**The Step-Sister**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**Chapter Six**

Still very much naked in the middle of Sara’s room, Claudia rubbed the lace material of the bra with her hand and looked at the light shade of pink with disdain.

Black was her color. Mostly. She was a skater, but she considered herself more on the alternative part of that spectrum. There were plenty of grays in her closet, as well as some deep teal, maroon, etc. It wasn’t colors that Claudia had a problem with. She just leaned towards darker tones and more comfortable/casual attire. Bras that were comfortable, even if they weren’t as aesthetically pleasing. Same with clothes. Because at the end of the day, she was a bombshell when she was naked, and she was really good in bed. If a girl wrote her off because of her clothes, then that girl obviously wasn’t worth her time.

Of course, Sara was the opposite. Needless perfection and preppy-ness, inside and out. While she was plenty uptight, however, Sara wasn’t particularly a prude. There had been plenty of instances where she had strutted into Claudia’s room in similar lace lingerie to what she was giving her step-sister right now. Her body was annoyingly, well, perfect like the rest of her. Claudia had never been interested, of course. Not even because of the sibling thing, because they were more strangers than sisters, but because Sara was not her type in the slightest.

Looking back, however, Claudia saw things in a potentially different light. Before, she had assumed that Sara was simply flaunting herself and making a show of entering Claudia’s room without knocking to drop off laundry, lecture her about how she should be studying, etc. Now, Claudia was curious if there had been a different intention there. If Sara knew that she was a lesbian, she could have been smugly walking around like that in more of a ‘you can’t have me’ kind of way.

Stupid. Sara’s body was solid, but Claudia had never wanted her in the first place.

“Earth to Claudia,” Sara said. Breaking her out of her thoughts with a few snaps of her fingers, she placed her other hand on her hip. “This is the part where you get dressed. Or would you rather stay how you are?”

Claudia was tempted to opt for the latter. The truth was, she would prefer to be fully nude compared to wearing Sara’s overly feminine underwear. Just like when Claudia had dropped her arms earlier, she was still fully confident and shameless when it came to her own body. Sara wasn’t the only sister who had the ‘slender with just the right amount of curves’ thing going for her. But the preppy sister was the one with all the leverage at the moment, and she had mentioned dressing Claudia up before the painful spanking. That still seemed to be the plan, so any rejection or attitude would simply drag things out.

Well, the attitude was going to persist one way or another, but she wouldn’t reject Sara. Not outright, at least. “You tell me, sis,” Claudia said. Bra in hand, she placed her hand on her own hip to mirror what Sara was doing. Slightly jutting her chest out with the pose, she said, “I don’t mind staying how I am.”

“Of course you don’t. Because you’re a fucking slut,” Sara coldly replied, “Get dressed, Claudia. Right now.”

Plenty of girls would have scowled, but Claudia just grinned. “A fucking lesbian slut. Tell me something I don’t know.” After giving Sara an air kiss and pursing her lips in amusement afterwards, Claudia made short work of putting on the borrowed bra. Despite the mountain of blackmail Sara had on her, Claudia refused to break or beg.

Sara just sighed. “We still have a lot of work to do, I see.” When Claudia had the bra clasped and adjusted on her chest, Sara handed over the matching thong. “You’re supposed to be showing me that you can be proper and responsible, remember? What you just said was neither of those things.”

“Sorry, sis. I’m not really a slut. I’m an innocent virgin.” Pouting into the exaggerated lie, Sara pulled on the underwear and then stood back up to wait on Claudia’s next move.

“Believe it or not, that’s preferable. Now say it without the attitude.”

“I’m an innocent virgin.”

“Not that part.”

“I’m not really a slut?”

“There you go,” Sara nodded, “There’s probably a more eloquent way to say it, but that will work for now. Because what are you, Claudia?”

Claudia was so tempted to roll her eyes, but she managed to keep a straight face. Mostly. There was still a trace of idle amusement present as she said what she assumed Sara wanted to hear. “Proper and responsible?” Boring and preppy, like you?

“Mm hmm. Image is about more than just clothes, sister dearest. But I suppose we can start with the easy part. How do you like what you have so far?”

Objectively, the underwear looked good. Claudia’s cleavage was impressive in the snug bra, and the color did work with her skin tone. The same went for the thong, which showed off plenty of skin while covering her most private area. Just because it looked good, however, didn’t mean that it was her style. “I mean, everything looks good on me,” she said, concluding, “It’s fine, I guess.”

Sara sighed again. Then she dictated, “Your underwear is so pretty, Sara. It’s so much better than the drab, boring stuff I used to wear.”

Boring? They certainly had different opinions on that word.

Claudia had been playing along for the most part, because she still wasn’t taking any of it seriously. But it was impossible to keep the scoff from escaping her lips at the suggestion that her clothes were boring. “Because your wardrobe is so fun?” she countered.

“It’s not supposed to be fun,” Sara replied, “It’s-”

“Proper and responsible. Yeah, I get it.”

“Do you?”

“Here,” Claudia said. She straightened her upper body and rolled her shoulders back. Running her hand through her hair in a way she had seen Sara do countless times when posturing about this or that, Claudia matched her step-sister’s pretentious tone as she echoed, “Your underwear is so cute, Sara. So much better than mine. I’m proper, and responsible, and not at all a fucking slut.”

Despite the over the top version of Sara that Claudia was doing, the more naturally preppy girl smiled instead of looking insulted. “It’s a start. Now, why don’t you ask if you can borrow one of my outfits? Properly, please.”

Claudia slipped back into her normal self for a moment as her lips tightened in annoyance. There was an unspoken, ‘Fine,’ to her expression, but she didn’t voice it. Instead, Claudia copied Sara’s preppy demeanor and gave a demure smile to her brat of sister. “May I please try on one of your outfits, Sara?”

Sara was just as unfazed the second time around, and made another comment about how they would work on it. According to her, this side of Claudia was preferable to her usual irresponsible self despite the way she was obviously forcing it. Sara took her sweet time going through her closet and looking for options. All the while, she reviewed what she and Claudia had already gone over. Proper and responsible. Better attitude across the board. Respectable clothes. If Claudia could manage all that, plus let Sara discipline her for all the inappropriate behavior listed earlier, then she could maybe earn her room back.

The ‘maybe’ wasn’t lost on Claudia, but she didn’t bother questioning it. The lilt in Sara’s tone and the vagueness of the unofficial terms made it sound like she was purposely trying to make Claudia argue and look bad in the process. Instead, Claudia simply stood there and didn’t take the bait. At some point, Sara would get bored with this. The two of them didn’t get along in the slightest, and even this new dynamic would probably get tiresome for the preppy girl after a while.

Unfortunately, Claudia had no idea when that would be. Her phone was still stashed away in the linen closet, and her friends were still waiting for her at the park. Would they swing by the house to see what was taking so long? On the one hand, getting caught in Sara’s clothes would be her worst nightmare. But also, maybe she could compel them to gang up on her sister. Surely the ‘perfect’ girl had at least a few secrets hidden in her room. But now wasn’t the time to look. Whatever she found would have to be big enough to balance against everything Sara had stolen from her own room. Mutually assured destruction. And to find that kind of dirt, she needed more than whatever time there was left on Sara’s closet hunt.

As if on cue, Sara exclaimed, “Got it!” She turned around with a pink plaid skirt on one hanger and a plain cream top on the other.

“Seriously?” Claudia grumbled. Although it’s not like she had expected anything different. All of Sara’s outfits were some flavor of what she was holding up and what she was currently wearing. “I mean, pretty!” she exclaimed, swinging a little far in the other direction in terms of girly excitement.

Sara called her out on it right away. “Tone it down, sis. Here, put them on.”

Without a word, Claudia took both hangers and got right to it. She knew before putting the outfit on that she was going to look absolutely ridiculous. Not in an unattractive way, as it was clear that she looked good in Sara’s lingerie, but more that the pink/white combo didn’t match her personality or her preferences in the slightest. Of course, that was the point.

The skirt was the perfect combination of classy and slutty. For a girl who dressed and acted like she was above it all, Sara’s skirts were pretty damn short. But with the blouses and cardigans and prissy everything, she could get away with that much leg thanks to the rest of the ensemble screaming ‘purity.’

Claudia pulled on the white top next, cringing as she looked down at the ensemble on her body. It really was like she was a Sara clone from the neck down. As if her step-sister didn’t have enough of those, with those two other girls who basically walked and talked just like her.

“Well, that is a huge improvement.” Sara looked her up and down with her lips pursed in that same obnoxious little smirk. “How about a smile?”

After making sure Sara didn’t have her phone out, Claudia rolled her eyes and gave an annoyed closed-lipped smile in response.

Sara mimicked the eye roll, along with a tiny huff to show her own bit of annoyance. “We’ll have to work on that too. But for now . . . ” Her lips curled up more than before as she met Claudia’s eyes, “I think it’s only fair that you get something of your own to wear.”

What will Sara add to Claudia’s ensemble?

A butt plug, from Claudia’s collection of toys?

A collar from the same collection, tagged by Sara?

Or a pair of handcuffs, to make sure Claudia sticks around?