**The Step-Sister**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**Chapter Three**

A variety of profanities and insults were on the tip of Claudia’s tongue. There were endless creative and colorful ways she could tell step-sister to get fucked, but that wouldn’t solve the problems she was facing at the moment. She wasn’t scared of being outed to their parents, although it would be an enormous inconvenience if Sara ratted on her. But everything else? Apparently, Sara had swiped the car keys Claudia had habitually dropped on the hallway table downstairs a few minutes ago, and was also in possession of Claudia’s credit card information. And that was on top of the stripped bedroom.

For a moment, Claudia considered calling someone. One of her friends, maybe. But this was too much to ignore. If she left now, there was no telling which of Sara’s threats might be activated immediately. Deep down, Claudia knew that the best response to blackmail was to rip off the band-aid and just deal with the fallout–that was the necessary price for freedom. Easier said than done. “Fine,” Claudia muttered into the phone. She scowled at the security camera up in the corner, though managed to resist flipping her sister off.

“Good choice, sis!” Sara exclaimed, “Now, your grades are pretty atrocious, but you can be bright when you put your mind to it. I know you can! So, tell me what you’re going to do to be a proper sister for me.”

For a fleeting moment, Claudia considered hanging up and changing her mind. Except the patronizing tone in Sara’s voice was grating to the point where it was almost like the intention was to bait out a reaction. Rather than giving her the satisfaction, Claudia simply answered in the most blunt and monotone way. “Shower. Towel. Dress Up.” Even in its most simple form, the third part made her cringe internally.

“I hope you have a better attitude in my room. Remember, you have to ask me politely to dress you up. You can handle that, can’t you? I mean, your manners definitely need some work. So, I think-”

This time, Claudia hung up.

The temptation to just leave was still fairly fresh. Staying, however, would at least give her a chance to talk to Sara face to face. Claudia also considered just storming down the hall to jump right into that confrontation, or to trash Sara’s room in retaliation, but responses like that had probably already been accounted for. If Sara went through all the trouble of emptying the bedroom and installing a camera, she would at least think to lock her own bedroom door for the time being, and/or hide away anything important that could be taken out of revenge. So, instead of turning left, she turned right.

Before entering the bathroom a few doors down, Claudia paused by the linen closet. Checking the upstairs hallway for more cameras, and grateful to see that her step-sister hadn’t gone full psycho and put them up all around the house, Claudia took the time to hide her phone in a folded towel near the bottom of a stack. The bathroom door didn’t have a lock, and she wasn’t stupid enough to leave her last unconfiscated possession on the counter by the sink. Not when Sara could waltz in mid-shower to take it.

The bathroom itself had been staged for her arrival. Claudia first noticed that her plain dark towel was nowhere in sight; in its place was a pink towel embroidered with her name. The matching ‘Sara’ one was neatly hung right next to it on the rack. They were a recent gift from one of Sara’s aunts. Claudia had managed to force a polite smile at the time, but then proceeded to stuff hers into the closet and never actually use it. “Fucking bitch,” Claudia muttered. She should have burned that towel. Obviously, alternative options were right across the hall, but it would be better to intentionally do what Sara wanted. Until the opportune moment, when Claudia could get the upper hand on her sister and somehow force her to give everything back and keep her mouth shut about the rest.

All of Claudia’s toiletries had been removed as well, as had a number of Sara’s more expensive products. Smart. The only things left on the counter were a hair dryer, a brush, lotion, and deodorant. Knowing Sara, the latter two would be girly and scented. The shower was more of the same–flowery looking soap, shampoo, and conditioner. There was only one of each, which meant Claudia was going to be left smelling like a fucking princess.

Groaning in frustration, she yanked the shower curtain closed and began running the water.

Claudia stood in front of Sara’s bedroom door.

Throughout the whole shower, she had kept a careful ear out for the bathroom door being opened. She had also peered around the curtain a dozen times along the way to catch Sara in the act. Surprisingly, there had been no attempt to swipe her phone or the last of her clothes. Was her sister that confident, or was she just intentionally being unpredictable?

Claudia took her sweet time in the shower, despite her vigilance and paranoia. If Sara wanted to have fun at her expense, then she would need to wait around for a while. It was petty and insignificant in the grand scheme of things, but Claudia didn’t care. It helped. After taking an equally long time drying her hair and brushing it out, it was time to leave the safety and privacy of the bathroom. From the neck up, Claudia was still her hot, alternative self. The rest of her body, wrapped in light pink? Not so much.

It’s not that she was scared of what was waiting on the other side of the door. If anything, Claudia’s hesitance was due to her lack of a battle plan. Her long shower hadn’t been enough to figure out the best approach. After all, Sara had stolen material possessions AND was holding onto secrets and information. Also, Claudia wasn’t sure which one of them would win in a fight if it came to that. Her sister was academic and preppy on the surface, but was rich enough to take all kinds of workout classes. They were around the same size, too, so no advantage there. And if the catfight went in Claudia’s favor, what then? Would holding Sara down and demanding things from her be enough? Probably not, considering how stubborn and arrogant she was all the time.

So what, then? Claudia wasn’t the begging type. She wouldn’t stoop that low for anyone, least of all her step-sister. Threatening to tattle was so childish, but who else besides their parents would be able to make Sara stop this bullshit? And a civil conversation was out of the question. Their relationship was far from warm on a normal day, and this was nowhere near normal. Ultimately, Claudia decided to stick with what always worked for her: rolling with the punches.

She knocked. Twice, pointedly.

“Come in!” Sara exclaimed. Peppy. Of course. Rolling her eyes, Claudia opened the door and strode into the room. Sara was seated at her desk chair, with her usual perfect posture and prudish outfit. Lips curling upwards at the sight of her towel-clad sister, she said, “Oh, hey Claudia. Do you need something?”

Not yet. Claudia could bide her time a little longer. “Will you please dress me up?” The words were polite, but the tone was very much like when an authority figure made her apologize for something she wasn’t actually sorry for.

The smirk didn’t last long. Sara grinned, beaming as she clasped her hands together. “I would LOVE to, Claudia! Oh, I’m so glad you came to me for wardrobe help.” She stood up and placed a hand on her hip. “Okay, let’s see what I’m working with. Drop the towel. You can’t be a blank canvas if I can’t see all of you.”

Claudia wasn’t fazed in the slightest. She wasn’t shy when it came to nudity around other girls, and she was also hot. If Sara thought a request like that would make her uncomfortable, she had another thing coming. Without a trace of hesitation, Claudia loosened the towel and let it drop to the floor. She placed a hand on her own hip to mimic Sara’s pose. “Happy?”

“Mm hmm,” Sara hummed, “Now, let’s see . . .”

What will Sara suggest?

Have Claudia bend over, so Sara can add a splash of red to her blank canvas?

Dress Claudia up in preppy clothes, lingerie and all?

Or keep her naked, and get her started on homework?