**The Step-Sister**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**Chapter Eight**

To round out the crude invasion, Sara expected a ‘thank you’ for the act?

Claudia was once again tempted to pull the plug on this whole thing, literally and figuratively now. She didn’t really have to keep being obedient. While Sara obviously had the nuclear option in terms of blowing up Claudia’s life and being around to witness the fallout, it was only a card her step-sister could play once. Ratting her out to her parents. Screwing with the reputation Claudia had at school and amongst her friends. However, Claudia had already gone this far. Sara had spanked her, dressed her, and plugged her. The least Claudia could get for her troubles was her skateboard and her car keys. Enough to leave without Sara following through on her earlier threat.

As for the rest? Claudia guessed Sara would only take it so far. Dump the booze and trash the weed? Sure. Shred the test answers and fake ID? Probably. But she wouldn’t actually donate all of Claudia’s clothes, or throw away anything truly important or expensive. Not because Sara wasn’t capable of being that heartless, but more due to the fact that she would want to protect her ass when it came to their parents. This whole thing was already pretty extreme; at the end of it all, the preppy bitch would want to come out looking as perfect as ever.

From her face-down-ass-up position on the bed, Claudia settled back and slowly shifted until she was able to climb off the mattress and stand back up. Her first instinct had been to casually sit and further show Sara that she was comfortable on her sister’s bed, but belatedly changed her mind when realizing that even the softness of a seat like that would be a little uncomfortable on her backside for multiple reasons. 'Whatever.’ Not letting the thoughts or hesitation show on her face, Claudia got back on her feet to continue acting like none of this bothered her. At some level, it actually didn’t. Claudia was shameless enough, and this wasn’t even the first time another girl had dressed her in something awkward and unlike her for the sake of dominance. The difference, of course, was that Sara was her ‘holier than thou’ and ‘I know best’ sister. Letting that kind of girl boss her around was something else entirely, especially due to their relationship and history.

Putting on an overly sweet smile, Claudia said, “Thank you, Ms. Sara. I’ve always wanted to know what it’s like to have you fill my holes.”

Instead of scoffing or scowling like usual when it came to Claudia’s antics, Sara simply walked over to the desk and picked up the index card. Returning to where Claudia was still standing by the bed. “These aren’t just things to punish you for, sis. We’re also going to be working on them this weekend.” She turned the card around so Claudia could see the list written out in pink ink and girly handwriting.

Cutting class. Failing tests. Breaking curfew. Fucking girls. Vulgar language. Slutty clothes. Horrible attitude.

While most of them made sense, at least in that Claudia could see how Sara judged her for each and every one of the rebellious things that countered the ‘good girl’ thing Sara had going on, the middle one was a bit obnoxious. Fucking girls? Sara wasn’t that conservative, or repressed for that matter. Considering the fact that she had just plugged her own step-sister, not to mention the blatant way she had checked out Claudia’s naked body earlier, Sara clearly didn’t have any reservations when it came to the fairer sex. So how exactly were they going to ‘work on’ Claudia’s lesbian habits? If it was a matter of chastity that was more about abstaining than it was about girls, then sure. Although not fucking around when Sara was supervising her would easily be the simplest of all the proper corrections listed out.

“Look at all my progress,” Claudia smirked, “I’m dressed like a good girl, my attitude has never been better, and I’m pretty fricken’ sure my language has been pure ever since you slapped the no-no words out of me.”

Without missing a beat, and not commenting on most of the sarcasm, Sara replied, “As far as I’m concerned, your slutty clothes are the only item we can check off for now. Lucky for you, I’m going to give you a chance to prove that you can handle maintaining a proper attitude for more than thirty seconds.”

Claudia still wasn’t able to truly take the attempts to reform her seriously. “And how’s that?” she nonchalantly asked. Sara might have all the cards, but she was still preppy and stuck up to the point that it was ridiculous.

Now it was Sara’s turn to smirk. “Easy. A couple friends will be over soon. You’re going to hang out with us and show them how proper you can be when you put your mind to it.”

“Wait, what?” For once, Claudia failed to keep up her usual outward apathy. Sara couldn’t be serious. It was one thing for Claudia to be wearing so much pink when it was just the two of them in the privacy of a bedroom, but other girls couldn’t see her like this! Claudia had had enough interactions with Sara’s clones to know that it didn’t matter whether they took pictures or not. The gossip alone would be enough to mess with her image.

“Mm hmm,” Sara nodded, “Now, give me your best demure smile and tell me that you can handle that.”

“But, Sara-”

“But nothing, Claudia. You want to be done with your list? This is how.”

“Sara-”

“Ms. Sara. Start simple, sis. Show me your smile.”

Claudia didn’t know what to say, or even what to think. Normally she was so good at brushing off her sister, or effortlessly countering pretty much everything the girl said. But this latest turn of events was a little overwhelming. Since when was it all about the list? The vague ‘proper and responsible’ thing had suddenly melded with the index card that had originally simply been what Claudia needed to be punished for. According to Sara, at least. And letting Sara’s equally preppy friends witness her not only dressed like this, but acting the part as well? It would barely cover half the impossibly unfair goal.

Caving slightly, Claudia pursed her lips in a soft smile. Before Sara could take things further, however, Claudia shot for a qualifier of her own. “If I do this, you give my skateboard back.” Partly to protect it, considering how Sara had seemed to latch onto its destruction as a threat, but also so Claudia would more easily be able to bail. The thought of Claudia’s own friends swinging by to check on her was mortifying, but at least she could then grab her board and jump in the car with them. As for the girly outfit, maybe she could laugh it off as a dare and undo the damage by literally burning the clothes after borrowing something more her speed from one of the girls.

Sara nodded again. “Deal. Now tell me that you can handle being a proper girl around my friends.”

“I can handle being a proper girl around your friends,” Claudia echoed. She had meant for the words to come out rather flat, but her slight smile failed to deliver on that intent. And, more notably, she had just agreed to something that had seemed beyond out of the question just a minute or two ago. Her lines were shifting, which wasn’t a good sign when there was so much left to accomplish if she couldn’t manage to get out from under Sara’s thumb as soon as she expected.

“Good. Then let’s go get ready for them.” She laced her fingers through Claudia’s and gave her no longer dark clad sister’s arm a tug. Away from the solitude of the room, and towards the hallway that would inevitably lead them downstairs for the company that would soon be arriving.

Claudia allowed herself to be pulled along. She was still reeling from the latest developments, and feeling the plug with each step didn’t help. In the back of her mind, she still held onto the idea that it wasn’t too late to put her foot down and call this whole thing off. It was still just the two of them, and Sara hadn’t taken any photos or anything. Although if Sara had installed a video camera in Claudia’s room, then what if there was one who had captured everything that had transpired in Sara’s room. That would . . . no, Sara wouldn’t do that. Or, if she did, it would be more for her own viewing pleasure and perhaps the pleasure of whatever friends she showed it to. There was no way she’d add it to her pile of blackmail, as being all harsh and dominant clashed too much with Sara’s own image. She definitely wouldn’t show it to any authority figures. If it even existed. Claudia was caught between wanting to be prepared for anything, but also not wanting to be paranoid at the same time.

Of all the projections that crossed her mind, however, there was one that she hadn’t considered. As she and Sara took the last step together and turned the corner into the living room, Claudia gasped. Her sister’s two best friends were already there! “What-” she barely got a word out before turning to Sara in shock. For starters, it was too late to back out now. Both girls had seen her, and both of them were sharing their own little gasps of surprise. Sara hadn’t given them any heads up about any of this, then. “Sara, you-”

“Oh, my God!” The taller of the two, Celeste, was the first one to move past the pleasant surprise Sara had sprung on them. “Claudia?!”

Tightening her grip on Claudia’s hand, Sara smiled and answered for her sister. “Claudia here has finally grown up and realized that partying and sleeping around was just a phase. So from now on, she’s decided to be more like me. You know, the better sister. Isn’t that right, Claudia?”

It took everything Claudia had to not shove Sara away and perhaps add a forceful slap for good measure. This was not what they had talked about! Despite the deeply arrogant and completely false words, there was still the same issue as before–Claudia had already sucked it up and done so much. Now Celeste and Harriet had seen her like this. They were armed with the gossip Claudia had been so recently worried about, both from the outfit and from Sara’s smug explanation. Between running away and sticking around to attempt to somehow do some damage control, the latter sounded more appealing. Even if the stares made Claudia regret a lot of decisions she had already made where Sara’s dominance was involved.

So, swallowing her pride, Claudia forced the best smile she could muster under the circumstances. “That’s right,” she said, “Sara’s the better sister.” It’s the best she could manage. Hopefully stating it so directly would hint towards the idea that she wasn’t happy about saying as much. Sara’s friends might have been stuck-up, but that didn’t mean they were clueless.

“Hmm,” Celeste mused, “So, I have, like, a lot of questions.”