**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 33**

*(BONUS CONTENT – what follows is what happens that evening and into the next day – think of this as the extended scenes included in a UHD 4K version of a Blu-Ray. We felt we told the story but we had more to tell.)*

“I think I’d rather use that sweet screened in pool of yours than go to the beach, Bro!” Dylan joked.

“I don’t think my mom would like the bathing suit I’ve picked out for Barbie tomorrow,” Joe quipped.

“Fine, I’ll go,” Barbie spoke up. She was still on the ground with her face between Barbie’s legs. “I’ll do anything if you let me stop eating this nasty, raw pussy!” Becky was half-joking. She secretly enjoyed the taste of Barbie but she didn’t want to let on.

“Cool beans,” Joe agreed and let the girls finish up and get dressed.

“I am not going to call you Sir or assume these slutty positions for you tomorrow though,” Barbie insisted.

“That’s fine, Barbie will though” Joe replied.

“You can spank me if I get too mouthy but NOT out in the open in front of everyone. Is that understood?” Becky felt the need to add another stipulation.

“What about you, Dylan? You in?” Joe ignored Becky’s additional demand for rules. He didn’t want to smile but he could tell she was impressed he had dared to spank her at all. “Yeah, I could enjoy a little time at the beach.” Dylan replied.

The girls were coated in sweat, cum, and spit. Their bodies were bruised from having their butts spanked and their pussies were red and sore. Their throats hurt because they sucked so many cocks it stretched the muscles in the back of their throats. Becky had a reputation as a gang bang slut but it was something of a myth – at least until tonight.

Becky was an adrenalin junkie and the kind of girl who liked to get on thrill rides and roller coasters – and this felt like one to her. She was ready to get off of it, go home and take a shower now. She gingerly put on her skimpy dress so she didn’t ruin it with the cum and sweat.

Barbie was feeling excited as well. She faced her fears and she was no longer going to be seen as a shy wall-flower – that was for certain. She was high on adrenalin and excited – she could have kept fucking if there had been more boys. She knew her mother would be worried about them if they stayed too long after the dance.

“May I get dressed now, Sir?” Barbie had finally asked after she’d finished scraping some cum off her nose, playing with it and dutifully spitting it back into her elongated and very full condom. She hadn’t hurried to do her recycling. She practiced with the cum to get used to the taste and the consistency in her mouth.

“No. You have cum and spit all over your chest. You’ll unnecessarily mess up the dress and I like seeing you naked anyway. I’m sure Dylan prefers you naked too, slut.”

Barbie was getting used to being called a slut in front of her date. Even though she didn’t think Dylan would be interested in having a second date with her now that he’d seen her fuck a bunch of guys, he was still a nice guy and hearing her brother call her a slut right in front of Dylan left her feeling torn. She knew that being a slut was considered a bad thing but at the same time, it’s what she wanted. Dylan would have to deal with it or not. It was his choice, she decided.

“Okay, Sir. Thank you for clarifying. Becky? Don’t you want to save your dress too? It would be nice if I wasn’t the only naked slut? Please?”

Becky was quiet for a second while she decided whether or not to even pretend she hadn’t heard Barbie. She couldn’t deny it had been somehow exciting to be naked and she could easily peel off the dress again but there was nothing in it for her other than the thrill of being nude outside. Joe didn’t seem to care either way.

“Watch who you call a slut, whore!” Becky was half-joking when she made the comment.
“I made my money and I’m ready to get out of this shithole. It’s not like I wore a rag here. This is my best dress and I had PLANNED to showcase it. I’m going to at least wear it until we get back to the trailer!”

Barbie didn’t want to argue with Becky. She knew that she would probably ruin the dress with cum and sweat stains before she made it back to the trailer.

Joe had considered insisting Becky walk naked through the parking lot, but he wanted to see if she would offer by herself and she’d made no move to do so even when Barbie asked. Joe didn’t push the matter. After all, Becky was just his date and he hadn’t decided yet if she was worth the trouble of seeing again. After all, he had Barbie to take care of his dick and he was looking forward to taking her asshole next.

“Hey don’t look at me, Becky. It’s not like I need to do ALL the thinking for my Homecoming date. This was a one-time fun thing is all,” Joe grinned devilishly at Becky.

“It was a pleasure doing business with you and all that but I don’t need or want a full time Boss! I like getting my ass slapped sometimes but that is as far as it goes, Becky Harrumphed.

Becky realized she most likely would have removed the dress again if Joe had insisted she do it. Since he hadn’t, she was just as content to take charge too.

When Joe offered to take her hand and walk with her through the parking lot she took it. She didn’t go in for sweet valentines and walking hand in hand normally. She felt like the person who liked the most in a relationship was the one who had nothing to bargain with. She didn’t want to get hurt either and the easiest way was to avoid relationships.

She hated to admit it was nice to hold someone’s hand though. After all the rough treatment behind the dumpster she enjoyed the feel of his touch as they walked together.

Barbie was a stickler for rules. She was supposed to be walking in front and slightly to the right of her brother. Dylan had taken her hand and the two of them fell in behind Becky and Joe.

Barbie found herself maneuvering to put herself in her ‘proper’ position without specifically requesting that Dylan let her. She hoped Dylan wasn’t getting attached to her the way he’d grabbed her hand. She was Joe’s not Dylan’s. She had hoped that by now, he understood that. She wanted to be polite though.

Even if she had not changed over the last few days she doubted it would work with Dylan. She would have never have been able to reconcile how wild it was at their house with him. She would have looked down her nose at him as well. She hated to admit it but she was stuck up and didn’t even realize it until she started to compare her new life with her old one.

Dylan laughed when he saw his dad’s truck in the empty lot. The truck was clear over the other side of the well-lit parking lot, parked in the only area where a row trees provided some shadows. They all saw even from here that Harlan Simmons appeared to be asleep sitting up in the truck.

“I guess we’d better walk around the outside of the lot unless you want to put your dress on?” Dylan asked Barbie as if it had been her idea to stay naked.

“Hell no. I for one like to see Barbie’s butt jiggle while she walks and you can’t see it as well in shadow,” Joe laughed. The decision was made for Barbie. Joe reached back and slapped his sister’s bottom. The slap permitted Barbie an excuse to jockey in front and to the right of her brother so that she could obey his rules. She was OCD like that. There weren’t many cars in the parking lot but it was still bright enough someone could see that she was naked while the others wore clothes.

This was really pushing the limits of what she believed she was capable of doing. She had fucked so many boys tonight – many of whom she knew that she felt overwhelmed.

“Hey, if we ever decide to do this again we should have a designated fluffer to tease the guys before the main attraction. Do you think Ariel would be down? I bet we could get Marilyn to do it,” Becky theorized as they walked.

Barbie had wondered just how much Marilyn participated in things around the house. She had to be aware but she wasn’t sure if she actually got on the floor for flappy Fridays. This had to be a reason she loved spending so much time at her house with Ariel and never invited Ariel over to their house. She worried that Marilyn might spill the beans about the things she did at the trailer to Ariel. Ariel knew she was playing some naughty games but the way she sold it was innocent truth or dare stuff not literally participating in a gang bang for money.

“Nah, Marilyn is too much of a tight ass,” Dylan dismissed the idea of his little sister participating and Becky agreed. It left room for Barbie to wonder how things worked when Marilyn was at the trailer.

“What about Ariel?” Dylan asked Joe seriously.

Joe looked at him as if he had just asked him to cut off one of his arms. He had been happy to share Barbie with the football team but that had been her idea to give herself to him. She was being trained to be a perfect slut. He still regarded Pinkerbell as the baby of the family and a perfect little angel.

“Whoa, don’t cut my dick off. I was just asking,” Dylan apologized with a grin.

As they got closer to the truck Becky started yelling and making noise to wake Harlan up. It only heightened the chances of someone noticing that Barbie was naked in the nearly abandoned parking lot. Harlan didn’t budge. “I swear, I am going to tie that that lazy motherfucker’s balls up one day and hang him outside!” Becky insisted angrily.

“Why don’t you try being nice? You’ve tried being stubborn, obstinate, and calling him names. What if you took some of that five hundred dollars and bought your Dad a few steaks?” Joe asked. He was still holding her hand.

“Then that motherfucker would KNOW I was up to some shady shit up here tonight. How else would I have money? You can’t tell anyone at my house that Dylan or I have cash or they will find a way to get it from us before morning,” Becky squeezed his hand hard to let him know she was serious.

“Deal, but you can’t tell my family about my arrangement with my sister either. I don’t even want Marilyn to know,” Joe must have been thinking about the same thing Barbie was and Marilyn was a loose end. If his mother found out about the gang bang she’d probably have a heart attack.

“I think it will probably get back to your little brother and sister,” Dylan nodded that they would keep it secret but he doubted it would stay that way much longer.

“So what are you two anyway? Like full on Master and Slave?” Barbie asked. She scrunched her nose up with disgust as if the idea did not appeal to her at all. “This isn’t a lost bet or something?”

Joe quickly explained that after seeing how things worked at Becky’s house they became inspired. “Barbie wanted to stop being a shy bookworm carbon copy of her mother. She asked me to take control of her and put her in her place 24 hours a day. I’ve been training her to be an obedient slut,” Joe stated proudly.

“Why would you want to be a dumb, slutty bimbo when you could be so much more? You are pretty, smart, and you have manners,” Becky turned to ask Barbie quite seriously what could have possessed her to give away her freedom and choice.

“Yeah my Sister and Aunt don’t have much choice. This is the best they can do for themselves,” Dylan teased Becky playfully and indicated even dressed she looked like a total whore. Her hair was all fucked up and she was walking funny after taking so many dicks.

“I like being owned by my brother. I asked him to take charge of me and this is what I want, Sir” Barbie addressed Dylan.

Becky seemed perplexed and shrugged. “It’s the honeymoon phase. Give it time. My mom did the same thing and now she regrets it. Dad washes her ass out with a garden hose at night.”

“She loves it,” Dylan teased his sister and suggested she would love it too. “After all the goo you got upside you tonight you may need to ask Dad to bend you over the air conditioning unit and give you a redneck enema too!”

“Hardee Har-harr! It was all condoms and not one broke! Don’t you dare tell Dad what I did tonight or I’ll skin your balls and play racquetball with them!” Becky promised.

“Strip naked and 69 Barbie all the way home and I’ll think about it,” Dylan put his finger on his chin playfully as if he were considering informing their father they just orchestrated a high stakes pay-to-play gangbang at the high school dance.

“I am not a lez and I don’t like salty tuna fish! We both need showers after tonight, Dylan!” Becky pleaded.

Barbie felt butterflies emerge in her stomach at the suggestion she would be riding in the back of the truck naked like Candy had. She’d also be eating out Becky after the impossible number of dicks they both had inside of them.

“Fine, you fucking pervs,” Becky didn’t seem to think Barbie needed to consent to this either. She stopped and pulled her dress over her head and handed it to Jo. “Let me piss first,” she squatted right in front of the two boys with her legs apart under a parking lot lamp. Becky let out a long stream of piss as if it were perfectly normal to use the parking lot as a toilet anytime you felt like it.

Joe noticed the darkened shade around her sweaty asshole as she squatted. Becky could tell that Joe liked watching her pee. She turned around slightly and pretended she was going to get some on his shoe. “That’s what you get for standing too close!” she teased as she reached for his hand so that he could help her stand up.

Barbie didn’t feel any more self-assured now that she was not the only one naked. The girls had developed a short-term camaraderie during the spectacle they put on behind the dumpsters. It seemed to be fading now with Becky only talking to Dylan and Joe and ignoring her. It made Barbie feel like a background character who was just watching what happened to her.

“Hey maybe I don’t want to eat your nasty gash either,” Barbie interjected herself into the conversation.

Joe slapped his sister’s bottom hard and it jiggled slightly. “Watch how you are talking to my girlfriend,” Joe was half-joking when he said girlfriend. Becky didn’t correct him. “Cop a squat and piss on Harlan’s tire! I don’t want you whining you have to pull over when we are driving!” Joe insisted gruffly.

Barbie was red-in-the-face. It wasn’t just that she had to piss like a naked slut in the parking lot in front of Becky and Dylan. It was because of how readily Joe dressed her down like he was disappointed in her. She was incredibly sensitive and even though she knew Joe had to be a disciplinarian with her – she wanted him to be very happy with her performance.

When he patted her head while she pissed a long stream on the tire she smiled and opened her legs wider. “I am going to find ways for you to piss outside more often. I hope you will start to appreciate using the toilet because that is going to become more of a treat,” Joe decided.

“Daddy, Daddy, God-Damned it, Wake up Harlan! The Law is here!” Becky pounded on the door to the truck loudly. Everyone panicked and looked around in shock thinking the cops may have really been there.

“Damn it, I nearly shit my drawers!” Harlan complained as he woke up and realized that his daughter was just pulling his chain. He wasn’t shocked she was naked. He knew there was probably some good explanation. “Go on and get in the truck before the law really does show up! This ain’t like the trailer park! The cops probably would arrest you for running around naked out here!”

“I’m gonna get in the back with Barbie, Daddy!” Becky smiled sweetly and helped Barbie into the bed of the truck. It was dirty but there was a spot the two of them could lay down and sixty-nine. It wouldn’t be easy with the truck rumbling and moving but they would manage.

“Okay? Did Dylan or Joe win a bet with you or something?” Harlan knew immediately something was up. He smelled of Jim Beam, Swisher Sweet Cigars and Smoked Mackerel. He and Fred had concocted some new get rich scheme and sunk all their money into it. They had celebrated over some food and drinks while the two of them lamented about their cheating wives (who were home fucking strangers).

“We just kept Becky and Barbie in line tonight, Sir” Joe smiled proudly as he and Dylan hopped into the cab.

“You could have me sitting on your lap all the way home, Sir” Becky teased him playfully from inside the bed of the truck through the window in the back of the cab.

“I could but I’d rather wait and take you for a ride tomorrow night,” Joe smiled back at her playfully.

Harlan started up the truck and said that he totally misjudged Joe. “When I first met you, I thought you weren’t fit to eat pig shit but now I think you are!”

“I’m Fit to eat pig shit?” Joe laughed at the joke.

Harlan didn’t answer that – he only grinned because Joe got the joke the first time he told it. Most people didn’t get it at all. Harlan had a strange sense of humor that wasn’t for everyone. They made small talk in the cab but all three guys would periodically watch the sensual action in the back of the truck.

Barbie straddled Becky with her legs apart. She licked her pussy and gently used her hands to stroke her nipples and play with her. Barbie thrust her tongue into Becky’s tight asshole and then began to kiss her clit while inserting her tongue and then running it around the edge of her friend’s dripping vagina.

Candy had several more hours before she would get off work at the club. When they drove past it looked pretty slow. “Things don’t start happening really until guys start striking out in the clubs and then they show up in the last two hours,” Harlan shrugged.

Joe realized they most likely dodged a bullet by not taking Candy’s offer. They would probably have been out too late and Helen would have forbidden them to go out again if they came home after the bars closed down. He admired how Barbie and Becky were going at it in the back of the truck. There were a few bumps in the road and he could hear Becky complain and threaten Barbie that if she bit down on her clit again she’d lose her teeth from inside the cab.

Once they were just outside of Alexa street Joe told Harlan to stop the truck and let them out. “We’ll jog from here”

“Why?” Harlan seemed confused but he stopped the truck.

“We always jog around the neighborhood,” Joe helped Barbie down but didn’t let her put on a dress. It made her much more real that she was wearing only high heels and nothing else on her home street. It was dark outside but there were still street lights and cars could easily pull down the road.

“In the future, I would like Barbie to undress when she arrives at your house and offer her ass for a spanking. At least twenty! She will get into the heel position and not be permitted on your furniture! I don’t want her getting snail trails everywhere,” he said.

Becky stepped out of the truck and demanded her dress back from Dylan as she joined him in the cabin. “Your sister may turn out to be a half-decent pussy licker with some practice,” was as close to Becky was going to come to saying she enjoyed riding in the back of the truck with Barbie.

“That sounds like a plan!” Harlan layed a finger on the side of his nose like a cherubic version of Santa Claus as he laughed about the idea of Barbie joining the girls at his trailer. He drove off quickly and left the pair standing there.

“Okay, bend over at the waist and take off your shoes. I want you to carry them in your mouth, slut!” Joe insisted.

“Yes Master,” Barbie sounded sad as she bent over and stuck her ass out. She picked up her shoes with her mouth and carried them like a BDSM version of Cinderella leaving the fancy gown ball.

He told her he wanted her to practice using her mouth to pick things up around the house. “I want to see you deep throat bananas, spoons, anything you can stick down your throat,” Joe insisted.

“Yesff Masffer” Barbie jogged alongside of him. She was nervous about being naked in their neighborhood. Some of the lights in the houses were on and it would only take one person driving down the street to catch them.

Joe insisted she bring her knees up and jog alongside of him. Barbie desperately wanted to hide behind mail boxes and bushes as strode alongside him. “Do I detect some bitterness in your voice, Slut?”

“No Sir,” Barbie replied promptly before conceding there was. “Maybe Sir, Yes Sir,” she finally answered in flustered confusion. “I just felt like you talked to Barbie so much and I was kind of in the background. I behaved myself and obeyed every order you gave me. I fucked all those boys for you – many I know. Yet, you always sound so disappointed in me, Master”.

Joe made Barbie stop and jog in place while he walked around and admired her body. He pinched her tits, spread her butt cheeks. “I may talk harshly to you, I may talk down to you. I may yell at you and I may call you names, my little slut-muffin! I love you though and I know what is best for you. Don’t I?”

“Yes Master” Barbie regretted bringing up her feelings. She was already ashamed she had doubted her brother’s intentions. She felt she may have been overly-sensitive. Joe understood where she was coming from though and he wasn’t finished explaining his thoughts.

“I love you! More than anyone else in this world. If I talk to Barbie and Dylan differently it is because we have a different relationship. You are my pet. I don’t have to constantly lavish you with attention and affection though. You know where you stand with me. You are my prized possession. You did very well tonight,” Joe said it. Barbie thought he may just be trying to make her feel better about her performance. She was harder and more critical of herself than anyone.

“You also helped me to understand I need to broaden some of your training. You are going to start picking up things with your mouth, tits, ass cheeks. I don’t want you to just clean a room like the normal way you used to do it. I want your entire body involved in the process so you are constantly reminded of who you are. I am going to buy you a collar with some of this money. I want you to have something to remind you that you are a pet. I want you to practice going down on pencils, carrots, anything at hand,” he reminded her. He had already told her this.

“I am also going to start stretching your asshole out. I saved that so I could be the first one to take it. After tonight though, I am going to expect you to keep something in your ass pretty regularly! And when you don’t have something your thumb will do,” he smiled at her.

Barbie had a tear of joy running down her face. She didn’t wipe it. She kept jogging in place. Her tiny tits jiggled in time with her ass as she brought her knees up high.

“You are also going to start fucking boys at school,” he told her the next new rule. Barbie was floored by that idea and confused.

“There is no way after tonight these boys aren’t going to want to have you again for the same price. I’ll tell you that you are open for business or closed for business. You’ll have a set price and ANYONE with the money to pay can fuck you if you are open for business. You don’t have to check with me. If you are closed for business you have to send them to me if I am not around or ask me if I am.”

Barbie was horrified, shocked and extremely turned on. “Yes Master,” she tried to hide her enthusiasm. She had no idea how that could work at school but she trusted her brother would have a plan.

“Now, my little slut - I want you to jam a thumb in your ass and twist it,” Joe watched as she obeyed him. “That’s good! That’s how I want you to run! I might even let you put your clothes on so you can walk in the door before I rip them off of you when you get to my room!”

**Chapter 34**

“Now, my little slut - I want you to jam a thumb in your ass and twist it,” Joe watched as she obeyed him. “That’s good! That’s how I want you to run! I might even let you put your clothes on so you can walk in the door before I rip them off of you when you get to my room!” he teased her.

It felt strangely exhilarating to Barbie to jog naked through her neighborhood. She clenched her teeth around the straps of her high heels and ran with her thumb up her ass. As preposterous as it seemed no one caught them. They were fortunate this time – it was late in a sleepy suburb and through the luck of the draw no late night joggers or cars happened to be out. Barbie knew it was only a matter of time before she was CAUGHT doing something like that. She wished she knew what excuse her brother would make – but she doubted it would be anything that would make her seem innocent. It would be hard to explain away running naked- especially with her thumb in her butt.

Once they reached the house Joe told her to slow down so he could get a sense of what was happening there. They were late by a few hours. Helen expected them back promptly after the dance was over.

There were lights on in Helen and Gerald’s bedroom when Joe and his still-naked sister jogged into their driveway. Joe made Barbie wait in the bushes next to their front door while he entered the house to see if the coast was clear.

He had considered allowing Barbie to put her clothes on but decided they’d get in just as much trouble if they were caught with Barbie looking like she’d just come from a gangbang anyway, so there was no point. He knew that making Barbie wait outside alone would challenge her more than being with naked in his company and thinking about how scared she’d be made his cock throb.

The living room lights were on but Kevin and Ariel would be sound asleep by now and neither his mom or dad were waiting for him so he didn’t have to use his prepared excuse as to why Barbie wasn’t with him when he stepped through the door.

Instead of retrieving Barbie right away, he crept up the stairs and stopped in the hall outside his parent’s bedroom door. The house was so quiet he could hear the shower running in his parents bathroom and his dad talking to his mom although he couldn’t make out what his mom said in response to his dad’s comment about having to go into the plant the next day. Joe deduced his mom was the one using the bathroom. Joe crept back downstairs and opened the door.

Barbie was crouched right where he’d left her, one arm covering her chest and the other, her lap. She looked terrified as if at any moment, search lights would illuminate her hiding place. He waved her to him and she practically leapt at him, hugging herself to him as if not caring that her ass was on display for anyone driving down the quiet road. There were no late night cars or dog-walkers though.

“Hiding the goodies? I expected to be able to look right at your cunt but your legs were closed. Didn’t we talk about that, bitch?” He asked with a smile to show he wasn’t really mad.

“Sorry, Master. I was so scared by myself and I thought someone was going to find me. You were gone for so long, Sir! I started to think you were going to leave me outside all night!” Barbie started crying.

“And miss taking that sweet ass of yours for the first time? Hardly,” he grinned. “C’mon, we have to hurry. Mom’s in the shower.”

“I have to go inside naked, Sir?” Barbie finally managed.

“You already look like you’ve been fucked fifty ways from Friday,” he joked quietly before realizing that it was Friday and she had been fucked almost fifty times. “Go up and wait in the upstairs bathroom.”

Barbie scampered inside and upstairs. She had so many worries about getting caught. The pit of her stomach was full of butterflies. The real possibility that Kevin, Ariel or her parents might be up or walk out and catch her naked had set in. It had been easier to run through the neighborhood naked thinking only random strangers or a neighbor might see her. She had no idea what she’d say to any of them.

She kept her thumb up her ass since she hadn’t been told to take it out.

Joe turned off the living room lights and followed, not walking down the hallway until he saw Barbie disappear into the bathroom. His mother had been waiting up for him. He knocked on their door and said they were home.

“Everything went alright, Joe? It’s late,” Helen said from behind the door of her bedroom.

“Yeah, well Barbie gave me a little attitude and insisted on being a little bratty but I think we made a lot of progress. We had a good heart to heart tonight. She promised to clean the pool in the morning and make breakfast so you can sleep in. I will make sure she does it,” Joe assured his mother.

“Don’t be silly. She isn’t ready to make breakfast on her own,” Helen insisted.

“I’ll be there to make sure she doesn’t burn down the house, Mom,” Joe chuckled. He wished his parents goodnight and ran upstairs to check on Barbie.

When Joe entered the bathroom his sister was standing in the nude awkwardly unsure of what to do with her hands. The heels she was wearing at the dance still dangled from her mouth. She looked incredibly cute with her small tits and uncertain expression on her face.

“You never seem to know what to do with your hands when you are naked, do you?” he asked her as he closed the door behind him.

“No Master,” Barbie admitted. She blushed again.

“From now on when you are naked and standing I want you to put your hands on your butt cheeks and pull them apart so that your asshole and cunt is visible. I will tell you when you can use your hands for something,” he said.

“How will I clean your room, Master?” Barbie asked. She had her shoes dangling in her mouth and the words sounded muffled and meek.

“You will use your mouth and as your tits continue to sprout I’ll see what you can pick up with those,” Joe chuckled. He told her to get into the Heel position and wait for him to draw a bath.

Barbie watched from the bathroom floor as Joe adjusted the temperature in the shower. The steam that began to billow made her realize just how much she would have appreciated a warm shower right now, too. The smell of bath salts and lotion warmed her sense. Barbie craved washing away all the sinful and decadent behavior she had engaged in tonight and at the same time she wanted to be a dirty little slut and wallow in it. It was very confusing to her.

She assumed she’d be made to watch her Master shower and maybe wash him, but she was very aware that he wouldn’t want her under that delicious-looking warm water with him as well. He’d explained that she was to stop taking luxuries like hot showers for granted and him teasing her with the sight of such a simple luxury was his job as her owner.

It was working, too. She already felt the denial in her pussy as much as the smell of fresh, hot water making her nostrils flare with desire. Even just a few moments under that precious spray would be a reward like no other, she thought to herself.

As if in slow motion, Barbie watched as Joe climbed into the tub and the warm water hit his tanned chest, making him release a sigh of pleasure. Barbie licked her top lip, eager for him to feel pleasure such as the water was giving him. Her own desire for a hot shower was temporarily forgotten as she saw him enjoy the first kiss of the steamy spray.

He held out his hand and at first, Barbie thought he wanted a wash rag and she scrambled to her feet to serve him but no, he was signaling for her to join him!

To Joe, the look in Barbie’s face was priceless. As if he was offering her something she could only dream of. He had to nod his head to confirm that he had indeed meant for her to climb into the tub with him and to see her face light up like it was Christmas morning was reward enough as he took her hand and assisted her into the tub.

Barbie stifled a squeal of pleasure when the water hit her. Joe had helped her into the tub in front of him rather than behind him so she got to feel the warmth of the water first hand. It was one of the best things she could remember ever having enjoyed and it was only hot water.

The best thing until Joe began to soap up her back, butt cheeks and upper thighs, that is.

“Master?” She asked in a single word, trying to convey her pleasure and at the same time, her confusion. She was his. It was HER job to see to his needs, not the other way around. Why was she not soaping HIM up from behind, washing the sweat and smell of the dumpster off him?

“Shush. Enjoy, Pet. I am enjoying my property,” he said as his hands slipped around her and began to lather her tits.

Barbie’s nipples turned to little pebbles under her brother’s touch and she knew that if he’d pulled and twisted them, she might have had an accidental orgasm just from his highly erotic fingers. To her relief and chagrin, he didn’t tease her nipples as he usually did when playing with her tits but instead, continued to tease them for a moment before his soapy hands dropped to her cunt and began to manipulate the folds, winding her up even faster. Her hips bumped back and she felt his hard cock between her cheeks.

“No,” he crooned. I’m going to take your ass when I’M good and ready, not when you think YOU’RE ready!” Joe washed his sister in the tub lovingly and played with her body – teasing but never quite getting her fully aroused. He was driving her wild with anticipation. He stroked her hair and let her rest her head on his muscular shoulders while he held her for a time.

Once he was done washing her he let her dry off and finished washing himself. He directed her to use her electric toothbrush for five minutes on her pussy. The toothpaste stung and made her dance and the constant vibrations got her wet and sticky. Barbie was dying to touch her pussy but knew better. It was quite entertaining to watch her jerk and shake when she did the same thing to her asshole. Joe knew guys that would pay to watch a young girl tease herself into a frenzy like this.

Finally, he let her use the tooth brush to clean her teeth while she played with her tits with her other hand. He stepped out of the water and slapped her bottom and dried himself. He directed her to give herself an enema and wait five minutes on all fours with the little bottle in her butt before releasing it in the toilet. He made her suck his nuts and tongue his asshole delicately. It was the first time she had ever tongued a boy’s ass.

Becky had almost insisted she lick her ass while they were locked in a sixty-nine in the truck. It didn’t taste bad – it felt incredibly dirty.

“You are going to be doing a lot of ass licking. I want you to get used to it, my little slut!” Joe smiled as he looked down at his obedient sister. She was on all fours looking up at him like he was her moon and stars. Her stomach was full of water and distended like she was two or three months pregnant enema filled her up.

Joe made her do the enema a few times until the water was perfectly clear. He slathered Vaseline on her asshole and told her that she may want to start doing that whenever she takes a bathroom break at home. “Unless I give you instructions to the contrary, I want you to take it upon yourself to stick things down your throat. Get used to going down on a tooth brush or a celery stalk. I want you to try the same things up your ass,” he reiterated some of his instructions from earlier that night so that Barbie understood she was going to be in constant training even at school and home and fully dressed.

“I thought I was forbidden from masturbating, Sir?” Barbie had been keeping up with the owner’s manual he made her write out on the first day of training.

“You are! I don’t want you playing with yourself! That doesn’t mean you can’t try to pinch your nose and go down on a banana or stick one up your ass. The only time you take an actual cock though is when I tell you!” Joe let his dick flop in her face and told her to crawl behind him down the hall while he led her to his room.

Once again Barbie’s fears gripped her as Joe opened the door. It was only a matter of time before someone in the family caught them at their dirty little flashing games around the house. They were lucky once again though and she crawled dutifully behind into his room.

Barbie was finally going to get to give her Master her ass. It was something she had been looking forward to ever since he’d told her he was going to take it. It was also something that filled her with a sort of dread. She knew only really naughty girls took it up the ass. She wondered how badly it might hurt. If it would stretch her out permanently.

Yet, despite her fears Barbie wanted him to claim her last virgin hole, only virgin because a cock had not been in it. Fingers had been. She wanted him to take her and make her his.

Tonight she had posed like a piece of real estate, the buyers poking and prodding her, treating her as if she was a thing, not a woman - or maybe a mindless animal - with no respect for the fact that she had been their equal only days earlier. Just allowing guys to treat her that way had humbled and aroused her in equal measure.

Becky had even complained about having a hole guys were not allowed to use and that had affected Barbie as well. If Becky wasn’t scared to offer her butt, Barbie knew she could do it too. Part of Barbie had known it was her competitiveness talking but there was more to it than that.

Becky had wanted to be able to offer hers for sale, although for Becky it had been about possessing an enticement that would improve her chances of making bank. For Barbie it had been about being her Master’s perfect three hole slut. She was also glad she was being made to save it so her Master could take it first.

She wasn’t so naive to not know it would hurt the first time but she’d known her pussy would be stretched and sore after her Master had claimed it and it had been a wonderful sort of hurt so why would giving up her ass be any different? The only difference was that after her Master had claimed her pussy, he’d then rented its use to paying customers just hours later. Her asshole was something she’d used since birth but simply for a different purpose.

Tonight her final hole would be fully put to use as a slut whore’s ass should be and she only hoped it’d be pleasing enough and not a major letdown for him when his cock explored her most secret of depths.

She had finished her preparations, showered in cold water and taken another enema. She’d lubed her ass with baby oil and fixed her makeup. Still, Barbie worried. She worried she’d leave poop on his cock if her bowels weren’t clean enough. She worried he’d get angry with her for not being satisfying enough. She worried her ass would still be too dry and hurt his plundering cock. She worried about a hundred things including how much it would hurt her before the endorphins kicked in, much like she’d worried the first time before he’d spanked her.

She knew she was overthinking things. It wasn’t HER asshole anymore, it was already her Master’s - he just had never fully used it before. He’d put his thumb in there and made her suck it afterwards to prove to her that enemas were effective. If it was too tight for him, he’d stretch it. If it was dirty, he’d make her clean it. If it was dry, he’d lubricate it more.

Knowing those things didn’t stop her from being frightened though. She hoped he would be prepared when she cried out and she wanted to apologize to him in advance and beg him to ... to what? To be gentle? To gag her? To ram it in before she could process the fact that his cock was in her tightest hole? To shove something else into her asshole first like he’d made her fuck herself before he’d taken her cunt?

“Are you ready?” Joe asked his sister when she crawled into his room.

“Yes Master. Please fuck my asshole and make it yours too,” Barbie begged, knowing she meant every word.

“You’re not scared?” He wondered aloud with a smile, coming closer to her, his erection waggling in front of her eyes.

“No, Master. Well maybe a little. Your cock is a lot bigger than Duncan’s,” she joked.

It was the wrong thing to say. Joe didn’t like being compared with anyone, especially a pimple-faced kid who she’d given his first blowjob to. In his mind, his sister thinking about another boy was the biggest insult she could have uttered at that particular moment.

“You want Duncan to open your ass first, bitch? You ungrateful little cunt!” He hissed, making Barbie instantly terrified.

“No, Sir! It was just a joke! I want YOU to take my ass first! After that, there’ll be no going back for me. I’ll be your three hole slut, just like I’ve dreamed about! You’ll be able to fuck your girlfriends and me and compare our holes!”

“Pet mode! Shut the fuck up and show me your shit chute, now! I was going to be gentle with you for your first time but you blew that all to hell!” Joe made Barbie hold her cheeks apart so he could see her little pink asshole. It calmed him down some just seeing the hole that had never before been plundered. It was shiny and smooth. Shiny from the Vaseline she used on herself at his command and looking so innocent and pink.

Joe bent her over the bed and stuck just the tip of his cock into her anus. Barbie cooed and bit her lip. She shut her eyes. “Relax your sphincter,” Joe had never had anal sex either but he projected confidence. He had seen plenty of porn of it and many of the girls made it seem like no big deal.

Barbie squealed at first and made a disgusted face when the sound of air escaped her asshole the first time Joe plunged his cock into her tight little opening. He had only made it in a few inches when he began talking dirty and playing with her hard nipples. “My filthy little sister, you liked fucking all those guys tonight? Didn’t you”

“Yes Master!” she gasped as Joe stretched her anus open even further and penetrated her. It felt like the ultimate act of submission to give him the most intimate part of her body. Joe stretched her out. “Who was your favorite cock tonight beside mine?” he asked.

“Uh, I can’t remember Sir?” Barbie wasn’t thinking about tonight. She was caught up in the moment with her Master. Joe put one hand around her throat and used another hand to wrap her hair into a pony tail around his fist. Then he began to pound her ass mercilessly driving himself all the way in and almost all the way out. He called her a cunt, and a whore and the more disgusting his words the more she bucked back on him. Her pussy was frothing and she was desperate for something to fill it. Instead, Joe took her back door and stretched her out until finally he announced he was going to cum.

“Yes, yes, yes, cum for me Master!” Becky brought her legs up onto the bed so that Joe could stand up and finish pumping his load into her. “Cum all in my ass! Yes, your warm jizz! Oh god, yes!” it was the first time in her life Becky ever orgasmed without touching her clit. She was soaked and the tip of Joe’s bed was coated in her juices.

Joe pulled out and there was a satisfying pop from her ass. He directed her to clean his cock with his mouth and then slurp up her juices from the bedspread. “Then I want to see you squat and drip that cum out and recycle it for me while I fall asleep. Once I give you the order you can return to your room tonight. Be back here at 4:30 AM sharp and wait in the show girl position.

Barbie thanked him and played with the cum that dripped from her ass. She rubbed a little on her nipples and lips while sucking it in and out of her mouth and then spitting it on the floor so she could lap it up. She didn’t swallow it when he ordered her to return to her room. He hadn’t told her to swallow it. She crawled across the hall to her own bed and chose to sleep on the floor without a pillow or blanket and imagine she was back in his room. She let his spent cum dissolve in her mouth as she dreamt of the naughty night she had. Images of cocks, cum, and grinning high school boys filled her dreams. Her body needed rest. She was sore from being spanked and rode hard all night.

She didn’t sleep that well but in the morning her alarm went off and she had enough time to crawl across the hall to her brother’s room and wait. She knew he was pretending to sleep and watching her. She silently stood in the showgirl position with her foot forward on display as she had the night before while boys poked and inspected her.

Joe woke up and pointed to his dick. “Come and get breakfast, slut!” he pulled the sheet off and he was already hard. He had been thinking about the many ways he planned to use her. Barbie smiled after waiting 15 minutes in his room. She was incredibly eager to go down on her brother. He grabbed her hair and scolded her for not grabbing her butt cheeks and pulling them apart now. “Unless you are in a special position I want you holding them apart!”

Barbie thought it was silly since no one was behind her watching but she obeyed her brother and parted her ass crack. She had to use just her mouth to suck his cock. It was something he made both her and Barbie do frequently so that they could use their hands to jerk off boys waiting their turns. It made her focus on using her mouth only to please her Master and not caress his balls with her hands or jerk him off. She felt like she should be doing more to please him but this was certainly enough. He spunked in her mouth and told her to hold it in her mouth and play with it.

Joe stood up and inspected his sister’s body for bruises. She had a few marks on her but nothing that would raise too many eyebrows. He tossed her one of the bikinis they bought at the Goodwill. It was small but at least it wasn’t just a thong like the one that Candy wore to dance in. Her nipples were barely covered and her breasts were exposed on both sides. Joe told her to run barefoot today and chew the cum like it was gum.

“Yes Master,” she giggled. “What if Mom sees me on the way out of the house?” she asked. They had been lucky up until this point. Their mom was an early riser and she was the only one likely to be poking around at this time of the morning in the house.

“Oh she IS going to see you!” Joe explained as they jogged downstairs. He was wearing normal shorts and a tank-top with tennis shoes. It was Florida so it wasn’t completely out of the ordinary for someone to be a bikini but no one jogged in one. Barbie shuddered at the thought of her mother catching her in this bikini. She trusted Joe to have a plan but she wanted to know more.

Joe directed her to jog with her knees up and frequently made her run and hold her ass cheeks or tits as they made the loop around their neighborhood on Alexa street. “You are going to clean the pool, make breakfast and then when Mom sees you I want you to act like it is no big deal to be in a bikini,” Joe explained.

The bikini would raise eyebrows on the beach but it was hardly the skimpiest thing anyone ever saw at Sebastian Beach. It would definitely be unacceptable to her mother though. “Do you want me to get grounded, Master?” Barbie asked politely.

“You are already grounded,” Joe reminded her playfully that she was under his supervision. “That is just to get mom’s attention,” He explained the rest of the plan to her as they jogged. When they made it to Mr. Johnson’s house he was outside watering his hedges as if he were waiting on the pair of them.

Barbie was still smacking the cum in her mouth like it was chewing gum when Joe waved at him and slowed her down so they could all talk. “Keep your legs moving so your heart rate doesn’t drop,” Joe instructed her to run in place while he caught up with Mr. Johnson.

“I see you are working on your sister’s shyness today!” Mr. Johnson offered a hearty laugh. It was pretty clear the pretty teen girl seemed more like an extrovert based on how she was strutting around in the skimpy bikini.

“Yeah, she said that this bikini was too skimpy to go to the beach in. Do you think so?” Joe asked Mr. Johnson to take a look at it.

“No, it’s fine! I’ve seen girls wearing far less at the beach!” Mr. Johnson thought nothing of answering that.

“She said she is hanging out of it. You can’t see her nipples can you?” Joe insisted his sister turn and jiggle her tits and then jump up and down so that she could prove her nipples would not flop out. They almost did but she didn’t have a wardrobe malfunction. Mr. Johnson smiled and enjoyed the show.

“Bend over and let him see if anything pops out” Joe insisted his sister show him. She pretended to be a little reluctant to bend over and kept moving her feet slightly so that she was still technically jogging as she spread her legs and showed him her ass. “If your bikini covers everything then there is nothing to worry about,” Joe laughed.

Just the hint of dark skin around Barbie’s wonderful anus was visible and the outline of her clit but she was technically street legal in Sebastian Florida. Mr. Johnson pronounced the bikini just right.

“See, Barbie! You know what that means?” Joe asked his sister. He hadn’t discussed with her what it means.

Barbie assumed she just lost an imaginary bet and would have to do something humiliating for him. “It means I have to run home naked, Sir?” she guessed.

“Not only naked but with your bikini stuffed in your mouth. Don’t you remember making the bet? You said there was no way Mr. Johnson would think this bikini was acceptable and that if he did not only would you run home naked with the bikini in your mouth you would wear it to the beach today!” Joe embellished a little on the stakes of the bet. He was pleasantly surprised that Barbie had been able to ad-lib a little.

Barbie stepped out of the bikini bottoms first and wadded them up while lifting her legs and jogging in place. She stuffed them in her mouth then she removed the top she was wearing and did the same thing. She let the tiny pink suit hang out of her mouth slightly as she jogged for her brother while the two finished talking.

“What is it you want, Barbie?” Joe pretended she was mumbling and interrupting his small talk. “Do you need to pee?” he asked.

Barbie realized the answer he expected was yes. She nodded her head and mumbled affirmative.

“Then pee,” Joe pointed to the grass at his feet. Barbie was startled. It was 5 in the morning and no one else was around. The sun wasn’t up yet and it was still a little dark out. She was still shocked that he’d make her pee in public. She still hadn’t grown used to being stark naked and now she was expected to squat in public and pee like a dog.

As she squatted down and held her ass cheeks apart she spread her legs so that Mr. Johnson and her brother had a perfect view of her open slit.

“Wow, you’ve got her trained like a good puppy,” Mr. Johnson grinned in disbelief as the pretty teenage let out a stream of warm yellow liquid on his lawn. He sprayed the area with water slightly to wash it away from his grass.

“Hit her with a quick spray on the cunt. No toilet paper,” Joe suggested.

Mr. Johnson wasn’t sadistic or malicious but he grinned at the opportunity to crimp his garden hose and spray her bald pussy. It made him feel power to spray the phallic garden hose on her while she squatted at his feet and permitted him to drench her pussy and ass.

“We’ll see you tomorrow,” Joe pulled his sister up by her ear and smacked her on the butt. Then he led her back to the house completely naked. A car did pull down the street but if they saw the girl was naked they didn’t say anything or stop. Barbie’s heart was pounding and she was grinning. That had been so much fun. The risk of being caught without actually being caught.

Joe led her around to the backyard and let her change into the bikini and taught her how to clean the pool with a net. He checked the chlorine levels for her and supervised while she strained and scrubbed the pool. Once she was finished he took her into the kitchen to start breakfast.

Her mother was already awake and working on it in her house coat. “Mom, I told you to sleep in. Barbie has already cleaned the pool and now she is going to prepare a wonderful breakfast,” he said.

Helen had her back to them. She was bending over and putting something in the oven. She stood up and turned around to say something about not wanting the toast burned. Instead, she froze in place and her jaw dropped open when she saw her daughter’s bikini. Barbie stood akimbo with her weight on her hip casually in a very aloof pose with her arms folded across her chest the way that Becky often did. This was the part of the plan that her brother had told her this morning that she didn’t think her mom was going to go for. Barbie felt so naughty and so exposed at the same time.

Her mother’s dour gaze and unrelenting stare made Barbie worry she would fold under the pressure. Barbie cleared her throat and began to explain.

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