**The Step-Sister**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**Chapter Seven**

Claudia wasn’t sure what to expect.

What could she possibly wear from her own collection that would go with Sara’s preppy clothes? Claudia’s mind immediately went to her jewelry collection, although the majority of those pieces were a little too alternative and edgy to complement the pink/white she was currently wearing. Then again, there were a handful of earrings and necklaces that were more casual and understated. Studs went with pretty much anything, for example. However, Sara was fucking smirking. There was no way it was something that simple.

Still plenty frustrated and annoyed at the whole situation, Claudia had to consciously make an effort to keep her smile from fading. Not that it was much of a smile to begin with, of course, but she would keep it up long enough to keep her step-sister satiated. It was getting difficult to tell how long this whole thing would last. Obviously Sara could dangle Claudia’s stuff over her head indefinitely. Or at least until their parents returned. But Claudia wanted to resolve this all immediately, since she wanted to enjoy a weekend without her parents around. “Like what?” she asked. As cordially as she was able.

“Hmm,” Sara mused. Deciding on a rather smug sounding answer, she said, “That’s no fun. It’s better if it’s a surprise. Now, let’s work on your manners. Ask me politely to give you an accessory. Think of it like a show of faith, sis. You do want your room back, right? This will be one fewer thing you don’t have to worry about. All you need to do is ask.”

As if it were that simple. It was like writing a blank check. But Claudia went for it anyway. “May I please have an accessory of mine, Sara?” While the spanking had caught her off guard, it’s not like there was a lot Sara could do to surprise her. She was the stuck-up academic girl, and Claudia was the more adventurous one. So far, stuff like the outfit and attitude adjustment was more uncomfortable and cringe than anything else. Her assumption was that this would probably just be another awkward thing to check off.

Sara gave her sister another once over from head to toe, then said, “You’re a lesbian slut, right?”

“That’s right,” Claudia nodded. Hardly an insult, as much as Sara was trying to make it.

“Then get on my bed, on all fours. And don’t move a fucking inch, understand?”

It was honestly confusing hearing such a demand from her stuck up sister. That’s the kind of language Claudia and her partners would use. Not that there was anything charged about the current moment in comparison, but it was a far cry from Sara’s usual way of speaking. Claudia was torn between firing back with something overt and/or flirty in the name of making Sara uncomfortable, but ultimately decided to simply do as she was told. Part of it was curiosity in terms of what the hell her sister was going for here, and the other part was that same desire to get her belongings back as quickly and efficiently as possible. Being purely obedient and making the game less fun would achieve that. Hopefully.

While she achieved biting her tongue, Claudia couldn’t help but smile slightly as she turned away and walked over to the bed. For all Sara’s posturing, the girl was acting a bit like a slut herself.

Claudia shamelessly climbed onto the bed, getting in the doggy style position with her ass facing towards her sister. She was plenty confident on all fours, although it was slightly weird being fully clothed. At this point, she’d normally be down to lingerie or less, but whatever. This was her bitch of a sister, not a girl Claudia was actually into. Once again tempted to say something clever, or glance over her shoulder with an over the top lip bite, she stayed the course in terms of being as bland as possible about following the instructions given to her. “Like this?” she asked the headboard.

Without missing a beat, Sara bluntly said, “Ass up, Clauds.”

Again, Claudia did as she was told. She adjusted her body so her head and arms were a little more down, and pushed her backside further into the air. “Happy?” she asked, with an eye roll that couldn’t be seen by Sara.

“If you move an inch, sis, we’re going to have a problem.” There was a bit of movement and the sound of Sara going through a drawer, but Claudia resisted the urge to try and glance behind herself. For all she knew, the noises were a test designed to make Claudia nervous and immediately fail in the instructions she was given. Instead, she held perfectly still, continually unsure whether this was actually meant to be some out of the blue sapphic step-sister blackmail bullshit, or more a series of demands that had that connotation while actually designed to keep Sara in various positions of power. First nudity, then bent over for a spanking, and now ‘vulnerable’ on the bed without knowing what was next.

While Sara wasn’t remotely Claudia’s type, the alternative girl probably would fool around with her sister if given the chance. Not because the taboo excited her; no, it was because she would love to see her perfect, Type A sister in a position where she didn’t have herself under control. But this was the exact opposite of that concept. Claudia was the one being obedient in an awkwardly lewd way, and Sara was the one who finally had a handle on her rebellious sister while still being her usual preppy and bossy self.

It wasn’t long before Sara made her way to the bed. After another reminder for Claudia to hold still, she began fiddling with the plaid skirt. “Proper girls are allowed to be promiscuous, Claudia. But advertising it isn’t classy.” Sara began lifting the skirt, which ended up going a lot farther than a tease. She brought it all the way above Claudia’s ass, leaving it inside-out above her waist so her bare thighs and borrowed lace panties were fully on display. “Here, I’ll show you. You can be your slutty self underneath, while still dressing appropriately.” Her fingers gripped the waistband of the pink underwear. Giving a light downward tug, Sara said, “But first, ask me again. Politely.”

Claudia needed a moment to figure out what Sara was hinting towards. The fact that she was being lectured while low key being stripped was distracting enough to keep Claudia from recognizing what Sara was asking for right away. It came back to her soon enough in the lingering silence, however, as she repeated the phrase from earlier. “May I please have an accessory?” Hopefully the hint of attitude wasn’t noticeable.

Needlessly picky as always, Sara corrected her. “May I please have an accessory of your choosing, Sara?”

She echoed the phrase, but it was as blunt and emotionless as possible. “May I please have an accessory of your choosing, Sara?”

“Good girl,” Sara said. With that, she slowly lowered Claudia’s underwear until her ass was fully on display. The panties remained held up by Claudia’s slightly spread thighs, and the once again exposed girl remained clueless as to exactly what Sara had in mind. Out of nowhere, Sara gave one of her bare cheeks a solid slap. WHACK. “Claudia!” she snapped, “I told you to hold still.”

’What the fuck?’ She hadn’t moved in the slightest, and retorted as such. “I am holding still,” she snapped.

WHACK. “Are you fucking arguing? Don’t move an inch, Claudia. Oh, and I’d like to hear ‘Yes, Ms. Sara’ from now on. Understand, slut?”

Claudia’s rear was still sensitive and slightly pink from the assault earlier. The last thing she needed was to be bruised back there, and the two spanks were enough to make her wince and realize it hadn’t been that long of a break from the previous round. “Yes, Ms. Sara,” she said. For the first time, her sister had gotten a real reaction out of her. The submissive response caused her cheeks to flush in embarrassment, and there wasn’t a trace of sarcasm in Claudia’s voice as she was thrown off guard by the dominant twist.

“Better.” Sara gave the most recently slapped cheek a sharp pinch. Sure enough, Claudia ended up yelping and squirming in response, which gave Sara an excuse to slam her hand down for another spank. “Hold still!”

“But-”

“But nothing. And no complaining, bitch. What do you say . . . ?”

Was it too late to walk away and let Sara pull the trigger on all her threats? No. Definitely not. Claudia had already suffered the indignity of being spanked and dressing up like a prudish Sara clone. She wasn’t about to cave to something she actually had experience with. “Yes, Miss Sara,” she muttered.

“Good girl.” For a moment, Sara’s hands retreated completely. Then, she palmed one of Claudia’s cheeks and pulled it slightly away from the other. “Now, for your accessory.” With no hesitation, she shoved a familiar silicone object into Claudia’s back door.

Claudia gasped. With wide eyes, she exclaimed, “Sara! What are you doing?!” The skater girl owned two plugs; one was stainless steel, and the other was silicone. The latter one came with a remote control, and had several features that the former didn’t. But that wasn’t even the most pressing issue. Sara wasn’t using any lube! While Claudia’s holes were rather trained from all her experimentation, she wasn’t that acclimated in terms of simply pushing something in back there.

In response, Sara simply spread Claudia a little wider and forced the toy deeper inside. “Relax, slut. Just be a good girl and we’ll be done before you know it.”

Unable to help herself, Claudia shifted in discomfort as her plug began filling her with none of the usual finesse that came with teasing and preparation for something like that. “Wait-”

SLAP. Sara struck the slightly more sensitive cheek again. “Behave, girl! Hold the fuck still.” With that, she firmly gripped Claudia’s rear and gave one big push with her other hand.

The toy popped into place and was swallowed up by Claudia’s cheek, causing the girl to gasp all over again from the combination of both pain and pleasure. It was not how plugs were designed to be used, yet her ass had been successfully invaded nonetheless by the large silicone teardrop.

“See? Was that so difficult?” With one more sharp SMACK on the opposite cheek, which had way more of an effect now that she was sensitive both inside and out, Sara pulled Claudia’s panties back up and took the effort to adjust them so they were perfectly in place on the girl’s hips. “Now you’re proper on the outside and slutty without declaring it to the world. You’re welcome.” She settled the skirt back into place next, before giving Claudia’s rear a patronizing pat. “What do you say, sis?”

Claudia was still in shock. Not only from her step-sister’s audacity, and the naivety and/or insensitivity of shoving in the plug so quickly without any lube, but also from the fact that she now had to try to ignore the subtle pleasure coursing through her body that existed despite the less than sexy situation she was in.

Where will Sara take things next?

Test Claudia by having her act ‘properly’ the entire time Sara’s friends are over?

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