**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 13 - Hardship Study Buddy (Part 11)**

Knowing it would take some time for her to locate and change into her slave costume, while I waited, I went outside to pick some flowers. I knew better than to touch the big, higher valued ones she was growing for customers. Instead, I targeted the smaller ones which grew in abundance and were only added to bouquets as colorful filler.

Having personally performed her neighborhood flower deliveries only a few days earlier, I knew she had no orders waiting. I had something else in mind for these clippings.

I was pleased to see the costume still fit her when she arrived - not that I ever doubted it would. It would have fit onto any woman or girl as long as she had started to develop her curves; at least enough to keep the main ring from slipping off her waist.

All the fabric sections that originally went with the costume had either been intentionally removed or accidentally destroyed. That left only the six indestructible iron pieces and a few other clinking bits.

There was one ring around her neck, a smaller version of the very thick one running around her waist. Both had loops spaced evenly around them so other rings could be attached if desired. Each of her slender wrists also had a ring of iron encircling it, secured with a pin to keep her hands from slipping free.

The last two rings went around her ankles and carried some extra equipment which stuck out just behind her bare feet.

Her cheer shoes were gone along her perky cheerleader walk. A nervous, dreadful shuffle replaced it. It was the walk of someone facing an undesirable situation and hoping to delay as long as possible.

Instinctively, she kept her arms wrapped around her torso for protection. Her body remembered the last time she had been forced to wear this costume. As part of an earlier dare, she had been required to give an entire presentation in front of seven very lucky boys in her class dressed in this roman slave girl costume. Gradually, over the course of her presentation, she was forced to reveal more and more of her body to the boys, as well as some of their fathers. By the end, she was flashing everything, even her most private parts, to everyone in the room. She even had to stand and wallow in her utter humiliation while the boys gathered around her practically naked body and posed for pictures.

I didn't even need to ask what she was thinking about as she stood there in the backyard. The blush on her face and her stiff nipples told me everything I needed to know.

When she saw me picking her precious flowers, the indignant princess briefly emerged. She puffed up her body defiantly, as if ready to pick a fight, and began to lash out at me. "Mikey, what do you think you're doing?! I don't have any orders and now they're going to wilt! You had no right-"

"Relax, your highness," I interrupted, cutting off her rant, "I didn't touch any of the good ones. I just picked some of the smaller ones to help you with your dare."

She closed her mouth and gulped, then wilted back to her original size. At the mere mention of her dare, the entitled princess fled from the battlefield; leaving the nearly naked and very nervous little girl behind to face her humiliating dare alone.

"You're not delivering any orders today," I explained, "I've been thinking about the best way to get the word out. We need to separate ourselves from the competition. So, today is just about advertising. You know, drumming up some more business."

Don't worry, I didn't make her perform the task in only her iron restraints. I'm not that cruel. But I did make her accompany me around the neighborhood while I passed out flyers. Mr. Beski had used his flowerpot hangers to make her costume in the first place. I figured it was only fitting to turn it into something that once again holds flowers, a giant flower arrangement that Lucy could wear.

To complete her transformation, I pulled some tissue paper off the roll she normally used to wrap her flowers in and wrapped it around her body a couple times. I formed the paper into the shape of a tube with the main ring around her waist acting like a belt. The lower part hung ragged just below her bottom. The lower portion barely qualified as a skirt, but it did accentuate her long legs nicely. The top portion was just high enough to cover her chest like a strapless dress might.

After filling in her adorable cleavage with the flowers I had picked along with other greenery, I tied a circle of brown string just below her breasts to keep the flowers from falling through. When I was satisfied with my work, I stepped back. She looked exactly like a giant bouquet wrapped in green paper. Her bulging bosom was practically bursting out the top of the makeshift tissue dress. At least the carpet of colorful plants provided some much-needed modesty up there. She was the perfect ambassador to get people's attention and spread the word about her flower business.

Grabbing the stack of business flyers she had beautifully designed and printed weeks earlier, I ordered her to accompany me around the neighborhood as the new face (and body) of Blooms by Lucy. It was a nice day for a walk.

Despite my warnings to leave her dress alone, as soon as we set out, she started fiddling with it. Clearly, she felt I had not provided enough coverage for her to feel comfortable meeting potential clients face to face. I disagreed, about the face part. If her customers were anything like me, they wouldn't be looking at her face at all!

The motion of walking caused the flowers to settle into her cleavage and the tops of her enticing, firm breasts to peek out. About the third time I caught her adjusting her flowers to cover her boobs up, I intervened. I attached her wrists to the back of her waist ring; effectively incapacitating them for the duration of our journey.

She whined that she wouldn't be able to pass out flyers with her hands secured behind her back. But I knew the real reason for her consternation. She was now completely at my mercy to fix her dress or make adjustments should the need arise. It serves her right. I had already warned her and didn't feel bad about what I did.

"I can handle passing out the flyers," I explained, "you just focus on standing there and looking pretty. Surely, you can't mess something as simple as that up, right?"

She stewed at my insinuation but said nothing more. She knew it would be pointless to argue with me. Damn, it felt good to be back in charge!

We developed a good routine starting with the very first house we visited. An elderly man came to the door and was very excited to see Lucy dressed up like a sexy flower arrangement. She stood there, fulfilling her assigned role as silent eye candy while I explained the reason for our visit and made a little sales pitch.

As you ought to know well by now, everyone in our neighborhood was old. The man was chatty and wanted us to stick around and talk. He was especially interested in asking Lucy questions. Some of his comments about her immaculate appearance and unusual attire were borderline inappropriate, but I let him have his fun. It was fun to let her squirm through a few uncomfortable replies.

When I decided we were wasting too much time at one house, I found a way to drop a hint that we needed to wrap up the encounter. Just as we were turning to leave, the man asked one last question.

"You're such a beautiful young lady," he said, "I don't suppose you would be willing to give me one of those nice flowers of yours. Something to keep me company and remember you by, eh?"

I thought it was a wonderful idea and made Lucy walk up and let him pick one of the flowers from her chest bouquet. He took his time perusing the merchandise, and peering down her dress, before plucking a single one to keep for himself.

When she turned back toward me, she was blushing profusely, and I decided on the spot to continue the tradition. We circled our immediate block, stopping at every house that had someone home. And at every house, I made Lucy offer up one of her flowers. Gradually, as she gave them away, more and more of her bare chest was revealed.

Before long, you could look down her dress and easily see her entire chest, including her pink nipples poking out.

I made sure to stop at Mr. Beski's house, wanting to show him my alterations to the costume he had so thoughtfully constructed for Lucy. But all his lights were off, and no one came to the door when we rang. I was disappointed and a little surprised, to be honest. He so rarely left home these days.

I should have been suspicious at how rapidly and thoroughly things seemed to go back to normal after we got home. She did not change back into her cheer accessories and run off to watch the video like I expected her to. Instead, just took off her rings and stood passively in the back yard. She looked up at me with big doe eyes, apparently content to do whatever I was doing. She became my naked shadow for the rest of the day, a perfectly docile and pleasant companion.

I didn't even question my good fortune. Not sure what to do with the fact that I had a naked tween girl following me around like a lost puppy, I decided to just go about my day. After all, I had things to do. When I went to check the mail, she trailed behind me all the way to the street. She smiled sweetly when I looked at her and appeared to be completely unconcerned to be standing naked in broad daylight.

When I sat down in the dining room to open and file the bills and notices we had received, she pulled out a chair right next to me. She was no help, but it was nice to have her there keeping me company. And when I made an offhand joke about being shocked by the amount of the electric bill, she actually laughed. But it wasn't the vacuous cheerleader giggle of the last few days. It was a genuine, Lucy laugh.

I caught her looking at the pictures I had placed around the house. Even those seemed to be doing their intended job of reminding her of simpler times. Back when she used to follow my instructions without question and didn't mind being the younger sibling, even if it meant wielding less power in the family. It was nice to have the old Lucy back.

**Dare Me - Chapter 13 - Hardship Study Buddy (Part 12)**

Mom had to work that evening, so it was just the two of us for dinner. It was a little after that when Lucy announced she was going to take a bath and asked if I would give her a massage afterward. This was the bath massage I described to you earlier.

As I have already indicated, I quite enjoyed the experience. I had been itching for an excuse to get my hands on and take measurement of her larger boobs ever since she performed that new shimmy trick with them. And my exploratory massage did not disappoint. Afterward, she followed me downstairs and curled up on the couch beside me, a ball of naked cuteness, while we watched tv. We stuck to normal programs, not the cheer tape. At bedtime, she even gave me a hug goodnight.

I'll admit it. With the old order seemingly restored, I let my guard down. I was feeling so good about myself that I ignored the warning signs - the cracks in the facade that were starting to appear as early as the very next morning.

She had awoken before me, the first time in several days, and was already in the middle of a rigorous cheer practice when I came downstairs. In hindsight, I shouldn't have let her sit and watch that rotten video on repeat all day. I was blind to it because I had pushed it from my mind, the only way to avoid all the smoking hot girls writhing and bouncing in skimpy outfits and showering together. But trying to follow along with a squad of entitled cheerleaders affected her in a more sinister way.

Even after the way she acted at dinner, I remained willfully ignorant. Mom's schedule had allowed her to eat with us twice in the same week, a rare occurrence lately. And while she did not pick a fight about Lucy's continued nakedness, I could tell it still bothered her.

For her part, Lucy seemed excessively perky. She had restarted the habit of whispering cheers to herself and making little miming motions with her hands as if she were holding mini pom-poms. When I made a joke about the mashed potatoes, she giggled vacantly. It wasn't her normal Lucy laugh. The cheerleader giggle was back.

After dinner, she got up to leave and I had to remind her it was her turn to do the dishes. I briefly caught her pursing her lips and furrowing her brow, then the moment passed.

"Thanks for reminding me," she said a little too flatly, before adding, "bring the dishes."

I entered the kitchen to find the naked cheerleader-in-training facing the counter while the sink filled with warm water. She gave me a giggly thanks for delivering the dishes and went right back to her silent cheering.

After I had ferried the rest of the dishes to her, I stopped and watched her impromptu bare-assed performance. She swiveled her hips back and forth to the rhythmic music in her head, while her blonde ponytail pendulum kept time. Below her trim waist, her ripe bottom, tight as a drum, wiggled and bounced in joyous expression.

My fingers suddenly wanted to feel along where her bottom muscles formed into that rounded shelf right at the top of her thighs just to know what it felt like. I wished I could bounce something against her incredibly firm ass cheeks. I ran my eyes down the naked curves of her long legs which would make the great sculptors in history blush. They simply could not compete with the sculpted perfection God had blessed Lucy with.

I inched to my right until I was directly behind her and was rewarded with a perfect view of her pretty pussy lips filling the gap between her trim thighs. I felt my erection grow as my heart started pumping blood faster. Then...I blanked out.

I literally don't remember how it happened. My best guess is that my brain glitched and stopped recording memories for a bit. The next thing I knew, I was standing at the sink with a drying cloth in one hand and a dish in the other. I turned around to find Lucy standing in the doorway to the hall, about to leave.

"Thanks again, Mikey," she said with a tittering giggle, "I'm gonna go on up and start my bath. I'll be ready for my massage about the time you get finished with the dishes and the trash."

Shit!

It wasn't fair! I had done everything just right, taken every necessary step to bring her back under my control. So how was it that my little sister was relaxing in the bathtub upstairs while I found myself down here slaving away and doing all her chores?

I didn't know how it happened, but I had a pretty good idea how. At a critical juncture, while I was daydreaming about her alluring body, my own body had surrendered to her terms without even putting up a fight. Worst of all, it had all happened so casually, I'm not even sure she knew she was doing it! It wasn't fair. A few more moments of weakness from me, and I would be irrevocably relegated to nothing more than her servant; tossed about by the whims of a twelve-year-old tyrant.

I couldn't fathom how I was going to overcome what seemed to be an impossible situation. But I knew there had to be something I hadn't yet tried. Something else I could use to keep her from steamrolling my authority so effortlessly. I wasn't ready to give up on this war just yet.

She smiled when I entered the bathroom and quickly moved into position to give me easy access to her breasts. Prior to last night's massage, I would have placed her arousal level at about a three. It had escalated to six by the time I was finished kneading her knockers last night.

Since she was forbidden from relieving the pressure during a dare, I estimated her to still be about four or five tonight. Right away, she started squirming with excitement as my hands settled onto her little waiting mounds. I proceeded in my usual rhythm, enjoying the relaxing, yet stimulating job almost as much as she was.

But my mind was also troubled by the task at hand. While her adorable swells melted into my strong hands, I tried to riddle out the source of her power and whether I should be afraid of her continuing to wield it against me. Looking down her soapy, naked body splayed out in the bathtub, I formed a hypothesis: it was the power of the pussy.

Could it really be that simple? Did women really have the ability to control men just because of some body part? And could men really be subjugated so easily by it? Slowly, the truth clicked into focus in my brain. I knew it to be true because I had witnessed the phenomenon firsthand!

I had observed girls, the precious few who managed to figure out their pussy power at our age, strutting around my school while mind-wiped boys trailed in their wake. Most boys would do anything to be noticed, to be picked. He would face down death itself, throwing his very life on the line, just in the hope she would spread her legs for him.

But Lucy didn't act like that. She didn't go around belittling every boy who showed her interest. Was it possible that her manipulative actions against me had been purely accidental? Did she know her own power?

Sensing her chest starting to dry out, I decided it was time to add more water. That's when I realized, unlike last night, she had already drained almost all the bathwater. Whether it was on purpose or by accident, I couldn't say for sure. But the way she was sitting, sideways, like before, with her feet on opposite ends of the tub and her legs stretched into a wide v shape meant, for me to retrieve more water from the inch or so remaining in the tub, my hand would have to travel down the front of her body and straight between her legs.

When my right hand slid off her breast and started moving down her rib cage, she stilled her squirming. She sucked in a breath and tensed her shoulders, perhaps anticipating where I was headed. My other hand, which was still cradling her left breast, could feel her thumping heartbeat.

I moved over her flat stomach - my fingers playfully sliding past her cute belly button - and inched down her abdomen. If she was going to stop my relentless journey of anatomical exploration, now was the time. Yet her legs remained wide open and her mouth silent. So, I continued onto her protruding pelvic bone which, unlike Nikki's little manicured patch of pubic hair, was completely bald.

When my fingers reached the cleft of her pussy, she couldn't help but let out a little gasp. Her body was full of soft spots just begging to be touched, but nothing could beat that cute little dent at very the top of her pussy lips for softness.

I could feel the heat of arousal radiating from her sex, beckoning me in. But I kept my finger poised on the outer rim; stubbornly refusing to move any further. After at least a dozen tense seconds, she let out a pitiful whimper of need and her toes made a couple of impatient wiggles.

But even then, I resisted the urge. She gasped in surprise when my other hand started moving instead. I moved in toward the center of her left breast and began to make teasing circles around her nipple. My fingers were quite skilled by that point and knew their way around her chest. I knew exactly the right amount of pressure to apply, and precisely which motions would drive her mad with lust.

Her areola tightened further under my touch. At irregular intervals, I would suddenly slide my fingertip directly over her engorged nipple with a teasing flick. After a few of those flicks, her breathing grew ragged, like her lungs couldn't remember how to breathe normally, and she gripped the edge of the tub with both her hands.

Looking down her gorgeous, naked body, I noticed her toes wiggling constantly now. It fascinated me to watch them curl inward whenever I gave her nipple a strong enough flick. I had no idea that a girl's nipples were connected to her toes like that!

Except for her quivering chest and happy toes, she was doing an admirable job holding the rest of herself together and keeping still under my endless stimulation. I guess expecting her little toes to behave while my fingers sent waves of arousing hormones radiating through her system was just asking too much of her body.

Like a teapot sitting on the stove, the arousal inside her continued to build. She grew more and more antsy for me to proceed until she couldn't take it anymore. Overwhelmed, she temporarily lost control of her body. With a loud cry that echoed around the tiled room, her whole body spasmed briefly.

Perhaps aided by the natural lubricant being produced within her, the quick shuddering motion caused my finger, which had remained perched precariously at the top of her cleft, to slip.

I looked down to find I could no longer see my complete index finger. Rather, up to the first knuckle, it had nestled into an interesting new place; somewhere just inside her outer lips and beyond my sight. I was in uncharted territory. Her satiny and surprisingly pliable inner sanctum molded lovingly around my finger. Surrounded by warm, wet flesh, I made an exploratory circular motion with my fingertip.

Lucy reacted immediately. Arching her back, she cried out in pleasure as her chest convulsed in my grasp. The button! Could it be? As she teetered on the edge of her greatest pleasure, I wondered how close my finger was to pushing that mysterious button inside her, the one that made diamonds.

Suddenly, I felt my prick thrum with urgency. Now it was my turn to gasp. With some effort, I was able to keep myself from getting overwhelmed and regain control, but I realized I was playing with fire. As much as my engorged lower brain begged me to continue, I forced my finger to save it for another day and retreat. Scooping up some water and splashing it on her chest, I resumed her breast massage as if nothing had happened.

Lucy's eyes shot open when she realized what I was doing.

"Mikeeeey," she whined, "come on!"

"No, Goosey," I replied," not yet. You know the rules - not until I get my license."

"NO!" she cried, then meekly added, "...pleeease?"

"I said 'no'." When she wouldn’t stop begging me, I had to end her massage early to get her to stop. Standing up, I held out a clean towel for her. As if to a toddler who had been in the bath too long, I added, "Come on, Goosey, it’s time to get you out and ready for bed."

She crossed her arms in silent protest, then begrudgingly stood up and took the towel. Watching her dry her hyper-aroused body, I realized how dangerously close I had come to letting her break the dare and make a premature diamond.

That night, as I lay in bed trying to ignore my own unrelenting arousal, I had an epiphany. If she was using her feminine charms as a bargaining chip to manipulate me, why had she opened her legs in a wanton bid for my attention? No, clearly her earlier manipulations of me had been totally by accident.

It brought me comfort to be able to confirm my theory that she truly had not understood the power she accidentally wielded against me. But at the same time, the realization unnerved me. The power of the pussy, even incidentally used, had turned me into a blubbering automaton. And every single other girl in my school possessed the same raw, untapped power between her legs. We boys didn't stand a chance. God help us.

As I drifted off, I couldn't help but imagine the scene that would unfold when I got back from my test in the morning. I pictured her greeting me excitedly at the front door where I would whip out my wallet and flash my shiny new permit. Lucy, after a jubilant naked dance in celebration of my achievement, would beg to start masturbating as soon as possible and ask if I wanted to watch the first one.

But I would throw her for a loop. I would make her go back into the bathroom and repeat last night's performance. Maybe I would even insist on being the one to operate the button now that I had a better idea where it was! After she had received her long-awaited relief, I would escape to the privacy of my bedroom for my own well-deserved, celebratory pleasure session. Then I would borrow Mr. Beski’s care and head out for the open road.

I had everything planned and timed out to perfection. But because of what Lucy did the following morning, I was forced to alter my plans significantly to address and correct her bad behavior. It all worked out in the end, though. Because the humiliating circumstance it put her in, produced a much more effective outcome to her dare than I could have imagined or concocted for her otherwise.