**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 13 - Hardship Study Buddy (Part 10)**

She took the plate with barely an acknowledgement, took one bite of the sandwich, then set the rest aside without another thought. I found myself growing annoyed at her without really knowing why.

"I'm hot," she announced, "turn on the fan."

She didn't ask. She just assumed someone would do something about it. No one else was around except me. It was the same presumptuousness all the hot girls at my school carried with them. But because I was blinded by her newfound sex appeal, I went right along with her command and hustled over to turn on the ceiling fan. Anything to make the hot girl comfortable and happy.

In hindsight, that was the exact moment I should have fought back. I should have nipped it in the bud and refused. But because I didn't have the awareness to recognize my authority being upended in real time, I allowed her highness to emerge and overturn the family hierarchy.

I was so dense and enthralled that I didn't really recognize her transformation occurring until dinner time. She was practically a new creature by the time she came to the dinner table. Her shoulders remained permanently swept back with her chest thrust proudly ahead everywhere she went. She carried herself exactly like Nikki, bouncing on the balls of her feet. Probably by design, the excess motion from walking that way was transported directly into her chest; sending tremors through her breasts and making them bounce madly up and down with every perky step.

Even after she sat down, her body somehow remained in motion. While she picked at her food, she whispered silent cheers to herself; her head bobbing side to side along with the beat just like Nikki's had done. The motion caused her ponytail to sway back and forth.

It wasn't just her mannerisms that were starting to resemble Nikki more and more. It was her voice, too. When she spoke, she punctuated her sentences with that vacuous giggle that the cheerleaders in the video all seemed to employ. And every time she laughed, her pink nipples would jiggle in a mesmerizing and distracting way that made me lose my train of thought. The only thought I could form in her presence was that the stands would be totally packed at every football game if Lucy the naked cheerleader was on the sidelines.

To her credit, mom did notice and express concern at how much her daughter's personality seemed to be changing in such a short time. But I think she was more worried about the fact that Lucy was still insisting on staying naked. The new attitude only inflamed her suspicion that something was wrong with her. In a moment of exasperation, she finally came out and asked why Lucy wouldn't at least put some clothes on.

Lucy rolled her eyes and brushed off mom's concerns with a giggle.

"It's none of your business, Deborah," she replied, rather derisively, adding, "your food is getting cold."

Mom bristled at the unexpected slight and turned to me looking for some support. But I was in no condition to assist her at the moment. She clearly didn't like her own daughter calling her by her first name and being so dismissive. She opened her mouth to respond, but as she was never very good at confrontation, she swallowed her own biting response before it reached her lips. But I could still see her discontent seething beneath the surface. She went to bed right after dinner. She had just completed a double shift and had another one scheduled the next day.

Lucy announced that she, too, was pretty wiped out from her full day of rigorous cheer practice. She decided to skip doing the dishes and retire to her room for the evening. That left me to clean up after dinner. Only after I had been out of her presence for a while and was standing at the sink doing what should have been her chore, did the spell she had put me under start to fade and I came to my senses. I realized that, by not fighting back at any point in the evening, her selfish attitude had been allowed to go unchecked. And now, she was out of control on her power trip. My failure to act had created an entitled monster.

I had to worked hard to earn my place in the family. It wasn’t fair that a naked twelve-year-old girl with no other skills could just waltz up and take it all from me. All because she had sexy little assets that jiggled when she danced! And the worst part? Rather than use that power for the good of our family, she was using it exactly like an immature little girl would - to make everyone else do her bidding.

If I was lucky, she hadn’t yet connected her naked jiggling display to the power I, in a moment of malfunctioning, had willingly handed over. I committed myself to ensuring that she did not learn the secret of her immense sexual power over boys from me. And I vowed right then and there to figure out a way to restore my place of authority over the family. No more disrespect. No more shirking responsibilities. No more rude attitude. It was time to remind her who was in charge around our house. I just needed to figure out how.

I had already conceded so much ground to her. What cards did I have left to play to get back into the game? There was only one critical area left where I still held sway over her. One place where I still held the high ground and set the rules.

Her dare.

She always honored the dare. By coming to me with those two little words, she unwittingly conceded way too much power to me. I could always make her do whatever I wanted as long as I presented it in the form of a dare. It was such a powerful card to play that I did not play it lightly. But desperate times…

As I headed to bed, I formed my plan. Starting tomorrow, whenever she flexed her newfound feminine influence or started to cop an attitude, I would play my trump card. I would break the pattern of entitlement and put her back in line. I also planned to place a few mementos around the house; reminders that she was still in the middle of a dare and of the immense power I still wielded over her.

I made one final, difficult decision before I fell asleep. In the pursuit of my own sexual gratification, I had let myself get distracted too many times that day. I couldn’t let my penis control my actions. So, no matter how hard it may get, and as extra motivation to stick to my plan, I swore off masturbating until I had regained my rightful spot in the family dynamic. It was that important to me.

I awoke the next morning with a smile on my face and a morning wood. But I resisted the temptation to entertain that desire. I was on a mission to dethrone my sister. But first, there was the little matter of my driver's test which I had waited two full days to retake.

I set out early, having memorized the DMV hours of operation so I could be the first person in line when they opened at 7:30am. Unlike last time, Lucy didn't even bother to see me off. In fact, she was still sound asleep when I left.

Like my first attempt, I failed. Again. I did manage to answer thirty questions right. But that is only good enough for a D; nowhere near the required 90%. But I didn't sweat my failure. In fact, I was glad I didn't pass. Passing the test would end Lucy’s dare. I needed to keep it going a little longer.

On the way home, I stopped at the store and bought some picture frames. Without even trying to, I had amassed a nice collection of sorts - pictures of Lucy naked, or nearly so. I just needed a way to display some of them.

My greatest find was a large freestanding, double-sided frame that can be rotated to show a different photo on each side. As soon as I saw it, I knew the perfect pictures to put inside. Once home, I added the two pictures I had in mind and took the frame into the living room, placing it in a prominent spot on the mantle.

No one would think it odd to see the photo I had placed initially facing the room. At first glance, it looked like nothing more than a typical family photo taken during our recent beach vacation. The three of us were standing together on a patch of sand with a tiki hut and tropical plants in the background. We were all wearing Redneck Riviera tank tops and posing with bright smiles; one big happy family having a wonderful time on vacation.

The photo had not been taken by a professional with expensive equipment. In fact, it had come from a disposable camera and was snapped by the old man who owned the house where we had stayed. Despite that, it had actually turned out amazing. And, other than mom and Lucy standing barefoot with their long, recently tanned legs on display, it exposed nothing of their bodies out of the ordinary or salacious. An observer would presume they were wearing swimsuits or bikinis under their tank tops. For mom, that presumption was half true.

It was the flip side of the frame, the one initially facing the wall, that I expected would get Lucy's attention. This photo, while nearly identical in composition and subject matter, showed much, much more due to one major difference. It had been taken just before I gifted mom and Lucy their souvenir shirts. So, they were only wearing whatever clothes they hadn't yet lost during their vacation adventures.

That meant mom was posing topless in only her skimpy bikini bottoms. She looked beautiful with a serene, carefree smile, even though I knew she would have preferred having her huge, naked breasts covered by something. For Lucy, it was even worse. Having lost all her clothes by that point in the trip, including multiple swimsuits, she was forced to pose completely naked in the picture. The only thing she had left was her big smile and her naked, tan body, glowing from head to toe.

By placing it in back, my plan was to let her get used to seeing the first picture on the mantle. Then I would flip it at some point. Like an illusionist, I could make the girls in the picture appear to gain and lose their clothes just by turning the frame around on its axis when no one was looking.

I had also picked up a revolving caddy to hold remote controls because it was on sale. This one was also wooden with places for four smaller pictures, one inset on each side. The first picture I added was a normal one from mom's scrapbook of Lucy and I when we were very young. We were in a bathtub together but not showing anything inappropriate.

The second picture was one of the earliest from my collection. It was a polaroid of a slightly younger Lucy wearing an extremely revealing Halloween costume that Mr. Beski had made her. Of course, I had other pictures from that night; of Lucy and her two friends, Katherine, and Grace, not only just as scandalously dressed, but even naked. But, for obvious reasons, those secret pictures had to remain in my private collection.

The third picture had only been taken a few weeks earlier, by me. It was a very cute scene of Lucy standing in the airport terminal. She was looking out the window watching the planes take off and wearing nothing but her Redneck Riviera tank top. Unlike the beach photo, this time, the tank top had been splashed all over with water to turn it transparent and causing it to be plastered onto her hourglass figure.

The final picture was Lucy sitting in a blissful haze of arousal inside the airplane. Her tank top had been taken off and she was sitting completely naked while two boys across the aisle stared at her tanned boobies and stiff nipples in disbelief at their luck.

I placed the caddy on the corner end table by the couch with the bathtub photo facing the room. It wasn’t in a very prominent location and likely would take some time to be noticed. But I was willing to wait.

The next item I framed was also a vacation memento; a caricature drawing a sketch artist had made of Lucy while on the boardwalk. The artist had transformed her into a beautiful mermaid sunning herself on some rocks. It was just a drawing, but, most importantly, Lucy was topless in it and proudly thrusting her naked breasts toward the sunlight. I hung it in the guest bathroom just off the entryway. That way, once she found it, she would know that every guest who entered our house would have the chance to look at a cartoon drawing of a topless mermaid who was clearly meant to represent her.

In the dining room, I framed and hung my draft copy of My Nightmare. It was just a pencil sketch and nowhere near as good as the finished product. But it would serve its purpose of reminding Lucy about the real thing on display in her old school. The actual painting was full color and much more detailed. I guarantee every boy who passed in in the main hallway knew the name "Lucy Jenkins". And I'm sure they had all formed fantasies about the naked girl in the painting and frequently fantasized about her when in private.

For the kitchen, following a food theme, I took a page out of Riviera Dave's book...literally. This was not the same Dave who sold us that stimulating lotion. At least, I don't think it was the same Dave. This Dave was a cowboy and had sent us a scrapbook of Lucy's photo session from her day pretending to be a fictional character known as The Naked Bandit in the old west times.

The photo I selected was from the bandit's hideout just after sunset. After a long day terrorizing the countryside, the young, naked girl had returned to her camp for a late dinner. She was standing over the fire, facing away from the camera, waiting for whatever was simmering in the pot to finish cooking. Tendrils of smoke wafted up to her nose while a million stars blazed overhead in the night sky. Clothed in nothing but darkness, the glow of the campfire highlighted her beautiful, naked silhouette.

It was objectively a great photo, a real slice of the old west. Cowboy Dave really knew how to operate his camera and position the props to make the scene look authentic. From a distance, you couldn't make out much of her naked body by the firelight. But up close was a different story.

With my creative juices really flowing and my embarrassing mementos now positioned strategically around the house, I felt much more confident about my plan. I sat down in the living room with my book and waited impatiently for her to appear so I could begin the next phase.

Later that morning, her highness did finally awake. She came downstairs already dressed for cheer practice. When I say "dressed", I mean she was completely naked except for her cheer shoes, her white socks, and a hair bow. Of course, she hadn't done any of her morning chores and was neglecting her garden. But I didn't say anything about it just yet. I was biding my time.

She performed some warmup stretches then went straight into the conditioning exercises she had learned. A few minutes later, when she mentioned aloud something about being hungry, I looked up from my book casually. She was inverted into a head stand with her body leaning against the wall for balance. I tried not to stare as she lowered her legs into upside down splits. It made for an incredibly erotic sight and my will almost faltered.

"I want some breakfast," she said a little louder.

I couldn't help but stare at the crux of her spread thighs where her outer pussy lips were pulled apart to reveal her most intimate inner parts. My mouth ran dry, and I almost hustled off to get that hot, naked girl some damned breakfast. But I was able to catch myself and stay strong.

She held the pose as long as she could before collapsing to the ground. Then she sat up and repeated her requirement.

"I am ready...for breakfast!" she enunciated, clearly expecting me to do something about it. When I didn't react immediately, she, perhaps in a subconscious attempt to spur me to action, jerked to her feet, flaunting her breasts impressively in the process.

This time, I had recovered enough not to be influenced by her feminine charms. For the first time in a while, I went on the offensive. And my response completely threw her for a loop.

"Hey, Lucy," I said with as much nonchalance as I could summon, "do you still have that costume Mr. Beski made you for your history presentation?"

She looked at me confused, then slowly shook her head.

"No...I mean, only the metal parts," she said, "the fabric was ruined, remember?"

"That shouldn't be a problem," I replied cryptically, "go put it on and meet me in the garden. It's time for the next part of your dare."

Her eyes fluttered a few times without her realizing it. As she processed the implications of my words, a blush formed on her cheeks; her body's first sign of heat since the start of her dare several days ago. I didn't give her time to argue or form any sort of protest. I just stood up and left the room, smiling to myself. This was going to be fun!