**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 31**

“No, not at all,” Barbie replied politely. She had wondered just how pervasive the BDSM training was around the house. She fantasized about her brother keeping HER in a cage in his room so he could use her any time he wanted ever since this started. Becky’s mother was apparently caged for two days as part of her punishment.

The fact that Barbie had very little insight into how the Simmon’s family really lived had only served to fuel her imagination that things were far more extreme than they probably were.

“Did getting spanked by your son freak you out?” Candy asked while the girls got ready.

“Nah, Brody has seen me get spanked plenty of times. I was just glad he didn’t use a ruler. I’ve had my entire ass striped pretty badly. It’s just a little pink. Do you see any bruises?” Candy turned her backside to Barbie so that she could look at it.

“No, it’s rosy-red, but I don’t see any real bruising,” Barbie replied. “Do you think it is going to make it difficult to tell Brody what to do after he spanked you?”

“Brody usually never did what I told him anyway,” Candy laughed. Barbie was used to her own mother ruling the roost at home. It was surreal to hear Candy admit that she never really had much authority to begin with. It made sense, though.

“I hope that little snot gobbler doesn’t try spanking me next!” Becky added. She was straightening her hair and checking herself out in the mirror.

“Why not? I thought being spanked helped put you into a more placid and calm mindset?” Barbie asked.

“I don’t want my grubby little cousin rubbing his hands all over me,” Becky assured the other girls that it would creep her out.

“Yeah, well, if Harlan tells him he can spank you, then you are going to bend over and let your ass whistle while he does,” Candy admitted.

“Yeah, but I don’t have to like it!” Becky harrumphed playfully and folded her arms across her bare chest. Becky’s response confused Barbie because she wasn’t sure if she enjoyed being spanked for pleasure or she just liked the way it made her feel after it was all over. Barbie thought spanking was supposed to be a punishment, but she was beginning to see it as more than that.

Candy wasn’t sitting down. Her ass stung more than she cared to admit from the spanking she had just received. She was looking at herself in the mirror. She was switching between applying her eyelashes and painting her nails at the same time as she reflected on the intensity of what just happened with Brody. It helped to tune things out, and she liked looking at herself in the mirror – at least at her face. She hated the fact she was pregnant.

Candy’s huge tits and swollen tummy turned on a lot of weird customers that liked to suck on her nipples and rub her tummy. Most of her regulars had stuck with her, but it had cut into most of her regular business at the club and made getting table dances much more difficult.

“Hey, why don’t you cunts skip the dance and come to the club to make a little scratch?” Candy asked as she applied eyeliner.

“You know we aren’t old enough to work there,” Becky grunted angrily. Things were different when Candy was a teenager. They didn’t ask for ID. The manager would smirk and say, “Just remember to bring it next time.”

“You don’t have to work there, dumb-dumb,” Candy said. “You two little dick-suckers could work behind the club. I tease them, and then when they get all worked up, I send them out back, and you whores do the pleasing. We split it 50/50,” Candy said.

“Shit, anything I earn I am keeping,” Becky blew a breath out of her mouth, dismissively laughing at the very suggestion she split any earnings with her Aunt.

“This would be a partnership – an assembly line. I tease them and send them your way. You close the deal. They will already be so horny by the time I send them your way all you have to do is blow on them hard, and they’ll bust their nut,” Candy explained.

“I don’t think Miss pretty pussy is ready to go turning tricks behind a titty bar,” Becky sounded tough. She wasn’t sure SHE was ready to be that hardcore herself. She had charged men for sex before plenty of times, but she wasn’t quite as sexually ambitious as her mother or her Aunt.

“If Joe tells me to do it with you, I will,” Barbie offered meekly. She was already dressed and ready to go. She didn’t put on a lot of make-up. The dress she was wearing was extraordinarily trashy and showed off a lot of skin. There was so much side-boob showing that it was just a matter of time before one of her tits popped out for an extreme wardrobe malfunction. There was a good chance she’d get kicked out of the dance. She would do whatever Joe decided.

Becky didn’t challenge her. She didn’t want to seem like she was the one who had reservations about her Aunt’s suggestion.

So if it’s a partnership, how come you keep half and we share a half?” Becky inquired.

“Fine, we each get a fourth,” Candy offered like a dumb bimbo.

Barbie corrected her that the money split three ways would be in thirds.

“Yeah, but Dylan and Joe will want money to stand guard out there, and I’ll have to pay the bouncer who watches the back parking lot to look the other way,” Candy was streetwise savvy and a lot better at understanding how to set up scams than either Becky or Barbie would ever be,

The cops had recently begun harassing customers at the Landing Strip. They didn’t want to shut it down. They were some of the best customers at the bar. They just wanted an increased cut of profits for protection money.

Most of the girls did what they called a “Tip” in the private dance area. They would let men stick the tips of their cock inside of them. “The local cops have been busting us for it. You girls can do tips, sucks, blows, full-on fucky-sucky out there behind the bar! No one will give a shit.”

“I don’t want to fuck strangers behind a stinky dumpster, Candy,” Becky was now dressed for the dance as well. She had on a little more make-up, but her dress was just as trashy as the one Barbie had on. The difference was that Becky CHOSE that dress from the ones in her closet.

Barbie elected to emulate Becky’s make-up and apply more blue eyeshadow and cherry red lipstick.

You can easily make five hundred bucks each,” Candy said. The words resonated with Becky, and she heard a cash-register go off in her mind.

Candy sweetened the deal and said that as long as the girls were nice to the bouncer that watches the back parking lot, he’ll probably bring out some Xima for them to drink.

“What the fuck is a Xima?” Becky asked.

“It’s like a Whiteclaw but from the 1990s. It tastes like shit, but it will get you fucked up with a quickness,” Candy smiled at her niece.

Becky looked at Barbie to see if she would really be interested in her Aunt’s offer. It was started to sound pretty good to Becky.

Barbie was about to say that it would really be up to Joe if she participated or not when Harlan threw the doors open.

“Still fiddle-fucking around? You bitches would play with yourself all night if a man didn’t keep you in line. Get in the fucking truck! NOW!” he demanded. He wasn’t angry with Becky and Barbie, but he was clearly impatient about leaving, and most of his focus was on his sister because she was still not dressed or ready.

“Hold your horses, Harlan! You can’t rush perfection!” Candy was the only one still naked. She was putting in some earrings and clearly taking her time getting ready.

Harlan grabbed her and hurried the other two girls out. “You are riding in the back of the truck anyway,” he commented. Candy protested and grabbed at her stripper outfit as Harlan dragged her through the trailer outside where Dylan and Joe were waiting.

Dylan looked incredibly impressed with his date. Barbie was stunning. Joe was impressed at how slutty his little sister looked. It was a total transformation as the blonde girls approached the truck.

“There ain’t no room in the cab for your fat ass,” Harlan helped his sister into the back of the truck.

“Harlan, I am fucking pregnant,” she reminded him. He threw her G-string and bikini top at her.

“Don’t worry. I’ll drop your fat ass first! You can put your outfit on in the back of the truck, so you are ready to dance as soon as I drop you off!” he insisted.

“I need my make-up caboodle and a coat or something! It’s windy, Harlan!” Candy’s protests were ignored.

Becky quickly told Joe and Dylan about Candy’s offer and asked them what they thought. “Do you still want to go to the dance? I am down to do whatever,” she asked as if it didn’t matter to her what they decided. She would go along with whatever the plan was for the evening.

Joe thought about what Candy’s offer as they rode in the cab of the truck. Five hundred dollars sounded like total bullshit but it would be nice to have that money. There were a lot of things he could do with it.

His sister had only lost her virginity (to him) the previous night. She had been giving blowjobs but she had never been properly fucked in the ass either. Becky may have been rough and ready to throw down with whoever and whatever behind a strip club but he didn’t think his sister would be ready.

She certainly looked eager but it was all up to him now. Dylan didn’t seem concerned one way or the other. Becky may have behaved submissively at times but it was pretty obvious that she was a force of nature and would do what she was going to do regardless of the consequences to herself or anyone around her if she made her mind up about it.

Dylan has his hand around Barbie’s tummy, acting like a lap belt as the old truck bounced along on its worn out springs. Joe put his arm much higher around Becky, feeling her tits under his forearm. Of course Becky had complained about him getting fresh with her but after a couple of half-hearted attempts to pull his arm down off her chest, she gave up. His arm did feel nice pushing her nipples into her juggling boobs anyway, she decided.

The Landing Strip was only a half a mile away from the school. The club owners often wrote a note welcoming Graduating Seniors to consider applying for a job at the club right after they graduated.

When Harlan stopped the truck next to the Landing Strip, he rapped on the cab roof to tell Candy to get out then sighed before opening his door and getting out to help Candy down, muttering about how he was going to be late.

Candy hadn’t grabbed a jacket but she had managed to get her cigarettes. She was puffing on a smoke when they pulled up. She had managed to put on her skimpy pink T-bar thong and bikini top she’d wear to dance in. She took her time getting out of the truck.

Joe reached down and opened his door too, pushing Becky off his lap and out the door. “We’ll walk from here Mr. Simmons,” Joe said. Harlan nodded approvingly. He really didn’t care and it was one less stop for him. He trusted Joe and Dylan to protect the girls during the short walk to the High School.

“We really doing this?” Barbie asked as her feet hit the ground.

“We’re getting out so Harlan doesn’t have to backtrack,” Joe assured his date.

“He doesn’t mind,” Becky assured him.

“You ever wonder why your dad always seems to be grumpy?” Joe asked Becky.

“No, of course not. He’s just lazy and stuff. Don’t mind him. We don’t,” she said.

“And THAT’S why he’s always grumpy!” Joe declared. “We can either walk down the road to the school or talk more about the opportunity Candy suggested. Just not with her terms. They suck.”

“Five hundred smackers doesn’t sound too sucky to me!” Becky exclaimed quietly so her father wouldn’t hear. Harlan honked once and drove off to visit Fred and concoct some get-rich scheme after borrowing some money from him.

Candy stood in the parking lot and took a drag. “Okay, good. You want to make some money instead of doing some foolish high school dance. Go around to the back and strip down. Give me about thirty minutes to work it out with the bouncer and start sending customers back to you. 20 dollars for head, 50 dollars for a straight fuck and a hundred for anything they want. The trick will pay Dylan or Joe that way no money ever changes hands with you. Dylan and Joe will work security and keep you two little gashes focused on sucking and fucking instead of fucking around and playing with yourselves, Sound like a plan, Stan?”

“Why do you get to set the price?” Joe asked.

“Those are standard street prices. If you start undercutting the other sluts inside the club they will get wind of it and come out side and slice your asses up,” Candy advised them.

“What if we can get more?” Joe said.

“If you can get more then get more. These customers know the prices around here but maybe you can get a big spender who wants to pay extra for a piece of that High School pie,” Candy explained.

“Why should we cut you in on any of this?” Joe asked.

“I am the one who will be funneling customers outside to you. This is a team effort. If you two cunts want to keep coming back here and making money we all need to be on the same page about this. I’ll know if you are shorting me when it’s over,” Candy said. She didn’t seem to mind standing out in a dark parking lot wearing nothing but a skimpy bikini and smoking a cigarette as cars drove past and honked. She frequently flipped them off but otherwise ignored them.

“I think we’ll go to the dance, what do you say Dylan?” Joe said. “Your offer sounds good and maybe we’ll do it some other Saturday night but we have other plans for Becky and Barbie tonight.”

Dylan nodded that he’d rather go to the dance.

“Becky, if you want to stay here and work the dumpster you are more than welcome to do that. If you want to be my date you need to keep up,” Joe started walking toward the high school. He never asked his sister what she wanted.

“You fucking high school losers,” Candy called out after them. “You’ll be back!” she shouted as they left. “Next time, I won’t be as generous!”

“Well, you just flushed five hundred bucks down the crapper,” Becky criticized Joe’s hasty decision as they walked down a side street to get to the high school. There weren’t any cars and it was dark but it was still possible someone could see them.

Joe grabbed Becky and pushed her into a small alleyway between two stores. “Bend over and stick your ass out,” he insisted.

“What? Just because I let my Daddy spank me at home doesn’t mean you are the boss of...” Becky started to complain.

Joe cut her off mid-rant and pulled her dress completely off over her head leaving her in nothing but a pair of high heels. “I am NOT going anywhere with you while you are talking like this. You NEED a spanking. You could have had it over your dress. You’ll get it completely bare-ass now. Press your tits to the brick wall and stick your ass out,” he insisted.

Becky hissed and looked at her brother for help. Dylan was too busy stifling a laugh. He held her dress in his hands so that Joe could deliver a spanking. Joe pushed Becky into the wall and made her raise her hands above her hand and press them flat against the cool brick of an old building. “How many?” she asked reluctantly.

“Twenty!” Joe turned to his sister and told her to strip as well. He asked Dylan to give his sister an attitude adjustment of her own. Barbie had done nothing wrong and barely spoken on the trip. She didn’t complain when Joe told her to strip completely. She removed her dress and assumed the same position as Becky. Her pussy was dripping wet in anticipation and a little bit of white foam had started to slip off her clit.

The risk that they might be caught by someone who happened to be strolling down the sidewalk on a Saturday night in this part of town only heightened the adrenalin that was pumping through her veins. The shops in this part of town were only open until 5pm and it was pretty unlikely but there was still the possibility a cop or a homeless guy would happen upon them.

“You can spank my sister anytime she gets uppity,” Joe assured Dylan that would be fine. Dylan had a great deal of practice spanking women. He knew how to cup his hands and deliver a nice solid strike. The two boys began spanking the girls and making them both count. They insisted the girls speak loud enough that they could be easily heard when they tried to keep their voices down.

Joe did ask some affirmation questions. “Why do you insist on being such a bitch?”

“Two, thank you Joe! I was just born this way. I can’t help it,” she said.

Joe didn’t accept that answer. He spanked Becky harder and told her to call him Sir.

“Three, thank you Sir! I am not calling you sir at the dance!” she insisted.

“You and Barbie will call ALL men Sir at the dance, because you are going to be turning tricks and trying to flirt with them. You are not going to be little toxic brats laughing at them or talking down to them. I am going to make sure that you both behave yourself to maximize your earnings!” he said as he spanked her again.

“Four, thank you Sir! I thought you said you wanted to dance?” she asked. Her father usually directed all the questions during affirmations but Becky had one of her own.

“We will dance, cunt. You are going to dance with a lot of boys tonight. Grind on them, tease them, and then whisper in their ear that you can take them outside and give them a good time! 20 for a BJ, 50 for a straight fuck,” he said as he spanked Becky’s pert well-rounded bubble butt. Every swat pushed her nipples into the scratchy brick and made them harder.

“Five, thank you Sir! What about anal?” Becky didn’t refuse the plan. She just wanted to know their expectations.

“No anal. Your cunts and mouths are going to be sore tomorrow! They can play with your ass but no dicks. We’ll stop at the convenient store and get some condoms. Barbie will show you how I want you to put them on the guys. Dylan and I will trade off being inside the dance to watch over the two of you so you are polite. Anytime you are rude we’ll punish you at the dance!” he said as he spanked his date again.

“Six, thank you Sir! So if one of you is inside then the other one is outside?” Barbie asked.

“Smart cunt, yes. One of us will be outside acting as security and handling the money. You never touch a dime of it and when you are done tonight we’ll search you from top to bottom and in every crevice to make sure you haven’t hidden any cash on your body,” he said as she slapped Becky’s tight ass so hard it jiggled.

“Seven, thank you Sir! Jesus Christ, how many dicks do you think we are going to take tonight?” Becky’s tone sounded reluctant but her facial expression was genuine excitement.

“You wanted five hundred dollars each, and at 50 bucks a pop, I’d imagine that is going to take at least 40 cocks for all of us to walk away with five hundred,” he said as he spanked her.

Becky had never done the math on how many men she’d have to service under her sisters plan. She was terrible at math in school. Barbie on the other hand knew it would also take a hundred blow jobs at 20 dollars each to reach that goal.

“Eight, thank you Sir! How come you and Dylan get as much as us? We are the ones doing all the work?” she asked.

Joe flipped Becky around and put his hands around her throat. He forced her legs apart and looked her in her eyes. “Dylan and I will be running security, handling the money, and most of all be responsible for keeping your attitude in check. You don’t have to think. You don’t have to count money. You don’t have to do anything except behave, obey and bend over. If you don’t make two thousand by the end of the night I’ll frog march your ass back to the Landing Strip and force you to suck cock until you make up the difference. Do we have an understanding?” he asked.

Joe didn’t ask directly for consent or permission but he was clearly making it obvious that Becky could still walk away from the deal. “We could make a lot more if you let us use our dookie holes. We could get a hundred for that,” Becky suggested.

He began to spank her tits. “No anal, not tonight. We are going to do this like a factory model. You pump and hump and then move on to the next one. Now stop ASKING questions or I am going to start your attitude adjustment over. You can ask questions later,” Joe took control over the spanking and continued to give her the remaining swats across her tits.

Meanwhile Dylan didn’t ask Barbie many questions. He was still a little shocked that his bookworm date was suddenly such a willing slut. “You are okay with all of this?”

“Eight, thank you Sir! Yes Sir, I am okay with you spanking me,” she replied submissively. She wished Joe was spanking her but she accepted that Dylan was simply an extension of her brother’s wishes.

“No, I mean turning tricks at a high school dance?” Dylan asked as he deftly spanked the pretty girl’s bottom again.

“Nine, thank you Sir! I have never done it before but I am willing to do whatever my brother wants. I wanted to tell you a different way but I belong to him and obey him now. I am sorry about that,” she apologized.

“Nothing to be sorry about,” Dylan smiled. “That’s your choice. I kind of got the message at dinner when you stripped down in front of us that something was going on between you two,” he chuckled as he spanked her hard. He didn’t ask her any personal questions that were part of the affirmation.

When Joe was finally finished with Becky he tossed her the dress she had on and told her to put it on. She was going to complain and lash out at him but she found restraint. No one had ever spanked her like this in public before. She secretly liked it and she hated herself for being so transparent about it. She bent over and shimmied into the dress.

Joe folded his arms and waited for her to say something after she finished dressing.

“What?” Becky asked.

“I am waiting for you to thank me for dressing you down. You were obviously overdue for an attitude adjustment after dinner. I also want some gratitude you for agreeing to help you earn five hundred dollars tonight,” Joe smiled with confidence. He would never have dared to speak this way but his time ruling over his sister had emboldened him.

“Thank you Sir for the attitude adjustment. I was being a bitch,” Becky looked down at her shoes and adjusted her dress. She didn’t want to make eye contact. She grumbled a little about the fact she was helping him earn five hundred as well.

“What was that? I didn’t hear you. Speak up?” Joe didn’t let Becky get away with grumbling.

“I said thank you for helping me earn five hundred dollars, Sir. I’ll do it your way,” she promised.

“Dylan and I are in charge tonight. You will obey us both tonight,” Joe said that as much for Becky’s benefit as his sister’s benefit. “Whatever one of us says goes for both of you. It is much simpler if you obey the same rules,” Joe explained as they walked toward the school.

One the way they stopped in a drug store and bought two large packs of a hundred condoms and at Becky’s request a Monster Energy drink and some K-Y jelly. Joe even bought her a pack of cigarettes but said he would dole those out as she earned them. The dirty old man behind the cash register commented when he saw the volume of contraceptives the kids were buying. “Wow, you really are stocking up!” he joked. He eyed the two slutty girls and imagined them both getting fucked with their legs above their heads after the dance tonight.

“Actually, the girls can suck your cock for twenty or you can fuck one of them for fifty,” Joe looked the man right in the eye.

“Your shitting me?” the man was from Turkey and his accent was a little thick. He was delighted by the offer but unsure of how serious they were.

“Nope, pick one of them. Cash only,” Joe smiled like a new Tycoon about to mint his first million.

“Why pick one? Can I have both?” the cashier asked.

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“if you pay twice the money!” Becky shot back. She was incensed the cashier had to even think about who he would pick. She expected him to pick her. Becky was a pretty girl but she had tremendously low self-esteem and secretly envied Barbie’s natural good looks. She hated her freckles and so many things about her body including her very meaty pussy lips.

“You don’t negotiate. You don’t do anything,” Joe insisted. He smiled at the cashier and told him that for a forty dollar donation both girls would suck his cock and if he wanted to donate a hundred dollars he could fuck both of them.

“What am I donating for?” the cashier asked. Joe said donation because he didn’t want to be charged with prostitution. He didn’t know what the laws were but he assumed that technically a voluntary donation in exchange for some company with the two girls was going to be perfectly legal.

“My buddy Ferris needs a new kidney,” Joe lied. There was a subplot in the movie “Ferris Bueller’s Day Off” to establish a “Save Ferris” fund because people believed he needed a new kidney.

“Okay, I take two ladies go down on me. We do this in cooler? You boys don’t steal anything while you wait? I have cameras,” he pointed to two cameras in the store and moved to lock the doors to his store. There weren’t many customers at this time of night and no one was in the store.

“Very nuh-ice,” Dylan held up two thumbs and imitated Borat after the Turkish man handed them two crisp twenty dollar bills. The cashier sounded a bit like the cartoonish Khazikstan main character Borat. “My sister is number four prostitute in all Khazikstan!” he quoted the movie.

Becky punched him on the shoulder playfully. She was nervous despite all of her tough talk. She sold her panties to the janitor and had plenty of sex before but she had never really done anything quite as ambitious as let her brother and date pimp her out for sex.

Barbie was nervous as well but after sucking off the construction worker the day previously she was ready for this. She took the gentleman’s hand and led him into his cooler where he stocks the milk and beer. It was cold and her nipples instantly hardened upon entry. The girls both felt incredibly awkward about what they were about to do.

“I am very clean, you do not need condom!” the cashier noticed that Becky had already opened one they had recently bought.

“You are going to like this,” she squatted in front of him still wearing her homecoming dress. It was incredibly flimsy and did little to shield her from the cool air. She put the condom on her tongue and then unzipped his pants. Barbie used her mouth only to fish his dick out and then wrapped the condom down the base of his cock with her mouth.

Becky was impressed.

“This one too!” the cashier insisted that he get his money worth and both women lovingly lick his cock. Barbie and Becky had never participated in a simultaneous blowjob. At first they took turns licking his condom-wrapped cock and sucking it. The cashier insisted they do it together.

Barbie put her mouth on one side of the man’s stubby cock. Becky put her mouth on the other and their lips touched. They began to kiss each other around the cock and as their tongues jousted around the flesh of his organ began to cum furiously into the condom sock.

“Oh, Yarrağımın antifrizi!” The man exclaimed a Turkish slang for antifreeze on his cock as he spasmed and exploded into the condom. “Too fast! Too fast! Over too fast!” he began to complain.

Becky grinned and shrugged that was all his own fault. Barbie looked empathetic and sucked the condom off the man’s prick – careful not to let any of his drippings fall out. She put the condom to her lips and sucked his cum in and then blew a bubble for him with it. Then she spit it back into the condom before passing it to Becky to do the same. The cashier was delighted to watch the teenage girl play with his cum after the condom was removed from his now flaccid penis.

“Fuck that,” Becky pushed the condom aside. She was done and had earned her money as far as she was concerned.

Barbie graciously brought the condom back to her mouth and squirted the contents into her mouth to recycle it. She played with it and puffed her cheeks up like a chipmunk before letting some drip down her chin and then sucking it back up. She took the man by the hand and led him back out of the cooler.

“This one I like,” the Cashier indicated Barbie. He had nothing nice to say about Becky’s involvement. Instead of yelling at the man, Becky immediately felt competitive. She wanted to be the one who gave the best head.

“Why?” Joe asked.

“Just watch how she plays with my cum? So joyous,” the cashier pointed out that Barbie was still holding his cum in her mouth and she showed the others before spitting it into the condom and saving it.

As they walked out of the store Becky demanded to know what that was all about. Joe quickly explained how recycling worked and said that he expected Becky to do the same thing. She refused on the grounds it was disgusting and unnecessary.

“It was his own fault he came first but he wasn’t happy. We’ll make getting business easier if we have happy customers. Put on a little show. You are going to learn to recycle just like my sister unless you are too scared?” Joe asked.

Becky KNEW that was reverse psychology but she took the bait anyway. The girls kissed the cashier’s cum back and forth a few times as they approached the dance before Barbie finally spit it into the condom.

“You’ll keep a master condom. Every time you fill it you can either dance with one of us or have a smoke break outside. If you smoke you will remove your clothes except for your high heels and assume whatever position we tell you,” Joe made up a rule on the fly. They quickly identified an area behind the school cafeteria dumpster that they would be taking boys tonight.

“It smells like ass back here,” Becky complained.

“You would know!” Dylan teased his sister playfully. She punched his arm playfully.

“Okay, this stops right now,” Joe insisted. “If this operation is going to work you two can’t just be brother and sister. Dylan is your boss tonight. He is going to keep you on track and focused on earning money. He is going to punish you as he sees fit when necessary. You are going to be two cum hounds inside the dance. We’ll point out who you should flirt with and you make the offer. You’ll take them outside and FULLY undress except for your shoes and they will hand the donation to Dylan or me. Then you’ll give them what they paid for with a condom just like you saw at the store. You will transfer the cum after they are done and let them watch you play with it. You’ll get dressed after they leave and go back inside to tease up another boy,”

“Why do you get to pick who we go up to, Sir?” Becky asked.

“I know what kind of boys will pay for sex at homecoming – boys without dates. You are going to flirt with nerds and losers and make them feel like kings tonight. Boys with dates aren’t going to pay for sex if they have a chance with their date,” Joe said.

Initially, Dylan waited at the dumpster and Joe went inside with the girls. The music was pumping and people were already dancing and frolicking. Joe picked two boys right off the bat who were standing up against the wall together. They were underclassman about Kevin’s age. They had pimples and were short, awkward and exactly the kind of boys Becky hated.

“Hey, wanna dance?” She smiled at them as Barbie and her swayed in front of them.

The boys initially thought she was talking to someone else. They didn’t acknowledge her. She had to repeat the offer and even then they were unsure why.

The song was “M to the B” and the girls danced only thirty seconds with the boys. Barbie knew them from Honor Society. She was dancing with Gary and Barbie was dancing with Wyatt. The boys had no idea how to dance and tried to slow dance with the girls. It worked out perfectly because Barbie could feel Gary’s hard dick pressed against her dress. He apologized and moved away when he realized she noticed.

“It’s fine Gary,” she pulled him closer to her. Gary’s mind was blown. He had never touched a girl much less slow-danced with one – even though the music was pretty fast. “We could have a lot more fun outside in the parking lot,” she blew into ear.

“I don’t have a car. Wyatt’s mom dropped us off,” Gary admitted.

Barbie smiled because she was clearly in charge of this interaction. “We don’t need a car where we are going. Do you have a little money? My friend and are I collecting for charity and we’ll do anything for a donation,” Barbie whispered.

“No, I am not really interested in charity,” Gary shrugged.

Barbie reached down between his legs and squeezed his cock. “Even if this charity was going to help you become a man tonight, Sir?” she asked a very stunned and excited Gary. He was seeing a whole new side to Barbie and he loved it.

Gary didn’t take much convincing after the generous dick-squeeze. Once he heard that Barbie would be willing to fuck him for fifty dollars he was sold. “Becky will fuck Wyatt for fifty as well, Sir”

Gary didn’t question his good fortune. He patted his friend on the shoulder, whispered something in his ear and Wyatt smiled broadly. Becky was the one who was shocked that Barbie had moved so fast.

Becky was still processing everything that had happened tonight. She wasn’t entirely sure she wanted to obey Joe or fuck nerds at the high school dance. It definitely wasn’t what she had in mind when she agreed to be his date.

Becky was confused. The more time she spent with Joe, the more she liked him yet at the same time, the more demanding he was getting. For example, he said he was cool with her smoking but he even wanted to control that.

She had made no secret of the fact that she liked to smoke either. Joe had told her she’d have to follow his rules if she wanted one of the smokes he bought for her from the convenience store and that just pissed her off. Yet she hadn’t demanded that he just give her the pack so she could smoke when she wanted to. She kept asking herself why she was following instead of leading in this arrangement.

What was wrong with her? It was like some part of her WANTED to be controlled.

As for Barbie, that confused her as well. What was she doing hanging out with a miss goody-good? And one who was a secret slut? Becky never would have guessed that Barbie could look right at a boy’s joystick and not immediately go running home to momma. Instead, she’d shown Becky how to dress it in a raincoat using only her mouth. How could she know something about sex that Becky herself didn’t?

At least Becky could say that her technique when sucking dick was superior to Barbie’s. It was like Barbie had hardly ever sucked one and was delighted at the chance to experiment. As for playing with the slime at the end though, Becky felt like Barbie was trying to make HER run away screaming.

Her family had initially laughed and laid bets on how long it’d take for Barbie to bail at the trailer. They knew they were over the top and their lifestyle would freak out most people.

Now she felt like Barbie and Joe were trying to see how much SHE could take or how low she would sink.

The worst part was that Becky didn’t hate Barbie. That was the most confusing thing to Becky. She even hated her long-time best friend at the trailer park but Barbie was just so easy to like. Becky even felt something when she’d looked into Barbie’s eyes and fed her a hotdog at dinner time and it wasn’t just the usual contempt.

Sure, she’d enjoyed the moment of terror in Barbie’s eyes when the slut had sucked the hotdog into her throat right from Becky’s mouth but she’d actually been impressed Barbie had managed it. She herself had puked the first time.

Something was going on in her head that she both hated and loved almost equally. Barbie had accepted her warts and all and was being friendly to her instead of hateful and Becky didn’t understand that. Worse, as hard as she fought it, Becky was starting to like Barbie. The same thing was happening with Joe.

The more he pushed her, the more she enjoyed it and the harder it was becoming, to shut him down. She’d even allowed him to strip her, bend over and spank her. Then she’d THANKED him! It was exciting and new and nothing like how things were at home. Well almost nothing like that.

Once the girls walked outside the school to the dumpster they met up with Dylan. He calmly insisted the girls get undressed behind the dumpster first. He didn’t want the boys they bring back there thinking this was a scam. If the girls were willing to strip that would be a sign they were really down to fuck after all.

Becky and Barbie undressed behind the dumpster and stood in the moonlight waiting for Dylan to finish collecting the money. The boys handed over the money without quibbling. Dylan joked by repeating a quote he often heard his father use “Attention pussy shoppers! Take advantage of our penny pussy sale! If you buy one piece of pussy at the regular price, you get another piece of pussy of equal or lesser value for only a penny!!”

The humor made things seem less awkward and a little more fun.

“Just do IT here?” Gary asked as he looked around. It was isolated and smelly behind the dumpster but there wasn’t any place to lay down on the ground.

“Come here, Sir” Barbie called to him and when he approached she squatted down. She unrolled a condom with her tongue and unzipped his pants. She pulled them down and applied the condom. Then she showed him how to take her bent over at the dumpster.

“Well, what are you waiting on Wyatt?” Becky said to her date. Dylan shook his head and told her to call him Sir. “Your one and only warning, Becky!”

Becky wanted to flip off her brother but she didn’t. She thought about turning on her heel and heading down to her sister’s club. The main reason she didn’t was she knew she couldn’t do this on her own. She was afraid she might just chicken out. She felt safer with Dylan watching over her while she was naked and vulnerable. She liked that he was holding the money so that the kid didn’t grab it back and run off with it. Becky didn’t mind having to call Wyatt sir- as long as her brother was the one telling her she had to do it.

There was a part of her that secretly derived pleasure from getting rammed behind a dumpster. Wyatt had a huge dick compared to a lot of guys twice his size. That night Becky would learn that most nerds did have pretty large dicks compared to some other boys.

It was kind of ironic that they were the least likely to get to use them –at least on girls. Wyatt was awkard and he kept saying nice things to Becky about the way her hair smelled and how pretty she was. It disgusted Becky and she wished he’d just be quiet and fuck her from behind. He took his time and really pounded her pussy.

Barbie was already done with Gary after 10 minutes. She kneeled and sucked the full condom off his dick. Then she sucked his cum into her mouth, played with it, showed it to Gary and spit it back into the condom to save it. Becky thought Barbie was truly a freaky bitch now.

When Wyatt finally came she didn’t hesitate to perform the same show for him. She was proud of how Wyatt’s little nerd mind was blown watching her spit his cum back in the condom. It didn’t take that long and it didn’t taste that bad. She sucked it back out of the condom just the way that Barbie had done so she could play with it a little more.

She wasn’t prepared when Barbie embraced her, sucked the cum out of her mouth and then spit it back. Wyatt and Gary would have stayed to talk to them more and watch more of the show but Dylan hustled them back to the dance.

“I am not a Lez,” Barbie wiped her mouth after they left.

“I know,” Barbie smiled playfully. “I just thought we should play with their cum together. You didn’t have a problem kissing me during Flappy Friday,” she said.

“That’s different and I wasn’t kissing you. I was choking you with a hot dog,” Barbie half-smirked. The two of them got dressed and returned to the dance to fish for another pair of nerds.

Joe had two guys lined up and he even sold them on the prices. “You will fuck us? For fifty bucks?” one of them asked.

“Yes Sir,” Barbie smiled in agreement and took the boys hand. They repeated this excercise three times before Joe took over for Dylan outside and the two boys switched places. Each time the girls spit the cum into a condom after they were done and filled it up. Becky got a chance to smoke one cigarette and Barbie danced with her brother for a single song before they went outside again.

Joe warned Dylan that some of the teachers may be getting suspicious. “There were a couple of guys who didn’t go for the price and may have told one of the teachers. Just be discreet when you ask guys if they are interested and if you can line them up before the girls come back in that’s even better,” he said.

“Why don’t I just bring the guys out and you keep the girls out here?” Dylan suggested.

““That’s brilliant. We can save more time if they stay naked and just keep fucking and sucking,” Joe didn’t ask Barbie or Becky if that would be fine with them. He told them to hand them their dresses but keep their heels on. “The heels make your legs look sexy,” he said.

Becky hated to admit that she was flattered by Joe and the more tricks she turned for him the more compliant she was becoming. Joe snapped a picture of the girls naked individually and together so that he could show boys who might be interested to make sure they knew that this was for real.

“You better delete that from your phone when this is all over, SIR” Becky complained as her brother was leaving to round up a new batch of paying customers.

“Hands up against the dumpster,” Joe insisted that Becky raise her hands above her head and push out her ass for another spanking. He had managed to pilfer a ruler from one of the classrooms in the school and had hidden it in his coat pocket.

“What did I do wrong, Sir?” Becky pouted. She had obeyed his rules – although she hadn’t really embraced them. She called boys Sir but it was usually said sarcastically like she was patronizing them.

“This is a maintenance beating, Becky. You too Barbie – hands against the dumpster. If Joe comes back before I finish I’ll pick up where I left off. You two sluts are doing well but you need your attitudes in check. I am in charge out here. I am watching over you. I am your security. If anyone gets too rough I’ll put a stop to it,” he said as he began spanking his date’s ass with a ruler. He made her count and thank him for everyone and Becky didn’t complain.

She was impressed he’d dare spank her like this again. The fact that Barbie was so willing to submit to a spanking also made it easier for Becky to accept as well. If she had been alone with Joe she might have been more inclined to set conditions or argue. Barbie didn’t argue or set conditions to how long or hard her brother could spank her ass. She wasn’t sassy and ruthless like Candy. She wasn’t a total tramp or pain slut like her mother. Becky hated to admit it but she was starting to feel envious of Barbie and wanted to be more like her.

Dylan didn’t need that long to find some guys to fuck the girls. He brought out a big hulk of a kid known as “Flick” and Duncan. Duncan was the boy who frequently rode with Joe and Barbie on the bus. He was grinning from ear to ear.

Joe was inclined to give him a discount but Dylan had already collected the money. “Do you want to fuck your girlfriend?” Joe joked. Duncan liked to pretend Barbie was his girlfriend around his mother. Duncan was also painfully shy and had self-esteem issues. He looked down at his shoes and blushed.

“Sorry dude, I didn’t mean anything by it,” Joe apologized.

“I am not sure which one I’d like to fuck. Becky Simmons is hot as well,” Duncan replied.

“Damn straight I am, Sir” Becky pretended to strike a match on her naked ass with her finger and then blew it out.

“Can I look at them first?” Duncan asked.

At first Joe was a little puzzled. He had no problem lining up a date for the girls. The boys usually decided which of the pair of sluts they wanted to fuck.

“Full Show Girl” Joe ordered. It was the first time he had used that command for a position since he wrote it into the rule. Barbie knew it very well though because she practiced it when she was alone and she had been the one to write all the rules by hand. She assumed a position standing with one leg forward and her knee bent. She had her Foot slightly turned outward touching the ground directly in front of her back foot, while resting her weight on her back foot. She put her hands behind her head and interlaced them with her elbows back and extended like wings.

Becky had no idea what that position was supposed to be for. It didn’t take long for her to figure out how to adopt it as well.

“Mouths wide open, girls,” Joe insisted. “Let the customers see what they are renting,” he encouraged the boys to come up and touch the girls. He let Flick and Duncan pull their nipples, touch their wet pussies and even look in their mouths.

Becky felt intensely humiliated and extremely turned on. Barbie did too and even though a part of her wanted to shut it all down she continued bravely allowing the boys to even pull her ass cheeks apart.

“You can look but don’t put anything in their asses. Too many tacos,” Joe joked. He wanted to be the first one to take Barbie’s ass and he genuinely felt that it would be too much for his sister tonight anyway. She was holding up like a champion. Her pussy was dripping wet and her nipples were extremely hard.

Duncan and Flick both wanted Barbie. Becky was livid and about to say something crass when another boy approached the dumpster. She knew him – he had been trying to get into her jeans since seventh grade.

Joe started a line and from then on it was rare that there wasn’t at least one boy waiting his turn for one of the girls. They rarely gave blowjobs but even when they did they kissed the cum back and forth after they were finished before spitting it into the condom. Becky earned the opportunity to smoke another cigarette when she filled one of the bags but because she had customers waiting she said she’d take a rain check for later.

They had fucked at least twenty boys and given head to at least ten by the time the first teacher walked outside. Each time new boys came out to join them the girls assumed the position show girl position and let them feel them up before choosing to fuck them. Barbie and Becky were starting to bond through their shared experiences and humiliations. Mr. Pricer was a younger teacher in his thirties. He taught Social studies but his main job was assistant coach.

“Joe, Dylan? What the fuck is going on here?” he asked.

A wave of sudden fear and panic washed through the group including two of the boys who were caught mid-fuck.

“I am really disappointed in you boys,” he sounded serious and they assumed that they were all going to be expelled. “You have this prime trim out here and you don’t think of old Coach Pricer? I hope you aren’t thinking of charging me to dip my wick?”

“No, we’d never think of that, Coach!” Joe laughed – suddenly relieved that he wouldn’t be suspended from school or worse.

Becky didn’t even complain that he was going to get a freebie. The coach could have easily had them all thrown out of school. “Aren’t you in my social studies class?” Pricer asked her as Becky slid down to her knees and rolled a condom onto his cock with her tongue.

“Yes Sir, I’ve been in there since the start of the year,” she replied. Her voice was muffled as she began to suck his cock lovingly.

“I don’t really take attendance. I just call out the names,” Pricer admitted. He closed his eyes enraptured by the young lips around his dick.

“I know,” Becky giggled a little onto his cock. It was heavenly to him to feel her laughter on his pecker. “You are a pretty good dick sucker. How about you let me take you for a ride and I’ll make sure you get all A’s this year,” he said.

Becky stood up and turned around so that he could fuck her from behind. She looked over her shoulder. “I’ve been getting all A’s and I never turn in any work, Sir” she fluttered her eyelashes at him.

“Yeah, I don’t actually check homework or tests. I just hand out assignments to make it look like I am teaching,” Pricer said as he let his dick sink into Becky’s pink.

“I know, Sir” Becky giggled. His balls were heavy and long and they slapped against her thighs as he started to fuck her.

“Do we really need to use this condom? I’ve had a vasectomy,” Pricer asked.

“It isn’t up to me, it is up to boss-man,” she pointed to Joe. Dylan was watching his coach as well. “They like to see us play with the cum after the guy finishes,” she said.

“Hey guys?” Pricer asked Joe and Dylan for their attention. He raised his thumb and offered them a look of approval. “I had no idea you were such perverts. I am going to have to revise my level of respect for you after this.”

“Thanks Coach!” Dylan and Joe grinned. Dylan started to walk away.

“Hey, where ya going? I thought you wanted to watch?” Pricer continued to fuck Dylan’s sister at a medium pace.

“Need to bring back some PAYING customers, Coach” Dylan replied with a playful grin.

“Why didn’t you say so? When I finish I’ll send out the Offensive Line and some of the other coaches that I know would like to play with some hot teenage girls,” Pricer offered to send out loyal players and some fellow perverted teachers.

Joe and Dylan respected their coach tremendously. They were happy to have this support.

Barbie was already sweating and her pussy was sore. She had only recently had sex for the first time and now she was getting plowed with very little break by cock after cock in the back of the high school. She tried to make it special and make the boy feel like she craved his dick at first.

After a dozen or more boys fucked her she was finding it more difficult to make each sexual encounter a meaningful one. She was bent over and holding her knees with her ass facing the boys. They stuck fingers in to her ass and played with it but Joe was very insistent no one fuck her ass. Barbie wouldn’t have minded – she was prepared to be a three-hole whore now.

She had accepted money for sex. As far as she was concerned this was yet another milestone in her education as a good slut. It meant that she would always be someone who accepted money for sex and that made her a whore. She embraced it as much as she could and bucked and gyrated herself onto the dicks when the boys failed to fuck her hard.

Some pulled her hair, some slapped her butt but most were surprisingly gentle. They rode her and got their rocks off. Then she would pivot and kneel down in front of their flaccid cock to suck the condom back off. She would play with the cum and frequently kiss it into Becky’s mouth before spitting it back into another condom with the mixed juices of a Dozen high school boys.

It usually blew the boys minds. There were some who were used to seeing intense porn that took it for granted but most found it incredibly erotic to see the once shy bookworm acting like a wanton cum-gargling slut. Barbie knew her reputation was pretty much ruined at this stage. She knew most of the nerdy boys who had paid to fuck her. She tried not to wonder what they would say or do when they saw her on Monday but she often over-thought things and couldn’t help speculating. She assumed some would expect sex on demand next week. Barbie would tell them to talk to Joe. There would be some who would never see her in the same light again.

She was part of various study groups. She even voluntarily tutored kids who needed help. They would all probably come to see her as just another slut.

Barbie looked over at Becky getting plowed next to her. She had a goofy grin on her face while Pricer humped her from behind. He claimed he was having trouble “Getting his nut”.

“Let me blow you, Sir!” Becky insisted.

“No, I can get it. I am just not used to wearing a condom!” Pricer explained. “Who is this little giggle box over here? I saw her tryout for Cheerios today,” he admired Barbie’s lithe teenage body as she was getting plowed by a random student.

“That’s my sister, Coach!” Joe admitted.

“That’s Ariel Chipman? She really sprouted,” Pricer seemed impressed when he thought it was Joe’s youngest sister.

“No, that’s my other sister, Barbie!” Joe explained.

“You are a real savage letting your sister run a train at a high school dance,” Pricer acknowledged Joe with a new found amount of respect.

“I am just making sure she behaves herself and that no one tries to hurt her,” Joe admitted.

“You mind if I take a poke at her? I am not getting any traction with this one,” Pricer pulled out of Becky when he noticed Barbie finishing up with the boy who had been inside of her.

“Yeah, that’s fine” Joe couldn’t deny his coach anything even though Becky looked annoyed and hurt that he had basically discarded her to get his nut from Barbie. There was already a few boys in line to take his place though.

“Now this is a tight pussy!” Pricer observed as he slid his cock into Barbie. He loved the feeling of her warm, sticky ass as she bucked up against his hairy cock. “It fits like a glove!”

Joe instructed Barbie to start jerking off a boy with her left hand while getting fucked because it took a while for some of them to get fully aroused when they first started fucking. More and more boys started showing up.

“Fuck, is there anyone left IN the dance or are they all out here?” Barbie grinned while she used one hand to jerk off the next in line and let another guy fuck her from behind.

Pricer whispered dirty words into Barbie’s ear – deeply perverted and a little disturbing at times but they aroused her anyway. He was rough and he didn’t care about her pleasure at all. It turned Barbie on so much to be fucked like a rag doll.

“Seems like a waste to have this one on Cheerios. I could probably put in a word with the varsity cheerleading coach,” Pricer observed to Joe “As long as she’d be a good girl this season.”

“Barbie is a good girl,” Joe observed. It flattered Barbie to be called a good girl. It humiliated her to be talked about as if she were a good puppy but she liked it. She had an orgasm on Pricer’s cock and began to spasm. Pricer finally got his nut and cheered for himself. He watched her slide off of him and sink to her knees before playing with his cum like it was bubblegum.

True to his word, Pricer snapped a few pictures of the girls and texted them to the football players with a few quick words. “Cash only?” Pricer asked Joe.

“Do you see any fucking places you can swipe a credit card, Sir?” Barbie answered with a smart-ass comment. She stuck her ass out toward him to suggest he could run his card up and down her ass crack. Pricer smacked her buttom playfully.

Mr. Pricer venmo’d Joe 400 dollars with the comment “This is for team expenses.”

“This should cover the offensive line. I am looking forward to seeing Barbie at some of our away games,” Pricer smacked Barbie’s ass before zipping up fully and heading back into the dance he was supposed to be chaperoning.

The girls were getting worn out nearing the end of the dance. Their pussies were dripping wet but sore and puffy.

Joe was making them both jerk off boys with their hands while getting fucked from behind to keep the momentum up. Joe also taught Becky a few of the rudimentary positions that he made his sister adopt at home in the few minutes when the girls had a break between guys.

He’d make them squat with their legs apart and hands behind the head while they waited for a customer. Joe would also insist they stand up in showgirl position and let a guy feel them both up if he wasn’t sure which one he wanted. There were times when there were two or three boys waiting for each girls and there were a few times when there was nobody outside.

“Becky fucking Simmons, I should have known you’d be out here,” Roger, one of the star players on the varsity team grinned when he finally got his turn with her.

“Don’t treat my pussy like a football, Sir” Becky teased him “I don’t want you fumbling it!” she laughed.

His teammates laughed too. Roger got a little rough with her and pulled her hair and slapped her tits. Joe was about to step in but Becky handled it instead. “Is that the best you can do? No wonder you guys suck this year. You hit like a girl,” she laughed. Roger fucked her furiously and laughed while she played with his cum after he finished. She should have been the one humiliated but after a full gangbang Becky was giggling like an amused school girl.

She and Barbie had definitely bonded through their shared humiliation. Even after the dance was over there were still boys coming to fuck the girls. The ones who struck out or waited to the end to see if they could hook up were more than willing to pay 20-50 bucks for a happy ending even if it was behind the high school.

Becky and Barbie high fived, wiggled their asses, and frequently joked with the boys who treated them as cum rags. The shared humor about this impossible situation made it easier for them to accept it was really happening. They remained at the dumpster for about an hour after the dance had finished. There were a few boys who remained to watch the sex. Joe didn’t want too many of them hanging around because he didn’t want to draw unwanted attention. At least three male teachers had joined in on the fun though so he was pretty sure that he probably could have sold tickets to watch the show and been able to get away with it.

“Okay sluts, you had your fun. It’s time to clean up” Joe announced that they had finished their last customer after Barbie spit his cum into the master condom. It was bulging with semen from at least forty guys. “I don’t get why you guys save this cum anyway?”

“Flavor savor,” Dylan theorized that Joe expected the girls to swallow it later. Joe demonstrated by ordering Barbie to swallow the entire contents of one of the master condoms filled with the semen of at least twenty different guys. Barbie crinkled her nose a little and shut her eyes. She obediently sucked down the entire contents like a good little whore.

“I really don’t understand you,” Becky seemed perplexed but sighed. “I am not swallowing mine but I’ll bring it home and pour it in mom’s coffee in the morning and see if she notices,” Becky laughed as she sealed up a condom with some bobby pins and tuck it in the small purse she brought with her to hold her phone and money.

Joe and Dylan chased off the remaining stragglers so that they could count up their funds. “Including the money from Mister Pricer we made 1800 dollars!”

“That’s pretty close to five hundred each,” Dylan smiled.

“I am going to give you and your sister five hundred each and we’ll take the rest,” Joe insisted.

“We don’t need your charity!” Becky sputtered with her mouth covered in pussy juice.

“It’s not charity. You did almost everything you were supposed to do and I would like to do this again if you are up for it,” Joe told her. Joe did think that they probably needed the money more than he did. He would end up getting his sister’s cut too and that meant he was getting 800 dollars. He felt it was the right thing to do to give Dylan and Becky five hundred each.

“I am going to have to ice down my pussy and let you know in the morning,” Becky joked as she delicately traced the outline of Barbie’s clit with her tongue.

“Speaking of which, I was thinking about going to the beach tomorrow. Are you both in?” Joe asked hopefully. Barbie and her brother would have enjoyed spending their money or lounging at their pool but they agreed to meet them at the beach.

It is at this point, the story (and the confession of a teenage girl transformed into her brother’s slut) comes to a close.

Barbie had been fully transformed into her brother’s plaything and accepted that role at the house. However, what will follow in the following chapters is the “Bonus Content” – cutting room floor scenes from the next day. The Bonus (Boner) content consists of rough edit collaborations between two authors.

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Bonus Content