**Baby Sister**

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**Baby Sister Ch. 03: stRAWberry SHortcAKE**

"Strawberries coming right up."  
  
Wiley Barnett paraded through the kitchen his sweat pants tented in dramatic fashion, Maria following him like a lost puppy uncertain what to do now that her Mother was gone. She was sad, yet feeling free. With her Mother gone for a month Maria could be herself, of course being herself wasn't entirely clear. At barely eighteen and having had no real interaction with the outside world she wanted to further her education of life itself. Again, that too was unclear, having seen Wiley jerk off by the pool and he playfully exposing himself right behind her Mother in the dining room, just for Maria she found him hilarious. Where most young girls might panic, shy little Maria was not one of them. She really didn't know right from wrong. Blame it on her Mother.  
  
"I love strawberries." She pepped up glued to his hip as he grabbed a bowl to put the berries in. She attempted to steal one but Wiley lifted the bowl high into the air over her 5 foot status. He being 6'3 no matter how high she jumped to reach the bowl she failed. Laughing over her unsuccessful attempts he watched her jubilant titties dancing about beneath her yellow dresses cleavage. The more she jumped the lower her dress fell, with no straps to hold it up the inevitability of her breasts being concealed much longer was only a matter of time. Facing her even more fun considering his erection stabbed straight at her, each jump led her tummy to collide with his beast, she hadn't even realized it. To her it was all about the fruit, not the looms.  
  
"My berries." He teased her laughing at her tormented expression, "Pout all you want Baby Sister. You gotta earn these berries."  
  
"What do you mean?" She paused in her hops to study his playful sneer.  
  
"We'll get to that. Let's go sit on the sectional so I can enjoy my tasty berries here."  
  
"You must share." She whimpers stomping her foot, being dramatic over a pouty tantrum.  
  
"I share when you share." He twists in step and walks away from her. In tow she explored his muscles at wearing no shirt, having no real visual of a man's anatomy this was her first. Oscar his Father did not count, he was ever the gentleman. Although, she did sneak a brief peek at her Mother and Oscar having sex, the images giving her goosebumps, more than any scars. She knew nothing of sex as an act of pleasure. Maria rather enjoyed watching Wiley's tight butt leading her into the family room. Amazement to say the least.  
  
"Keepin' up Baby Sister?" He leered over his shoulder, she was dogging his heels with the most remarkable sparkle in her eyes. He had a hunch that she was curious, how curious remained the question. Reaching the sectional he plopped down on the sofa and kicked his feet up on the coffee table. Standing over him she fidgeted as he ate a berry.  
  
"No fair. Share with me."  
  
"Sit down right here next to me." He pats the cushion making certain she knew he meant hip to hip. Without pondering his request she just did it. Legs touching legs. "Comfy?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Good. I ask a question and if I like the answer I feed you a berry. Deal?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Perfect. You've never seen a man naked before me have you?"  
  
"I have not." She watched him swirl a berry in the air before her eyes, following it in hopes she would be fed.  
  
"Did you like seeing me naked?"  
  
"That is two questions."  
  
"Don't get cute, answer me." He chuckles.  
  
"It was most interesting."  
  
"Fair enough." He presses the berry on to her lips and she nibbles it, expressing a vitamin C orgasm. "Look at that expression. You should love everything as much as that berry."  
  
"Everything?"  
  
"Yep! I'm gonna take my sweats off here in a minute. A berry delivered to that tongue if you say you're not gonna run off crying."  
  
"I...why would you...?" Her eyes lower to his tentpole and flare up at it's size. While she considered it wrong as it should be, she did want to see him again. Curiosity lured the cat. "I will not run. Nor cry."  
  
"Good girl. There's no need to panic all I'm doing is prepping you for the future. I like living care free so I pretty much live naked unless I'm at work...when I work."  
  
"Berry." She shifts sideways facing him with a starving look in her eyes. He fed her another one but held on to it to observe her puckered lips sucking on it's juices. Her eyes carefully studied his as to why he was doing this. Finally, he winks and releases the berry to her hunger. "Look at that ecstasy."  
  
"What is...ecstasy?" She took a vivid interest.  
  
"You recall when I...stroked my boy here by the pool?" He lifts his hips up and tugs his sweats down to his ass, his dick popping free before her eyes. Just watching her eyes bulge made him grow harder. Rubbing berry juice on his cock just to be cute he awaited her answer.  
  
"Yes." She grows shy suddenly and stares at it. In her lured in gaze he swoops a berry under her face and feeds her again, more juices rubbed on his crown right in front of her.  
  
"I want you to understand I'm not here to hurt you Maria. I just need to know you're alright that I walk around in front of you naked."  
  
"This is your home. I am a guest."  
  
"It's your new home too. So, you're okay seeing me nude?"  
  
"Yes." She eyes the bowl of berries which he placed in his lap right above his monster erection.  
  
"You might catch me jerking off a lot. Can you live with that?"  
  
"If you must. Berry?"  
  
"Choose one and pick it out of the bowl." His erection arching right over the bowl made her hesitate. Still, the temptation was too great and she reached in to pluck up a berry without touching him. Devouring it she studies his eyes as she knows he was looking at her cleavage. Blushing she shares her thoughts.  
  
"Why do you look at me so?"  
  
"Sorry. It's a guy thing. You know that you're beautiful."  
  
"I think so." She giggles and shares a hint of ego.  
  
"See my dick?" He points at it again reeling her in.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"This is what happens to a guy when a beautiful woman is in the room."  
  
"Does it hurt? It looks...painful."  
  
"Hurts terribly until you work it out. Recall my jerking off and that white stuff shooting out of my crown right here?" He taps his urethra as she examines it from a distance.  
  
"I...did not get a good look. You were too far away."  
  
"I'm closer now. Want me to show you what beauty does to a man?"  
  
"You...want to...?"  
  
"If you're going to live in this house you can't be shy over things like this Maria. Grab a berry." She instinctively goes after a strawberry. In her decision to choose a larger berry it meant grazing her knuckle on his crown. She freezes up watching his face at her accidental caress. He went into theatrics expressing pain.  
  
"Fuck that hurt."  
  
"Forgive me Wiley. I did not mean to hurt...touch you."  
  
"Relax! I know you didn't. I'm not mad." He reaches an arm out and draws her closer into him to hug her. Kissing her forehead she trembles. "No harm done Baby Sister. You're shaking like a leaf. Everything alright?"  
  
"I hurt you Wiley. This upsets me, even if you say it is okay."  
  
"Look kid...the pain goes away quick, but the only real way is for me to work out that white stuff. It's a daily agony for men."  
  
"Even your brothers?"  
  
"Of course. All men deal with the pain. It's how we embrace the pain that makes us a man."  
  
Bashfully she looks up into his eyes without blinking, "You may fix your pain."  
  
"You're the one that caused it to hurt. You fix it." He chuckles as she lowers her jaw in shock.  
  
"Me? I...do not know how."  
  
"Berry juice helps the pain, you did notice I wiped some on it earlier right?" He counts on her naivety to keep her interest.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"It's an old Indian trick. Berries help some but the real pain reliever is this." He digs into his lowered sweats pocket for a small bottle of lube, showing it to her. "This stuff coats it and heats it up. It neutralizes the pain until the white stuff ejects. Notice it's berry flavored?" She winces at the bottle poised before her eyes, "Indian's make a killing bottling this stuff."  
  
"Oh! I am going to eat another berry." Her attention span fades fast as she reaches in for another berry. Again she grazes his crown, but this time on purpose. Expecting him to grit his teeth she looks up to see his eyes rolling back into his head. "Have I harmed you again Wiley?" She lifts up beneath his arm turning more to face him, placing her left hand on his chest without thinking. The slightest touch to his flesh sent electrical current throughout her entire body, she had no clue what her sensations meant.  
  
"Hurt like a bitch. You keep doing that and you're going to be the one jerking me off to ease the agony."  
  
"I...will try if it eases your pain."  
  
"Naaaa! Much as I respect your offer I was just kidding. I don't think you're Mom would be too happy about you helping me out."  
  
"She does not know that I watched you by the pool. I did not want her to yell at me."  
  
"So, you kept it to yourself."  
  
"Yes. I will not tell her. I do not like when she scolds me."  
  
"I can understand that. Pact? I don't tell, if you don't?"  
  
"Yes." She smiles warmly, "If I may help you I will. Mother did tell me to try and bond with my new brothers."  
  
"That's a good thing. All of us boys could use your help. We can return the favor whenever you need something from us."  
  
"Like new clothes?" She peps up, "Mother told me you would take me shopping."  
  
"We can do that. You're going to be spoiled in no time Squirt."  
  
"I like being spoiled. Mother spoiled me every day. Clothes, jewelry, perfume, massages. The only thing is...I was not allowed outside our home. We ordered everything in. Only Mother was allowed out of our house."  
  
"That sounds horrible. A cutie like you should be shown off. A lot of men out there in pain." He laughs.  
  
"Perhaps this is why Mother kept me isolated."  
  
"Probably so. I'm sure she's helped a few guys in her life. Alright! I'll let you help me out. Trial basis?"  
  
"I will do my best." Her hand still on his chest she feels his heartbeat. She had not even realized her hand was loitering there. He didn't tell her to back off so surely he was alright with her close proximity. Blushing again she removed her hand and reached slowly down to...procure another berry. Stealing it giggling she fed her lips with an alluring gaze.  
  
"Thief."  
  
"I told you I adore berries."  
  
He sits the bowl into her lap and stands up to remove his sweats before sitting back down in all of his glory. His dick wagging about amused her. "Fuck even that hurt like crazy."  
  
"Show me what I must do." She turns sideways completely and sits Indian style, in her unladylike posture he could see her cute little pussy. She hadn't even considered that he might be looking until she notes his eyes lowered. The bowl in her lap concealed her as she trembled.  
  
"Sorry. I shouldn't be checking you out. Feel free to tell me to behave if my eyes get too nosey."  
  
"I should be wearing underwear. I did not have a matching set for this dress. Mother insisted I go without because she wanted Oscar to feel good about buying it for me."  
  
"Mom has a point. Statistics say woman should never wear underwear. Clothing for that matter. I hear it causes cancer."  
  
"What?" Her eyes bulge, "Do they really?"  
  
"Only what I've heard."  
  
"I...would explore that online. Do we have a computer here?"  
  
"You had a computer at home?"  
  
"No. My Nanny looked up things for me and made copies of it. Mom would not let me have a computer.  
  
"Only for business. Don't let Dad ever catch you using it or he'll spank you red."  
  
"I do not know how, you could make copies for me. He would do this?"  
  
"We all learned our lessons the hard way growing up." He touches his cock then gnashes his teeth, "Still hurts to high heaven."  
  
Unbeknownst to Maria she and Wiley were being observed by Matthew in his Father's office. Hearing his brother mention underwear and clothing causing cancer he had to roll his eyes. Chuckling he set about making a fake medical report to share with Maria later. This game was just too much fun. Laughing about it he sent a text to his other brothers telling them to stop wearing underwear. Their reaction was priceless. Easy enough they concurred.  
  
Back in the family room Wiley stroked his cock and applied lube to it, making it shiny, his eager thrusts making the lube squishy in sound. She was mesmerized by its reaction to his grip. Blushing she ate another berry almost seductively, her thoughts on her assistance coping with her nerves. "You sure you're okay Maria? I don't want you doing anything you don't wanna do."  
  
"I will watch for now."  
  
"Fair enough. The lube helps ease the pain. If you're too shy to help out I totally understand."  
  
"I will work on my shyness. I told Mother that I would be a new person when she returned."  
  
"We're all happy to help you Baby Sister."  
  
"I like being called that."  
  
"True ain't it?"  
  
"Yes. We are now related. I am much younger than all of you."  
  
"Exactly. It's our job to guide you along. Maybe not so much like what I'm doing right now. I don't want you to think we're all as open as I am."  
  
"I will learn about each of you in time."  
  
"Absolutely! Move over here under my wing like you were earlier. I might need your support the more I rub this stuff in."  
  
She scoots back under his arm and he hugs her tightly to his hip, rubbing her bicep briskly. The sensations made her bite her lower lip, her eyes flaring up beneath a shared gaze. "May I ask a question?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Does it help that I am closer to you when you...do this?"  
  
"It does actually. While I'm in excruciating pain, the closeness of a beautiful woman eases the hardship. Closer the better."  
  
"I am getting goosebumps."  
  
"Too many strawberries. You might be breaking out in hives."  
  
"That is not true." She giggles.  
  
"Never know. I read a lot of medicine books. From what I've read goosebumps mean a person likes being close to others. I know I like being close to you. How about you Maria?"  
  
"I...will get used to this closeness if it helps."  
  
"Helps more than you know Maria. Can you...get closer?"  
  
"How do I do this that you ask?"  
  
"You had your hand on my chest earlier. We can start there if you're comfortable."  
  
Without a word she shifts in his grasp slightly, her left leg moving over his hip to settle in. Palming his chest he notes her eyes sparkling at being able to touch him again. He nodded at her reaction, "Any closer?"  
  
"How?"  
  
"Let's move your hand down some." He leads her hand from his chest getting lube on her knuckles. Sliding her fingers down to his chiseled abs her heartbeat stormed her own chest.  
  
"You are very fit." She expels nasally.  
  
"I work out. Not as heavily as Owen but I'm getting there."  
  
"Does my touch...help?"  
  
"Any touch helps Maria. It's just the closeness that takes the fire out." She listens as she watches him stroke his cock below her hand.  
  
Avoiding words Maria makes a surprising move on her own. Sliding her fingers down into his pubic hair she shivers at what she had managed to make herself do. "Better?"  
  
"Hell yes. Only thing better is if you took over. My hands getting wore out."  
  
She expresses tension but sighs and eases her hand down to gravitate over his meaty crown. "Touch him. It's not going to bite you."  
  
Hissing at her decision, she places a finger on his crown and jumps back. His grip on her body held her firmly from evasion. Not that she was trying to escape, merely coping with her thoughts and emotions. "This is...new to me."  
  
"Understood." He releases her arm and stretches back in the sectional, arms folding behind his head, "I'm not going to keep you here if you wanna go."  
  
"I do not wish to leave you in pain."  
  
"A true Barnett, even if not in name. None of us would ever leave you hurting either."  
  
"Thank you. May I try again?"  
  
"Go for it. Here let me put more lube on him."  
  
"May I do it?"  
  
Puckering at her determination he squeezes the bottle over her palm and coats it. With a shiver at her future endeavor she reaches down and hovers at his cocks side, uncertain how best to approach it. Finally, Wiley lowers his hand and draws her fingers to his girth. Curling her fingers around him he lets out a growl of agony. "Fuck that hurts. You have to get busy Maria. The more he stands there the more he throbs."  
  
"I...can feel the throbbing." She looks haunted.  
  
"It's the pain. Stroke him like I was doing."  
  
"Like this?" She moves up and down on his cock slowly.  
  
"Faster. Grip it tighter to show him you mean business. Use both hands if you need to."  
  
"I will need to change positions if I am to use two hands."  
  
"Crawl up on your knees facing toward your job there." She moves quickly and leans over his lap to return to her mission. In her current stance her ass was in the air, her skirt already short revealed her tight little heart shaped booty. Careful not to let her notice he pinched the skirt and lifted it for a succulent view of her clam and tight butt pucker. Whistling silently, the Coyote howled.  
  
"Am I doing it right?" She asked leering back at him. Again his eyes were white. "Am I hurting you more? I cannot see your eyes."  
  
"Don't stop. If you let him think he's winning I'm going to start screaming. I'm just trying to fight off the torture he's causing."  
  
She takes more interest in her mission. Doing her best, she increased her speed and rhythm in hopes that she was doing him service. Finding it fun she took time to admire his crown, eyes flaring at how purple it was. Further inspection she realized his balls were bulbous and tight. Watching his scrotum dance about under her hand motions made her grin sheepishly. She was liking men, her Mother's distaste for letting her see the world for what it was hurt her feelings. Hearing Wiley groan she wasn't certain if she was doing him justice. Still, he did tell her not to stop so she refused. Until he told her not to she intended to bring out that nasty white stuff he said hurt him so much.  
  
In his delirium of lust Wiley Barnett found himself unable to not touch her. His left hand slipping under her skirt to palm her spine made her jump and hesitate briefly. Knowing that he fucked up he quickly removed his hand and pulled her skirt as low as it could go. "Sorry Maria. I didn't mean to do that. I meant to rub your back because you're slumped over. It can't be good on your posture. Only...on top of the dress."  
  
She trembled heavily having been touched in places only her female masseuse had been allowed to back in Colombia. Beet red she resumed her stroking, trying to overlook his hand which now rubbed the same spot but only outside her yellow skirt. She realized then that he could visually see her private parts, eyes flaring at the thought she felt caught between a rock and a harder place. "Wiley?"  
  
"Yes Baby Sister?"  
  
"May I sit up and finish? I...do not feel comfortable that you may look up my skirt."  
  
"Trying not to. See I have my eyes covered." She looks back to find his right forearm over his eyes. "That's why I accidently went up your skirt, because I was rubbing blind. Not saying I didn't see your cute lil' ass but it wasn't intentional."  
  
"You think my tushy is cute?" She blushes even harder trying not to laugh.  
  
"Don't make me blush too. I'm trying to be a gentleman here." He bluffed her.  
  
"Would a gentleman want this of me?" She pauses to stare at his cock.  
  
"OWWWWWWWWW!" He blurted, "DON'T STOP. IT'S ALREADY RESISTING YOU."  
  
Immediately, she returned to jerking him off, living with her predicament of he being able to see her bottom. He grew smug that she was falling for his every word. Naïve was her middle name. Sensing his body quivering at her grip she brightens her eyes and dares to look back at Wiley without warning. "You are looking."  
  
Chuckling he reached up with both hands and grabbed her hips tickling her. She lost her grip briefly at his unexpected attack. She hated being tickled but found herself laughing uncontrollably. "Shit! What am I doing?" He retraces his hands, "The agony! I try and make you loosen up but now I'm only suffering for it. Work it...please." He expressed pain and covered her butt again. "Don't hate me Sis."

"I...do not hate you. I do not like being tickled."  
  
"Couldn't resist. I'll keep my hands to myself."  
  
"Your eyes as well?"  
  
"Not promising that. Just relax Maria."  
  
"I am trying to."  
  
"You're getting close. I can feel the white stuff ready to shoot. Don't get too close it might blind you."  
  
"It is that bad?"  
  
"Not at all. It only hurts inside me, when it comes out and hits the air it becomes less potent. I know it sounds weird but the white stuff is good for you once it's out. Tasty even."  
  
"You taste it after you...?"  
  
"I do. Recall that non dairy cream I mentioned outside? The white stuff is that cream."  
  
"I do not think I want to try it." She expresses distaste.  
  
"You don't have to. I'm just telling you it's a delicacy. In some countries they can't get enough of it. It's like snails. Top dollar quality."  
  
"I do not like snails. I am vegan remember?"  
  
"Yep. That's it Baby Girl. You're there, lil faster and the agony will be over."  
  
"My hands are tired."  
  
"DON'T YOU DARE STOP NOW." He bellows making her cringe. Realizing his mistake he lays back and shuts up outside of his moans. She shook heavily but continued until he tensed up and before her eyes shot his load in a fit of serpentine shots of cum. Amazed by his powerful ejaculation she continued as more fountains out. Her knuckles covered in his cum she suddenly didn't know what to do. "PERFECTION! Thank you Sweetpea. I feel incredible now."  
  
"I am glad I could help ease your pain." She sits up holding her wet fingers out wondering what to do outside of wiping them on her dress, which she did not want to do. Eying her stress Wiley reached over and picked her up dragging her to straddle his lap. Feeling his wet cock rubbing up under her dress along her butt crack she whimpered.  
  
"That deserves a hug." He pulls her against his chest and hugged her tightly.  
  
"You are welcome." She sighs with her chin on his shoulder, hands fearing touching him for getting him wet. Releasing her he let her sit up on him but took her by her wrists. Leading her fingers to his mouth he licked and sucked his jizz off of them. She began breathing heavily at his attentiveness. Not only that but his dick was dangerously close to her tight little virgin cunt. Afraid to move she just sat there in shock.  
  
"Damn I taste good." He held her middle finger between his teeth his tongue flicking its tip. Eying her fear he releases her hand, "Shit! I'm scaring the holy hell out of you. I...didn't mean to do that Maria." He hesitates with a cringe before reaching over for the bowl of berries. In her shock she had not realized his fingers had slipped under her skirt and gathered trickles of cum from his balls just before picking up a strawberry. Rubbing his cum on it he guides it to her lips. "Forgive me?"  
  
She glared at the poised berry upon its temptatious arrival then devoured it with greed. Realizing a new taste her eyes brighten up. "See? Not as bad as you thought."  
  
"You...?"  
  
"Gave you a treat. Mad at me?"  
  
"No." She blushes, "It is quite good."  
  
"Want some more?"  
  
"We do not have any more."  
  
"Lift up a bit." He coaxes her to rise in her seat over his lap. Taking another selected berry he moves it under her skirt blindly and gathers more cum on it. Returning with even more white puddled up goodness he shows it to her. Her eyes trembling in their sockets she lets him bring it to her tongue, then her lips surrounding the fruit. "Suck on the berry." She does so and rolls her own eyes back at the taste. "Good stuff, huh?"  
  
"It was better than the first time."  
  
"There was more on it that time. Any time you want more of that you just come see ole' Wiley Coyote."  
  
"Do you...hurt often?"  
  
"Every fucking day. I gotta say Maria, you sitting on me like this feels nice."  
  
"I find it...awkward." She leers behind her at her ass feeling his dick rubbing along it beneath her skirt.  
  
"Of course. Hop off before I get too comfy."  
  
"You find my sitting on you comfy?"  
  
"Very much so. I'm sure you don't feel the same way, being new to a man, but we men love being close to a beautiful woman like this."  
  
"I am a girl."  
  
"You're eighteen ain'tcha?"  
  
"Yes. I...still feel like a girl."  
  
"You're not hopping off very fast there Baby Sister." He notices her reluctance to move. She lowers her gaze to his chest and plants her palms on his pecs.  
  
"It is comfy."  
  
"You just said it was awkward." He laughs.  
  
"Awkward, but comfy." She hides her eyes bashfully.  
  
"Well now! I don't want you to get the wrong impression of me Sis, so it might be better if you climb off of my lap before he starts hurting again."  
  
Before she could cooperate Matthew took a stroll into the family room with his hands in his pockets. "What are you two doing?"  
  
"Getting to know one another. Our new sister is cool as hell."  
  
"Getting a little too cozy there aren't you?" Matthew winces.  
  
"I will go to my room now. Thank you for showing me how to be helpful Wiley." She leans forward and gives him a peck on the cheek.  
  
"Awww! That was sweet of you. Oh, remember what I said about underwear."  
  
"That is not true." She smirks.  
  
"Tell her Matthew. Isn't it a medical fact that underwear of any kind is bad for the health. Clothes too."  
  
"Definitely, not good. Here, I'll prove it." Matthew takes his cell out of his pocket and looks up his fake medical report indicating how dangerous underwear is specifically to younger women. Showing her as she stands up and shuffles around the sectional to face Matthew she claims his cell to read up on the subject. Eyes bulging she pouts, "Why did my Mother not tell me of this? I will never wear panties or bra again."  
  
"Tight clothing is just as bad. Looser the better." Matthew squeezes her shoulder. "Even this cute dress here could be hazardous to your health."  
  
"I...do not wish to go naked."  
  
"Course not. Not that picturing that is bad." Matthew chuckles.  
  
"See Maria? Even Matty thinks you have a cute ass." Wiley jokes leering upward in his slouch.  
  
"You do?" She hands his cell back then fidgets.  
  
"Not trying to make you feel uneasy Kid." Matty scowls, "You are pretty perfect."  
  
"Thank you. I will go to my room now." She twists on her heel and scurries away leaving the men to share a devious smirk. Giving her time to reach her bedroom they switch on the television monitoring of her room. Within they watch Maria disrobe and feel her ass. She was still damp of Wiley's jizz and went so far as to sniff her fingertips.  
  
"Ohhhh, yeahhh! Maria's hooked."  
  
"Too early to tell. Don't push things. Let the other boys have their moments to sort out her thoughts. I will say this...the kid is beyond naïve."  
  
"Better for us."  
  
"True."  
  
Lifting his bowl of strawberries Wiley shared the wealth.  
  
"Berry?"  
  
"Fuck you, you sick bastard."  
  
"Worked on Shortcake."  
  
Matthew rolled his eyes and left Wiley to his fruit. He would return to the office to watch Maria take a bubble bath. Matty even found it in himself to jerk off at his desk. Highbone could clean up his mess.  
  
Sick bastard's ran in the family.

**Baby Sister Ch. 04: Touchy Feely**

**Day three...**  
  
Maria Blanco awoke to the sounds of rifle shots in the distance. Spooked for a brief moment she concluded that it was Jacob Barnett out hunting. Easing from beneath her warm blankets she stood up and realized that she was still nude from her bath the night before. Swearing off underwear she fidgeted over what exactly to wear. Outside of her normal dresses she had nothing. Her Mother had kept her feminine denying her any pants, nor even shorts. Dresses were all that she had ever known. Strangely most of them were tight fitting, worried over what Matthew and Wiley had told her about snug clothing she pouts. "I have nothing to wear."  
  
Examining her closet more closely she discovers a dress that she had forgotten. While beautiful its material just felt too free on her. Silk was just too soft and relaxing, almost as if wearing nothing at all. Trying it on she turned from side to side in her closet mirror, checking out just how loosely it lay upon her flesh. "It does feel...comfy. My nipples can easily be seen though. I cannot hide them." Indeed they were lively beneath the thin pink fabric. Convinced that this dress was her best choice she set about brushing her hair, then her teeth. One last visual in her mirror she whimpered. "I hope my new brothers approve of my choice. They must take me shopping for more dresses such as this." Sulking a moment longer she leaves her room and heads downstairs barefoot. She truly hated wearing shoes in the house. Again, blame her Mother for her bad habits.  
  
Bubbly she takes each step down with a childlike skip, looking around for privacy she went so far as to climb up and straddle the bannister rail riding it down to ground level. The rail rubbing across her clit gave her a wicked sensation that she was unaware of. Chills attack her persona as she crawls from the rail to stand holding her chest, yet eying her lower body in wonderment. "That was...most curious." She smiled, "I will have to try that again." Three more times amused her, racing back up to the top and making the ride again and again. Each time the sensitivity made her eyes flare wide. "This is fun." On her fourth ride down she hears a throat being cleared behind her. Careless in her enjoyment she froze mid stride, her bare ass peeking out under her short skirt, in her lurch to hug the rail forward her butt pucker was very visible. Certainly not very ladylike. Even the rail was damp.  
  
"Having a good time?"  
  
"Good morning Owen." She blushed, "I have always wanted to ride down a rail."  
  
"I see you took the advisement of Wiley and Matthew, no panties."  
  
"You are too nosey." Hopping down she giggled trying to hide behind her skirt, tugging it down as she faced him.  
  
"Kinda hard to miss Maria. Don't blame me for your actions."  
  
"You are right. I was very careless."  
  
"I'm not scolding you. This is your home now. Besides I think all of us have ridden that bannister at some point. You just keep doing what makes you happy."  
  
"I will. It was...delightful." He could only imagine her thrill. Easy enough.  
  
"You hungry? I can have Highbone whip you up some vegan eggs. Maybe even some strawberry pancakes."  
  
"I have had enough strawberries." She grins sheepishly, "What day is this?"  
  
"Tuesday."  
  
"This is the day Mother and I are visited by our masseuse. I miss Analita."  
  
"My offer is still open if you want that massage."  
  
Considering it she reflects back to Wiley pawing her up a bit. While it felt nice the touch of a man was still unnerving. Not horrible, just new to her. Changing the subject for a moment she redirects his eyes to her dress. "I do not have any loose dresses. I need to go shopping."  
  
"Wiley mentioned that. Tyson volunteered to take you out."  
  
"Out? I do not have to have my dresses delivered?" She brightens up. "Mother knew my size and always ordered my outfits."  
  
"We can do both. I say get out into the world a little while you can. If you're worried your Mom might object we just won't tell her about it."  
  
"She only told me to go shopping. I presumed it to be online."  
  
"Well, we can only do so much there. Daddy prohibits using the internet outside of business." That was of course bullshit, "I guess buying you dresses is business if we're purchasing. Go over to my Dad's office and tell Matty to look up some wardrobe choices for you. We can order you a couple dozen dresses and Tyson can still take you out for more."  
  
"Two dozen dresses?" She grew excitable, hopping in step, her breasts dancing about under her loose cleavage. "You make me very happy Brother."  
  
"Glad I could put a smile on your face. Only thing better is if you put a smile on mine." He winks, his flirtations going over her head. She merely shrugged off her lack of communication skills. Owen envisioned her sitting on his face quite vividly.  
  
"You are already smiling. I have succeeded." She giggles swaying with her wrists held behind her back. "Owen?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"After I shop online...I will let you massage me." She fidgets in step adding, "Do not tickle me."  
  
"I can't promise that, I don't know your ticklish spots."  
  
"Everywhere." She whispers shyly.  
  
"Meet me in an hour at the gym. You can find it right? Big house and all."  
  
"Yes. I will be there."  
  
"Me too. I'm gonna go workout so I'll be there until you arrive."  
  
"I go to find Matthew." She bounces from the bottom stair step and wiggles away. Owen Barnett found his sweats riding tall. He knew she had seen his erection brewing. She had just chose to not acknowledge it. Probably due to Wiley fucking with her mind to get a hand job. He would play things cool for now and see where her head was during the massage. Groaning at his erection he told himself to save it for later. Maybe he could coax her into healing his own painful member. One workout before another.  
  
Locating Oscar's office Maria found Matthew on his Bluetooth discussing a case with his FBI consultants. Boots propped up on the desk she notes the silver plated tips of the toes to be curious if not gaudy. So shiny. Spotting her hugging the doorway with a bashful expression he pauses her with a finger to tell her to wait as he finishes up his call. Motioning her in he drops his boots to the floor and pats the desk for her to take a seat. With leather chairs present she wondered why he wanted her on the desk. Shrugging she just walked to his side of the desk and hopped up to face him. His eyes instantly wound up examining her soft legs. Her hand holding her skirt between her thighs prevented him getting a look at her best features. She couldn't stop trembling. Matthew of all the brothers made her uneasy, possibly because he seemed strict and not as friendly as the others were.  
  
Finishing his call he removed his Bluetooth and sat it aside on the desk. Standing up to stretch vividly before her eyes he made an unexpected move. Leaning into her with one hand on the desk to each side of her hips, he inhaled her hair. She froze at his nearness but did not try and retreat, merely flare her eyes shyly at his boldness.  
  
"Someone smells nice. Mango bath beads?"  
  
"Yes. I love the scent." She trembles as his cheek brushes against hers, his nose trailing her soft shoulder a breath away from contact.  
  
"So do I. Are you like your Mother?"  
  
"How do you mean?"  
  
"Esperanza loves it when Dad nuzzles her neck to smell perfume. I don't know what your Mother has told you but it's a woman's job to smell that good and an honor to have a man breath you in."  
  
"She has never told me that. I know very little about what men are like. She has always kept me away from them."  
  
"I can see why. You're too beautiful to be put out into the world without learning what it's all about. You don't need to be frightened by what I just did. That's the one thing you should work on around men. If you notice your Mom does her best to get men to admire her, not just for her own beauty but for the sake of a man's ego."  
  
"I...do not understand this that you say."  
  
"You're a grown woman Maria. It's time that you act like one. What I just did in smelling you? You should want men to capture that scent so that you're always on their mind. It's a woman's job to keep a man's attention."  
  
"It is?"  
  
"One thing at a time." He winks at her then leans in a second time to trail his nostrils from her shoulder to her earlobe. She giggled at his warm exhales but found herself edgy all the same. "Did you sense a man's adoration in what I just did?"  
  
"Your admiration? I...don't know. It tickled." Closing her eyelids at his continued attention she sighs, "Yes. I believe you must adore me."  
  
"There's so much your Mother hasn't spoken of, isn't there? You're curious about everything I know that. It's my job to know a person. You want to know everything about a man. That whole thing with Wiley got you really thinking. Am I wrong?"  
  
"No. I am glad I could help ease his pain."  
  
"You liked touching Wiley's dick didn't you?"  
  
"It...was fun. It is called a dick?" She puzzled over the term, not once in her life had her Mother talked of male anatomy in front of her.  
  
"Yep. Thanks for helping Wiley out by the way. He's in pain a lot." Matthew smirked. "Hell, we all have pains."  
  
"He did say that. Do...you hurt Matthew?"  
  
"Now and again. Not as bad as Wiley does."  
  
"I will help you if you are ever in pain. Just ask." She wanted him to like her.  
  
"I'll keep that in mind. I notice you took our advice and stayed away from underwear."  
  
"Yes. I do not want to ever get sick. No more underwear ever." She lifts her chin with pride.  
  
"Good for you. This dress is almost too tight." Only in its clingy state being silk, but if he said so it must be.  
  
"It is all that I have. Owen told me you would help me shop for dresses online. Can we?"  
  
"Dad's not here so sure. This kind of thing is necessary. On one condition though." He winces playfully.  
  
"What condition?"  
  
"That you get used to men inhaling you like I did and enjoy it."  
  
"It tickles, but I will try."  
  
Moving away from her he takes his seat and pats his lap, "Take a seat Beautiful."  
  
"In your lap?"  
  
"Best seat in the room. Right in front of the computer."  
  
"Okay." She climbs from the desk and sits down in his lap carefully finding it impossible to conceal her entire bottom with her skirt as short as it was, finally Matthew took it upon himself to just tug the skirt up so that her entire butt rested proudly on his lap. She shivered at the contact of her thighs on his, noting it to be as she had sat over Wiley yesterday. She failed to realize he was looking down behind her at her crack laying directly aligned with his boastful hard on. A silent whistle made his day.  
  
Reaching around her he clicks a mouse and goes into Google Search for dresses. She watches him open sites even as he planted his chin on her shoulder. Trembling heavily she feels her nipples rise up, uncertain exactly why under the stress, yet it did arouse her curiosity. "I like that dress." She points out a bright red dress with a very short skirt and a V-neck between the models cleavage.  
  
"That one is cute. Seeing as I know your sizes, it's my job after all." He chuckles, "I'll order it. How about the black one just like it?"  
  
"Yes please."  
  
"You know I'll be honest here, even these look too tight. The silk you're wearing now is perfect, but maybe it needs to breath more. I say camisole style dresses like this." He pinches her thin strap on her right shoulder and drags it to her bicep. She ponders as to why he did it but says nothing, innocent eyes trying to adapt. "Straps are the worst. I know they can't be helped but these shoulders of yours are just too delicious to hide."  
  
"I like shoulder less dresses."  
  
Nodding his approval his left hand delicately drags the second strap from her other shoulder. Feeling it slip away she shivered and looked him straight in the eye. With nothing holding her dress up the silk slipped low over her chest and she caught it just before her tits fell out. Planting his hands on both of her shoulders to lightly squeeze them he directs her to a page he had opened, "I love the rainbow cami."  
  
"As do I. May I buy it?"  
  
"Click on it." She smiled at being allowed to assume control over the mouse, perhaps only to free up his hands. One of her palms still on her cleavage to keep the dress from falling completely she sat there blushing. Matthew took it upon himself to inhale her neckline again, her head tilting to embrace his exhales. "See? It feels nice doesn't it?"  
  
"It still tickles." She giggles, "But, yes."  
  
"I'm gonna challenge you."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I want you to get all of my brothers to inhale you like I'm doing. You should get used to a man paying attention to detail."  
  
"They would want to do as you do?"  
  
"Only one way to find out. You like the leopard camisole?"  
  
"Yes. I will click on it."  
  
"That's my girl. Little sister should be spoiled."  
  
"I like being spoiled."  
  
"You spoil us we'll spoil you. Only fair right?"  
  
"Yes. How would I spoil you?"  
  
"In my case I want to teach you how to be a real woman. Show you what a man thinks you should be."  
  
"What do you think I should be?" She grew nervously intrigued, uncertain what to expect from Matthew, she was still wary of him even though he was being nice to her compared to the last few times. "I...Mother never really told me what to be like around men. All that she really ever spoke of was to respect them."  
  
"Respect is absolute. Disrespect is only going to make problems for you. Trust me on that. If a man tells you to do something, it should be done without any argument, or hesitation."  
  
"Even if I...don't want to do it?"  
  
"We all do things we don't want to do Maria. A man is the leader in relationships. Do you honestly believe your Mother would tell my Dad no to anything?"  
  
"I know she wouldn't. She likes money." She snorts then blushes, "Sorry."  
  
"You spoke the truth. I knew that the second I saw her."  
  
"You know a lot about people."  
  
"99.9 percent accuracy rate. If I didn't I wouldn't be a Profiler. I can literally tell you everything about you, even if you haven't discovered it about yourself as of yet."  
  
"Really? Tell me something about myself." She turns slightly in his lap but notices his erection beneath her and fears moving in case she might hurt him. With Wiley clouding her thoughts on a man's painful erections she dreaded hurting Matthew.  
  
"You like helping people."  
  
"I do. I like making people happy."  
  
"You made my brother very happy I know that."  
  
"It...felt wrong, but I know he wasn't trying to hurt me."  
  
"Of course he wasn't. It wasn't wrong what you did to him Maria. Helping someone is never a bad thing. Just like my helping you shop for dresses. I would do anything for you Maria. You may not be blood relations but your Mother married our Dad, so now you're family. Family always helps family." She smiles brightly and nods without a word, he found her gaze unavoidable. "I have a question for you."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Do you believe your Mother would have left you alone with only men if we were so bad?"  
  
"No. She...must trust you, so I will trust you."  
  
"Thank you for seeing that. Esperanza might not have mentioned this to you, because you were drunk the other night. When she and Dad discussed leaving you with us it was under certain conditions."  
  
"Conditions?" She innocently awaited his continuation.  
  
"Yes, conditions. Our Father made it clear that you were not to be treated like a child any longer. Esperanza is coping with the fact that you're not a baby these days. She knows you need to grow up but, worries that when you go off into the world in a year or so that men will hurt you. She asked us not to tell you this, but it's not fair to lie to you about it...not really lie, more deceive you...hide it...but she wants the five of us to coach you on how to be a woman in every way."  
  
"Every...way?" She bulges her eyes then swallows dryly, "I did promise her I would be a changed woman when she got back from Fiji."  
  
"Perfect. So, you're ready to learn. Be a sponge."  
  
"I like learning new things."  
  
"That's a great quality to have Maria." He averts his gaze, "Ohh, now I love this dress, the variant shades of blue and black."  
  
"It has straps. Very long straps. My...boobies might fall out."  
  
"Cleavage is extra low isn't it? At least it's not constrictive. The more freedom you feel the better. I say order one of every color in that dress."  
  
"The back goes down to my..." She leers over her shoulder down toward her butt shyly, just as Matthew places both of his hands on her legs and gently rubs them from knee to upper thigh. His hands were massive and felt warm to the touch.  
  
"Yeah the back does go down to your cute little crack."  
  
"My...crack is cute?" She flared her eyes with a bit of embarrassment.  
  
"Do you want me to lie or always be honest?"  
  
"Honest."  
  
"Every inch of you is beautiful Maria. Hiding beauty from a man is a no no. My advice? Do your best not to hide what you possess. These new dresses are a good start. Learn that the human body should want to be enjoyed. You're trembling." He noticed and paused his hands from rubbing her legs. "While I know the answer I'm going to ask you this...does my touch bother you?"  
  
"I...am not used to being touched so much. Mother would cuddle with me but that is different."  
  
"Of course. A mother's touch is natural. A man's touch is foreign. I'll ask again does my touch bother you?"  
  
"It...feels nice. I will get used to it. I must if I am to be a changed woman before Mother returns."  
  
"That's the spirit Maria. I'm not going to touch any more. All I wanted was for you to realize that a man's touch is not so bad." He lifts his hands away from her legs, the abandonment forcing her eyes to search for them. "What's wrong?"  
  
"I...miss them." She smiles delicately.  
  
"See? I knew you liked my touch. I just wanted you to admit it for yourself."  
  
"You may rub my legs some more."  
  
"I'll let my brother Owen do that. Massage right?"  
  
"Yes. I nearly forgot. Has it been an hour since I got here?"  
  
"Not quite. He can wait awhile. Here I'll text him that you will leave here in ten minutes." She observes him use his cell with rapid fingers. Laying back against his chest to allow him room she watches him text Owen. His chin caressing her long raven locks made Maria nibble her lower lip. "Damn you smell so good it's unreal."  
  
"I am happy that you approve." She releases her hand over her held up cleavage, the dress barely holding up to the curvature of her tits, 80 percent of her breasts were in full view. He had to pause mid sentence to look down at her chest.  
  
"Trying to distract me?" He chuckled taking time to move his left hand in to tickle her ribs. Using his cell to keep her eyes entranced during his unexpected move she wiggled in his lap, almost gyrating without even understanding the actions behind it. Her pussy was riding his tent's length taking her by surprise, the sensation of rubbing like that upon her bannister ride. Reacting further to his tickling, her dress exposed her left tit completely. Matthew seeing her perky nipple found his erection growing tighter beneath her. She too sensed it. Stopping his assault upon her ribs he used his free hand to hug her closer to him. Kissing her cheek he sighed. "I'm going to like having you here with us Beautiful."  
  
"I will like living here I think. At first I was uncertain. Mostly because of..."  
  
"Men. I get it. We're not so bad now are we?"  
  
"No. My...boobie fell out." She shyly pulls her dress up only to have Matthew scowl. Seeing his reaction she whimpered faintly and let go of her dress so that it revealed her tit again. "You are disappointed in me."  
  
"Not really disappointed Maria. You learned from your mistake just now. Didn't you?"  
  
"I think so."  
  
"Explain yourself." He finished his text to Owen as she panted slightly at his hand back upon her leg.

"A woman should respect a man's admiration of her beauty." She tried to describe herself, using his own words as inspiration. "Hiding is bad."  
  
"Very good. Never hide beauty."  
  
"I was going to say that too."  
  
"You know...you really have sexy nipples." He gently touches an index finger lightly lifting her exposed nipple. Her mind raced instantly, and she tilted her gaze to explore his expression even as he touched her.  
  
"Sexy? What is sexy?"  
  
"Your Mother really did a number on you didn't you?"  
  
"I know what beautiful means. Is sexy the same thing?"  
  
"Close enough. Sexy goes to a more intimate level. Beauty is the allure a woman has in getting a man to look at her. Sexy is an allure that makes a man want her."  
  
"Do you want me?"  
  
"You're my baby sister. I'm here to teach you, we all are. Wanting you shouldn't be...in our teaching. Not...yet."  
  
"Yet, you think my booby is sexy."  
  
"Very much so. Let's cover this up for now." He lifts her dress over her breast making her confused.  
  
"Let's shop." He winked and hugged her tightly. Once released she leaned forward on her forearms upon the desk and used the mouse to click on every dress she found to her liking. Her forward state led Matthew to sit back in his leather seat and enjoy her heart shaped ass, his tented erection right between that succulent crack. Gritting his teeth he knew one thing...he wanted to fuck this little bitch bad. Now was not the time. "Stay on course." He told himself. "Trust is everything." Another five minutes passes by as he lets her keep scrolling then he gently bunches her hair up in both of his hands pulling her upright.  
  
"I'll finish the order. I'll buy a couple that I like too. You go get your massage."  
  
"Okay." She enjoys him petting her hair. "Matthew?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Thank you for being nice to me."  
  
He was taken back by her sudden admission, he knew his personality came off tough and unrelenting some days. "Once I know you better I'll soften up. We've been raised to be tough is all. If you need anything just come find me. I don't care where I am."  
  
"I will." She sits up as he scoots his chair back then stands, turning to face Matthew between his legs. Looking down at his erection she pouts. "He must hurt very badly."  
  
"You sitting on him kept the pain in. There's ways to help further but we're not going to discuss that now. Another time okay?"  
  
"I want to learn everything I can." She nodded dramatically then pointed at his dick, "You be nice to Matthew." A fast peck on the cheek Maria Blanco turned away skipping off. Her bare bottom popping in and out of view under a less than cooperative silk dress, held up by only a single strap in her retreat.  
  
"She actually spoke to my dick. Her naivety is over the top. Fuck I've got to take care of this." He stands quickly and unbuckles his pants and zips down until he could let his monster free. For the next five minutes Matthew Barnett hammered his cock until he nutted all over his Father's desk. It was a good thing he had wet wipes handy.  
  
Passing by the staircase Maria paused to consider another cruise down the railing, recalling how wonderful the friction felt between her thighs. Sitting with Matthew and learning new things about herself she was feeling different. She enjoyed his touch more than she predicted. Now, the idea of Owen massaging her only capped off her instinct. She wanted to be touched. Matthew was so very right.  
  
Ignoring the bannister she continued her shuffle through the mansion, finding their butler Highbone polishing a vase in a library. Sneaking up behind the old man she caught him off guard by hugging his waist from behind. Shocked he dropped his polishing cloth, thankfully not the vase itself.  
  
"Oh! Good morning Young Miss. Did you sleep well?"  
  
"Yes. I changed my mind. I will like it here."  
  
"That is good news. Would you like some breakfast?"  
  
"After my massage."  
  
"Massage you say? I was not informed of any arrivals."  
  
"Owen volunteered to give me one. I...am not used to a Man massaging me."  
  
"I see. Master Owen is a good man. I am certain he will take great pride in you Young Miss."  
  
"I hope so. Did you know a beautiful woman must make a man notice her?"  
  
He poises an eye brow at her strange choice in words, "That has always been the way of the world. Yes, a woman's beauty cannot be overlooked."  
  
"I am learning a lot from my new Brothers."  
  
"Of...course you are." He winced briefly, troubled a bit by her giddy reaction. Shrugging it off he returns to his polishing. "There are fresh bananas on the kitchen island to tide you over."  
  
"I love bananas. Thank you for being my friend." Another swift hug Maria continued to the indoor gymnasium. Nigel Highbone fidgeted at her exuberance, he was not accustomed to physical contact, having raised only boys in his tenure, their Mother's never around long. Even he would adjust.  
  
Reaching the gym she didn't find Owen working out as she expected, exploring she had to touch everything in sight, a basketball on the floor she attempts to shoot a basket but falls halfway short of even touching the net. Pouting at her zero athletic prowess she heard water running and shuffled to find the source. Entering a side room she heard humming, immediately she knew it was Owen. Turning a corner she found her man. All 6'3, 280 pounds of muscle. His back turned to her as he showered she hid shyly behind the doors threshold and just admired his statuesque form. This was the second brother she had seen nude in two days, first Wiley, now Owen. What shocked her was the fact that she could see his dick dangling down between his stance, his legs far enough apart to share in its glory. Mesmerized by seeing him like this she couldn't even blink. She decided to stay quiet and watch him.  
  
Three long minutes before Owen Barnett turned his back to the hot water while soaping up his body. Now facing Maria she could see his really long dick. Dropping her jaw she eases further behind the doorway to hide. She was not certain if he would be cross with her for spying on him. Soaping up his genitals took both hands, lifting and stroking it softly, bending slightly at the knee to taunt his huge scrotum. She began shaking like a leaf but just could not turn away. Owen was not hard even, therefore he must not be in pain. Unknown to Maria, he took care of his earlier stimulation while she was with Matthew. He wanted to wait but found it impossible, thus the need for a shower to clean up his mess.  
  
Knowing she would be arriving at any time Owen hoped she would walk in and catch him, that way he could see her reaction. Casually, monitoring the doorway he feigned ignorance, knowing she was watching. Finally, he chose to let her in on knowing she was close.  
  
"You can stop hiding I know you're there." He turned halfway to shower off his soapy form. She didn't immediately reveal herself still trembling at taking him all in.  
  
"I will wait outside." She finally found the courage.  
  
"Why? You've already seen everything. Go grab my towel over there." He points to a hook on the wall next to the door. Easing in shyly she plucks the towel from the hook and watches him finish his shower. Shutting the water off he shakes his body of droplets like a dog chuckling. "Man! That hot water felt awesome after a workout." In his shaking his cock flopped about for her amusement. "Bring me the towel."  
  
Shuffling toward him she hid her eyes with her hand until he took the towel from him. Before she could step back Owen grabbed her wrist and lowered her hand. His towel over his shoulder his free hand now lifted her chin up to meet eyes. She almost wheezed within his grasp. "I'm not mad at you for spying on me. You've seen my brother so I'm nothing new."  
  
"You...are much bigger...there." She points at his dangling monstrosity.  
  
"Should you be looking at my dick Baby Sister?"  
  
"Matthew told me that I should respect a man by admiring him."  
  
"That is true."  
  
"Should I not...admire you?"  
  
"Admire all you want. I'm not covering it up because of you, ya little snoop." He tweaks her nose making her face wrinkle up giggling. "Help me dry off." He hands the towel back to her and encourages her to dab his back and ass. Leering over his shoulder at her he notes her eyes flaring at drying him off. Lowering to a crouch he allows her to dry his shoulders without stretching to reach him. Giggling she dries his scalp ferociously making him chuckle at her zestful attitude. "Hey now!" He finds her playfulness even more open that expected. In a rush move Maria hugs him from behind before he can stand up, her dress becoming wet at his build up of droplets left undried. Grabbing her arms around his neck he launches them upward to a fully erect stature. She squeals being drug from her feet to dangle over his back, her legs moving to wrap about his waist. "Piggy back to the massaging table?"  
  
"Yes." She sighs, "Do not drop me."  
  
"Never. Of course, my feet are still wet so let's hope I don't slip or we both drop."  
  
"My dress is all wet." She feels the silk become a second skin.  
  
"Who's fault is that? My attackers." He laughed as she placed her chin in his neckline.  
  
"I felt like being mischievous."  
  
"You just keep doing that Maria. It shows a man that you like spending time with him."  
  
"I do like spending time with you. You...are my favorite new brother."  
  
"Aww! That's sweet of you to say." He pats her cheek as he carries her out of the shower room and toward the massaging table along the furthest gym wall. Reaching it he turns his back to the table and bends at the knee until she sat down on the tabletop. Legs unwrapped she kisses his cheek before letting her arms also go. Taking the towel from her he dries off his cock and balls then his chest as she watches intently. Winking at her he adds, "It's nice to have a sweetie around the house. I absolutely love you Maria."  
  
"I will love you too Owen." She peps up with a bright smile.  
  
"Even if I'm naked?" He steps back with his arms to his side showing her his full frontal.  
  
"Yes. I...do not mind."  
  
"Good. You need to feel the same then. Take that dress off."  
  
"What?" She bulges her eyes trying to hide a grin.  
  
"Come on you're soaked. Take it off."  
  
"Okay." She takes a deep breath then reaches to her hips and rolls the silk dress up to her neck then off to rest it on the table. Instantly, her hands move into a masking mode of her lady parts.  
  
"Ah, ah, ah! None of that. A man should get a good view of all of you. Every inch."  
  
"He should? You should?" She fidgets but doesn't argue. She recalled being told a woman should never argue with a man. Hands to her sides nervously, she explores his inquisitive eyes. Noting his gaze moving between her legs she whimpers. "Is something wrong?"  
  
"You look really tense. Probably because I'm a man seeing you nude for the first time...right?"  
  
"Yes. I am very tense. Owen? I am scared." She admits with a shy cringe.  
  
"Here! I'll wrap my towel over my dick so it doesn't intimidate you. Even though I told you I wasn't covering up."  
  
"NO!" She excites with a stressful glint in her expression. "A woman should respect the man. If you wish to remain uncovered then you must."  
  
"Glad you said that because I don't want to wear this flimsy towel." He tosses it away and leans forward on the table with both hands to each side of her. Eye to eye she snivels slightly, his breath on her cheek. Shrinking under pressure she blushes heavily. Her knees were right up against his abdomen in his slumped over state.  
  
"You may smell my neck." She realizes another of Matthew's advisory moments. Unlike Matthew however Owen puckers his lips at her offer then leans closer to literally touch his nose to her shoulder and savor in her flesh. She moans slightly, not quite understanding her enjoyment of his breath upon her. His lips barely touching her skin arches her back as she tilts her head left to give him room to inhale, almost taste her.  
  
"God, you smell so fucking good." He mumbles.  
  
"You like?" She trembles.  
  
"Too much. I could almost taste you."  
  
"You would...taste me?" She found it strange that he might say that.  
  
"I better not. Much as I'd love to. You're family and I'll respect that." He looked pitifully sad.  
  
"Nooooooo! You are disappointed in me. Taste my neck." She pouts heavily.  
  
"Maria...are you sure?"  
  
"You must."  
  
"Alright." He opens his mouth as his face gravitates toward her neckline and compresses his lips against her, his tongue lightly teasing her soft golden flesh. She dropped her jaw at his gentle flicking near her earlobe, so warm, it tickled. Normally, she hated being tickled. Not this time. Closing her eyes at how lovely it felt Maria softly sighed. "Enough of this." He pulled away from her leaving her speechless. "I shouldn't be doing that to you."  
  
"You...shouldn't? I am very confused." She almost felt like shedding a tear, "But, Matthew said..."  
  
"What men like yes...and I loved doing that to you...but we're family, even if we're not blood. I...mean...I can give you a certain amount of education but I...damn, this is tougher than I thought."  
  
"I want to know what men expect of me Owen." She tugged at his heartstrings so innocently. His dangling dick was no longer hanging. Even she noticed it because it was rising across her shin. "Did I...make you hurt?"  
  
"I'll live with the pain. Let's get this massage going so I can take my mind off of it." As if that would help but she didn't realize that. Easing away from her he moved to a small kitchenette with a microwave and small fridge. On the counter top were vials of massaging oil. Watching Owen open different ones to find one that smelled nice in his mind he decided to let her choose one of two. Stepping over to her he waved both opened bottles beneath her nose. One was minty like her first taste of Wiley's white stuff, the other more of lilacs in the springtime. "Either of these work for you?"  
  
"This one smells like...the bad stuff that tastes good."  
  
"The what?"  
  
"Wiley's white stuff. He fed me some on my strawberries."  
  
"No shit? Damn! You...liked the bad stuff?"  
  
"It was pleasant. How does something that hurts a man so badly, taste so good?"  
  
"That's what Doctors across the world are asking themselves. Good things taste bad, bad things taste good. No one understands it. So...the minty oil?"  
  
"No. The flowered one. I want to smell like flowers. You will smell my neck again after?"  
  
"If you want. The oil is going all over you though. I might inhale all of you." He chuckled.  
  
"Something a man would do?"  
  
"Oh, yes. I suppose giving you a good idea what men want isn't a horrible idea. I just don't want you to be...upset with me for doing it."  
  
"It would be disrespectful if I acted upset. Would it not?"  
  
"Yeah, it can be pretty offensive to a guy to be told not to."  
  
"I will not tell you no."  
  
"Let's cross that bridge when we get to it. Lay on your stomach. Let me nuke this oil and I'll relax you." Rolling over on her belly she stretches out and lays there watching him warm the oil, it's flavor stimulating the air. Shivering dramatically, she tried to control her nerves, eyes marveling his huge cock rising before her. Owen's dick was thicker than her forearm and almost as long from wrist to elbow, she guessed looking between the two features. His crown nearly her fist doubled up. "Comfy?"  
  
"Nervous." She shared innocent eyes up at him.  
  
"We don't have to do this. You can get dressed and go to your room."  
  
"I do not want to go to my room. Please do not send me there. Mother made me spend lots of time in my room growing up."  
  
"Calm down. I need you to listen to me Maria. Once I put my hands in motion here I'm going to touch you everywhere. After I begin there is no asking me to stop. Understood? That would be very disrespectful. Last chance to get dressed and go."  
  
"Everywhere?" She panics in a shortness of breath.  
  
"Everywhere."  
  
"Even my..." She places a hand between her legs from underneath her belly hiding her pussy as if it were possible.  
  
"Even there. Maybe we should just get you a woman masseuse."  
  
"Noooo! I might pee."  
  
"Another use for that flimsy towel of mine." He chuckles, "Let's just forget this and I'll have Byerly dial up a lady masseuse."  
  
"NO!" She rolls to sit in front of him pleading with her hands for him to stay. "I disappoint you Owen. Please forgive me. I will...blush but let you do it."  
  
"You know I'm not doing it to hurt you Maria. A man never likes being told no. You want to be a woman...accept a man's touch."  
  
"Okay." She settles back down on her tummy and accepts her fate. Once oil pelts her from head to toe and his hands begin on her shoulders she relaxes and closes her eyes, pulling her long raven hair from her neckline for him. His hands were enormous over her shoulders, kneading at her neck with thick thumbs.  
  
"How am I doing? Too rough?"  
  
"No. It feels good."  
  
"You have really soft skin."  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"I'm going lower, just stay calm."  
  
"I will." His hands glide down her spine back and forth, fingers fanning her ribcage on both sides making her giggle then coo. Lifting her ass up instinctively beneath his pressuring hands Owen notes her pussy glistening. She was incredibly turned on but fighting it. The more she lifted the more he wanted to lick her ass. It was a fight for even him. He intended to push things just not go all the way and ruin their existing trust. Taking her would make her terrified of all the boys. Each of them needed private moments like this with her to control her emotions. If she grew more inquisitive he would honor her curiosity.  
  
"I'm going to scoot you closer to me and lean over for a better grip. Don't panic." He grips her by the ankles and drags her body as if it weighed nothing. Nothing to him anyways. By pulling her upper body lower he could stand over her with his dick poised up over her butt. Laying across her his behemoth lay directly on her butt crack. Each reach forward over her his dick slid along her crevice, his balls warmly mashing against her inner thighs.  
  
"Owen?" She lifted her head in shock of his intrusion. "Is this...normal?"  
  
"For a male masseuse yes. A man uses his entire body to massage a girl. It doesn't feel nice?"  
  
"I...yes. I'm just...shy."  
  
"I'm not stopping. I warned you."  
  
"I am not asking you to stop."  
  
"He has a mind of his own sometimes. He's hurting more and more. Before I'm done I might need to beat the white stuff out of him like Wiley did. You don't need to help me like you did him. I'll be okay for awhile though. Let's work this body of yours over good before I have no choice but to stop. Okay?"  
  
"I trust you Owen." She sighed even if he just rolled his eyes. She was just too cute.  
  
"I'm going to pull back. I want you to lift your hips and let him lay under you. If you hold him down the pain might subside a bit." He coaxes her hips upward and he slides his dick right directly under her thighs. Feeling it cross over her clit she discovers the same pleasure that the bannister rails friction caused her. Eyes flaring she moaned without trying. His hands moving from her spine to her butt cheeks he gripped and pried them wide, his thumbs trailing down in between them. Gently moving his thumbs repetitively over her butt pucker she let out a shrill gasp, "Owen."  
  
"I said everywhere. If I stop I never massage you ever again. Am I clear?"  
  
"Yes." She resists begging him to stop even though her pucker was being lightly violated by pressing inward. Breathing heavily she whimpered at his tender insertions, massaging in and around her butthole.  
  
"Feeling good? Don't lie." He smirks.  
  
"Y-y-yes."  
  
"Dad told me your Mother loves this."  
  
"He would talk about Mother this way?"  
  
"Men talk. Women listen. Learn from what I tell you Maria."  
  
"Yes Brother."  
  
Dragging back his cock he slides forward again right over her clit. She whimpers each time he does it. "Did I find a ticklish spot?"

"Yes." She pants wincing at her discomfort.  
  
"Let's roll you over now." He pulls away and whips her over on to her back like a rag doll. She yelps at his sudden relocation of her. Facing him now he pours oil on her chest and tummy then right over her cute pink pussy. She could not stop shaking. Moving her legs wide around his hips he placed his cock right over her pussy. Hovering over her he began rubbing her chest, oil glossing her breasts up. Feeling his palms squeezing her tits, his thumbs swirling her areolas she expresses an impossibly good feeling at his touch. "You like that don't you Maria?"  
  
"Very much."  
  
"Stay tough you're doing great."  
  
"For you I remain strong."  
  
Rubbing his dick over her labia made her eyes flare and her spine arch up, it felt entirely too good. Each time his crown slipped over her clit she moaned faintly. "You remember when you walked in on your Mom and my Dad thinking he was hurting her?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Did you get a good look like I did? I saw my Dad's..." He lifts his cock up and slaps her clit with it, "He put it inside her pussy. That's when a girl becomes a woman."  
  
"You are not going to..?" She looked horrified.  
  
"No! No way. I'm just telling you that's where the woman shows her respect to her man. Someday you'll have a man do that to you. Once you do you will want it all the time."  
  
"I will?"  
  
"Yep. Trust me this feeling is nothing as good as the total thing. That...ticklish spot...right here?" He pulls his dick back and reaches in to lightly rub her clit. She reacts with stunned excitement. "I know that makes you crazy."  
  
"Did Matthew tell you that? He knows everything."  
  
"He didn't have to Maria. A man knows." He rubs her clit a few more times feeling how wet she was getting. "I love it when your button nose flares when I touch this ticklish spot. I guess I should stop doing that. I know you hate being tickled."  
  
"I...like that spot." She dares to stop his hand from moving away.  
  
"Want me to massage there a few more minutes?"  
  
"Yes...please." She feverishly nods biting her lower lip.  
  
"If I do, I stop rubbing when I want to...not when you want me to. Understood?"  
  
"Yes Owen."  
  
"Close your eyes." She obeys as he smirks, rubbing her clit brought out more moans, her body lifting up from her shoulder blades then down to shiver. Easing his dick under her butt crack now it lay there amid her rise and fall. Left fingers rubbing her clit, right hand teasing amid her labia. Maria Blanco could not get enough of this euphoric sensation. "Maria?" He whispered as her ears captured his breath.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Should I line up a female masseuse for next time? She won't do what I'm doing."  
  
"NOOOO!" Maria moaned, "You must do this to me. Only you."  
  
"Or, one of my brothers. We all like giving massages." He held his laughter in.  
  
"Yes. If they are as good as you. I will let them."  
  
"I guess you will have to let me know which of us is better at it."  
  
"I would like this every day."  
  
"I'm pretty sure someone would find time for this. As far as me? I don't mind but going forward you are going to have to trust our advice about you learning to be a woman. If you can promise me you will listen to all of us I'll go out of my way to make you a better person. Someone your Mother will be proud of. Definitely the man you someday marry."  
  
"I will do my best. I promise."  
  
"It will require you to do things you might not like."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Too late. You promised." He chuckled increasing his friction over her clit. Her reaction was priceless, her mouth wide and huffing at his vigorous fingers.  
  
"I will...try to like it. I swear."  
  
"You've never really touched yourself have you?"  
  
"Like you are doing? Not like this no."  
  
"I know a few things that can make this feel even better."  
  
"Is that possible?"  
  
"Trust me?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
He removes his hands and stands there with his dick under her ass. Watching him impatiently she trembles at his gaze. For a moment he just wanted to look her body over, it was so perfect in every way. Even her pussy was waxed just prior to coming to America. Slick as a whistle and without a mark. "Sorry. I just had to calm my thoughts. My pain is getting intense." She wiggles her bottom over his dick.  
  
"Did that help?"  
  
"Do that a few more times. Show him you mean business." She giggles and smothers his cock between her crack clenching her cheeks playfully. "You behave." She pointed at his dick enforcing her authority, as much as she could see between her thighs.  
  
"That's telling him Beautiful."  
  
"Good. He must listen to me. I bite."  
  
"Whoa! Slow it down Killer." He laughs. "It might take that to keep him at bay."  
  
"I do what I must to help."  
  
Thinking to himself just how stupidly naïve she was he knew that he and his brothers were going to have a very eventful month. A mere two days in and she was opening up fast. By months end Maria Blanco was going to be their sexy little play toy. After that month? Her Mom would resume her duties. The brothers would all take Esperanza down. Who knows? Maria right beside her.  
  
"Okay, here goes. Lay back, put your hands behind your head and close your eyes. You have to keep them closed. Promise?"  
  
"Yes." She eagerly obeys as Owen pulls his dick out from under her and grips her ankles. Bringing her legs up over her head he pries them wide. Burying his face into her pussy he began licking her clit. Mouth fanning wide at his tongue licking her she went into theatrics, her squeals of uncontained delight echoed throughout the entire home. In his office Matthew turned on the gym cameras and watched his brother eat out Maria. From the family room Wiley watched on the big screen. Shortly into their show even Jacob came home weary from hunting and stood behind Wiley.  
  
"Looks like she's coming along nicely." Jacob scowled.  
  
"I can't wait to fuck that little slut."  
  
"That's our new baby sister you're talking...yeah, me too." He leaned over and slapped Wiley's bare chest hard. Wiley winced at the sudden impact and called Jacob an asshole. "I need a shower. Enjoy your peep show Freak."  
  
Another round of knuckling both Wiley and Matthew shot their loads just watching Maria endure Owen's tongue. Both were to the point of wanting to venture to the gym and witness her up close but knew interfering with Owen would piss him off. They would get time alone with her again at some point. A day at a time.  
  
Rearing his wet face away from Maria's pussy, Owen resumed rubbing her clit, she had nearly lost her voice at his intimate hunger. She quaked knowing something remarkable was close. Her every nerve ending told her she needed to do something but she had no idea what that was. Her mind numb, her body twitching and tensing all the same. Aware of his tongue leaving her she whimpers dramatically, "Are you done?"  
  
"Do you want me to be done?" He whispered then nuzzled her clit with his nose. Weeping at her emotions out of synch she softly shrugs. Seeing his eyes look over her body as she lifts her head she concludes that a man would expect her to say no.  
  
"Noooo! I will wait until you are done."  
  
"That's what you should always say Maria. Let the man decide when he's done. I love the respect you're showing me. Keep that up."  
  
"Yes Owen, I will." He returns to eating her, wanting to finger fuck her but knew going too deep would take her virginity the easy way. He wanted that done right. Not today.  
  
"You taste so fucking good Maria." He lets up to expel his compliment. "Always...always taste this good, smell this delicious, a man deserves nothing but the best from you."  
  
"O-okay. I will do my best."  
  
"Do you want to feel really, really good?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Okay...I'm going back in until you have what is called an orgasm."  
  
"An...orgasm? What is...?????????" She squirms as he eats her harder than ever before. Her eyes couldn't stay in their sockets. Releasing her ankles her legs remained aloft yet swaying about. His hands freed up he reached over her body and first gripped her breasts tightly, then easing to pinch her nipples. Tilting her head back she screamed to the heavens at his feeding frenzy. Building and building her body grew feverish, the oil in her pores still stimulating her flesh. A few moments more Owen reached higher and surrounded her entire neck in both of his hands, his thumbs lifting her chin. She gurgled slightly under his pressure move and shrieked. Maria Blanco blacked out, her very first orgasm storming her brain until it just couldn't process the emotions. Owen Barnett ate her still, even lifeless at this very second he couldn't get enough. Not that he was cruel, just absorbed into what he had achieved.  
  
Having witnessed her passing out both Wiley and Matthew raced to the gym and rushed over to her side. Owen in his blindness didn't stop until Matthew shook his shoulder to let him in on her unconsciousness. Wiley over her patted her cheek to revive her, Matthew snatched up her dress and used it under the water faucet to make a cold compress to dab on her forehead. Moments later Maria fluttered her eyelids. Seeing the three men, two naked standing over her she pouted.  
  
"Did I...do something wrong?"  
  
The men looked to one another for silent advice. Finally, Owen just rolled her over and began massaging her again. This time Wiley crouched down next to her and reached over to stroke her hair lovingly. "You did nothing wrong. Owen there just made you..."  
  
"Happy?" She smiled.  
  
"Sure. Owen made you...happy."  
  
"Did I make Owen happy?"  
  
"YES!" Owen growled, "Maria? I'm hurting badly. I need to get rid of the white stuff."  
  
Wiley winced at Owen stealing his lines. Trying not to laugh Wiley caressed her cheek, "He's looking pretty pale Maria."  
  
"I don't want Owen to hurt."  
  
Matthew wiped her brow one last time with her dampened dress then reached over to rub her back as Owen climbed up on to the table to straddle her legs. Feeling his monster cock swatting her ass cheeks she felt punished. Pouting at Wiley she whimpered, "I did do something wrong. Didn't I?"  
  
Lifting his ass up Owen gripped Maria again and turned her back over to face him. Sitting on her knees he began jerking off over her thighs. She looked from brother to brother. All three of them fawning over her with light caresses. Watching Owen stroke his dick she pouted, "I'm sorry I made you hurt Owen."  
  
"It's okay Maria. I'll be alright once I shoot this stuff out."  
  
"On me?"  
  
"A woman ALWAYS wants it on her or in her. Remember that."  
  
"In me? How?"  
  
"Not today Princess. Today it's on the outside."  
  
"Wiley?" She tilts her gaze toward him.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"You look in pain again. It's really big."  
  
"What?" He looks down at his dick, sure enough he was rock hard again. "Oh! Yeah, it's that time of day again. I might need to work it out just like Owen there."  
  
"Will it help to do it over me like Owen is doing?"  
  
"OH FUCK YES!!" He shrugged at Matthew then climbed up on the table over her face. She bulged her eyes at his sudden overshadowing her. In his climb his dick collided with her face for a brief moment making her squeal. Brother facing brother the two jerked off like crazy, leaving Matthew to shake his head at them. This was over the top...literally. Naïve went out the window. The little Colombian bitch was as dumb as a box of overly cute boulders. She was falling for every little bullshit word they fed her.  
  
"Fuck it." Matthew reached over her and with his left hand rubbed her clit, his right hand squeezing a breast. She found his sudden aggression scary especially with both of his brothers towering over her trembling body.  
  
"Maria?" Owen coughed, "You have to coax our evils out. We need you to beg for it to shoot out and over you."  
  
"How?"  
  
"Tell it to come for you." Wiley joked but hid his smirk.  
  
"COME FOR ME." She immediately recited over and over. The brothers had to bite a knuckle not to laugh and give her reason to think they were messing with her. "COME FOR ME. PLEASE COME. I NEED YOU TO COME."  
  
"It's working." Wiley grew excited, "I can feel it moving up inside me. She's a miracle worker."  
  
"So can I? Holy shit Maria. Beg harder." Owen moved Matthew's hand away from her clit. She felt his loss instantly and pouted. Easing away Matthew just unzipped his fly and pulled his own beast out.  
  
"Fuck now I'm hurting. Save me Maria." She now had three big boy cocks hanging over her. Overwhelmed but inspired to do her part she pointed at Matthew's cock as if it were alive, "You should come for me too." The testosterone cowboys groaned and snarled for long grueling minutes then finally, one by one they detonated over their new baby sister. Each whip of liquid fire striking her belly, chest, throat area, even her chin made her yelp and gasp at just how much was coming out at her commands. She really felt as if it was her doing. Wiley over her face rubbed his last few droplets across her lips. She instinctively licked it and smiled.  
  
"It still tastes good." She brightened up. Owen eying his launched leftovers gathered some on his fingers and placed them up to her mouth.  
  
"Try mine." She eagerly sampled his fingertips, only to find Matthew hooking the corner of her mouth with his own jizzed up fingertips. She sucked them all dry then smiled, "Did I do good?"  
  
"HELL YES YOU DID!" Wiley belted out. "You're hired."  
  
"Hired? I would help my brothers without being paid."  
  
"Good. Every day you come help us out." Owen drags her up by her arm and hugs her tightly. From him she ventured to Wiley from behind.  
  
"I think she liked helping us out Boys." Matthew zipped up and took his hug as she slipped from the table. She clung to Matthew firmly them lifted her chin on to his stomach to peer up at him.  
  
"I think I might get good at this."  
  
"Lots more to learn Kid. You're doing great. We'll reward you for every time you keep the white stuff from making us hurt."  
  
"More dresses?"  
  
"About the dresses. I decided something just now. You don't need to wear clothing at all. We're saving you from clothing cancer and you're saving us from the white devil."  
  
"No dresses?"  
  
"Just until your Mom gets home. When she returns we can talk her into letting you go naked all the time."  
  
"Even in front of Oscar? And, Highbone?"  
  
"Dad will agree with us. He can talk your Mom into it. Chances are she might run naked too. Once she knows how bad clothing is for women. Trust us Maria."  
  
"I do trust you. All of you. I will not wear clothing from now on. Even if I embarrass Highbone."  
  
"He won't say a word. He knows who pays for his medications." Wiley laughs.  
  
"So, every day from now until our parents come home you keep us from pain. There's more ways to beat the white devil we can teach you Doctor Blanco." Owen winks at her.  
  
"I will help you every day. I have a question..." She looks back to Owen as Matthew pets her long mane.  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"May I be massaged with your tongue again? I...really liked that."  
  
"Absolutely. We can all take turns doing that. We owe you that much."  
  
"I feel sticky." She notes cum drying on her chest.  
  
"Come on I'll shower you up. Pamper the Baby Sister." Owen takes her away from Matthew and marches her into the shower room. Hearing her squeal under an assault of cold water Matthew and Wiley fist bump one another.  
  
"We'll be fucking her in a week."  
  
"Maybe sooner." Matthew smirked, "I have never in my life seen anyone so naive. We could tell her the world was going to end if she didn't take it up the ass and she would spread her cheeks."  
  
"Let's try it." Wiley laughs.  
  
"Not yet." Matty eyes his watch, "Dad's jet should be touching down in Fiji in another hour. I think we're making good time."  
  
"Did you see her reaction to tasting our cum?"  
  
"She likes the taste. The more we push this white stuff game on her the more she will ask to help us. Her need to change for her Mother can only amplify the more we encourage her."  
  
"What's our next move?"  
  
"Blowjobs. Sleeping with us."  
  
"Remember I said we should scare her out of her room? Dad told her about Aunt Harriet. We can use her ghost to keep her with one of us at all times."  
  
"Not a bad idea Coyote. I'll rig her bedroom tomorrow when Tyson takes her riding. You need to go with them to keep her curious. Besides that Dad appointed you, Tyson just volunteered to help."  
  
"Shit! Her swearing off clothing means riding that nag Lady Godiva style."  
  
"So?" Matty chuckles.  
  
"Oh, that's just plain sexy. I'm so in."  
  
The remainder of the day Maria Blanco spent time with Owen. After him bathing her she grew attached to him. The emotions of how good he made her feel eating her pussy escalated her desires to be near him. He stayed the course while Matty excused Highbone for the day to keep him from seeing Maria naked. While they all knew the Butler would keep quiet they still felt obliged to protect him from their mischief. Tomorrow it might not be so easy.  
  
30,000 feet over the Indian Ocean...  
  
"Ohhhh, Oscar. I have never made love in the sky before." Esperanza Blanco-Barnett moaned, her toes curling at the soft penetrations of Oscar Barnett's masterful longhorn. Her pussy ripped wide by his girth rippling with each insertion, every exit. It was so very passionate. The Learjet having a queen size bed helped.  
  
"I love this vagina." He groans into her ear, "You have the finest pussy in the western hemisphere Esperanza. These big ole' breasts make for comfy pillows."  
  
"I am glad you like them Husband. I know it is not the time but may I ask a question?"  
  
"Shoot. I know I will in about five minutes." He chuckles.  
  
"You...know what I did to Tyson. With him. You are...not cross?"  
  
"Lil' bit. Start askin' before you go chasin'. I can forgive but I ain't the forgettin' type. Startin' off our marriage cheatin' on me doesn't set well Darlin'."  
  
"Please forgive me Oscar. I never meant to hurt you."  
  
"I believe ya. Let's just enjoy our honeymoon and you can make it up to me."  
  
"I will do anything you want Husband. There is nothing I would deny you."  
  
"I'll keep that in mind." He continues fucking her with lively stamina. Her arms wrapping his neck, kissing him passionately. With a bit of turbulence from an air pocket their passion waned. Over an intercom came the pilot's voice, "We're nearing Fiji now Mister Barnett. You might wanna strap in."  
  
Chuckling Oscar lifts from his wife without pulling out and reaches over her. She watches him pull ropes from the bed post and ties her hands wide between them. Pulled taunt he grins. "Strapped in."  
  
"You are the most intoxicating man I have ever known."  
  
"Speaking of...I need a drink. Be right back." He peels out of her in a web of sloppy juices on her part. Taking time to tie her ankles to the footposts she laughed.  
  
"I will be right here waiting Beloved."  
  
"Course ya will." He winks then parades right out of the sleeping cabin in front of a bodyguard. Pouring himself a Scotch he looks at the muscular man sitting alone without saying a word. Door to the cabin open made it a clear shot right at Esperanza tied spread eagle. "Do your job boy. Guard her body." The man stood up and stretched then moved past Oscar. With the door still open the man unzipped his pants and pulled them off. Esperanza called out to Oscar the second she saw the man's penis.  
  
"Husband?"  
  
"Create some more turbulence Boy. Show her you mean business." Climbing between her legs the guard rammed his dick inside the new Mrs. Barnett. Pouring a second drink in his glass Oscar moved into the room and stood beside his bed. The man was tearing her up, Esperanza screaming in Spanish at just how talented the bodyguard was. All while looking up at Oscar sipping his scotch. "See how easy I am Esperanza?"  
  
"Yes. God forgive me Husband. He feels so very good fucking me."  
  
"Just the beginning Sweet Lady. Just the beginning."

"You would share me often?"  
  
"Hell yes I will. You're my whore now."  
  
"You make my heart flutter Husband."  
  
"That's just Randolph there hitting the right spots. You can do better boy. I'm not paying you to treat her like a lady."  
  
Lifting up over her he hits her cunt harder. Oscar chose then to untie her ankles. "Get that landing gear up." Randolph snatched her ankles and forced her legs behind her head and launched straight down into her with a jackhammer mentality. Esperanza screamed bloody murder and had multiple orgasms. "That's better. Keep that up Randolph. I'll be outside. Don't stop hitting that 'til we screech down on tarmac. Oh, and contort her some more. Cum inside that cunt while you're at it." He toasted his wife and left her to be rode hard for the next thirty minutes.  
  
Taking a seat outside, Oscar sat back and nurtured his drink. In his opinion the honeymoon was off to a good start. Orgasm after orgasm he grinned. "Bitch deserves it. Then some."  
  
Fiji was a loooong way from home.