her head dismissively to suggest to Barbie not to call her that around the other girls. It wasn’t like Ariel to be embarrassed of anything. She was an all-around class-A extrovert. Barbie wondered why she didn’t like that nickname around her teammates, but she didn’t push the issue.

“Did you shave your hoo-ha?” Ariel’s eyes grew wide as this time her sister removed her skirt first and then her top. She obviously hadn’t been paying attention earlier.

“Yeah, do you um, like it?” Barbie stopped and let Ariel examine her freshly shaved pussy. “It’s not a hoo-ha though. It’s a pussy,” Barbie reminded her little sister.

Ariel covered her mouth as if she were humiliated, just hearing her big sister talk like so dirty. Marilyn shrugged it off like it was no big deal.

“Smooth Punani,” Banana commented as she noticed Barbie was shaved.

Ariel was naked, and she had a few wisps of blonde pubic hair around her pussy. It was obvious she was not shaving and had only recently grown them. She didn’t attempt to cover her own nudity. She had no reason to be shy in the girls locker room.

“Yeah, awesome job! No stubble,” Ariel shrugged like it was not that big of a deal for her sister to be hairless. “A lot of the girls shave, but I didn’t think you would,” she seemed pleased that her sister was so open.

Barbie smiled, and a fresh wave of humiliation and guilt washed over her. It may not have been that big of a deal to her friends, but she felt very embarrassed she was hairless now. Her pussy was still freshly puffy from the razor stubble. She waited for Ariel and Marilyn to go to the shower before putting on her skirt. They may not have had much to say about her hairless vagina, but they would have if they noticed she put on the uniform without any bottoms or bra.

Barbie felt incredibly vulnerable wearing the short skirt with no bottoms. It felt very wrong, and she thought she’d probably get in trouble before the end of the day. She trusted Joe would have a plan. He had promised her if she got in trouble with school, he would adjust the rules – or at least had said he MIGHT adjust the rules.

On the way out of the gym, she passed Kevin and his friends as the bell rang to signal it was time to get to class.

“Hey Sis, did you think about my rules?” Kevin sidled up to Barbie. Ariel and Marilyn were giggling and talking several feet away, and Kevin’s friends were following them and staring at the girl’s butts.

“Yes, number four and number eight,” Barbie replied calmly.

“What?” Kevin asked incredulously.

“You said I could pick two rules I wouldn’t obey – number four and number eight,” Barbie explained. She was about to remind Kevin which rules they were. She didn’t need to, as Kevin knew they were the ones where she couldn’t berate or insult him and had to do his math rules.

“You could have picked not to clean my room naked, and you chose to ignore those two rules instead?” Kevin asked with enthusiastic surprise washing over his cherubic face.

“Well, your math homework is important, and I don’t want you to fail,” Barbie smiled impishly.

“So, you are willing to go naked in my room to make sure I don’t fall behind in math?” Kevin seemed overjoyed but skeptical.

“Yeah, well, I don’t have anything you haven’t seen before. I also couldn’t agree not to berate or make fun of you because I plan to tease you the entire time I am up in your room for staring at my butt. You are a naughty boy for sitting up in the bleachers watching us sweat and dance around,” she kidded her little brother playfully.

“Yeah, I’ve been coming to these practices since the start of the year. I am glad you understand,” Kevin smiled at her.

“Oh, I understand my little brother is a pervert,” Barbie grinned and agreed with him.

“What gave that away?” Kevin asked sarcastically as they walked to their next class together.

He was oblivious to the fact that his sister was wearing nothing under her cheerleading uniform – panties or bra. The fact nobody noticed right away made Barbie wet thinking about how truly naughty SHE was compared to Kevin. He was just a boob-watcher that liked to sit up in the bleachers and stare at girls dancing around.

**Chapter 27**

Barbie’s fantasy that no one would find out she was not wearing anything under her cheerleading uniform was quickly dashed in the next class. She sat dutifully with her legs spread while boys dropped pencils, giggled, and stared between her legs.

She was quickly becoming the talk of the school. Still, surprisingly she never got in trouble for her scandalous behavior - at least not as a Cheerleader on a Friday before the Homecoming dance.

Joe told her how proud he was of her on the way home. He liked how she handled her brother’s rules and snippy answers. He didn’t want her prevented from making fun of Kevin. That would ruin his chances of making her seem like a brat. It would also make it seem like she respected Joe AND Kevin. He wanted to paint a picture that his little sister was his responsibility and would improve her behavior under his supervision.

He had wanted to prohibit Kevin from doing panty checks, but what was done was done now. He also told his sister how proud he was that she made the Junior Varsity team.

“Well, it was no cut, Sir,” she replied.

“Yeah, but you went out for it, and you got it. You also walked around without panties in that uniform - That had to be hard!”

His smile and approval was the only reward she needed to feel; ruining her reputation at school was worth it to her. “I was surprised I haven’t been kicked out of school,” she admitted sheepishly while lapping up his praise. To her, there was no reward greater OR more motivating than her Master thinking she was brave.

“Cheerleaders and Football players have a special set of unspoken rules. There are football players who never turn in any homework. They still get passing grades,” he said. Joe admitted he wasn’t one of those guys. He wanted to go to college and make something of himself.

“Wow, are there other cheerleaders who walk around with no panties like me?” she asked in disbelief.

“I don’t think there is anyone at school quite like you, Barbie,” Joe nuzzled his sister on the way home and she swooned at the attention. He was finger fucking her while Duncan watched and acted as a natural barrier from prying eyes. Barbie was in heaven and soaking wet for so many reasons.

“The varsity girls do dares and initiations, though. I don’t know about the Junior Varsity girls, but some of them have to do some pretty humiliating things to keep their spot on the squad. Every starting squad varsity player is assigned a cheerleader. The team’s nickname for the girl is a jock supporter. She is supposed to make their player cookies and she decorates his locker- stuff like that,” he explained. Joe said that most of those girls suck their assigned player’s cock and gives the guy other sexual favors as well.

“Does yours do that for you, Sir?” Barbie asked him with a trace of jealousy in her voice.

“No. Mine just makes me cookies, but she would blow me if I asked her. That’s why I wanted you to cheer for varsity. I’d trade her to another player to have you as my full service jock supporter!” he laughed.

Barbie smiled at him and spread her legs wider. Joe let Duncan play with her under her skirt for the rest of the way home and Barbie actually really enjoyed it this time, now that she understood Joe’s thinking. Barbie smiled and wiggled for Duncan while he finger fucked her all the way home.

Later that afternoon, there was a loud, obnoxious banging on the door.

“Good heavens, we have a doorbell for a reason!” Helen instinctively made for the door to see who was there.

“I’ll get it, mom,” Barbie had been flitting around in her tee shirt, cleaning the living room.

“You most certainly will not. It is one thing for you to cavort around us in a tee shirt, but you won’t answer the door that way,” Helen replied bitterly as she checked the peephole in the door. She didn’t recognize the man standing outside. She partially opened the door.

“Avon calling,” the big, burly man joked. Joe and Barbie recognized his southern accent right away. It was Harlan, and he was dressed in work overalls and boots. His son Dylan and Becky were with him.

“Oh, you must be Mr. Simmons,” Helen was aghast at how uncouth Harlan acted, not even considering the idea it wasn’t an act. She had expected someone ... well, someone a little less like Harlan.

“Mr. Simmons was my dad, Ma’am. He’s dead now, and he left me nothing but trouble in his will. I am Harlan, and I am damn glad to meet you!” he offered a hearty handshake to Helen. He invited himself and his family in before Helen could ask him to remove his dust-covered boots.

“Please get changed, Barbie!” Helen said dismissively when the Simmons family entered her lovely home. “I apologize for how she is dressed,” Helen said, confusing Harlan.

“Yeah, she is being punished,” Kevin snickered and explained she had to wear a t-shirt and clean up around the house.

“Hell, the girls at my house would consider that a reward!” Harlan chuckled as he sat on the couch without being invited. Helen assumed he meant that his daughters would like to be able to dress as casually as Barbie. He actually meant they usually had to clean up in the nude.

“I don’t see it. What’s the big deal about wearing a t-shirt?” he asked Helen for clarification.

“Well, it was Joe’s idea because Barbie has been very cavalier around the house with what she wears. She is only permitted to wear panties under her shirt,” Helen was mortified, having to explain this idea to another adult.

“Panty Check!” Kevin insisted as soon as his mother explained the concept to Harlan.

His mother was more embarrassed than Barbie was when she quickly pulled the waistband of her panties up and let them snap back.

Becky licked her lips with amusement. Dylan was a little surprised that his very normal, very sweet bookworm of a date was being punished. Harlan thought it was the most pointless punishment he’d ever seen.

“Not in front of company,” Helen warned Kevin not to do that again. “We had a concern she might not have anything under the shirt, so the boys frequently make her show them she has a fresh pair on. It’s perfectly harmless, I assure you,” Helen blushed. Explaining the rules out loud to a total stranger, prompted her to question them once again.

“You won’t get any judgment from me, Ma’am,” Harlan assured her. “I can’t tell you how many people have been to my trailer and judged me for how I discipline my kids, but it definitely works,” he said.

“Yeah, your discipline is way harder than this!” Becky complained. “I would love it if that was all I had to do,” she suggested.

“My sister is on restriction,” Joe finally spoke. “She has to do everyone’s chores, wear only the clothes we pick out for her, and she even gets her mouth washed out if she uses profanity at the table.”

Helen was embarrassed. “You make us sound like total ogres, Joseph. We just started this restriction on a trial basis, and we’ll be re-evaluating it too,” she agreed.

“Oh my gosh. Little miss princess has to clean a dish and wear a t-shirt? Cry me a river. You have it so lucky. You should spend a weekend at my place,” Becky suggested.

Joe was about to take her up on that offer. A couple of scenarios had immediately jumped into his brain. The first and most obvious was that he and Barbie could do full training at the Simmons house, where their activities would be considered the norm.

Another was based on a reality TV show he’d once seen, where housewives from very differing social settings got to see how the ‘other half’ lived by spending a couple of days as a mother in a stranger’s home. Except in Joe’s version it wouldn’t be G rated and it’d be Barbie and Becky who traded places. He put that thought away for future consideration.

Ariel and Marilyn walked down the stairs. They were both still dressed in their blue and white cheerleader uniforms.

“Dad? Why are you here?” Marilyn asked in confusion. She had thought she’d heard her father and knew something had to be wrong. She assumed she herself had done something wrong, and he was there to collect her.

“What are YOU doing here, Cutie Butt?” he asked.

“Don’t call me that here,” Marilyn blushed. Harlan explained that had been her nickname since she was very little, and there wasn’t anything wrong with it.

“OMFG,” Ariel spelled out the acronym in delighted surprise. “My nickname is Pinkerbell!”

The girls giggled together playfully. Becky rolled her eyes with disgust. She was very morose and down on her little sister. “What ARE you doing here, Cutie Butt?” She added her question to her dad’s.

“Why don’t you tell what YOU are doing here, BUBBLE Butt,” Marilyn clearly had a nickname for her older sister too. It was apparent Becky liked that nickname about as much as Marilyn liked her own. It was immediately evident the two sisters were rivals. Kevin was incredibly turned on by the interplay between them, but everyone else ignored it.

“Well, we came here to get Joe and Barbie so we can go to the homecoming dinner of course. Naturally, Dad has a bunch of errands he wants to run on the way home,” Becky explained.

“Like borrowing money so he can turn around and bet it at the dog track?” Marilyn laughed.

“Exactly!” Becky offered her little sister and Dylan, a high five.

“The fucking Dog Track hasn’t been open for months. I am betting on Football! And you two won’t be laughing when I win and bring in three to one!” Harlan defended himself. “Oh, Sorry, Ma’am! I know how you feel about people saying ‘fuck’ in your house. I apologize about that,” he offered quite seriously.

Marilyn admitted she was there because she has been coming over to Ariel’s house after school for weeks. “I told you I was doing that, Dad!” she said.

“You talk so god damn fast, I only hear every third world you say, Cutie Butt,” Harlan laughed. “As long as you are out of trouble and safe, you know I wouldn’t give a shit anyway.”

“Your daughter has been a perfect angel and we love having her here,” Helen interjected.

“You like having Cutie Butt around? Well, Damn, how about your keep her,” Becky teased her sister. She loved Marilyn, but the two had a well-founded relationship based on frequently insulting one another. Marilyn was naturally bubbly and sweet to almost everyone else.

“What is wrong with your Sister?” Ariel was incredibly offended. Marilyn was her best friend.

“Oh, ain’t a goddamned thing wrong with Cutie Butt,” Harlan answered for Becky. “These two girls love each other more than flies love shit. No offense,” he stopped and looked at Helen before continuing. “They beat each other up, steal from each other, make fun of each other but let someone try to harm a head-on Marilyn’s pretty little head, and Becky would cut that motherfucker a new asshole because her foot would already be up the one he had!”

Becky and Marilyn laughed in agreement. “They just like to tease each other, is all. If you can’t make fun of your family, who can you make fun of?” he explained.

Dylan added that they never take each other seriously. “The only way these two could ever be so mean to one another is because they really love each other,” he said.

Helen wondered if that was why Kevin and Joe had recently been so hard on Barbie.

“Yeah, but we both agree we really do hate Dylan’s guts,” Marilyn snickered, and Becky laughed playfully. Dylan rolled his eyes because that just proved his point.

“Well, I would love to sit around here and shoot the shit with you lovely people all day, but I have things to see and people to do,” Harlan added.

“It’s things to do and people to see, Dad!” Marilyn corrected her father.

“You say it your way, and I say it mine,” Harlan replied before asking his daughter, “You want to ride back with us? Your mom is making steaks,” he smiled.

“Really?” Marilyn asked with sudden excitement.

“Fuck no. When did you ever know that lazy bitch to make a steak? We’re having fucking beans and wieners or some other nasty shit,” Harlan slapped his knee at his own joke before realizing he had been cussing up a storm and apologized to Helen for it.

“Well, Marilyn could stay here for dinner if you’d like? In fact, I could probably make a grocery run and make dinner for everyone,” Helen offered politely. She felt obliged to provide them with food when they said they were not going to have a good dinner.

“Tammy’s expecting us for dinner, and I’ve got to meet this guy named Fred about a bet on a football game,” Harlan stood up and dusted off his dirty clothes over Helen’s $3,500 antique couch. “I’ll take a fucking rain check on that dinner, though. It would be fantastic if our kids started seeing each other. We can come over and have a few beers and try out that swimming pool of yours,” Harlan noticed that the family had a screened-in pool in the backyard of the house.

“Well, that would be nice,” Helen lied very diplomatically.

“Hey, you got a hot tub out there too?” he asked with a bawdy grin on his face.

“Yes, we do,” Helen admitted.

“Is it clothing optional?” he asked wryly.

“No, it is certainly not,” Helen still tried to hide her disapproval of the very idea.

“Got it! Strictly nude then. Clothing is not an option,” he joked. He didn’t give Helen a chance to clarify. He was only kidding anyway. He turned to Marilyn and asked, “Do you want to stay here and eat dinner with them?”

“No, I really want beans and wieners, again, Dad,” Marilyn said sarcastically. It was so strange for the Chipmans to hear the ordinarily bubbly girl talk with the same salty tone that her older sister frequently used. That was the real Marilyn, though. “How about you trade for Kevin and take him back with you to live with you?” She suggested with a smirk.

“Hey, what did I ever do to you?” Kevin asked.

“That means she likes you, dipshit,” Becky rolled her eyes at how stupid Kevin’squestion had been.

“No, it doesn’t,” Marilyn protested, but her big smile suggested otherwise as she argued with Becky. Upon seeing the smile, Kevin was more than happy to stay quiet and let the girls argue.

“Well, it’s settled then. I can drop your kids back off around 2am and pick Marilyn up then,” Harlan suggested.

“The dance is over at midnight. Whyever would you stay out so much later?” Helen asked skeptically.

“Bars close around 2am,” Harlan was quite serious.

“How about I pick them up and drop Marilyn off at your house? I’ve been wanting to meet Mrs. Simmons for a while but she never texts me back,” Helen suggested an alternate plan.

Joe and Barbie both immediately realized it was a very bad idea. They had no idea what their mother would see if she visited the Simmons’ trailer.

“Well, she never texts me back either, so we have that in common. Now Fred? She would text that motherfucker back in a heartbeat,” Harlan was about to complain about his wife’s many infidelities.

“Tammy is tied up a lot,” Barbie interrupted. Harlan assumed she’d meant that his wife was frequently bound by rope and handcuffs and he nodded. Helen naturally assumed Tammy was just a very busy woman.

“We could spend the night and come back in the morning?” Joe suggested. Helen wasn’t about to go for that. “Look, there is no reason for either of you to drive in the middle of the night. I’ll be there to keep an eye on Barbie and ensure she doesn’t do anything she shouldn’t,” Joe added.

Helen was going to say she hadn’t been born yesterday. She could tell that Becky looked like a very fast and loose girl and she was just as worried about her trapping Joe into a pregnancy as she was about her little girl’s chastity – which she assumed Barbie still had.

Joe could see his mom’s wheels turning. “Look, mom. If you want us to sneak around and do stuff, we can find the time in the back seat of a car or in a burger king bathroom. At some point, you are just going to have to trust me. I already keep a very close eye on Barbie at school. What would make you think I can’t do that at the dance too? I am sure Mr. Simmons would never let boys and girls sleep in the same room. If you are worried about ME and what I would do, then you probably shouldn’t trust me to watch over my sister either. I’ll be an adult in less than two years. You really don’t think I can handle a sleepover if there are girls in the house?”

Harlan was about to say some smart-ass, hillbilly thing about fucking around when Becky interrupted.

“What makes you think I would let you get it even if you slept in the same bed as me?” Becky snickered.

“I do trust you, Joseph. I am just not used to either of you spending the night at someone’s house when I haven’t met their mother,” Helen admitted.

“It was Dylan who accidentally convinced Helen she was being over-protective. He was about the same size and build as Joe. He leaned over to his buddy and said, “Your mommy is afraid of you having a play-date! Let’s go to Chuck-E-Cheese instead. That’s where a kid can be a kid!” He said, quoting their slogan even though there was not a Chuck-E-Cheese in town.

Joe blushed and looked mortified for the first time in a long time.

“Fine. But text me when it is over. Text me when you get to the trailer and text me before you come home after the dance,” Helen decided. “I do trust you, Joe and I am sorry if I embarrassed you,” she told him in a whisper as they were getting ready to leave. Joe ran upstairs with his sister to pick up their overnight bag. They were ecstatic over their newfound freedom.

“Your father will be home late tonight anyway. He has some audit or something he has to do at work,” Helen called after them.

Harlan ogled Helen before he turned to leave. She had the manner of a librarian, but she had a very slender and pretty body with a hearty C-cup. She just chose to wear clothes that didn’t accentuate it. She noticed and was flattered.

“Let’s exchange numbers, and if things go well this evening with the kids we can arrange to have that dinner,” she offered him politely. She didn’t really mean it. A lot could go wrong on the date, and if one of them broke up at the dance, it would make a dinner very awkward.

“Well, fuck. How about Sunday night then?” Harlan skipped right to the meat of it. “What does the old man drink? Fuck it, I’ll bring over a case of Miller Light and a bottle of Jack and he can pick,” Harlan considered that a very generous offer.

“Oh. Okay, well, Gerald and I drink socially, but it is not necessary to bring anything,” she offered politely.

“I am pretty sure you aren’t stocked up enough for my wife and sister. Do you have any wine?”

Harlan asked.

“What kind do they prefer?” Helen was considering having a glass as soon as this brash and very vulgar man left her home.

“The kind that gets you fucked up. None of that California bullshit, but whatever they have on sale at Wal-mart will do just fine,” Harlan smacked Helen right on the ass. He meant absolutely nothing by it. It was a habit. Helen nearly slapped him back, but she thought better of it. She blushed instead.

“Oh, hell, I am so sorry about that! I didn’t mean nothing by it, honest!” Harlan realized he had overstepped the line.

Barbie and Joe came charging down the stairs with their bag. Barbie had on a fairly trashy outfit, but it wasn’t any worse than she had worn to school today. She had told her mother that was all she had.

“Where is your dress? I want to get some pictures!” Helen declared.

“I packed it up. I can put it on after dinner!” her daughter said as if anything else would have been ridiculous.

Helen assumed the dress would be short, just like everything else her daughter had been wearing. She had no idea how short. Even Joe hadn’t dared let his mother see it.

Harlan reinforced that he really did have to leave if he was going to meet Fred and borrow some money that he would subsequently bet with. The only reason Helen was probably willing to let them go, was she was happy to have the annoying Harlan out of her home.