**The Step-Sister**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**Chapter Five**

Bracing herself didn’t help.

The second strike of the hairbrush was worse than the first. Claudia’s body jolted forward, subconsciously trying to escape the source of the pain, but that only resulted in a more uncomfortable position as she remained bent over the desk.

Two spanks in, and Claudia realized a major flaw in her smug approach to all this–Sara wasn’t experienced with stuff like this. In the bedroom, there’s an art to being rough with your partner. As far as Claudia knew, her step-sister wasn’t the kinky type. Going too hard and too fast was a beginner’s mistake, and the bottom girl was the one who paid the price. For face slapping, there’s potential whiplash, jaw pain, and more. For spanking, there’s the risk of bruises and vein popping; the latter can look particularly unattractive. Two hard spanks like that with the hairbrush were fine. More? It would depend on a lot of things Claudia didn’t trust Sara to know.

But it was too late. Sara had given her rules already–no getting up, and no complaining. Technically that didn’t mean ‘no talking,’ but Claudia didn’t necessarily want to test where that line was. Her skateboard meant a lot to her, and she was in too deep to back out now.

WHAP. The backside of the hairbrush crashed down onto her bare ass again; the first cheek, establishing an alternation. Of course, with how Type A Sara was. Claudia managed to avoid reacting, neither verbally nor physically, as she refused to show even more weakness to her sister. WHAP. It wasn’t until the fourth blow that Claudia thought about something else; Sara hadn’t given her a number. Not that the average authority figure would state such a thing before getting started, but it would still be nice to know. Four of ten? Manageable. Claudia’s backside was desensitized enough from her experimentation with other girls that she could weather a few more of Sara’s harsh hairbrush spanks. It wasn’t pleasant, but she could deal. More than that? Questionable, if she continued being struck that hard with no breaks or lightening up.

“You really are a bad girl,” Sara said. WHACK. The hairbrush aggressively punctuated her statement. Her tone was anything but flirty or sensual, which is how those words would normally be presented. Instead, it was almost mocking, with a dash of patronizing. “Such a disappointment.” WHACK. “Your dad goes too easy on you.” WHACK. “Good thing you have me to set you straight. WHACK.

Claudia thought she could make it to ten. However, the eighth blow had enough of a punch to it that another embarrassing yelp escaped her lips. “Sara!” she exclaimed. Claudia managed to stay in position, but she had to say something. It was too much. She didn’t even consider the fact that her lack of reaction might have driven Sara to push for one. “That’s too hard!”

Sara just giggled, in that annoyingly preppy way that was all too familiar. “It’s a punishment, Clauds.” WHAP. “It’s supposed to hurt.” As if to prove it, she wound up even more and slammed the hairbrush down on Claudia’s exposed ass.

Claudia’s lips parted in a full O, but no sound came out. The aggressively hard spank was a far cry from the pleasurable pain she was used to; it felt twice as hard as any of the previous ones, and was enough to momentarily take her breath away. That could have just been because she was more vulnerable after the previous ones, but- SMACK. Her thoughts were interrupted when Sara returned to the other cheek, who had decided that the previous spank was the new benchmark. Claudia squeaked at the heightened pain, squirming in discomfort and getting as far as “Sara-” before, SMACK.

That was it. There was only so much Claudia could handle. She knew it was probably her imagination, but she could practically feel the bruises already starting to form. With the way she was bent over the desk with Sara behind her, there wasn’t a particularly graceful way to get out of her position. Going quickly in the name of avoiding another harsh blow, Claudia partially pushed herself up from the desk and shifted her body towards the bedroom.

“Hey!” Sara growled. WHACK. She evened Claudia out on the other side, then belatedly seemed to realize that the girl was doing more than reacting to the spanking. Sara placed her hand on Claudia’s lower back and tried to shove her forward to keep her in place, but it was a little too late.

Claudia slipped herself out from between Sara and the desk, managing to keep her balance as she moved somewhat sideways while still bent over. Her ass bumped into Sarah along the way, though Claudia was moving too hastily to have any idea where she made contact with her sister. Once she was free of the partial pinned position, Claudia only needed to make it a few steps before feeling like she was safe from the hairbrush and its inexperienced wielder. “Okay,” Claudia said. She turned around, this time cupping her most private area. Her confidence was a little more shaken than before, and it was admittedly a little weird being naked in contrast to a girl who was fully clothed. Step-sister, or not. “That was plenty.”

Sara looked annoyed. Hairbrush still in hand, she crossed her arms with a bit of a huff. “Really? That was literally twelve, sis. You can’t-”

“You don’t know what the fuck you’re doing!” Claudia snapped. It was her turn to cut off her sister. “I told you, that was too hard!”

“And I told you, that’s literally the point of a punishment. I’m not trying to spank you like one of your kinky lesbian girls does.”

Claudia just rolled her eyes. “I don’t want you to spank me like one of my kinky lesbian girls.” Throwing the words right back in Sara’s face. Even if they weren’t step-sisters, the posh know-it-all in the dressy plaid skirts would absolutely not be her type. There was also no good point in lecturing Sara about the dos and don’ts about stuff like that. Instead, she just moved on. “Trust me, that was plenty. If you don’t believe me, I’ll show you the fucking bruises later.” She still wasn’t actually 100% sure that there would be bruises, but her backside was throbbing enough at the moment that she felt confident enough to say it.

Sara took a beat to uncross her arms. She placed her hairbrush hand on her hip, and used the other to brush back her hair. “Seems to me like you’re complaining. And you got up.” Pausing to let those words sink in, she happily reminded Claudia of why she had bent over in the first place. “So I take it you’re okay parting with your skateboard? Oh, and you should really work on that vulgar language. It’s on your list.”

“Fuck you, Sara.”

“Good thing we have all weekend to work on you,” Sara sighed, “And you didn’t answer my question. Can I get rid of your board, or do you want to finish your spanking?”

Claudia didn’t have a good answer for that. She still wanted to protect her skateboard, but caving now would set up an unfavorable precedent for as long as Sara was in possession of it. Maybe weathering more spanks was possible, but Claudia didn’t like the possibility of being stuck going along with Sara’s every whim due to the same threat working over and over. And that was just one notable thing she was holding over Claudia’s head. While she could replace the majority of her possessions, the secrets and fact twistings were a whole different situation.

Of course, taking power away from blackmail was always easier in theory. “How many spanks?” Claudia bluntly asked. As ridiculously rough as Sara was being with the hairbrush, Claudia could tolerate a few more now that she had given herself a small break.

Sara smiled. She glanced up in thought for a moment, before deciding, “Eighteen. Plus a few for bitching out early.”

“No,” Claudia coldly replied. Absolutely not. As proud as she was, she knew her limits. Even another ten would probably be too much for her; she would have refused even without the ones her sister was tacking on. Claudia thought about commenting on the hypocritical way Sara was swearing, but decided less was more in terms of her response.

“Shame,” Sara shrugged, “Well, we should get you dressed. That’s why you came to me, right? Or was it more for the kinky lesbian fun with your own sister?”

“Step-sister.”

“Whatever.”

If the plan was to make Claudia uncomfortable, it was failing. She was a pretty shameless girl, plus the incest implication was pretty weak; they hadn’t even been sisters for that long. Just like Claudia was more than confident naked, she could handle a jab or two about her sexuality and ‘slutty’ lifestyle. “Well?”

“Well, what?” Sara replied, “Aren’t you going to ask? Politely?”

Rolling her eyes yet again, Claudia contorted her lips into an overly sweet smile a moment later. “Please, sister dearest, will you dress me up? I’ve always wanted to try on your clothes.” She assumed that was the plan. Rather than dark and alternative, she was going to have to suffer through one of Sara’s prissy outfits.

At that, Sara smirked. “Sister dearest. I like that. At least, it’s much better than your usual attitude around family. Think you can keep that up for a few minutes?”

“Maybe. What’s in it for me?” Claudia asked. Still being sickly sweet, she batted her eyelashes like she imagined a girl might do in porn for her teacher. “Kinky lesbian fun?” Or, better yet, perhaps her skateboard’s continued existence. But she wouldn’t mention that again so soon, lest it clue Sara into the power and importance it had.

“Unlike you, I’m not a slut,” Sara scoffed, “Your reward will be that I don’t drag this out. If you can be a good girl, you just have to put on the one outfit, okay? But if you go back to your usual tedious self before I’m done dressing you, then we’ll do a whole fashion show instead. Understand?”

‘Bitch,’ Claudia thought. Still smiling, she said, “I understand, sister dearest.”

“Good.”

With that, Sara walked over to her dresser and began looking through her top drawer. It didn’t take her long to sort through her lingerie and return with a few lace numbers dangling from her fingertips. A matching pink thong and bra; pretty classic Sara in terms of color, while also being an underwear set that Claudia would never in a million years choose for herself.

Her instinct was to ask ‘Seriously?’ with a healthy dose of judgment and distaste. However, she knew it was better to keep playing along with Sara’s game for now. As much as she hated the idea of being docile and cooperative, the alternative was much worse. Plus the last thing Claudia wanted to do was try on multiple outfits.

“Well?” Sara asked, with a smug smile as she held up the bra for Claudia to see, “What do you think?”

Swallowing her pride, Claudia reached out to take the awful pink undergarment. All she could manage was a half-hearted, “Pretty.”

How will Sara proceed after Claudia puts on her lingerie?

1. Dress her up right away, in preppy clothes?

2. Keep her scantily clad, and work on proper behavior?

3. Or push for the sapphic activity that’s been hinted at?

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