**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 16**

**THE CONTINUING EDUCATION OF BARBARA “BARBIE” NICOLE CHIPMAN**

Written by Joe Chipman

My sister ran with a mouth full of cum next to me most for about ten minutes before I gave her permission to open her mouth and let it drip down her chin.

“Are you getting used to the taste of cum, slut?” I asked her.

“No Master,” she explained that the Mexican guy she just blew tasted completely different than me.

“It’s probably all the beans he eats,” I joked. She actually grinned and smiled at me. My sister looked so good when she was glazed with cum – she reminded me of a jelly donut ready to be eaten.

“I can’t believe you made me offer to blow a complete stranger, Sir!” she seemed overjoyed, I’d insisted.

“Yeah, and it only took you two times to get someone to agree. Imagine how many women you would have had to ask to let you go down on them before one said yes?”

She grimaced at the thought of trying that in the future.

“I’ve never gone down on a girl either, Sir. I’ve never even thought about it,” my sister admitted.

“Well, you will! If not Becky, I am sure there will be plenty of wet cunts in your future. Don’t wipe that cum off your chin. I want you to reflect upon what you are becoming and think about the fact you don’t get to refuse me when I tell you to suck a dick. You suck it gladly. We’ll work on your technique later too! I want you to learn to make it last or make it quick!”

My sister looked naively surprised when I suggested that. I don’t think she processed how much practice she was going to need to become an expert cock sucker.

“How many holes do you have, Barbie?” I asked her like I was her Drill Sargent, and I was calling out a marching cadence in the Military.

“Three Master!” Barbie answered loud and proud. We were on the sidewalk, and there wasn’t anyone close by. There were a lot of cars, and by now, a few of them were slowing down to catch a glimpse of her ass. We were running along US 1, which is the main highway near the beach in Sebastian. I know crack whores walk along this road at night, but it was still Dusk, and most of them wouldn’t be jogging with a guy. Some guys just wanted to slow down to catch a glimpse of a hot teenage girl in a pair of short-shorts, and that made me feel flattered – because she was MY hot teenage girl they were lusting over.

There was one car driven by a woman that I could swear was checking me out. I am not Brad Pitt or anything, but I have a decent body. She was driving one of those little red sporty MG convertible coupes. She had long blonde hair and looked a little like Morgan Fairchild – old money, big tits, a MILF type.

She lowered her sunglasses and gave me the eye for just a split second before the light changed.

The older woman looked thirsty, like she wanted to drink me down. I wondered if that was how my sister felt when she was being ogled by guys.

I didn’t need my confidence to be any higher than it already was. When my sister asked me to take charge of her, it made me feel invincible – like I could do anything. I called that slut Becky and told her she was going to the dance with me because I was so full of myself earlier. She basically shot me down and gave me a reality check. I suppose I deserve that – I should have started by ASKING her.

I just thought she was a submissive, and submissive girls get off on being told what to do. I suppose I really misjudged that landing before I made the jump.

Then again, I had also talked my parents into letting me boss around my little sister at the house, and that was quite a victory. I told myself that Becky’s opinion of me really wasn’t that big of a deal in the grand scheme of things – there would be other girls.

“You probably could have owned me without ever asking my permission, Master,” my sister observed as we jogged. I was silent for a little while and finally asked her to explain what she meant. “The way you talked mom and dad into letting you be the boss of me around the house. I doubt I could have talked my way out of that even if I wanted to!” my sister implied she’d be running in front of me right now like she was, simply because she had to.

“No, for two reasons,” I disagreed. “The first is you wouldn’t have fucked up monumentally unless you REALLY wanted to serve me. Second, I would never have manipulated you into doing this against your will. Now Kevin? He might have,” I joked. I loved seeing my sister’s dimples when she laughed at my jokes.

Barbie really surprised me by keeping pace with me all the way to the Goodwill down by Roseland at the Riverwalk plaza. I didn’t run her as hard as I could, but I also didn’t let up on her. I wanted to drive home to her that I set the pace, and she had to keep up and shut up now.

It isn’t much of a plaza. It is just a Burger King, McDonald’s, Publix Grocery Store, and a Goodwill store in a strip mall. It is also the central hub of culture, shopping, and society for the locals in this rinky-dink tourist town in Florida.

It was incredibly busy for a small town strip mall. The parking lot was near capacity, and my leggy sister was running in impossibly small shorts that were sheer enough; you could almost see the meat of her clit through the material. Her little tits were jiggling braless as she tried to keep up with me.

I can’t even begin to tell you how happy it made me to have my sister willing to be a puppet on a string for me. In my wildest fantasies, I would never imagine a woman giving up her dignity, pride, sexual decisions, even her money to someone else willingly. There would have had to be some angle where she thought she was going to get something out of it, or she was just stupid. My sister wasn’t stupid. Nobody blackmailed her, and she definitely couldn’t get anything out of me because I don’t have anything worth taking.

I’ve been quietly looking out for Barbie since my parents first brought her home from the hospital in diapers. I was born to be a big brother. It must just be hard-wired into me. I don’t think my little brother Kevin ever felt responsible for Ariel or Barbie because he didn’t have to be accountable.

I was the oldest, and my obligation was always clear. I had to protect my younger siblings from bullies and help them whenever I could. I’ve quietly watched my sister get her heart broken by some dumb boy who didn’t appreciate it. I’ve been a shoulder to cry on when she needed it. I’ve cleaned up her little messes and hid her mistakes from my parents. They didn’t even want her to date. I was the one who convinced them to let her finally go to the homecoming dance when we first moved to Sebastian.

I’ve got a thousand examples of times when I cleaned up a little mess for my sister or helped her out of a jam. I never once thought about her sexually during that time. I would have sooner looked at my mother as a sexual being than I would have at either of my sisters.

Yet, here she was willing to become my PERFECT slut. She had just destroyed all of her clothes in an epic burn publically at our house to prove to me how serious she was about following through with our new arrangement. If I told you how high I was feeling, I don’t think I could truly impress upon you with simple words that I was on top of the world.

I don’t usually have a lot to say unless it needs to be said. In the last 24 hours, I’d spoken to my sister more than I had in the last 24 days! Barbie is a chatterbox, and she talks almost as much as Ariel does. It was nice being able to make her shut up and listen to me whenever I wanted.

The thing is that I liked hearing her call me Master and tell me what an outstanding job I did with our parents to handle the mess she made with her little stunt destroying her clothes. I appreciated it, but it put me in a bind. It proved she didn’t have patience either. She wanted to jump right into the deep end, and I was going to let her. I’d be there like I always was to fish her out if she started to sink.

What I mean by that is now I had negotiated with my parents that she was permanently on restriction – at least until I say she isn’t. I let them believe that they set those terms, but by appealing to their motivations, I managed to convince them to let me be my sister’s keeper.

I wouldn’t have believed it possible until it actually happened that my parents would let me take charge of my sister and actually approve of what I wanted her to do. I’d already written rules that she would be doing the chores around the house. My little sister’s stunt gave me a reason to do that openly, which even my parents agreed with.

It was no accident that opportunity fell into my lap. When it was crunch time, and I saw that Dad was arriving home, I told Barbie precisely what I wanted her to do. I didn’t dwell on details because timing was everything. If I permitted my Dad to speak with my mom first, he would have let my mother set the tone.

Once I had him on my side, it made dealing with my mother’s doubts and concerns much easier. She was a hard sell, and I was prepared to concede I couldn’t get away with getting her explicit permission to make my sister do everything I wanted around the house. I even suggested some things I knew she would shoot down just so that I could concede them and walk away with the things I wanted.

I couldn’t wait to spend all weekend training my sister around the house right under my parents noses. I have to admit that it was kind of thrilling now that I had a chance to really think about what happened. I would have preferred to do everything in private in my room, but I could basically kick my sister’s ass around the house and come out smelling like a hero.

I didn’t need to justify my actions. I’d agreed without any sort of coercion that it was all for her own good. My sister seemed to need being controlled as much as I loved controlling her and her offer had opened my eyes to something I didn’t even know I’d enjoy so much, or even wanted to explore but I’m sure glad I accepted her challenge.

When we finally reached the plaza, the sun had set in the west. Sebastian is on the east coast, so we have some lovely sunrises. Tonight we had an outstanding sunset as well. Even as beautiful as it was, I couldn’t take my eyes off my sister’s luscious booty bouncing back and forth while she jogged just ahead and to the right of me. I could literally see the outline of her ass through those shorts.

“You say that Marilyn is Becky’s sister?” I asked.

“Yes, Master!” how I loved it when my sister called me Master. It PAINED me to tell her she had to reserve that for when we were alone. I doubt I could have sold that one to my parents.

“That explains the booty shorts. Lucky she was there, or I’d be staring at Spongebob Square-ass on the back of your shorts!” I joked. I found humor made these awkward times a little less uncomfortable. The thing is, Barbie seemed to prefer it when I was barking orders at her and being demanding. I worried that I’d eventually think of her only as a pet. I told her that is what she was, but that is because that is what she wanted to be. I still saw her as a person with feelings, and I didn’t want to continually be a drill sergeant.

It didn’t mean I didn’t frequently want to be one. “Knees up, ass jiggling, tits bouncing, chin up, let’s see you run like a good whore,” I reached out and smacked her bottom hard with the palm of my hand. People driving by may have thought we were boyfriend and girlfriend. I didn’t care much what they thought. I knew Barbie did though. I could tell she was constantly turning red with embarrassment, and I loved every delightful moment.

“I know you can give me to men but are you ever going to rent me for money, Sir?” my sister said.

I didn’t mind being called Sir. I wished there was something else she could call me that would reflect she was now my property and was bound to me. Sir sounded official, but it didn’t quite fit either. I wondered if I would be able to get away with getting her to call me Sir at home without her making it sound sarcastic. It might only work if she has to call Dad and any other guy Sir. I wondered if my little brother Kevin would freak out over that.

I knew he and Ariel heard our little pow-wow downstairs when mom and dad agreed my sister could be on restriction. If I knew Kevin, he already had a plan for how he’d try to turn my sister’s discomfort to his advantage. The thing that Kevin did not know was that I was already doing that with her full agreement and her reluctance had just been play-acting.

I let my silence be my answer for a little longer. “It costs money to manage a slut. I’d imagine that Dad is going to cut your allowance after what you did. I’ll probably rent you out for dates like an Uber. People can rent which hole they want to use! I can’t wait for you to be on birth control!” I smiled.

My sister smiled as well. She didn’t ask again about getting whored out. It was frankly not something I had really considered. Most of the time, my sister would ask a question out of the blue about how I was going to make her behave, and it would be the first time I ever thought about it.

I knew she wanted me to have a plan. I would simply remain confident and think about what was best for both of us and then tell her that is how it’s going to be now. She would sometimes even offer to go further than I was willing to make her go.

“What should I do if I want to use the bathroom at home, and you are not home, Sir?” she asked. I’d never imagined my parents would really let me micromanage her that way. I think they didn’t realize we were serious when it first came up.

“I will give you set times before I leave. You will need to take a picture of yourself squatting on the toilet. I don’t want you sitting down and enjoying yourself in there OR playing with yourself,” I said. We were almost too Goodwill, and I think some of the people walking into Publix heard us. She turned beet red and agreed with me.

“Would I tell Mom and Dad that you gave me that set time, or are they going to trust me?” she asked. She pouted slightly like she didn’t want to have to tell her parents. I felt like she might be play-acting reluctant much like she had with them. I don’t know why, but I liked her being reluctant but obedient. I liked the enthusiastic slut who was willing to do whatever I say too, but her reluctance was delicious.

“Good point. Mom and dad may not trust you to tell them the truth. I’ll post your bathroom schedule on the fridge,” I smirked.

“You wouldn’t dare, Sir!” My sister seemed delighted that I’d suggest it even though she wondered if I would really go through with it. I think the fact that I was so audaciously suggesting a total reboot and redesign of her entire persona, appealed to her. No one had ever dared tell my sister to be raunchy or misbehave, and now that I was, she seemed to get off on it.

“Pull your shorts down in the back. I want to see at least four inches of crack in the store!” I showed her just how much I would dare.

“Master, we could get kicked out!” My sister warned me while simultaneously reaching behind her and pulling down her shorts. An old man waiting for his wife to finish shopping noticed the crack of her lily-white ass and smiled. He nodded at me and winked. He had no idea what game we were playing, but anytime you can see a little girly ass crack is a good day. I love asses, and my sister has a nice one. It isn’t a big plump booty like Candy or even Becky has, but she definitely has a nice round bubble butt, even without the dimples. The crack itself is hairless and she just has the finest layer of blonde wisps of peach fuzz around her ass. Her hole is tight and pink, and her booty sweat tastes a little like parmesan cheese. I couldn’t wait to explore it more, later tonight.

“If anyone COMPLAINS you can say that you didn’t know, thank them and pull them up. Even if they take a photo, as long as they don’t complain, I want you to act oblivious like you don’t know that your cheeks are hanging out,” I said as we entered Goodwill.

The store was full of hand-me-downs and junk that most people should have thrown away but felt guilty to take it to the dump. You could find everything from a row of red, wine colored polo shirts that had obviously been used as uniforms at some restaurant, to old VHS tapes of Full House in a cardboard box.

They were surprisingly busy, and as soon as my sister saw there were at least twenty customers along with a half a dozen employees, she was mortified. She instinctively reached behind her back to pull up her shorts. I slapped her hand and wagged my finger at her. “Anytime you pull them back it up or adjust yourself, I am going to make you expose something else!”

“Is this how I have to act in every store, Master?” she asked.

Once again, it wasn’t something I had thought about. I was caught up in the moment. “Yeah, when we are alone like this, I want you to actively try to show some skin like it is second nature because it WILL be your new nature. I don’t care what you display – tits, ass, pussy, by bending over, hanging out, whatever. But if I have to TELL you to do it because I don’t notice, I’ll decide something you definitely don’t want to have to do in public! Guys like seeing pretty asses. You saw that old man smile when you showed him your crack!”

“He did, Sir?” my sister seemed flattered. She must not have noticed. She pointed out there were already a dozen women who’d taken notice of how she was wearing her shorts and looked at her with scorn on their faces. I’d barely noticed. Most older women that shop at night in a Goodwill, look like they’d just smelled a dry fart and I can’t tell that, from fresh scorn for my sister’s trashy appearance.

She wasn’t the only trashy slut in the store, either. There was a family of Mexican girls. The grandmother was dressed in a pink sequin mini-skirt with a tube top that barely covered her huge enchilada shaped tits. The mother and her three or four daughters were wearing even less than she was. They kept saying, “Mira, Mira!”

I have a passing understanding of Spanish. It’s basically the equivalent of being an attention whore and saying, “look at me!”

I suppose in a family with that many women, it is hard to stand out and they have to get noticed. I would have loved watching their pretty Mexican asses flit around the store if I wasn’t already supervising my Sister.

There was a white family with six kids of various ages. They looked like the typical white trash that live in Whispering Palms, where Harlan and his family reside. The mom had curly blonde hair and a southern accent. She was actually smoking INSIDE the store even though that was completely against the rules. She had an ‘I don’t give a damn, and why don’t you come over here and make me’ look on her face.

With any luck, she was probably another of Harlan’s many relatives! Her brood of kids had descended on the store like a horde of locusts. They moved from one aisle touching things, moving them around, dropping them, to the next, leaving each row in disarray. They seemed to be a swirling maelstrom of chaos, so I maneuvered my sister away from them.

We started looking for trashy short skirts, tube tops, thong panties, stockings, and short-shorts that would complete my sister’s look. Tiger print, cheetah print, bedazzled rhinestones, denim, spandex – this place had it all.

Customers noticed my sister’s ass crack, but no one said a word about it. I instructed her to bend over and pick up things and put them back on shelves. She did so enthusiastically and without question even though she was probably aware she was giving everyone a nice crotch shot.

“I have a training exercise for you,” I said. I was making this up as I went, but I made it sound like I had a learning objective already mapped out for my sister in my head.

My sister was excited. Her tits literally bounced up and down on their own when she snapped to an eager attention position to hear me out.

“I need you to stop acting so happy and enthusiastic. I like you that way but I want you to show me that you can pretend to be uncomfortable being told to flash,” I explained.

“That’s easy, Sir. I am actually mortified and I am smiling out of habit, Master,” my sister said. She often sent me mixed signals. Sometimes she seemed to encourage me to make her flash and other times she became deeply embarrassed and reacted in ways that no one could ever fake.

I told her that at our house she would need to pretend to regret being made to wear just a t-shirt to convince my mom that it is a punishment. If mom thinks it’s a reward because my sister likes to show off, she won’t allow me to keep making more adjustments to her wardrobe.

“I was going to mention that, Master,” my sister replied. She was holding our shopping basket and waiting for me to toss scraps of cloth that barely qualified as skirts and panties into it. I even picked a couple trashy halter bras to satisfy my mother if she insists my sister wear a bra – that may be all she wears. It could pass for a shirt when we are jogging.

“You pretty much told our parents that I had to wear a t-shirt and panties to teach me a lesson, yet we originally said it was my idea and that I was doing it to prove that I was equal to men. Wouldn’t making me continue to do that be sort of a mixed message, Sir?” she asked.

I told her she was over-thinking, but my sister may have been right. I tried to play every possible angle so that my mother could literally not refuse what felt like an impossible request at the time – that my sister prance around the house and even flip up her shirt on command to prove she has panties on underneath.

“Yeah, it was your idea originally, but you were still going to come to the dinner table in jeans when it suited you. Now that it is no longer your choice and you hate it,” I explained how she had to act at home to make this believable.

“Do I, though, Master? I kind of destroyed my own clothes and I am buying nothing but stuff that might make even Becky Simmons blush,” she joked.

“You aren’t buying them. Your brother is buying them to teach you a lesson,” I explained what my logic was.

“Isn’t that going to make you seem like the bad guy? Ariel already called you a big jerk for making me do all this stuff.”

I didn’t think about how Ariel might perceive what I was doing. Barbie did have a point. “Try this on in the dressing room and walk out wearing ONLY this! You have thirty seconds!” I said loud enough even that bitch with all the kids took notice.

My sister blubbered a little and obeyed me. She grabbed a pair of panties and a halter-top and went into the dressing room, and when she came out, she looked nearly naked. The panties barely covered her cunt lips and I could see the string from the other pair she had shoved in her pussy.

“Yeah, those will do, take them off and try this on!” I threw a pair of denim short-shorts directly into her face. They had holes cut out where the crotch of the ass is. My sister looked confused yet did as I ask.

I noticed the attitude of the shoppers start to shift. Guys had been smiling when they saw my sister flit around the store with an exposed ass crack. Her nubby nipples were hard as rocks and the outline was visible through the top she had on. She fit right in with the other sluts in here.

Now that I was clearly being an ogre to her, the only person turned on by it seemed to be her. I realized I may have to rethink my strategy at home too. I made my sister walk around in the shorts and adjust them, so the panties hanging out of her cunt were visible. I stopped bossing her around and quietly asked her if she thought she could get away with wearing those in math class.

“I showed my beaver today in class and didn’t get suspended. I suppose these are a little less revealing, thank you Master,” my sister showed me some gratitude.

She gave me an idea that I would need to try at home. “You were just doing that because you saw other girls do it. Your reasons about equality were just bullshit because you were worried that mom would tell you that you couldn’t do it. Now that I am FORCING you to do it, you regret it. Once you have learned your lesson, I’ll let you wear a little more!” I said.

Barbie nodded and said she fully understood my plan.

“No,” I insisted. “Agree again, but this time seem like you don’t want to wear what I told you to wear,” I insisted.

“C’mon Sir, don’t make me wear these!” my sister said with a little pout. It was ALMOST convincing.

“No. You have to be a brat. Do it again, but like Becky, if Harlan made her do Winky Wednesday on a Thursday!”

My sister smiled really broadly and took a deep breath as if she was trying to summon her courage.

“Oh my god, you fucking asshole! Let me wear shorts that don’t make my ass hang out in the wind!” my sister’s country accent was as fake as the tits on a stripper. It didn’t fit either. I told her to bring it down a notch and make it sound like she really believed what she was saying.

“So basically pretend I am still Barbara and you are the boss of me but I don’t want you to be?” she asked for clarification. I nodded affirmatively.

“Joseph, I’ve learned my lesson, okay! Please don’t make me keep doing this! I get it. I shouldn’t have picked these shorts out. I was just trying to make a boy notice me. C’mon, enough is enough,” my sister’s tone sounded exactly like old Barbara – level headed but polite.

I hated it, but it was authentic. I much preferred bubbly bimbo Barbie, who would do anything for me much more. I might need her to sound like the old Barbara at the dinner table - at least for now.

“That’s too bad, you should have thought about that beforehand. You liked strutting around the store with your ass crack hanging out when it was your choice. Let’s see how you feel when you have to be accountable for your actions,” I said loud enough people could hear me. They didn’t regard me as an asshole as much any longer.

My sister grunted in silent frustration and kept walking. I asked her if she was going to say anything else in response.

“Old Barbara wouldn’t. She’d just live with what she had to do without making a fuss, Sir”, Barbie admitted.

She was right. My sister always hated conflict, and she wouldn’t butt heads with me like Becky or Candy might have. She also wouldn’t have done a headstand and a cartwheel and let her skirt flip up because she didn’t realize boys liked looking at her panties the way Ariel might have.

It was perfect. “That’s how you need to behave around the house when the topic of what you are wearing comes up,” I instructed her.

“Yes, Master,” she said. “You are doing this for my own good. I made my bed, and I have to lie in it now. It isn’t what I want to do, but I get what you are teaching me.”

I would only make her play that card around the house, though. I liked her strutting her stuff any other time. I had a pet mode for her. I told her that she also had a Barbara mode now. “You have to do what I tell you, but you need to talk like you are Barbara when you are following my orders. Deep down inside, we both know you are Barbie,” I told her.

“Is this a punishment, Master?” she asked.

I grinned a little and said that it kind of was, but I’d still need to use it sometimes, even at school. “Trust me, I am going to use your ass and cunt a whole lot more than I am ever going to use Barbara mode,” I told her.

“I certainly hope so, Master,” my sister beamed brightly. I really love her dimples when she smiles, and I love the ones on her ass when she gets nervous and squeezes her butt cheeks together because I just told her to do something that excited her!

I would have left things like that if it hadn’t been for that white trash mother. One of her daughters, who wasn’t much older than Brody, sassed her. She refused to wear something her mother suggested she try on. “Mom, this sucks! It smells like old-lady and looks farty!”

The mother was surrounded by all of her brats and lost patience with her daughter. She didn’t reason. She didn’t ask her nicely. She grabbed the girl by her ear, pulled her pants down, and spanked her bare ass in front of everyone in the Goodwill.

If this had been any proper store in the mall, they might have been asked to leave. Goodwill is stuck in the 1980s, and people either watched or ignored them and a few clapped at the end. The little girl had been incredibly bratty all night. She kept complaining her brother was pulling her hair but leaving out the part where she’d antagonized him first.

“You know what?” I suggested to my sister, “Fuck Barbara mode. Forget that, I don’t want you going back full Barbara – you’ll never go full Barbara,” I told her. My sister seemed surprised by my sudden change of heart but willing to do whatever I told her.

“I want you to keep about 80% of the shy, reluctant Barbara but layer in just a little bit of the worst habits of Kevin and Ariel. 20% impatient, aloof, narcissistic and vain, stubborn, and pouty.”

Kevin and Ariel weren’t bad kids but like everyone, they had shortcomings. Kevin could be manipulative, insensitive, and disruptive when he got bored. Ariel was the princess who could do no wrong in my mother’s eyes. I think my mom putting her on a pedestal had made her pouty when she didn’t get everything she wanted. She was also incredibly vain. If you removed all the glitter, sparkles, day-glo paint, flowers, and lace from her room, you would be left with nothing but mirrors. Ariel adores looking at herself – she is a pretty girl, but deep down, she is incredibly vain and bratty.

“Mom might start feeling sorry for you if you go full Barbara mode. You don’t cause trouble, you don’t complain, and you will probably be done with restriction within a few days because I can’t justify them keeping you in it when you are like that,” I observed.

“So you want me to act like Becky and be a real asshole, Master?” my sister tried to clarify.

“Hah, no, maybe that is Bitch mode, and right now that is off the table. I don’t want you to be cantankerous and over the top. I want you to just be a little bratty like the little girl who just got a spanking,” I explained.

My sister and I walked around the store, picking out choice outfits she could wear to school. I made her try on different outfits and model them for me without regard to her modesty. It was fun, but no one seemed to care that she was dressed like a skank. Most of the other women in the store were too, and that included the fat ones.

I remember she was wearing some sort of slit denim skirt that barely covered her upper thighs when I found a silver sequin dress that would be perfect for Homecoming. There was no way my mom would let her out of the house in it, though. It was only three bucks, so I planned to buy it anyway. The Mexican family honed in and tried to pounce on it when I first held it up.

“Give this dress to these Mexican bitches! It certainly looks perfect for one of them. I don’t want it, Joseph!” my sister said with scorn. It was almost borderline racist and I tried not to grin. The Mexican women were deeply offended and looked like they wanted to throttle her.

“You are the one who ruined your dress! This is all we can afford, Barbie!” I pretended to lose my patience with her.

“Well, do better! I don’t want it!” she tossed it down and let them snag it.

“That was the best one!” I grabbed her and whipped down her shorts right in front of the Mexican women, where we stood in the aisle. I bent her over and started spanking her.

The Mexican women from the grandmother on down to her youngest granddaughter, had a good laugh while my sister insisted I couldn’t do that to her.

“Well, he is, chica!” The grandmother tossed me the dress I’d chosen when I was done with my sister, as a sign of respect or appreciation for handling my bratty sister. I let my sister pull up her shorts. She looked miffed and angry. It was a very good act I would have myself believed if I didn’t know better.

The reason I knew she really liked it, is that she provoked me the same way three more times in front of other customers. “You are such a meanie butt, Joseph!” she stuck out her tongue just like my little sister Ariel would when I tried to get her to try something on that she feigned disgust with.

Barbie gave me new reasons to bend her over, take her over my knee, or expose her ass and spank it pink in the store, like she too was a little girl.

By the time I was done, no one thought I was an ogre. I was simply the guy taking care of the bratty nuisance and that helped me define what role I needed to take at home around my parents.

The trashy southern mom told me I had the patience of a saint. “I don’t know why you stay with that bratty little girl. Have you ever thought about upgrading to become a Daddy?” she cooed at me.

She wasn’t half bad looking, but she had to be as old as Candy and had much saggier tits along with the baggage of several kids. I smiled and told her I was flattered, but I was sticking with the one I had.

“Yeah? Well age is just a number,” she winked at me before she left.

Once we finished paying for her clothes and left the store, I texted my mom to let me know we were on our way home. My mom told me to stop by Publix and pick up a few things for dinner.

“Have you already started dinner? Barbie wants to help!” I texted my mom back.

“She WANTS to help, or she HAS to help, Joseph?” My mom promptly replied. I should mention she is probably the only other person who calls me Joseph.

“How about both?” I texted and added wicked grin emoji

My sister asked me as we headed in the direction of Publix if she had done a good job as a brat.

“Yeah, you were a natural. Don’t get too used to it though. It’s just an act for home! You need to take brat mode down a notch, too. Not everything is going to be an argument. Brat mode is just to keep you on restriction and me from being the bad guy. It isn’t something I want to teach you to do normally. It’s something I’ll train out of you after we don’t have to worry about what anyone thinks,” I assured her.

My sister regarded me with awe after I said that. I think I said some magic words because her face lit up.

“If I tell you to stop acting like such a brat, that is when I want you to turn up the heat a little in brat mode. I may also wink at you,” I said I’d need a non-verbal cue at home.

“Are you going to spank me at home like you did in the store?” my sister frequently rubbed her sore ass as we jogged toward the grocery store. I could tell I’d left a nice sting on that booty of hers.

“I wish I could but I doubt mom is going to go for that – at least not yet,” I snickered.