**Baby Sister**

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**Baby Sister Ch. 05: ARCHIpElago**

"You look radiant Esperanza."

Oscar Barnett wore a blue polo shirt and white cargo pants, unusual for a Billionaire to be dressed, but it was his Honeymoon. Standing out on a veranda over the South Pacific Ocean he turns to find his new bride Esperanza Blanco, now Barnett in a white micro bikini that barely hid her deliciously perfect body. For her much older age she looked 20. Still reeling from Oscar's challenging lifestyle she fought hard to prove her devotion.

"Do you think Randolph will approve?" Esperanza teased him. She referred to Randolph Heimlich, their German bodyguard whom Oscar ordered to have sex with Esperanza on their Learjet just before landing yesterday.

"Don't you go getting too cozy with the hired help Mrs. Barnett. Unless I allow it." He raised his daiquiri toward her as he leaned against the brass metal railing of their hotel room balcony. "You know I did that for a good reason."

"I will not question your reasons Husband. I merely wish to see if I can make you jealous."

"Not in my D.N.A. Esperanza. Won't be the last man I let fuck the holy hell out of you."

"Really? Am I merely your plaything?"

"Course you are. One wearing a very expensive rock on her finger I might add."

"If you wish to share me...I am yours to do so."

"I knew that the day I set eyes on you in Cartagena. You saw money, I saw slut. I think we can work well together don't you?"

"You think of me as a slut?"

"We both know you are so don't try that moody stuff on an ole' fox like me. I'm just as much of a freak as you are Darlin'. Maybe more. I'll always take care of you but you're gonna do things for me too. If I need a seduction...you're gonna obey. Is that clear? Business dealings and...fun time go hand in hand."

"I see." She joins him out on the veranda and steals his daiquiri, sipping it almost flirtatiously, "Is this truly our honeymoon or is this...business as you say?"

"Bit of both. I figured you needed a nice break from being a Mother, where you can really unwind. Out here in the middle of nowhere you can be you. It's time I told you more about yourself. When I met you at that fancy ball in Cartagena I knew who you were long before we got introduced."

"Yes. My modelling Agent."

"Not even close. That piss ant Rodrigo was just the go between. I knew of you because of your high paid escort keeper, let's call him as he really is...your pimp. Money making filly like you has a gift. I'm gonna use that gift to its fullest. You understand me?"

"Of course. I am your prostitute."

"My wife. I do got me some feelings in this ole' ticker Esperanza. I'm just lettin' you know I will be using this perfect body of yours anytime I want."

"Oscar?" She poises a finger with a well constructed red nail. "I have only one thing to say please allow me to speak."

"Talk."

"There is no need to ever threaten me. I am yours body and soul. I will obey and love my husband unconditionally."

"Countin' on that. " He smirks, "Get your own drink." He steals his daiquiri back then kisses her on the lips with passion. Twirling her to face the ocean he lays his chin on her golden shoulder, her raven tress tickling his nostrils in the breeze as they observe the beach. In the early morning it was full of activity. Something odd struck her.

"I thought this was a nude beach."

"Illegal as hell here on the main island. We'll be boating out to our real honeymoon palace here around noon. Your bikini there covers just enough not to get ya arrested."

"Just enough? One tug and everything pops out." She shows him how right she was, pulling her thin bottoms up into her labia with the gentlest of lifts.

"Risk you take now ain't it Mrs. Barnett?"

"Your money will bail me out?"

"Hell woman. The kind of money I have I could buy an orgy on that beach and invite the government to join. Illegal or not, that word gal is part of the term.

"Mmmm! That does sound fun."

"Missing Maria yet?"

"Of course. Are you certain she is well taken care of in my absence?"

"My boys have her wrapped around their pinkies by now." He wiggles his left pinky taunting her. Seeing this gave her a chill.

"Husband? It is I that you own. Not my daughter."

"I own what I own Esperanza. You got no say in that."

"I--yes Husband." Her heart froze for a brief instant. She decided biting her lip was in her best interest. He knew by her eyes that she connected the dots, that the beautiful young woman she had kept from men all of her life was lost to her. The future suddenly became blurry.

"Let's not get all weepy. You can bet your lil' lady will never want for anything. I'll treat her as if she's my own. Mostly because, she is right now."

"Forgive me Husband, I must let this as you say...sink in. I have protected Maria from...the abuse of men. She is an innocent flower."

"She loves me, she loves me not. Sooner or later there's no more pedals to pluck. Just a naked stem. We here to talk about her or are we here to celebrate?"

"Celebrate of course. I...will keep my thoughts to myself."

"That's what I needed to hear. I'll make you a happy woman Esperanza. Just...learn what's expected of ya."

"Of this I am unclear. I trust you will explain."

"All in good time. Times even." As he hugs her from behind they hear a landline phone ring behind them in the room. "That's probably Archie."

"Who is this Archie?"

"Old friend of mine from New Orleans. Made his way here to Fiji to live out his days. He's the owner of that island resort we're boating out to. I might stop halfway and try my hand at Deepsea fishing. Bound to be a marlin out there with my name on it."

"And, what shall I do while you fish?"

"Sunbathe and tease the Captain." He winks, "Let me get that phone." Entering their room Oscar snatches up the antique looking French style dial phone. "Howdy?" He answered then grinned, "Archibald Bigalow, how the hades are ya? Yup! We made it to the main island. That boat you arranged fueled up and safe? I don't wanna be stranded at sea. Good man. How's...the girls?" He listens while watching Esperanza absorbing their conversation. Again, she stole his daiquiri mischievously. This time he allowed it.

"Busty and oiled up just like I like 'em? Hot damn, Arch. I cannot wait for you to meet my bride. She puts your girls to shame and she's old...younger than them." He changes his tune chuckling. Esperanza merely winced smirking at his quick wit. It was exactly this kind of bulletproof charm that captured her heart. That, and a fat...wallet. Perhaps his enormous cock had a part in it. Package deal.

"Sixty miles out to sea? Well now, that's gonna be fun. I told the missus I might weigh anchor and do me some marlin fishin'. I'll have the boat Captain message you an ETA once I've hooked me a backstabber. You still have that gal pal of yours, what was her name? Brunhilda? Right, the Norwegian bodybuilder. She was good for a few laughs and a hearty massage. Perfect, have her waitin' on the dock all greased up and posin' biceps. Thank ya Archibald, I owe ya one. What? Tortoise rides? Ummm! Sure, Esperanza would look damned sexy on a hardtop. See you soon Arch." Hanging up he reclaims his half empty drink and grimaces. "Get your ass down to the bar and bring us up a pitcher. Charge it to the room."

"As attired?"

"Now that you mention it..." Oscar removes her top and winks. "Take Randy with ya. I'll be fine. If anyone gives you trouble you just tell them Daddy's paying the tab. Shake those tits and hurry on back. Belly's growling too. Bring up some crab cakes."

"Do we not have room service in this hotel?"

"Course we do. Ain't no fun in that." A light slap to fluff up both of her large full breasts she flares her big brown eyes with intrigue.

"You will get me out of jail?"

"You won't be going to no Fiji barhop. Well, the bar downstairs just not the one behind bars. Here!" He goes to his luggage and produces a tiny pin with his company insignia, known around the world. Crouching in front of Esperanza he pins it to her bikini bottoms directly where her clitoris resided. Patting his work she felt it press against her pierced clit and moaned a simple, "Mmmm! You take my breath away Husband." He stood up and squinted his eyes at her, "Easily done." She found herself tense at his words. Before she could ponder it further Oscar turned her back to him pointing her toward the door. With a whistle at her perfect ass, a slap sent her on her way. Even under duress Esperanza Blanco-Barnett could not help but smirk.

Opening the front door their bodyguard Randolph stood vigil until her arrival. Doing his best to overlook her beautiful perky tits he averted his gaze to Oscar for directions. "Take her to the cantina. Help her carry up our order, just don't spill the drinks. Oh, and slap her ass a few times on the way down. Redden up those delicious cheeks."

Randolph never much for words nodded his agreement, sealing the rooms door behind her, orders accepted. Letting her take the lead the guard followed her with admiration to the elevator at the end of the hall. Hiding a sheepish smile Esperanza wiggled her ass a bit more dramatically than necessary awaiting his palm to collide with her welcoming cheeks. While awaiting the elevator to rise she flirted with her eyes meeting the German's strict gaze. "Are you going to defy my Husband?"

He ignored her until the elevator door hushed open, just as she stepped over the threshold he provided a massive hand to her left buttock with a resounding impact that made her jump. A momentary pain fevered across her cheek delighting her. Entering fully she let him press the floor button to the lobby then moved behind her. Door closed the elevator descended, in wait she stepped back into Randolph and pressed her ass up against his crotch. "You are happy to see me."

Nothing! Not a word. He merely stood like a statue as she rubbed her ass along his lengthy beast. "Very happy indeed. I enjoyed your company on the flight. My husband is...quite giving."

Without warning she twirls in step and palms his face, rising up on her toes to kiss him on the lips. She with passion, he with lack of interest. Realizing it she eased away with a pout. "I see. You only do as you are ordered. Perhaps a few more spanks then?" She turns away and bends forward, her bikini thong disappearing into her butt crack never to be seen again. Again, he ignored her seductive plea. With the elevator reaching its destination she stood erect and fidgeted. He was no fun unless told to be. Bodyguards were just too strict in their operation.

Letting her move ahead of him she explored the lush lobby, palm trees and beautiful floral arrangements made the lobby appear elegant. She merely added to that elegance. Tits bouncing with each step she took, all eyes were on her, very hungry eyes at every turn. Only a native female employee looked her way with confusion, wondering if she should warn her of no public nudity. Noting the woman's uncertainty Esperanza faced her and pointed down at her pins insignia. Instantly the woman brightened up her doubt and waved pleasantly. "This is quite fun. My new husband has as they say...clout. Perhaps I should tip the bartender with the rest of my bikini." In her lingering state Randolph inspired her to move on with another deafening swat to her other cheek. The female worker merely fanned her flushed features. This was exciting.

"I am going. You are a strange one Randolph. Am I not appealing to your imagination?" That caught his eye, he lowered his gaze to her butt as she peered over her shoulder at him with sparkling desire. Without meeting eyes he simply adjusted his tortured cock beneath his slacks. Good enough for Esperanza, at least he was offering her insight.

Reaching the bar it was filled with men and women alike. Esperanza's sudden appearance startled the women, lured by her beauty while wishing they could be so daring. Noting their men shamelessly staring, drool forming across their lips sent mixed signals. While jealousy sprang to life they also knew their men would likely take out their newfound lust on them, not this goddess of a woman. Even when their men voiced their opinion by complimenting Esperanza's every asset quite provocatively, the wives, girlfriends, mistresses kept mum. Let their men enjoy this moment. They would inevitably turn their attentions on them. It was rather amusing.

Absorbing their interest in her Esperanza made her rounds discovering those men that inspired her most. Randolph stepped back and let her do her thing. She knew a favorable report to Oscar would make him happy. Dazzling the gentlemen with greetings of flirtatious fingers she employed her hands further by teasing her areolas in a swirl of excitement. The bar seemed to come alive in that moment. A few men stood up and left their mates behind to pursue this Hispanic beauty. Offers to buy her drinks, jewelry, cars enticed her as she showed off her massive diamond ring to let them know she was taken. Those men uncaring of her marital status moved closer, agitating Randolph to ease in defensively. Catching his advance Esperanza pointed at him sternly, "You...stay." Randolph growled but stepped back, Esperanza immediately felt her power for the first time. She rather enjoyed the adrenalin surge.

Easing up to one man she caresses his chest and beguiles him with her eyes. "Your woman does not object to your...abandonment?"

"Probably! My credit card shuts her down. You are incredibly beautiful."

"You are not the only one to notice this." Two other men circle her like sharks demanding attention. Following them peripherally she finds them too worried to interrupt, confidence slipping. Expecting them to lose interest she smacks her own ass to reignite their lust. Chin to her soft shoulder she entrances them into taking a chance by merely whispering, "You may." Powerful allure indeed, the two men move in behind her and begin caressing her ass, the man in front palming her breasts. Feeling the energy she tilts her neck to the side and tempts them further. A kiss to her neck quickly accepted she finds herself lost in the moment. Her palmer opted to feed upon a nipple without asking. Noting Randolph himself circling her for security reasons in case things escalated to higher ground, she stuck her tongue out at him. For the first time her bodyguard smiled with a hint of stress. "Much better." She thought.

Hearing a loud crisp grumble the men hesitate to find Oscar Barnett standing next to the cluster of lustful opinions. "Do I gotta get my own pitcher?"

"This one offered to buy me a drink Husband."

"Good man. Buy us a pitcher of daiquiris and meet us at that empty table over there. You two buying?" Oscar winces at the stragglers. Both men decline and move on, only the first admirer had the balls to stick it out. Calling over a waitress he told her to bring two pitchers of daiquiris, peach and strawberry and watched Oscar pick his wife up brusquely and throw her over his shoulder. Untethering her bikini bottoms he yanks them from her body and tosses them at Randolph. "You can sniff 'em." He then took his wife to the vacant table and sat down with her in his lap. "I'd start kissin' if I were you Missus Barnett."

Storming her husbands lips she let her hands roam across his chest, dragging his polo shirt up to reach his flesh beneath. The man joined them in an open chair on the other side of the table. Observing the married couple enjoying themselves the man looked toward his own mate, a luscious curvy blond similar to actress Amber Heard. Nothing to sneeze at herself she merely sipped her drink watching with curiosity. Snapping his fingers called her to him. Leaving her table the blond strutted her stuff, long legs garnering attention nearly as much as the totally nude Esperanza. Patting his own lap, the blond accepted his request and they too began kissing.

While the table kept busy the waitress returned with two pitchers and only three glasses. She apologized on deaf ears and went for a fourth now that the blond had joined them. Even the waitress had to admire Esperanza with a giddy smile. Being bi she rather appreciated the showing. The entire bar pretty much felt the same.

After a healthy portrait of steamy kisses, Oscar had his fingers teasing Esperanza's clit. Her pussy was soaked. Once he broke the lip lock he winked at her before switching his gaze toward the blond across the table. She loved her man, all thoughts on her daughter had been set aside for another day.

Clearing his throat again Oscar captured the attention of their neighbors. "You're a money man." Oscar pointed out.

"I do alright." The man nodded.

"Marni sneakers from Italy I notice. Last I looked $800 a pair. I personally own ten."

"Four. Well played."

"Oscar Barnett." He extended a hand, a very wet one from his wife's juicy cunt.

Accepting his gesture and feeling the wetness the man grinned. "Sterling Silverman. My mother's choice of names I'm afraid. This is Priscilla."

"Obviously not your wife. Escort?"

"You are quite observant Mr. Barnett."

"Just Oscar. Pleasure to meet you Sterling." He turns his attention toward Esperanza, "Mrs. Barnett?"

"Yes Husband?"

"Why are you not sucking my dick?"

Without a verbal response Esperanza dropped from his lap and knelt between his legs. Unzipping his shorts and digging in with effort to handle his ten inch monstrosity she devoured him. Sterling had to lean up for a visual. Seeing Oscar's pride and joy he puckered his lower lip, "Money can't buy that."

"Course it can." Oscar reached next to Esperanza's bobbing head to procure a wad of cash from his pocket. Revealing it to Sterling he begins to peel off hundred dollar bills until reaching a thousand. "That should get her dress off." He winks at the blond who trembled at the offer. She was not as bold as Esperanza but greed was quite the intoxicant needed to escape her nerves.

Sterling chuckles, "Your move Priss."

The blond stood up and reached behind her to unzip her dress. Slithering it off she stood in only a black lace bra and G-string. Another hundred dollar bill planted in the pile Oscar winks, "Bra." Off it went to express a stunning set of 36C's with bullet sized nipples. "Pour us some drinks." Priscilla took the pitcher of peach and poured two glasses, expecting Esperanza to be too busy to bother. Once filled Oscar toasts Sterling, "Too good ole' fashioned sluts. I'm not buying that slingshot Sweetheart. Donate it."

Sensing his requirement Priscilla peeled her G-string off and looked around her for a worthy target. The bartender seemed very intrigued by the events, the waitress having pointed them out. Taking a deep breath Priscilla prowled across the bar and handed the bartender her G-string. It instantly went to his nostrils for a vivid scent. She blew him a kiss then strutted back to Sterling's side.

"See how easy that was Sterling?"

"I do indeed. You have enlightened me Oscar. I do believe our adventures are just beginning Priscilla." She remained silent but blushed. Taking out his own wallet Sterling peels out his own grand before the blonds sparkling green eyes. "Why are you not sucking my cock?" He repeats Oscar's earlier demand. Just as Priscilla began to kneel Oscar cleared his throat a third time for the morning. He then rifled off another thousand in hundreds, "I can use two sets of lips." Sterling taken by surprise finds Priscilla indecisive on what to do. She was paid for by Sterling to accompany him so a certain devotion rose to mind. A third thousand via Oscar made her shrug and move over to Oscar. Rubbing Esperanza's back to let her know she was joining her the blond shared in licking Oscar's third arm.

"That's how you drum up business Sterling. What's your venture?"

"Yachts. My family has built boats for two hundred years in some fashion."

"No shit! My boat here is fishing up mermaids. You're lagging behind Sterling. Best catch up."

Seeing the native waitress returning with a fourth glass Sterling found inspiration and showed the young woman a thousand dollars. "Feeling a good tip?" Sterling flirted. Eyes bulging the waitress took a moment to watch Esperanza and Priscilla feasting on Oscar. Barnett merely raises his glass at the waitress. Yet again Oscar shows him up revealing another thousand, the table was full of cash. It became a bidding war. Sterling drops a hundred. Oscar dropped two. The waitress was beet red but intrigued all the same. Finally, Oscar revealed a thousand dollar bill to her. Eyes like saucers she swoons holding her chest. Just as Sterling growled at his loss Oscar chuckled. "Get that waitress uniform off and suck off ole' Sterling." A second thousand dollar bill the waitress caved. Off her dress came revealing a curvy booty and large breasts. Down she went like a rock, unzipping Sterling and going for broke. The entire bar applauded her. That alone gave the waitress the courage to do her best.

"I couldn't hog all the glory Sterl." Oscar smirked, "Miss Priss here has some mighty warm lips. Missus Barnett?" He snaps his fingers to break Esperanza's trance, "Get your happy ass up and on this here table. Spread those fine lips and beg to be licked."

Rising with a feverish expectation Esperanza eases on to the table amid the piles of cash, careful not to knock over the pitchers as the men assist in replacing the cold pitchers so that they touched her ribs giving her the chills. Once positioned Oscar looks out at the other customers and raises his voice, "DRINKS ON ME. TONGUES ON HER."

In a flurry of excitement the two earlier men found the courage to race over and take turns eating out Esperanza. She felt like paradise was hers. More interested men, some women found themselves lining up for the opportunity to taste the goddess. Ignoring the feeding frenzy Oscar patted Priscilla's cheek, "Leave your card with my guard over there. I'll be purchasing your services in the future. I'm going to cum in that beautiful mouth and you're going to take your money, Sterling there, AND the waitress to your room. Understood?" She nods with her mouth full of fist sized girth. Grunting Oscar Barnett unloaded into her throat until the blond swallowed his current with bliss. Kissing his crown upon retreat she licked the entirety of his shaft including his balls to make certain she didn't miss a droplet. Easing away as his palm caressed her cheek she stood up and moved around the crowd to Sterling's side. Gathering up her money without counting it she knelt to show the feasting waitress. With a whispered offer the waitress nodded her desire to participate. Sterling found himself unable to resist as both women lured him away. For a country so against nudity, wealth was keeping things moving right along.

Putting his dick away Oscar stood up to stretch then leaned in to listen to Esperanza speak in Spanish about how she loved her adventure. "How we doin' Missus Barnett?"

"You are the most remarkable man I have ever known. So giving of my needs."

"You're gonna return the favor when I tell ya to. Cum on that tongue and get your ass upstairs. Boat leaves in lil over an hour."

"I have so many in waiting." She pouts. The line was up to seven, four men three women.

"Easy enough to fix. SURROUND MY MISSUS AND EAT HER ALIVE. BARTENDER? FILL 'EM UP." Oscar grabs the pitchers and leaves her behind. Walking up to Randolph he leans in to whisper, "First screaming orgasm you pick her up and carry her to the room, twitchin' and kickin'." A mere confirmed nod by the bodyguard Oscar took his leave.

A rush to all angles swarmed Esperanza. Her entire body discovered warm probing lips and tongues. Both nipples devoured by two women. Enduring her ecstasy for a good ten minutes the masculine tongue eating her cunt was drowned, squirting excessively around his entire face. Screaming at the top of her lungs Esperanza Blanco-Barnett convulsed as if living through a 7.5 earthquake. Nudging folks aside Randolph plucked her body from the table and tossed her over his shoulder. He could feel her trembling all the way upstairs. In her predicament Randolph felt compelled to slap her ass from the elevator to the room. She yelped laughing all the way home. Kicking open the ajar door Randolph carried her to the king size bed and hurled her on to it. She immediately searched for Oscar.

"Husband?"

"Balcony. Get showered. I'll lay a dress out for ya."

She swiftly heads to the bathroom and cleanses herself of her sexual encounters. Meanwhile, outside Oscar Barnett stood with his cell to his ear. "How's it comin' along with Miss Maria?" He waited to reveal his phone until Esperanza was out of view, he had forbidden cells on their trip but was definitely not following his own decision.

"Kid's as naïve as they get Pop." Matty Barnett filled his father in. "She gave Wiley a handjob. He says she was really into it. Wants to become a fully realized woman. We're all telling her that comes with training and she's all in. Owen gave her a body massage and ate her out. She loved his tongue."

"That makes it a Blanco thing. Her Momma just got ate out in the bar."

"Nice! Oh, get this, we have her believing clothing causes cancer in women. She's sworn off clothes. She's walking around naked just like Wiley. We're going to push Maria hard and get results. Don't you worry Pop. Baby Sister is gonna blow your mind when you get back home."

"Sight to behold I bet. She better. I'm considering something over here, but I'm gonna keep my plans to myself for now. You boys have fun."

"You sure you're okay us taking her virginity then?"

"Bleed her out Boy. Saves me the time."

"Yes Sir."

"Turning my cell off soon as I hang up. Any issues you deal with it."

"Won't be any issues Pop. The kid is curious as hell."

"That's my boy. See you in a month."

"Have a good honeymoon Old Man."

No further words Oscar hung up and shut his cell down. Sneaking back in to the bedroom he hid his cell in his luggage. Pouring another daiquiri he sat in a recliner aimed at the bathroom door. "Seems both the Blanco gals are comin' along nicely. Esperanza could put up a fight over Maria still. She might need a reality check I'm thinkin'." Pondering the future Oscar Barnett sat quietly listening to Esperanza singing in the shower. She was quite the songbird.

Deciding her dress to be a floral print maxi that touched her ankles but with a slit up the left side reaching her hip, he complimented her with strapped tan heels that wound around her lower calves. Shower successful, makeup reapplied she examined his choices with an approving kiss to his lips. Once dressed Esperanza would be breathtaking.

"Ready to head for Gilligan's Island?"

She winced, "I thought it was Archie's Island."

"I forgot you're not a TV Lander. My fault."

"I happen to enjoy the water. I spent many...dates on private yachts."

"Maybe I'll let you take a cruise with ole' Sterling then. Him being a yacht aficionado."

"Only if you give him permission."

"We'll see."

Luggage grabbed the loving couple headed out, Randolph assisting them carry their bags to an awaiting taxi. Off to the wharf they went reaching a magnificent marina of sailing vessels. Upon arrival they're met by a young man most likely underage. He was asked to guide them out to their boat. Careful not to trip over her stiletto heels in the planks Esperanza whined at every step taken, fearful of falling. Finally, the boy grabbed Oscar's luggage allowing him to give her a piggy back ride the remainder of the journey. She clung to her husband like a second skin, her slit wide open as her legs wrapped his waist revealed her nude thighs quite easily. The boy peeking was encouraged by Randolph to stop staring. Beet red the teen moved on until they reached the boat.

"There's our ride." Oscar reached a palm up to caress his wife's cheek. The name of the 60 foot Cantius yacht caught her off guard.

"The boat is...named after me?" Sure enough Esperanza was written on the side, "Oscar, I...am so very honored."

"I figured it would be a nice wedding gift. The rubber lifeboat has Maria written on it." He chuckled. "Keeping it in the family."

"You must take a picture to show her. She will be giddy."

"Randolph? Snap a pic for us." Setting his bags aside Randolph watches the boy scurry about in taking them to the yacht. Setting Esperanza down the couple hugs one another from the side and poses for a photo with Randolph's personal cell, capturing the name next to them. "We can get a photo of the lifeboat later. Let's get aboard and set sail."

Moving closer to the boat the boy met them at a ladder. Watching Oscar climb aboard first, he motions Randolph to assist her up the steps. Stilettos were so not the right shoe to wear. Hands on her hips Randolph supports her, the breeze billowing her slit skirt again allows the boy to peek up under her dress for a greedy lustful view. That is until a man above on the boat made it clear that the lad was being a nuisance.

"Gholli!! Stop being nosey. You can go on home now." The man in a Captain's cap helped Oscar pull her aboard, her cleavage dipping low in climbing over. Oscar had insisted no underwear. The Captain caught a glimpse.

"Welcome aboard Mrs. Barnett. Congratulations on the nipples...I mean nuptials. That just got me fired." He chuckles, "Sorry Oscar."

"Don't be. Esperanza this here is Captain Ron Worley. Known him since 2009. Best navigator in the business."

"It is a pleasure Captain Ron." She beguiles him with flirty eyes over her dark sunglasses, her long raven hair billowing in the breeze.

"Weren't that a Kurt Russell movie?" Oscar winced. "Funny, you even look like ole' Kurt."

"I get it all the time. Go get settled. Waters pristine today so it should be a smooth ride."

"Know a nice fishing spot? I wanna cast and catch me a marlin."

"I can shut down about thirty miles out. Poles are waiting."

"Good man. Randolph...take the missus here and show her the cabin. Take the baggage with ya." Claiming the luggage Randolph escorts her below deck into a luxurious cabin with everything they could possibly want, even champagne was chilling in an ice bucket. Setting their bags aside Randolph turns into Esperanza whom was up close and personal. Before he could react she jumped into his arms and forced a kiss upon his lips. Teetering in step his right hand slipped under her skirts slit and grabbed her ass cheek. They kissed a good three minutes before falling back upon the Queen sized bed. Crawling over him she sat on his bulging slacks and continued kissing him. He did not force her away this time. Hearing Oscar talking failed to stop her. As long as her husband was busy above discussing the trip she continued her seduction. Unzipping his fly she procured his beast from hiding and stroked his length favorably.

"You must guard my body with your life." She coaxed him.

"Sit on my cock." He actually spoke. His accent was very sexy. Complying she guided her skirt aside and straddled his beast, riding him hard. Just as she began moaning loudly the yacht's engines fired up. The rumble was enough to allow her to escalate her desires into a full blown cry of ecstasy. Esperanza enjoyed her ride feeling the yacht leave the docks and head out to open water. Cumming hard on his dick she leaned forward over him still gyrating her hips. Kissing him feverishly she felt him tensing up under her. Snarling into her mouth he nutted hard, she squealed at the ferocity of his blazing gun.

"I adore your cock." She huffed with a stimulating hiss.

"You should get off of me before Mister Barnett catches us."

"You will fuck me again Randolph. I demand it."

"I'm not yours to order around."

"Am I not? I am the bosses wife. You must obey me."

"Not how it works. Get off me."

"No." She tries riding him again until he snarls and rolls her over under him. Taking charge he risks everything and pounds her cunt as hard as he could until they both climaxed together. Once done he pulled out and quickly zipped up. Esperanza could not stop smiling. Teasing him with her stiletto as if she could stab his balls at any moment he growls.

"I like my job Mrs. Barnett. It has it's perks. If this happens again it's only because Mister Barnett allowed it. I'm going topside to enjoy the sunshine. You should too."

"A lovely idea." She rolls out of bed and removes her dress, leaving only her heels on. Caressing him in passing she marches right up the short staircase and out into view. Looking up at the Captain's perch she blew Oscar a kiss. He was manning the wheel just for fun. The true Captain spotting her gorgeous body puckered and patted Oscar's shoulder.

"You married a wild one."

"Don't I always?" Oscar chuckled.

"True that. Maggie was something. Whatever happened to Maggie?"

"Grew tired of her. By the way, you did a good job painting over Maggie's name on the side of the boat."

"There's a great detail business on the mainland. Cheap and quick about it. Glad you approve."

"I got the rudder Ron. Why don't you go get Esperanza a towel to lay out on. Oil my girl up so she doesn't burn her tushy."

"You mind?"

"Fuck her if you want. Just make sure she looks me in the eye from down there on deck."

"You're the man Oscar. Stay on course, due East. Don't deviate or we'll miss the target. Eye the mileage gage and stop at the thirty mile marker."

"You plan on fucking Esperanza that long?" He laughed, "Get on down there Cap."

Another shoulder slap Ron made his way down to the deck and found Esperanza enjoying the breeze. She was stunning. Wincing at Randolph to step aside Ron went down long enough to grab a beach towel and some suntan lotion. Coming back up he marched directly out to Esperanza and made his presence known.

"Deck's gonna stick to your ass. I brought you a towel to lay out on."

"Gracias." She smiled wiping strands of hair from her gaze. "You brought lotion."

"I did. Gotta stay protected out here. Not much shade."

"You will apply this lotion?"

"It'd be my honor."

"My...husband has given you permission?"

"Told me to cum inside your ass." He exaggerated knowing exactly what he wanted to do.

"Then, you must."

"Spread the towel out and lay on your belly, I'll coat you with lotion then work the front."

"Perhaps you will be my shade."

"Sure! I'll take the heat." He chuckled kneeling next to her and squeezing suntan lotion on her back, in a trail that went from her shoulder blades down to the crevice of her cheeks. Setting the bottle aside he took full advantage over massaging every inch of her.

"Your hands are delightful Captain Ron."

"Your body is delightful Mrs. Barnett."

"Shall we forego my front for now and give my husband a show?"

"We can do that." Ron stands up and disrobes completely and weights his clothes down with a knee to be certain the breeze didn't steal them overboard. Pepping her to lift her ass up he spits over her butt pucker and then his nice firm eight inch anchor head. Introducing his crown up to her pucker he nudged deep. She was used to anal fairly often so she took his arrival with glee. Waving up at Oscar she expressed the pleasure of his penetration. Randolph turned away and joined Oscar by the controls.

"Mister Barnett?"

"Randy?"

"She seduced me in the cabin."

"Good. You know I'm fine with you Randy. Trust you 100% to do the right thing even if it was wrong in the beginnin'."

"May I speak freely Sir?"

"Always."

"She's...very hard to resist."

"How she should be. Look at ole' Ron go." He grinned, "The Missus sure likes her anal."

Down below Ron grabs her by her hair and yanks her head back. "Look up at your Husband. Lock eyes and let him know how much you love his gift."

"I can do that without your insistence Captain. I have locked eyes with my Husband since you began. I know how best to give him what he wants."

"Your ass is perfect."

"You may spank me."

"I planned on that without you telling me." He slaps her cheek hard, the bite stinging. Five more harsh slaps reddens her cheek. Each time she yelped and gyrated with his thrusts for a better feel than just laying there ass high. Crying out loudly in a verbal symphony Esperanza had an orgasm that rocked the boat. Moments later Ron detonated into her ass and fucked her so hard his cum frothed out around the brim of her anus. Pulling out in a messy web of white he watches her muscle control squeeze out his creampie filling. Laughing he rubbed his cum on her ass instead of lotion. "Better than Neutrogena. I call my load Nutrogina."

"Are you done Captain? I hope not."

"Fuck it!" Ron forces her on to her back and lifts her legs behind her ears and hits her pussy hard. Not knowing Randolph had done so as well less than thirty minutes prior. Seeing her piercing impressed him, her big breasts mounding close together under his forced contortion. "Godammit Mrs. Barnett, your pussy is fine as hell. Loving the tits too."

Tilting her head back in order to watch Oscar she just let Ron destroy her. She certainly called out to all the ships at sea. "I LOVE YOU HUSBAND." She wailed nonstop cumming up a storm. In response Oscar tilts his gaze to Ron.

"Ain't love grand."

Randolph merely smirked. Continuing on another ten minutes Oscar reached his destination and shut the engine down. Releasing the anchor he and Randolph headed down to do some fishing. Walking past the entangled lovers Oscar winked at Esperanza. "Couple more orgasms then you go bring us up some champagne."

"As you wish Husband. Fuck me harder Captain."

"Steady as she blows Mrs. Barnett."

"Oh, for God's sake man." Oscar bellowed, "Call her for what she is."

"I love your slut Oscar. Best whore on the open water." He nailed her hard, her nails digging into his shoulders from beneath his armpits. Randolph getting the poles ready both he and Oscar cast their lines. Sitting through Esperanza's performance was remarkable. She was getting more and more verbal.

"Your dick feels so good inside me. I adore you Captain."

"Changed my mind. Bring my gal up top Ron." Oscar leers over his shoulder. Rolling over Ron lets her ride his beast facing Oscar. Her titties dancing with vigor she smiles at Oscar. "Oh, that's nice." He switches gaze to Randolph, "DP that slut Randy."

Jaw drooping Esperanza watches Randolph stand up and drop his trousers, leaving them on at his ankles but moving in for the kill. Taking her cum coated anus she endured both men. Gripping her throat like a vice she began screaming her pleasure. Oscar watched the ocean and just let her wail. Finally, he notes his fishing pole tighten and he leaps from his deck chair to play the reel. "I got one."

"I have two Husband." She whimpered cumming nonstop.

"You got your fishing hole, I got mine." Suddenly in his resistance a large six foot blue marlin sprang from the water fighting to escape. "My dreams come true. I got me a marlin darlin'." He chuckled at his rhyme. The fight continued on both ends. He reeled in his big fish, Esperanza reeled in hers. As the marlin grew closer to the bow of the yacht he heard both men snarl and cum hard inside his wife. "If you boys are done I could use a little help here."

Randolph swiftly vacated and only pulled his pants up, not fastening them to help hold the pole. Ron tossing Esperanza aside moved in nude to help drag the marlin up until it collapsed flopping on the deck. Esperanza screamed and bolted down into the cabin. She remained there cleaning herself up and getting dressed. She wanted no part in the escapades of putting the fish on ice, nor of taking pictures with it.

Peering out a porthole in the cabin she spotted the lifeboat with the name Maria painted on it's side. A chill crept over her in that instant. In her soul she knew her daughter was no longer a child. She could feel it in her bones. Weeping, Esperanza apologized to her daughter through prayer. "Blessed Lord, what have I done?"

Composing herself she knew that she could not let Oscar see her emotions. Drying her eyes she snatched up the champagne bottle and four lutes. Returning to the deck to celebrate his catch she handed the bottle to Oscar. "I could not pop the cork." He did it with ease and poured each of them a glass, a swift toast to Esperanza made her blush. "To one damn fine piece of ass." Randolph winced, Ron kissed her on the cheek then made his way upstairs to fire up the engines. Randolph took his glass and gave the married couple space.

"You been cryin'?" Oscar noticed her eyes.

"You...make me very happy Husband."

"Makes two of us. We hit the archipelago I want you to keep an open mind."

"What do you mean?"

"You heard me."

"Yes Husband."

Pulling her head back by her hair he kissed her long and hard. She melted in his embrace. Love was there, but so was disappointment. In failing her daughter she was dying inside, yet forced to smile. Wondering what Maria was doing right now made her retreat and lay her head on Oscar's shoulder. It was better to let him think she was truly happy.

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Texas...United States of America.

"I DID IT! I MADE THE WHITE DEVIL COME OUT OF YOU." Maria bounced up and down on the sofa. Again. she had assisted Wiley Barnett by jerking him off. "THE WHITE DEVIL LIKES ME."

Wiley couldn't agree more. Wiping some of his jizz on her face made her giggle. Pulling her under his armpit he hugged her to him.

"My pain is gone. Bless you Baby Sister."

"I miss my Mommy."

"I'm sure she misses you too."

A pouty face led her to gather his cum and sneak a swipe at his face this time. Her retaliation let her in for a whole lot of tickling. With the help of Wiley Barnett her sadness vanished as she tried not to pee.

"No tickling."

"Suffer."

She did.

**Baby Sister Ch. 06: BOO COCKY**

"Time to wake up and smell like roses."

Tyson Barnett waltzed right into Maria Blanco's bedroom and pulled the drapes to her balcony doors letting the sunlight in. Waking up yawning she gets blinded instantly. Once the curtains were opened he pulled the doors wide letting in a warm breeze. Dressed in blue jeans and a button down red shirt Tyson walked over to her bed and threw himself on it to lay next to her. She was covered by her thin bed sheet but nude beneath it, having sworn off clothing. Her nipples stabbed through the silk sheets as if nothing to hide.

"It is too early. Let me sleep. Harriet kept me awake all night." She pouted.

"Ole' girl still prowlin' your palace?" He looked around her room.

"Yes. My television came on by itself last night. It was only fuzzy. I finally figured out the remote and shut it off but..."

"But what?" Tyson cocked an eye brow.

"She...spoke to me."

"What did Harriet say?" He rolled his eyes as if doubting her.

"It sounded like she said fuck them. Over and over until I shut her off. What does she mean?"

"It's all about humpin'. Don't you worry your pretty lil' noggin. Harriet back in the day was...well easy. She liked sex a lot I hear. Don't let her get to ya."

"She...helped get the white stuff out of men?"

"Oh yeah. Nonstop. My Grampa used to tell me she would chase a guy down and jump his bones just to help him out. Maybe...she's possessing you." He acts all eerie with ghostlike wails and fluttering fingers. She swiftly pulls her sheet higher to mask her fright.

"Do not do that Tyson. I don't want to be possessed. She might make me...do things."

"Might just help you become a woman if she did."

Eyes unable to blink she thinks about his words, "I...do want to become a woman."

"You do?"

"Yes." She gets overly excitable and hops up on to her knees to face him, her sheet slipping away to reveal her gorgeous 34B's. She bulges her eyes as he licks his lips.

"Baby Sister, you have some yummy looking tits."

"They are?" She lowers her chin to look at her nipples. "Even these?"

"Especially your nipples. Guys love those on a woman. Not so much a girl though."

"You do not want these?"

"Naaa! You're a kid."

"I am eighteen."

"Still. Barely that. To me you're still a little kid. Five foot tall and so petite you could pass for fourteen."

"You are mean." She pelts him with a fist then feels badly for striking him.

"Just calling it how I see it. If you wanna change my mind then you're gonna have to prove to me you wanna be a woman."

"How? Wiley says I'm good with my hands."

"I wouldn't know."

"I can show you."

"Maybe later. Today's the day we're taking you horse back riding. Daddy told us to take you out for some fresh air. You're a Barnett now even without the name and Barnett's are horse lovers. So go clean up and meet me downstairs. I gave Highbone the day off so I'll make you breakfast."

"Vegan pancakes?"

"Ummm! Sure." As if he knew how. "I'll whip some right up. Strawberry? Blueberries?"

"No strawberries. I ate too many with Wiley and Oscar before they left. Bananas?"

"How's about we just take a bunch of bananas on our ride? I'll be honest I don't know how to make anything vegan."

"Okay. I'll go shower. Wait! Am I getting dressed?"

"Why? We own everything for thirty miles around. Only the stable boys might see you and whistle."

"Boys?"

"Well, men."

"Will they...try and touch me?"

"Probably so."

"You will protect me?"

"Probably not." He chuckles, "Relax I'm messing with ya. I bought you a cowboy hat and some boots. You can't go walking barefoot in the desert. Scorpions and all. The hat because it'll make you look cute."

"Will the horses like me? I've never been on a horse before."

"Course they will. We can feed Betsy a carrot, she'll love you forever."

"I get a girl horse?"

"She's got the best personality. Some of the other horses might get cranky."

"I don't like cranky."

"Neither do we. Word of advice?" She nods intent on his every word, "Don't ever get grumpy with a guy. Never talk back. Always be sweet as you can be and if he asks..." He alters his word, "...tells you to do something, no matter what that might be, you just do it. That keeps you out of trouble."

"I won't speak out of turn on purpose."

"Good. Y'know what? We have a little time before the horses are ready. How about I show you a few tricks?"

"Magic tricks?"

"Uhh? Maybe. Here, lay down beside me and stretch out on your back." She complies and snuggles close to Tyson presuming that she should. "Good girl, now I'm going to get you started, but I expect you to take over for me." He places his fingers on his tongue to moisten them then reaches down to rub her clit. Her innocent eyes studied his face before darting back and forth between him and her pussy. Trembling at his touch, her sensitivity level charted.

"That feels good Tyson."

"It feels even better when you do it yourself."

"It does?"

"Lick your fingertips then put them right where my fingers are." Without arguing she does it and joins his fingers. Lifting his hand away he watches her massage her clit and flare her eyes at how good her own touch was.

"It does feel good when I do it. Why am I doing it Tyson?"

"Because sometimes a man just likes to watch the woman please herself."

"You like watching me touch myself?"

"Any brother would. Definitely!"

"Can I watch you?"

"Right now?" He puffed his lower lip then stroked his goatee. "I guess I could. If it makes you happy." She nods feverishly with a glimmer of lust. Using both hands he unzips his jeans before lifting his ass up to tug them down to his upper thighs. Seeing his nine inch cock pop free and spring to life Maria brightens up and snuggles even closer beneath his armpit. Now that his hand surrounded her shoulder again he applied friction to her bicep. "You like cuddling don't you?"

"You are really warm."

"Okay, you rub yourself right there. I'll rub my cock until it's nice and hard."

"Does he hurt?"

"A little but you do realize I'm riling the temper of the beast inside. Sooner or later he's gonna fight back and make me growl in pain."

"I will help you fight him."

"Counting on that. I hear you're a pretty good Doctor."

"I just like being helpful. It makes me feel special."

"Maria? You are very special, with or without your help. Come on let's masturbate together."

"What is masturbate?"

"It's when you master the human body, what makes it feel good."

"I want to be good at it."

"All women master the technique. You're doing good." He observes her fingers moving faster. "Okay, let's add something here. Use these two fingers to rub like you're doing now, and place your other hands fingers up inside your pussy. Like this." He uses her fingers and places them inside her as far as her virginity allowed. "Good! Now do both until you have a nice orgasm."

"Orgasm? Like when Owen licked me down there?"

"Yep! This is you though, not Owen. You must get in tune with your own body."

"I like this. Are you going to rub him?"

"I am." He turns his attention to jerking off. She explores his reaction to himself and lays her cheek on his chest.

"Tyson?"

"Yeah?"

"Why do all of my brothers have big ones?"

"Big dicks? It's just how we were born. Girls love big cocks."

"I know I do."

"You ever see a cock before Wiley?"

"No. Mom never let men around me. We didn't have a television even. No computers. Only Mommy had a phone."

"So, our dicks are the only sizes you know?"

"Uh huh! You're bigger than Wiley."

"Keep rubbing. Are you feeling good?"

"Yes. It tickles but makes me feel really, really good."

"Don't stop then. Here soon it's going to feel even better."

"Will you lick me like Owen did?"

"If you finish yourself, I'll lick it for ten minutes. Deal?"

"Deal! If you need help I can lick you too."

"I might just let you."

"I hope so. Tyson? Your dick is getting really purple."

"The white stuff is cutting off my blood flow. I really need to get it out before it's too late. Don't worry about me, you just keep rubbing that clit and dipping those fingers." She worries for him but obeys. Watching him made her want to rub herself harder. The more sensitive she became the more she squirmed beneath his arm. Whimpering he knew she was getting close, she just didn't understand it all. Gripping his cock Tyson Barnett increased his friction, wishing he had lube. Spitting on his hand he dampened his cock for a better feel. Seeing this Maria did the same, leaving her clit to spit on her fingers then reapply them. He had to snicker. So did she.

"I can feel the white stuff ready to shoot." He groaned tilting his head back.

"I don't know what I'm feeling, but it feels good."

"Keep it up, don't stop."

"I won't."

Gritting his teeth he tilted his dick toward her just as he exploded. Silky white missiles launched out over her belly and peppered her abdomen. Hearing each guttural grunt made her shake like a leaf. Now that he had saved himself he held her tighter. His jerking hand reaching over to tease her nipple. The secondary thrill made her tense up, her back arching her hips off of the mattress. Seconds later she squeals like a Miss Piggy on her best day and cums. Shocked by her success she brightened up, "I did it Tyson. I did it."

"That was beautiful Maria. I guess I owe you those licks." He scoots lower on her bed then reaches over dragging her tiny body up over his chest. With a bit of effort he turned her upside down, her knees to each side of his head. Drawing her thighs to his face he began gnawing on her clit. Instantly, she moaned. With her face directly over his dick she took it upon herself to lick him back. From pubes to the tip of his monster cock she licked, tasting his minty cum. "Rub my cock." She did so bringing it back to life. "There's more white stuff in there. It hurts Maria, it hurts bad."

Instinct took over and she jerked him off with both hands. Divided between her ability and his tongue she couldn't stop whimpering. "I love being licked."

"So do I. Shit! He's ready to slip out." Eying his cock up close she looked directly into his urethra then jumped as her hands made him detonate. Cum shot out across her face making her flinch. Two more solid airstrikes coated her nose and brow, dripping down over her left eye. She froze under the snowstorm.

"That was a lot." She mumbled as her thighs wiggled over his tongue. Feeling his tongue up inside her made her eyes roll back, wiping the cum from her eyes she began panting heavily. Before she realized it she squirted for the first time ever across Tyson's face. Still he ate. She was a screeching mess the longer he devoured her. A second flood made her worry she had peed on him. Slapping her ass he threw her to his side and sat up quick, shaking her juices off in splatters like a dog.

"Damn that was delicious."

"Did I pee on you?" She pouted with uncertainty.

"Nope. You just learned what your body was hiding from you is all. Squirting is good Maria. Cleanses your soul."

"So I did good?"

"You did AWESOME!" He looks down at his shirt, "Better go change. Hell I think I need to shower again too."

"We could shower together." She sheepishly smiled.

"Why the hell not." He got up from the bed and disrobed completely before looking back at her watching him. Slapping his palms together he snapped, "What are you waiting for? Go get the water hot."

Hopping up she skipped like a young girl to the bathroom. Admiring her heart shaped derrière he had to growl and grip his dick. "So gonna fuck that little bitch." Not today. Their shower together was merely sharing the experience, he washing her, she washing him. All he knew was he was going to need more time with her later, his dick just would not go down. Thoughts of her mother Esperanza only kept his manhood inspired.

After drying one another off Tyson took her by the hand to his room next door and he got dressed. Letting her air dry he finally tossed two boxes on his bed from underneath where they were stashed. "Matty knew your sizes." Happy to get presents she opened her boots and found cute socks with them. They were more leather moccasin style boots with fringe for comfort, her never wearing boots before today. Helping her put them on she stood up and got a feel of walking in them. Loving them she raced into his arms for a tight hug.

"I love my boots."

"Good! You only wear these outside the house. Understood? You can wear them from the house but the second you come in they come off."

"Okay."

He lifts the lid off of her hat box and lets her pluck it from its home. Nearly putting it on backwards Tyson took it from her and placed it on her head. It fit perfectly, Matthew the Profiler knew his craft well. Taking her to his dresser mirror she took a good look at herself and grew giddy. "I'm a cowgirl."

"Soon to be a cow woman. Let's get moving, the horses have probably given up on us."

"I-I've never been nakie outside before."

"First time for everything. Piggy back ride?"

"Yes!!" She jumps up on his bed to enable her to climb on his back. Feeling her breasts crush into his shoulders Tyson had to seal his eyelids and keep calm. He really wanted to toss her back on his bed and fuck her blind. Her childlike exuberance was tough to ignore. "Hold on tight Baby Sister."

"I will Big Brother."

Leaving the bedroom he carried her downstairs to the kitchen. Letting her reach out to a swinging banana bin she took five and carried them as he left the house. Feeling the Texas heat on her flesh she giggled, "It feels funny to be nakie in the sun."

"Hope you don't sunburn easy. Golden skin like you have should keep you safe unless we keep you out too long." Hearing a rumble behind them Tyson turns to see his brother Wiley pulling up in a four wheel drive dune buggy.

"Anyone need a lift to the stables?"

"Only a two seater Coyote." Tyson scowls.

"Buckle her in on your lap."

Puckering Tyson decided it was safe enough and climbed in first. Patting his crotch he looked at Maria and said, "Climb on." Eager to join them she crawled in with Tyson's assist and nestled her cute ass right over his tortured erection. Buckling them in Wiley looked over at Maria and pinched her nipple. Awestruck she giggled, "Why did you do that?"

"Because I can. Right?"

"Yes. You may."

"Good girl Sis." With a screeching of tires Wiley sent his buggy in motion, once outside the walls of Longhorn Manor he hit the ground running. Off road that is. Jostling her around in Tyson's lap Tyson gripped her by the tits to hold her to him. She shared a worried gaze at Wiley for his driving skills. She had never ever been in a vehicle like this. Barely any vehicle her entire life. Only Oscar's plane, their limo, and taxi's in Cartagena when Oscar took she and her Mother shopping. The world was so very exciting. Laying back against Tyson, his grip on her breasts snug she held her hat on fearing the breeze taking it away. For ten minutes they crossed rough terrain until coming up over a hilltop. Stopping cold in a cloud of dust Maria got her first look at horses in a massive corral.

"There are so many horses."

"Sixty five last count. Couple new colts." Tyson pointed out. "Head on down Coyote. Godiva here needs to feed some carrots."

"I only grabbed bananas." Wiley did note the bananas tucked between her legs, like big yellow dicks ready to penetrate. His mind was always in the gutter. In his own wicked mind he recalled the girl band Bananarama chuckling as he hit the gas. He would love to ramabanana up inside the little Princess. As Tyson convinced her there were carrots in the barn she relaxed.

Fishtailing to a stop down at the bottom of the hill the buggy lurched a bit then found its tires back on the ground. Tyson looked over at his brother, "Are you just plain stupid?"

"We got here safe didn't we?" He whipped his tank top off and reached behind him for his own cowboy hat. Wiley wore white and blue jeans. As the brothers climbed out Maria grew afraid suddenly. Strange men were pouring out of the barn and admiring their visitors. Six men, two Hispanic like Maria discovered her hiding behind Tyson shyly. Tyson tipped his hat at the locals.

"Finally made it Clint. Horses saddled up?"

"Buckshot, Cortez, and Betsy all rearing to go." Clint the eldest grinned at Maria, "It's alright! Nobody here is gonna hurt you. We like our paychecks too much." His friendliness helped but it took Tyson to step behind her and offer them a full frontal nudity of the hottest kid around to get the men drooling. She tried to move back behind Tyson but he wouldn't let her.

"Will you relax? I won't let anyone treat you badly. The boys here just like what they see. A real woman shows off what she's got. Take a deep breath and wiggle on over there and give Clint a hug."

"I...don't...please don't make me."

"Get over your shyness. Do as you're told Maria."

Whining she takes her first step as Tyson steals her bananas away to free up her hands. Covering herself blushing she reached Clint. With gentle hands Clint lowered her arms and admired her tits. "You're beautiful Miss Maria. Welcome to the family." She hesitantly accepts his hug and feels him rub her back caringly. If she could see him mouth the words, "Fucking this." toward Wiley and Tyson she would worry more than she already was. Still, although admitting his lust he kept things calm. Letting her peel away from him, Clint placed a hand on her shoulder and introduced the others. "That there is Loomis. Miguel, Paco, George, and Billy. Fellas? This is Maria." As one they waved at her. She whimpered regardless, trembling heavily.

"Wanna meet Betsy?" Clint invited her toward the barn. Nodding shyly she let him take her hand and lead her toward the barn entrance. Behind her the other stable workers gripped their crotches just to show off. If given the word poor sweet Maria would face the inevitable. It was not in the playing cards today.

Tyson and Wiley followed Clint and Maria into the dingy barn where stalls were lined up twenty stalls deep from front to back. Joining her Tyson took her from Clint which made her feel better, safer definitely. Reaching a stall with a beautiful white nag leering her head over the wooden railing Maria brightened up. "She is beautiful."

"She thinks you are too. Here, climb up on the rails and pet her brow." Tyson assists her climbing up two rails to reach over and stroke the horses snout. While she pet the horse Tyson rubbed her cute little ass. Clint beside him dared to make contact of his own as Tyson withdraws his palm to let her think it was his hand on her butt instead of Clint's. Clint offered a silent whistle then drew back before being caught. Wiley wanted to laugh but kept it civil.

"Got a carrot on you Clint?" Tyson asked.

"In my pants. Oh, wait! That's my...I'll go grab a couple."

Stepping away Tyson continued rubbing Maria's left butt cheek, Wiley easing in rubbed her right. She was so mesmerized by the friendliness of the horse she didn't even look back. The brothers were hard as rocks. "Hello Betsy. I am Maria." She melted their hearts in just that introduction.

"Soon as you give Betsy there a snack we're gonna bring her out. Looks like Paco's grabbing Buckshot, and Cortez for me and Wiley. It's good you make an impression on Betsy before riding her." Tyson informed her.

"Brothers? Are those men staring at me still?"

"Sure are. They know a pretty girl when they see one." Wiley patted her bottom lightly.

"Should I make an impression on them too?"

"Couldn't hurt. A guy feels left out if he doesn't get a hug."

"I will be right back Betsy." Maria climbed down and turned away from the stall. Spotting Miguel first she held her breath and walked up to him and embraced him. His eyes rolled back white inhaling her scent. "I am sorry if I offended you."

"A hug made up for it. You are forgiven."

Sheepishly grinning she twirled on her left heel and marched across the barn to face Loomis. The second eldest of the bunch boasted a serious woody not bothering to mask his tent. She hugged him feeling his dick curl upward under her chest. Everyone was just so tall in Texas. While she felt his erection, he felt her tits crush against his abs. "I will be your friend." She lifted her chin to look him in the eye.

"Friends need better hugs than this." Loomis bends at the knee and lifts her body into the air. Her arms circling his neck she squeals. Gripping her ass to hold her up he winks at her, "Now this is hugging level."

"Then, I shall hug you." She beguiles him with innocent eyes. Hugging him tightly Loomis Furlong squeezed her ass. She suddenly didn't fret. Finally, he lowered her to the ground. Smiling she turned away and searched for others.

"She's getting a mite chummy all of a sudden." Wiley winced.

"Kid's fighting her shyness the only way she can. She's just going for it."

"Wish she'd go for my dick."

"What are you bitching about? She's spent more time draining your well dry than any of us."

"Still! I long for the day we mount that tight little cunt."

"When the time is right, I'm right there with ya Little Brother."

Maria found George and Billy the youngest of the bunch tossing hay in for the horses. Halting their pitchforks to welcome her they set them aside. "I wish to apologize for my shyness. I am trying to get over it. May I have a hug?"

Billy jumped at the chance picking her up like Loomis did but dancing in a circle with her. His lift drew her higher until her tits were literally in his face. She gasped giggling as he hugged her chest to his face. Eyes bulging she felt drool on her left breast. Moving in behind her George hugged lower planting his cheek on her ass as he awkwardly forgave her. His warm exhales crept between her butt crack making her graduate to goosebumps.

"Come see us anytime you like Maria. We'll have Betsy ready when you wanna ride."

"Thank you. May I get down now?"

"Oh! Yeah, sorry. Just letting you know I think you're really nice." Billy grinned and lowered her slowly so that her tits brushed over his chest. The maneuver coaxed her nipples into raising to deadly proportions. Shivering at their sudden rise Maria blushed. "None of that." Billy lifted her chin, "You don't need to be embarrassed. We want you...to be comfortable around us. Feel free to steal a hug whenever you want."

"Okay." She turns her back to Billy and throws her arms out for George. Regardless of his backside hug she wanted a real one. Leaning down he drew her in patting her back lovingly. Shaking her head she pouted, "Friends hug better than that. Loomis told me so."

"Well fuck me." George lifted her higher than Billy had, her breasts literally on top of his scalp. In her sudden rise she lost her hat, falling to the ground between boys. Giggling at his reaction to her advice she felt not only George holding her ass cheeks but Billy rubbing her tushy along her crack. She whimpered faintly at being touched but bit her lip. After a tight hug George brought her down slowly, letting her tits smother his face. A tongue licked between her cleavage making her tense up. Once on her feet she blushed hard and bent over to retrieve her cowboy hat. Both boys leaned into one another checking out her tight little clam. She hadn't even noticed them rubbing their crotches out of intense tightening in their jeans. Off she went, back to Tyson and Wiley.

Clint stood holding out a carrot for her to feed Betsy. Taking it she climbed the wood rail and fed Betsy, giggling at her chance to make yet another new friend. Behind her all three men lightly rubbed her ass. This time Maria looked back then down at their hands.

"Did I get dirty?"

"Yep!" Wiley took the lead, "Dirty little girl you."

"Let's ride." Tyson pulled her from the rail. "Open the gate Clint." He wanted to open his zipper. Hell, they all did. Moving Maria out of the way Clint opened the stall and stepped in to claim the already attached bridle, walking Betsy out into the interior. Maria was in awe of the horses size.

"She's so big."

"Shouldn't that be He's so big?" Wiley chuckled.

"Betsy is a girl silly." She retaliated.

"Alright! Maria?" Tyson guides her to Betsy's left and points at the stirrup dangling from the saddle. "Put your left foot in this stirrup and pull yourself up over the saddle until seated." She makes three attempts teetering with her foot caught in the stirrup. Laughing at her Tyson reaches between her legs and lifts her up, she squealed at his palm over her pussy, a finger directly poised along her clitoral area. All the way up she whimpered, while he encouraged her to pull herself up once he had her in position. However, he lingered in any final boost of assist just to torture her hormones by his provocative touch. Not only that but the holding out gave Clint and Wiley a good look at her butt pucker. Trying her best to hike her right leg up offered the guys a good look at Tyson's grip over her cunt. Wiley did show support by telling her, "Almost there Maria." Once high enough to cast her right leg over the saddle inch by inch she straddled Betsy. While she recovered from his stimulating lift Tyson let Clint see the wetness on his hand. It was not sweat.

"I did it." She threw her arms in the air triumphantly, her boobies dancing for any onlooker to enjoy. All of the stable hands clapped and hollered making her smile brightly. Peering down at Tyson beside her who patted her upper thigh, rubbing it briskly she trembled, her pussy was on fire and she could not explain it.

"Took you long enough Squirt."

"I squirted this morning." She stuck her tongue out at Tyson not even connecting the dots that exposed her earlier sexual release, the surrounding men had a clue when Tyson turned away to rub his goatee as if wiping his face. His wink was a telltale sign. Imaginations ran wild.

Clint taking over for Tyson brought Betsy's reins up for Maria, "Hold on to these loosely until you want Betsy to start walking. Do not raise your voice too loud or she might think you want her to run. Keep your feet in the stirrups to support your balance in the saddle." All while explaining the drivers course Clint stared at her snatch now that her legs were wide up in straddling the horse's back. That labia was tight and almost breathing like a fish gasping for water. He could even see her wetness puddling on the leather saddle just beneath her thighs. She was naïve enough to think he was just concerned about her safety. He was, but he wanted to appease his lust more at the moment. "Above all else, until you begin your actual ride you need to show Betsy love. Pet her mane there." She leans forward doing just that, drawing Clint's eyes to inspect her fierce nipple protrusion, they were like tiny yet meaty bullets.

"If for any reason Betsy decides to run you hold on to that saddle horn right here and tighten your thighs around the saddle. You being naked your skin will mold to the saddle more than wearing pants which would slip around." As he continued giving her lessons about how to make Betsy switch directions Paco brought Buckshot and Cortez in for Tyson and Wiley to mount up. Maria watched her brothers climb into their saddles easily and pouted.

"You only got up there because you are giants." She razzed them with her tongue.

"We get up when you're around." Wiley jested as the crew laughed. "It's not our fault you're a midget."

"I am not a midget. What's a midget?"

"YOU!!" The entire gathering spoke as one making her giggle. Easing next to her right side Tyson tried to appear studly, she definitely absorbed his masculinity, her eyes exploring him.

"No fair." She pouted, "You should be nakie too."

"Maybe on the way back." He chuckled. "You might convince Coyote there, he's the free spirit." Tyson nodded at Wiley, who pointed at his bare chest, "Halfway there."

"Alright, Maria. You understand everything Clint told you?"

"Yes."

"Thank Clint for helping you."

She tilts her gaze to Clint on her left and smiles sheepishly, "Thank you Clint."

"Is that a proper thank you Maria?" Tyson frowned. She shrugged uncertain what he meant, "Lean over and give him a kiss. He deserves it for trying to teach a woman to ride." Shyly she listened and leaned left as much as she could but it wasn't enough with her right boot in the stirrup preventing her ability to stretch.

"If you want that kiss Barrow you're gonna have to climb up there and get it. She's gonna fall off trying to reach you." Wiley chuckled.

Clint just took advantage lifting up to kiss her left thigh, his tongue licking it just for meanness. She dropped her jaw gasping at his tongue. "Clint licked me." She looked at Tyson.

"I thought you liked being licked." Tyson winked at her.

"I do, but I like to be licked right here." She leans back to point at her pussy. Every guy there volunteered to lick her. Clint chuckled and patted her knee, leaving it there to see how long it would be before she grew too nervous over his touch.

"You can owe me a more proper kiss when you get back from your ride."

"Okay." She agreed.

"If you ask nice maybe the guys there will lick you." Tyson reaches over and rubs her right leg. She now had two men pampering her legs. She shivered and searched their eyes for interest. Trembling heavily she rocks a bit in her saddle nervously, it almost looked as if she were riding a big cock. Blushing she returns her innocent eyes back to the hands rubbing both of her legs. Whimpering she touches base one more time with each man's expressions. It was if they required an answer from her. Tension was thick in the air.

"Tyson?" She whispered his direction, "What am I to say?"

"You're the one that likes being licked Lil' Sis. That shyness has to go."

"I know." She pouts slightly then turns her attention toward the stable crew, "You would all want to lick me?"

The men moved in closer to her left forcing her to look down at each of them. Clint removed his hand from her knee and palmed the stubble of his 5:00 shadow. "Where was it you liked licked again?"

She leans back slightly in her saddle, taking her reins in one hand to free up her other. Placing fingers on her clitoral area she shows them. Men stood on their boot toes just to capture a glimpse of where she was pointing. "Right here. It feels really good there."

"I've never licked a gal there before." George prompted. "Have you Billy?"

"Nope! I don't think Maria is serious about it no ways."

"Yes I am."

"Horses are getting restless." Tyson smirks, "Save the lick talk until we get back. Besides Maria there might change her mind."

"No I won't." She gets pouty. "You guys told me a girl can't become a woman until she lets a man know what she likes. I LIKE LICKED." She excites her tone of voice.

"Well now! That's a girl demanding attention." Clint puckers his lower lip.

"I know what I want." She shares a childlike voice of innocence.

"Tell you what Lil Missy..." Clint wiggles the toe of her boot playfully, "You come back from your ride and we'll see if you still want licked. None of us here has ever done that so we need to talk about it some. If you can be patient with us we'll consider it."

"I have lots of patience."

"No you don't." Wiley laughed, "You follow me around like a lost puppy."

"I just like being around my new brothers."

"Well, consider us your new Uncles." Clint patted her calf.

"I have Uncles?"

"You do. It's just not these goofballs." Tyson rolls his eyes. "Come on Maria. Gently coax Betsy and let's go."

"You may walk Betsy." She leans forward and points. Betsy sensing her request, mainly because Tyson on Buckshot began walking toward the exit, followed along. Maria was grinning from ear to ear thinking she was in control. Behind her the stable boys clustered close to one another admiring her sweet little ass.

"Daaaaamn! Those Barnett boys found themselves one dumb filly." Loomis sighed.

"Dumber the better." George snickered.

Billy concurred, "Man I hope the Barnett's let us fuck that gal."

"She's their new baby sister. Show some respect." Clint knuckle slapped Billy on the shoulder, then chuckled, "She can ride my saddle horn any time she wants."

"Let's set up the poker table. We can lick her on that." Miguel offered a good idea.

"Finish shoveling the stalls." Clint grunted, "Can't enjoy her if we're smellin' horse shit." The crew went back to work.

Outside in the sunlight the three amigos rode side by side, Wiley and Tyson opting to stay close in case Betsy bolted. She was a mild natured nag so their worry wasn't heavy hearted. Watching Maria enjoying herself the boys just had to stir up the hormonal curiosity within her.

"Proud of you Maria. You shoved that shyness aside and took control over your needs."

"I did?"

"You just asked those boys to lick you. That took guts." Wiley acted impressed. "You may just have a Barnett in you somewhere."

"I want to have a Barnett in me." She was just that naïve, not even knowing how her words sounded.

"Oh, trust us, you're gonna find plenty of Barnett in you here soon." Tyson smirked. "We Barnett's stick together like glue."

"Quit talkin' about glue around the horses Ty. They might think we're takin' 'em to the factory." Wiley laughed. That went waaaaay over Maria's head.

"I think the fellas liked you Maria."

"I hope so. I don't want anyone to dislike me."

"Only way to make sure is to hug them a lot. The more body contact the better. A guy needs to know a girl wants to be friendly."

"I like hugging. George and Billy hugged me really tight." She nodded her fond memory, "Why did they lift me so high to hug me?"

"Because you're a shorty. Guys do not like to bend over to hug a gal. You're in Texas Baby Sister. We do things differently than down there in Colombia." Tyson pointed out. It wasn't far off from being true.

"So it's okay to let them pick me up to hug me?"

"Absolutely. What I did notice about those hugs though, was you grew shy again. A woman leaps into those kind of hugs, and pulls the man close to her."

"But, my boobies were right in their faces."

"Doesn't matter. Hug them to your boobies. Show them how much you respect them."

"Okay Wiley. I will try again when we get back."

"We're gonna make a woman out of you yet." Wiley chuckled.

"Make me. Make me." She grew excitable.

"Calm down before you scare Betsy. We don't need to send her into a run and throw you off."

"Sowwy!" She pats Betsy's neck, "No running Betsy."

The boys had to shook their heads. Following a trail out through the rougher terrain the sun grew hotter than hell itself. Maria's skin was tinted red even through her already golden flesh. Sharing a canteen of water amongst themselves at least hydrated her. "I'm really hot."

"Yes you are." Wiley winked, "Look at you sweat Miss Glossy. Mmmm mmmm!"

"Shiny as all get out." Tyson agreed.

"Trail up ahead leads to a big lake. We'll stop there and take a swim to cool off." Wiley loved swimming.

"Water will feel really good." She just wanted to talk.

"There's a lone Birch out there lakeside. We used to swing on a rubber tire growing up, and jump into the lake. Fun times huh, Coyote?"

"Hell yeah! Used to swing so high I could do a double somersault before hitting the water."

"You that limber Maria?"

"I don't know. I can try."

"There it is." They reach the hilltop and peer down at a sizeable lake. Some might say pond. Big enough to go boating if it were a john boat. Alongside the lake was a hitching post to tether the horses yet give them access to drink from the lake. Making their way down Tyson climbs off first and ties up Buckshot. Wiley followed with Cortez. Once done they took the reins from Maria and wound the rein around the pole. Maria remained in her seat almost afraid of trying to get down. Wiley offered his help to Maria standing to Betsy's left with his arms outstretched.

"Take your boots out of the stirrups, then bring your right leg over toward me." She obeyed and sat with both legs dangling. Feeling evil Wiley lifted her legs and placed them over his shoulders dragging her from the saddle. Her pussy rolled directly over his face. Squealing as his lips grazed her labia she lurched forward hugging his head and knocking his cowboy hat off. Her tits were crushed over his scalp. "Now this is a good hug." He mumbled, his mouth smothered in pussy. She felt his warm exhale literally blow up inside her hole.

"This is how I'm supposed to hug a man?" She looked over at Tyson.

"One way. This style of hug shows a man how happy you are to see him."

"I'm always happy to see my brothers."

"Then, you should hug us like this more often."

"Wiley is licking me." She shares her awe as his tongue entered her pussy wagging. "Nnnnmmm!" She exhaled vividly. "I like this kind of hugging."

"Put her down Coyote."

"You want a hug?" Wiley offered to pass her over while he still had her in his grasp. Shrugging Tyson laughed, "I could use a tight wet hug. Come on over here Sweatheart." He used sweat instead of sweet. Wiley motioned Tyson to his side and carefully she extended her leg over Tyson, her thighs ripped wide between both brothers. In doing so her pussy hole gapped wide, Wiley couldn't resist one more depth charge of his tongue. "FUCK I LOVE LICKING BABY SISTER." He rallied then released her to Tyson in the very same pose. Now Tyson's hat toppled from his head. She giggled uncontrollably at their transfer tactics, feeling as if they were fighting over her. Being the two youngest brothers that was quite possible.

Once settled on Tyson's shoulders he held her ass in his hands like a seat and felt her smother him in a tight clingy hug. Her pussy smearing along his nose at first until resting on his tongue. He too dug his tongue as deep as he could get it, flicking it about in search of her G-spot. Nipples teasing his bald head was definitely a plus.

"Mmmmmmmm! I don't remember being licked up in there. Owen did a little but not so deep." She quivered, her words vibrating, it was as deep as her virginity allowed. Moving behind her Wiley knelt and licked her asshole, the new sensation making Maria hug Tyson tighter. "I like being licked there too." Enjoying her for a good five minutes Maria Blanco squirted a bit into Tyson's mouth. He was used to it. Finally, both men stopped cold. She realized they were missing and kicked her boots against Tyson's back, "More! Morrrre!"

"Tell that to the stable boys when we get back."

"Should I let them lick me? I...really don't know them."

"They're good guys. I don't see a problem. That is if they decide they like you enough to even want to." Wiley wiped his chin of saliva.

"They will. I'll make them like me. I'll hug then really, really tight and tell them I've missed them."

"That might work. You do realize that the white stuff is going to give them a lot of aches and pains right?"

"I never thought of that."

"You start something, you finish it. That's what being a woman is all about Sis." Tyson pointed out.

"Licking me will make the white stuff hurt them? I don't want to cause them pain. Maybe I shouldn't let them lick me."

"You really want to not be licked?" Wiley laughed.

"Noooo! He selfishly pouted, "I want to be licked."

"It's alright to be selfish Maria. If you cause them pain it's because they can't resist you."

"They want to lick me that badly?"

"I can't speak for them. You can ask them just like that when we get back. Except say...you want to lick me badly don't you? It's the proper way to ask." Wiley mimicked her sexy childlike tone.

"Okay, I will."

"Let's go for that swim." Tyson switches her on his shoulders to piggyback in a dramatic swinging of her tiny little body. Wiley grabbed his brothers hat and dusted it off trailing behind. There was that gorgeous tight barely legal ass. "Fuck she makes my dick hard." He mumbled.

Laughing as Tyson bolted into a run toward the water Maria crushed her breasts around his neckline trying to hold on. Reaching the water he stopped cold and coaxed her down to the ground. In slithering down his back her nipples teased his spine offering him a moment of intense pleasure, eyeballs hiding behind his brow at the sensations. Even she felt a joyous ticklish sensation in her trailing nipples. They could not get any more erect.

Turning to face her Tyson pulled off his boots and socks, then unzipped his pants right in front of her. Sensing Wiley right behind her she leered over her shoulder to witness he too drop his own pants. A mighty big erection popped free right up on her ass cheeks. Returning her gaze toward Tyson his pants were down too. Even he was mere inches from her, his monster boy bobbing about touched her lower abdomen. She had two dicks touching her at once.

Closing in around her for a brief instant to knuckle butt each other with both hands they trapped her between them. Their dicks nudge upward in crushing against her body, Tyson's crown applied along her belly up to her cute navel, warm and throbbing against her skin. Wiley behind her mashing his towering penis right up between her butt crack, his girth surrounded by twin cheeks of pure perfection. Even his scrotum mashed along her great divide. She gasped at their up close and personal collision of her tiny frame. His nipples taunting Tyson's chest made him grin down at her innocent yet confused eyes. Seeing her reaction he snapped a glare toward his brother, Wiley reading his mind.

"UGGGGGGGGGHH!" Wiley snarled, "The pain is unbearable."

"DAMMIT! Me too. The white stuff is back in full force. I think I'm gonna double over." Tyson played off of his brothers impulse.

"Why now?" She pouted stomping her foot accidently stepping on Wiley's toes, "We were having fun. I hate the white stuff when it causes you pain."

"Let's just go for a swim and maybe the water will ease our agony." Tyson turned and hobbled down to the edge of the small lake and waltzed right in. Wiley joined him leaving Maria on shore, both men submerging up to their shoulders, sighing as if relieved. "It's helping a little." Both brothers acted as if soothing some. "You coming in Sis?"

She hesitated holding her cowboy hat over her tummy with both hands, her cute pussy seen just below the hats brim. "I...I don't know how to swim."

"You're kidding." Tyson winced.

"No wonder you haven't come out to the pool to swim with me." Wiley connected the dots. "I'll give you lessons. Where we are right now isn't that deep. Take your boots off and sit your hat down, come to me."

"That is what I tell the white stuff. It works."

"I know. We may need that after we get out of the water." Ty expressed grimacing at his discomfort. Setting her hat aside next to Tyson's clothes she tugged her boots and socks off one by one then slowly hobbled down to the shoreline. Whimpering with stress she trusted her brothers not to let her drown. One foot at a time she stepped into the water until reaching the boys. Wiley claiming her hands drug her body to him, chest on chest. Her trembling eyes peered up into his for a confirmation that she would be alright. His dick floated between her thighs making her tense as it rubbed along her clit.

"Okay, I'm going to teach you how to float. I want you to relax your body and lay back in my arms." Squealing under her breath she let him guide her back sideways, his hands holding her upper back and her butt, "Stretch your legs out." Watching them Tyson enjoyed seeing her body bobbing up in the water half submerged, her tits pointing toward the blue sky above, her cute pussy being pelted by the lake water and glistening.

"Do not let go of me." She tensed rigidly.

"You can't tense up like that Baby Sister. Just close your eyes and think of something you like. Something that makes you feel like a Princess." Relaxing some as she did her best, the second she smiled Wiley tried taking his hands away. She sank like a rock. Laughing at her going under Wiley pulled her back up after a snide comment of, "Guess I baptized her."

Surfacing while choking on water taken in out of her surprise release she panicked and reached out for Tyson as if thinking he would save her. He merely moved closer and joined Wiley in holding her flat on the water a second time. Giving her time to calm her nerves Tyson asked, "What did you think of?"

"Being licked. It makes me feel like a Princess."

"As it should. You're a Barnett now so you're royalty out here. Guys will realize that and obey your wishes."

"I...can tell them what to do?" She flared her eyes imagining the power. This was the first she had heard of such a thing.

"Sure. Just don't get too bossy or guys will resent you. Whenever you tell a guy what you want be sweet but direct. Look them in the eye and plant your palms on their chest when you want something from them. Your touch will let them know you're sincere."

"Okay."

Before she could think Wiley removed his hands again without her realizing it. For a few seconds she actually floated on her back. The second she noticed she sank again. "Almost had us a mermaid." Wiley chuckled.

While underwater Tyson whispered, "Think we should let the boys have their fun with her when we get back?"

"Why not? Give her the experience and she can bring it home to us." Drawing her up to catch her breath she chokes even harder. "You even holding your breath Maria?"

"Can we do this in our pool?" She whines, "The water tastes bad."

"Good point." Tyson nodded, "She's going to smell like fish."

"Reckon so. Looks like she's getting sunburnt too." Wiley realized, "Sunscreen in the saddle bags?"

"Don't we always?"

Standing Maria up but holding her back against him Wiley hugged her from behind, "You need work. We'll give you lessons in the swimming pool later this week or next, okay? By the time Esperanza comes home you can show her your best breast stroke." She lowers her eyes to her tits and reaches her hands in to caress her tits.

"Like this?" She lightly stroked them with trembling fingertips.

Chuckling Wiley kissed her shoulder, "Yup! Just like that. Keep working on that technique. Show the fellas at the stable how good you stroke your breasts."

"I will practice." She feels his penis gliding between her legs and jumps at it's solid contact with her labia, "Are you still hurting?"

"Never stops. We just try and tune it out by helping you Sis." Tyson smirks, "Ever been on a tire swing?"

"No."

"Let's swing you a few minutes then lotion you up for the return ride. We don't need you looking like a lobster and hurting as bad as we do." Tyson takes her hand and they walk out of the water. Wiley remained where it was cool and chose to swim for deeper water enjoying the day.

Out of the water Tyson pulled her along toward the tree with a long outcropped branch, the tire swing dangling there confused her. Seeing her hesitation he just picked her up in his arms cradling her as if carrying his lover over a threshold. Guiding her legs through the old Firestone tire he sat her down. "Reach up and hold the rope with both hands." Doing so he clutched the tire from the sides and walked backwards with it lifting her higher. "Hold on I'm letting go." He launched her into a swing making her giggle. It was a quick study that she was having fun.

"Higher Tyson, higher." He pushed her harder and harder then ran under her in his last highrise attempt. Her feet were pointing out like spears. Tyson Barnett suddenly felt like a true brother. This gorgeous little girl was stealing his heart. For ten more minutes he assisted her swinging single status, his dick so hard he felt like nutting without any abuse, precum trickling as she stopped her advancing and sat there watching him. "Tyson?"

"Yeaaah?" He grimaced at his discomfort.

"Is the white stuff trying to get out? I see some."

"Oh! It's just teasing me. Getting my hopes up that it will shoot out. Trust me it's going to take some help to drag it out kicking and screaming."

Moving behind her he helps her out of the swing. By now Wiley had long since stepped from the lake and had kept busy while his brother entertained Maria. Spreading out a bed roll in the grass and finding the sunscreen he posed the bottle for Tyson to see.

"Maria? Let's get you lotioned up before you get too crispy." She danced her way, almost skipping to Wiley's side and dropped to her knees. Tyson joining them the trio sat there in preparation of taking care of their sister. Wiley squeezing lotion in his hand also squirted some into Tyson's. Together the boys applied the lotion to her flesh. She trembled at their coating her private parts, tits, ass, going so far as to bend her forward and get in between her butt crack. Tyson rolling his fingers over her clam from behind made her tense and giggle. "Don't tickle."

"No choice. You want to get burnt on this sweet little puss?"

"Nooo!" She pouted. Wiley even spread lotion across her face using his thumbs to smooth it all in. She stared him in the eye without blinking. "I love how my brothers care about me."

"Anything we can do for you, we will. You just return the favor." Wiley leaned in and rubbed his nose on hers making her wince giggling. Smiling he switched personas and pulled away growling, "FUCKIN' HELL!! This damned white shit is tearing me up." He falls back on the blanket in front of her gripping his cock stroking it, "GET OUT YOU MOTHERFUCKER." He roared, kicking his legs about as if having an epileptic fit. Tyson nearly busted up seeing Maria's horrified expression. She leaped to his aid without even asking.

"Let me do it." She took over using both hands to stimulate his beast.

"Palm the head and twist at it." Wiley groaned covering his eyes against the harsh sun with his forearm.

"Like this?" She lightly gripped his mushroom and taunted it with slow twists without intentionally hurting him.

"That's it. Fuck I love your hands Maria."

While she smiled at her helpful pursuit Tyson behind her seized the moment. "UGGGGGH! Now it's attacking me again. I have to stretch out." Brother side by side with brother griped in pain. Seeing Tyson hurting Maria looked at her hands realizing she could probably use one on each of them. Scooting her knees around to sit between their hips she took one dick in each hand and began jerking them off. The boys just hid their eyes and complained one minute, praised her the next. "Shit! Maria? Use that sunscreen on your palms to lotion our cocks. Mine's getting raw." She located the bottle and slicked up her palms then returned to jerk them off more smoothly. Both men sighed at her efforts.

"Come to me. Come to me. Come to me." She repeated over and over in her attempt to get the white stuff to follow her plea.

"Maria?" Wiley grit his teeth as if in agony, "Pucker your lips around the head and suck on it a bit. The white stuff will follow the suction up from inside."

"Okay." She leaned over him forced to pull Tyson's dick sideways in order to succeed. Mouth wide she barely presses her lips around half of his crown and sucks on it.

"Fuck that helps. Do that to Tyson now. Go back and forth between us. Don't give the white stuff time to retreat too deeply." She immediately released Wiley and applied her lips to Tyson's beast. Back and forth she went over ten times while her hands worked their shafts roughly. Finally Wiley snarled and shot his load into open air while Maria had her lips on Tyson. His jizz coated her knuckles and made her pull away from Tyson.

"I did it." She bubbled up.

"Hell yes you did Medicine Woman." Wiley panted, "Just do Tyson now."

"Suck on the tip longer now." Tyson winced favorably, "I can feel it coming. Keep your lips and hands in action until it does." She sucked his crown above the urethra harder than before sending Tyson into arching his spine. "That's it Maria. Don't stop." She didn't, in her effort she took his entire crown into her mouth without even realizing it. She was growing lost in her mission. Tyson looking over at Wiley watching grinned as her eyelids sealed, just hearing her moan at her hunger to please made the boys fist bump once more. "SHIT!" Tyson withdrew his fist and detonated up into Maria's mouth. "GRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!" He roared filling her throat in creamy delight. She choked on his load and pulled her lips from his cock and made a face of uncertainty. "Drink that." Pouting she just swallowed the load and reacted to it more favorably than she imagined. Smiling at his flavor she giggled.

"Why does bad stuff taste so good?"

"Just how life is Sis. Thank you Sweetheart. You did awesome. Wiley? What did we ever do without her around?"

"Choked that fucker until it couldn't stay in. Took forever most days but a woman just knows how to tempt that white fucker out."

"So I'm a woman?"

"No." Wiley scowled, "Stop asking when, we'll let you know when you are. Just keep learning what we teach you."

"I will not fail. I want to be a woman soon."

"Just have fun until you do."

"I am having fun. Can I go hug the others now?" She beguiled them with brilliant eyes.

"Yeah, let's head home." Tyson crawled to his feet and got dressed. Wiley joined him, this time putting his shirt back on against the blistering heat. Both brothers took a minute to add more sunscreen to their own needy flesh. Helping her up into Betsy's saddle the boys climbed their own steeds and they set out for the stables.

Tyson in the distraction of Wiley talking to Maria found time to send texts back to Clint about what to expect from Maria once they returned so that he could prepare the others in their twisted play date. The Barnett's only rule was not too rough, not too pushy. He explained their white stuff agony so that even they could act out their frustrations, including her new hugging style. Tyson wanted to see just how Maria would react under so many guys complaining at once. Clint's response was a hearty laugh and a "Hiyo Silver." Even Tyson had to contain his laugh. Looking over at Maria he could tell she was in a good mood. Believing every word the Barnett's breathed only added to her experiences, as long as she was having fun the game would keep alive.

An hour later the trio of horseback riders reached the stable and were greeted by Loomis and Paco, having kept a watchful eye on their return. Swaying in her saddle Maria rocked back and forth nervously. With each forward movement her pussy brushed the leather exciting her. Tyson noticed her wiggling in the saddle and motioned Wiley to observe her. In her nervousness she was turning herself on even more. A shared pucker between brothers they read into her upcoming meet and greet.

"Hurry Betsy." She wanted her horse to go faster.

"Hey! Relax there Ginger Rogers. Don't provoke Betsy." Tyson warned her on the way down the hill.

"My name is not Ginger. I'm just in a hurry. "

"Gotta pee?" Wiley wondered.

"Yes. But I want hugs too."

"Can you hold it?" Tyson asked.

"Yes."

"Don't you pee on these guys." Wiley laughed, "Well Billy you can. He's a lil' prick."

"I don't want to pee on anyone. I can hold it until we get back to the house."

Convinced that she was certain, the horses reached the stable entrance and the brothers were first to climb down. Paco again took Cortez and Buckshot back to their stalls where fresh food and water awaited them. He would remove their saddles and begin brushing them down. He of all of the stable boys had no interest in their games. Not that he didn't find Maria adorable in her almost childlike persona. Her body and behavior would entice fantasies in any man in his right mind, wrong reasons.

Clint met up with Maria and her horse Betsy, taking the reins from Maria. Patting Betsy's neck to relax her Clint passed the rein to Miguel and they waited there to see her enthusiasm rising up. "You have a nice ride Maria?"

"Yesssss! It was fun. I even had swimming lessons, and swung on a tire."

"Sounds like a good time was had by all."

"She saved our asses Clint." Wiley smirked, "I won't go into detail but it's that daily dose of severe cramps of the manhood if you know what I mean."

"Oh, hell! I know how that is. It usually hits me about this time of day too. Fuckin' white devil. Sorry for my language Maria, let me help you down." Clint raises his arms up for her. She takes her boots out of the stirrups and winces. "You okay Sweetheart?"

"My calves are raw."

"She's not used to wearing man boots." Wiley grinned. "You can take those boots off Maria."

"I can?"

"Sure you can Darlin'." Clint shared concern helping her once she cast her right leg over her saddle to sit there with her legs dangling. As Clint removes her boots, then her socks she wiggles her toes to regain circulation. Her cute painted toenails were bright pink like her pussy. Yes Clint notices the similarity, his eyes stared up directly at her as her legs outstretched dramatically. Sitting her boots on the dirt floor of the stable he stood back up and even offered to massage her feet and raw calves. She let him finding comfort in his warm attentions. "Y'know? You runnin' barefoot in the stables isn't a good thing. Lord knows what you might step on and get these adorable lil' feet dirty, or even worse cut." She fidgeted not wanting to put her boots back on.

"Do I have to put my boots on?"

"Naaaa! I can carry you. Me and the boys can take turns on you." How he phrased things went flying right over her head.

"I want a hug." She couldn't wait to get down, going so far as to plant her feet on both of his shoulders in preparation to be helped from her saddle. Passing his hat to Miguel briefly, Clint stepped closer and let her slide her legs down over his back. Her cute pink pussy mashed right over his face. Inhaling her scent he captured stagnant lake water but didn't let it dissuade him in the least. Burying his tongue inside her she yelped and hugged his scalp just as the Barnett's had shown her. Being licked was becoming an obsessive trait in little Maria Blanco. "Hug me tighter." She increased her grip on the back of his head, her 34B's agitating his hair. Although his scruffy beard tickled she didn't complain, his tongue took the sensations in a much better direction.

All around Clint the others stood trying hard to contain their amusement at her stupidity. Crowding closer George and Billy wanted in.

"Don't hog all the hugs Old Man." Billy patted Clint's back, while George wiggled her toes with a deep desire to suck on them. George had a foot fetish. Before he could sample them Clint reared his wet mouth away from her twat and ventured to tilt his head back. Her nipples slid right across his face.

"Now that's the best hug I've ever gotten. Thank you Maria."

"I will always hug you as good as this."

"That's what a real woman should say."

"It is? Yay! I'm getting closer." She leered back at the Barnett's beaming with pride.

"Where's my hug?" Billy tickled her ribs chuckling. Hearing her giggle and tense up defensively Clint carefully passed her off to Billy. Straddling his face Billy stormed her pussy and licked it with a deeper hunger than Clint had. Youth spoke volume. Awestruck, she dropped her jaw and tilted her head back to share a gaze with Wiley and Tyson.

"I love hugging." She whimpers as Tyson and Wiley ease closer and rub her back softly, Wiley stroking her hair.

"Best part of each day isn't it?" Tyson whispered into her ear. "Don't you ever forget how this is a show of respect as much as your adoration."

"She's got the right idea, Brother. Maria's not dumb." Like a box of boulders Tyson rolled his eyes trying hard not to chuckle. Noting Maria smiling brightly at being complimented for her intelligence Tyson just squeezed her shoulders tightly. "Yup! She's one smart cookie."

"Yes I am." She sighed then whispered, "I guess they decided they wanted to lick me." Hearing her Billy mumbled his agreement with a mouthful of sloppy cunt.

"Hurry it up Billy, I wanna hug too." George spoke toying with her toes. Grumbling at having to give up too soon Billy caved and sent her into George's clutches. Sharing saliva amongst men didn't seem to be a problem, George dug in just as viciously as Billy had, taking brief moments to gnaw at her clit. Yelping faintly she clung to him with diligence, her hips even lifting some to press her pussy closer to his mouth. Maria Blanco was feeling really good.

With Loomis and Miguel returning from putting Betsy away they smothered around her. Taking time to just observe and chat quietly with the Barnett's. Suggestions arose as Clint told Tyson they had set up their poker table, which was just a large wooden cable spool and some cut tree stumps as seats.

"Maria?" Clint interrupted her pleasure caressing her back lovingly, "We boys talked and it'd be our honor to lick you properly. Let's make you comfy okay?"

"Uh huh!" She nodded feverishly as George wagged deep inside her. Her reply almost sounded eager. Of course it was.

"Hand her off George." Clint claimed her in his arms. Disappointed by being taken from her hug she pouted but let the elder take her into a vacant horse stall that was cleaner than the outside. Seeing a round table with some bedrolls padding it she found herself laying on them. They were comfortable all mounded for thickness. Taking seats George, Billy, Loomis, Miguel, and finally Clint surrounded her as she sat up on her hands exploring their expressions. The Barnett's kept their distance leaning on the stall gate waving at her. She waved back giddily.

"This is a little new for all of us, mostly me and Loomis there." Clint informed her, "The younguns get out more than we do." Clint and Loomis were both married but she hadn't even noticed their wedding bands. In the heat of her necessity she probably wouldn't have cared. "I gave you a good hug and tried out my tongue, how did I do?"

"I liked it." She blushed with a beguiling hint of horniness.

"I did okay?"

"Yes."

"Good deal. I'll try it again here in a few. Let's let Loomis there give it a shot."

Loomis in his seat to her left reached over and grabbed her left knee and slid her around on the padding to face him. Tugging her ass closer to the edge of the table he pried her thighs wider to examine his delectable target. "Maria, you have one fine lil' pussy."

"I do?" She smiled, eyes flaring at his praise. Convinced by his brewing appetite she agreed, "I DO." Everyone chuckled.

"At least she knows how sexy she is." Clint twisted in step to tell Wiley and Tyson.

"Sexiest kid in Texas." Billy beat the Barnett's reply. "I could lick that pussy for hours."

"You could?" She drooped her chin at the thought. "Can I try that?" Maria looked to Tyson and Wiley for consideration. "Will it make me a woman faster?"

"I say save Billy's offer for another day." Tyson informed his decision, "You're gonna get an hour as it is between all those fellas. Take what we have time for."

"Okay Tyson. LICK ME!" She begged Loomis, her knees fanning beneath his grasp.

"Fair enough, I'm going in Pumpkin." Loomis removed his hat and dug in tongue lapping lightly over and over her clitoris. She watched him from her upper body raise, he winking at her as his tongue molded around her. She found it fun to watch his movements, fingers easing up into her a bit without going too deep and risk ruining their fun. The implement of fingertips was just enough to send her upper body back down to the bedrolls. Unable to contain themselves George and Billy stood up and leaned over Maria and devoured her nipples. Squealing at their added attention she couldn't resist moaning. Lashes batting at the reaction her flesh was having to their mouths nibbling and licking her areolas, nipples being tugged between lips sent her mind into nothing but emotional response. Miguel even got into it licking her belly button for a ticklish quake of limbs.

"Baby Sister likes this." Wiley grinned to his brother.

"Wait until the Barnett's tag team her like this. We're fucking her that night."

"Lookin' forward to that. I'm thinkin' Sis is gonna get nice and hooked on sex."

"No doubt. Listen to her moan. So beautiful."

"She sounds fifteen."

"Looks fifteen." Wiley chuckled. "Shit! Do we really know how old she is?"

"Matty looked up her birth certificate. She's definitely 18."

"Whew! Never know her being from friggin' Colombia. Down there you can't tell me medical records are kept long."

"Esperanza has class. I'm pretty certain she had all that under control."

While the Barnett Boys discussed their concerns Maria was quickly finding herself heading into early orgasm. The stable hands were now licking every inch of her body, even her armpits, Miguel was having a heyday at her ticklishness. George rediscovered her toes and began licking and sucking on them. It was a war of giggling just to keep them in his mouth. Clint standing behind Maria's head shared his tented jeans with her gaze as her head hung over the edge of the table. Seeing his erection hiding out she gasped and murmured, "Are you hurting?"

"I'll be fine Kitten." He rubbed his crotch gritting his teeth, "Damn white stuff." He recalled Tyson's advisory text and got things started. "How you feelin' Sweetheart?"

"Really good." She winced with an exhausted whimper. He knew she was resisting an orgasm but caressed her cheek to be supportive. Her hand outraised toward him he let his crotch brush over her fingers. She noted her nails touching his jeans and pouted. "I hope you will be alright. I know how terrible that white stuff is on men. My brothers hurt all the time."

"I bet they do. It's hell on us fellas. You just lay there and enjoy yourself, don't fret over me." He looks up briefly at Miguel who boasted his own hard on. Taking his cue Miguel snarled loudly and gripped his crotch expressing a fierce pain.

"Duele."

Tilting her head to see Miguel she whimpers, "Nooo! Now Miguel is hurting. Do I cause this?"

"Just being near a girl does this to a man." Clint shudders, "We just live with it Sweetheart."

Just as fast Billy rears erect from feasting upon her nipple, he too grabbing his concealed dick, "Mother fuck it hurts."

"Noooo!" She reacts with empathy. "Billy is in pain also." She was haunted by so much going on around her that she could not comprehend how best to help everyone. As Miguel and Billy act out fighting their white devil moments, they began pulling their pants down in favor of gripping their dicks stroking hard for Maria to bear witness too. Shivering at the chaos of unstable stable boys she almost wanted to cry. Between their actions and Loomis eating her pussy she was torn between her own self gratification or helping the men in need. Jaw tiring Loomis pulled his drenched lips away from her thighs and began his own Oscar Meyer winning performance. Standing up quickly he held his abdomen as if ill and started his own barn dance, eventually opening his barn door and letting his trick pony out for air. At a meager six inches he was still formidable.

Missing his tongue Maria pouted and kicked her free foot on the table feeling cheated of her brewing orgasm, her pussy was on fire as it was. Seeing her reaction George released her toes from his lips and took on the vacancy of Loomis in eating her out. Maria smiled vividly at her new courtship. Heaven was right back on track.

With a symphony of agonizing snarls her eyes located Billy and Miguel again, then tipping her head back to witness Clint beating off right behind her scalp. Hugging the tables edge she could literally feel his crown in her hair. Miguel noting her temptation to reach over and grab Clint in her quest to ease at least one of them jumped next to Clint and planted his dick just as near as his crew boss.

Tilting her profile slightly captured his arrival. The horrific grunts of pain consumed her into giving up her own pleasurable expectations. Wiggling away from George he backed off to witness what she was attempting to do. Uncertain how best to help Clint and Miguel, Maria rolled over on to her stomach and repositioned on her knees to grip both Clint and Miguel's cocks as she had done to her brothers by the lake, almost wanting to show off what Tyson and Wiley had taught her. The problem was she didn't really have enough height from elbow to hand to be effective. Even as she struggled the men removed their hands to let her work.

George fidgeting at his loss eyed her trickling clam and cute little butt pucker poised high in her upper body slump. Picturing himself taking her doggystyle in that moment he frowned knowing he could not take her virginity without creating an argument with the Barnett's. Licking his lips George chose the better part of valor and just leaned over the table enough to start licking her butt pucker. Feeling his tongue she gasped and shared her amazement by peering over her brow at Clint and Miguel. They knew she loved her new torment.

Thoughts on Clint and Miguel, Maria realized the size and shape differences they had compared to all of the Barnett boys. They were much shorter in stock, Clint at seven was the closest, but his dick appeared different, mainly because he had never been circumcised. Overlooking it she still did her best. Miguel on the other hand, literally, was only sitting at six inches and narrow in girth. She was so far used to monsters with fist sized mushrooms that took two of her hands to be helpful. The Barnett's were a special breed compared to these men. Longhorn's indeed.

Billy moved to her right side and began jerking off, edging closer to Miguel but not hip to hip like Miguel was with Clint. Three dicks in sight Maria whimpered at how she could possibly help them all knowing it required more hands than she had. Eyes rolled back at her own thrill ride, induced through George's tongue now licking her cunt up to her pucker in long swathes. It was incredible. Even his fingers were under her clit teasing it. She wanted to burst but her divided attentions kept her wishes from occurring.

Billy motioned to George to stop and let Maria suffer losing out again to torture her hormones. They had discussed it prior to her return from the ride to get her close to climax multiple times but stop cold and do the white devil dance. Evil bastards all. Pulling away from her George too howled at his feigned agony. Eyes returning to normal Maria nearly screamed out of frustration. Glancing over at Tyson and Wiley she whined, "Brothers? How do I help them all?"

Tyson took the lead and made the journey to her left. Caressing her cheek he removed her hands from Clint and Miguel without making contact man to man. The second her hands left Clint and Miguel increased their shouts of trauma at her loss. It spooked her even as Tyson rolled her back over to lay facing up. "Now reach behind you again and grab Clint and Miguel. Grip them tight and don't let go." She lifts her arms behind her and takes control again. "See how much easier that is?"

"Yes. How do I help George, Billy, and Loomis?"

Before Tyson could even ponder his reply, George took his foot fetish into account and leaned in to grip her ankles poising her toes to each side of his dick. Enclosing his beast with her feet he began thrusting between them. She found it ticklish but interesting. A quick nervous glance at Tyson she sighed, "Oh!"

"You need to learn to use every part of your anatomy to help a guy Maria. While George is helping himself he's trying to teach you that. You should be the one using your feet to do what your hands are doing without his effort."

"I can do that. I use my toes to pick up things all the time. I'm good at that." She giggled. George gave up thrusting and let her stroke him with her feet. He was pretty impressed by her multitasking. They all were. Once she committed to a three way jerk off she heard Billy and Loomis huff and hiss stroking themselves. Attentions divided she slows her hand motions over Clint and Miguel considering reaching for Billy who eased closer still, almost touching her breast. Clint however touted loudly.

"Don't let go. Don't stop. Once you do that the white devil will retreat and make the pain ten times worse."

"He's right, Maria. Don't slow down even for an instant." Tyson rubbed her belly lightly, turning her attention to his caress by lifting her head, his fingers were getting close to her clit. She liked being touched there.

"I refuse to let them hurt. I just don't know how to help the others."

"Sometimes you can't. Unless the guys want to take over for you so you can go from guy to guy giving their hands a chance to rest." Tyson faintly touches her clit but doesn't rub it, merely pushing down on it to send fire through her hormonal tantrums. "You guys willing to let her go back and forth between y'all?"

"I will take over myself." Miguel withdrew and began jerking off over her scalp. With her hand free she drifted left to snatch up Billy.

"You have the right idea." Tyson smiled down at her innocent gaze. "Show them just how sexy you can be." She creased her brow at comprehending what Tyson was getting at but hardly had time to ponder it. Hearing Billy huff how beautiful she was sufficed. "Don't forget that pucker technique we showed you when you get the chance." She merely nodded and darted her gaze amongst each of her grips to seek out their reactions. Everyone seemed to favor her talents.

"Fuck it. Help Loomis there he's strugglin'." Clint claimed his cock sending Maria's hand to her right toward the loitering Loomis. Once gripped she did her best, her feet maintaining the perfect rhythm over George amazed everyone. Maria Blanco wanted to impress, it made her heart sing the more relief that she heard once she took over for a man. In her mind it was obvious they didn't know how to tame the white devil.

Clint and Miguel followed one another lifting up on their boot toes to get as close as possible to her head. They wanted a clear shot over her face when the time was right. Billy in position to fire over her tits stood ready as long as Maria maintained her strokes. Loomis could easily join forces with Billy in coating her gorgeous dancing titties. Only George was likely too far back to unload on her belly, he might possibly cream her cunt if Tyson backed off from teasing her clit. Tyson didn't seem in any hurry.

"Dammit!" They heard Wiley snap from leaning on the stall gate. In watching his new baby sister he had returned to his superior erection stance once again. Crowding close to Billy's side he unzipped his fly and pulled the Coyote out of it's den. Men had no choice but to look, those fucking Barnett's and their arm sized cocks really put a hesitation in the air. Jerking himself off near her belly and ribcage Wiley huffed in a hurry to be first to squirt over her golden flesh.

"Wiley is hurting again already?" Maria whimpered her sadness, "I wish I had more hands and feet."

"Concentrate on what you're doing Sis. I got this one, you can help me next time." Wiley grunted.

Looking to Tyson, Maria pouted a bit, "Are you hurting again too Tyson?"

"I think I'm okay. Do that chant you do but sound cute doing it."

"What's a chant?"

"You know, what you repeat to us when you're fighting the white devil."

"Oh!" She lowers her tone, "Come to me. Come to me. Come to me."

"Try switching the words to Cum on me. Cum on me. Cum on me." Wiley chuckled faintly panting at how close he and Loomis seemed to be. Miguel wasn't far off. George enjoyed her feet but the tightness just wasn't enough. Deciding to remove her feet he claimed her right foot and drew her leg to his left. Seeing him take over jerking, Wiley snatched up her other ankle and pried her legs wider. Tyson could now see her cunt vividly, it was soaking wet. In his pressing on her clit he opted to add a finger lower right up to her hole and dipped a single finger up inside. She moaned really loudly with an expression of, "Oh my God!" without the words.

"CUM ON ME. CUM ON ME. CUM ON ME." She rambled at Wiley's suggestion. She wanted to be loud so the white devil in each of them could hear her insistence on relieving their agony. It was working. Wiley made the first shot count, spitting her belly button. Trying not to hit Tyson was impossible. Tyson took one for the team but grimaced none the less. Loomis next to him fired the second shot on her right tit. Miguel and Clint timed things perfectly shooting over her face in large quantities. She winced but accepted their torrent without missing one beat of her chant.

Billy took the next shot on her opposite tit. Maria remained focused even though squealing in between her verses. Tyson was terrorizing her cunt so much she was reaching that near forgotten climax. Unable to chant any further she tensed up and arched her back. Counting down to orgasm Tyson added a second finger to her cunt. Not having much contact such as this she trembled like a web in a tornado. With a loud shrill scream Maria Blanco went insane. All over Tyson's hand withheld squirts attacked him. Both Barnett's were impressed that she had actually achieved a solid squirt, her being a virgin, then Tyson recalled how she flooded him earlier at home. As she convulsed Tyson withdrew his fingers knowing full well George was priming his cock closer to her pussy. With a guttural snarl George nailed her glistening cunt full force, creaming her clitoris and watching it trickle down over her hole. She was lost in her tremors.

"Maria! Pucker, you forgot to pucker." Tyson snapped, encouraging her brain to function. Fearing some form of punishment she rolled to her belly and kissed the urethra's of Clint and Miguel, lightly sucking leftover jizz into her mouth. Not swallowing in her roll she kissed Loomis on his crown licking up more. Another roll left she accepted both Wiley and Billy's cum droplets. That only left George. Scurrying to her knees she leaned forward while he was still jerking final additions toward her she lay her tongue directly under his beast. He managed another worthy squirt into her opened mouth. Giddy Maria stood up on her knees and looked over her cum coated frontal. "A woman never wastes that stuff Maria. Eat up." Tyson sent her fingers into gathering up their cum and licking it from her fingers. She tried her best cute poses to be more impressive to their thoughts.

As the group began zipping up they heard Paco in the next stall unable to contain his urges. Searching for Paco, Maria discovered him through the plank railing separating stalls. Lifting her arms toward Tyson she shared a desperate, "Carry me." Snatching her up Tyson contorted her over his shoulder, hurrying toward Paco. Remaining on their side of the stall Tyson turned her upside down and dangled her face where Paco could enter between planks. His dick mighty poised as he jerked off. Maria dangling in awe reached through the plank to take over his stroking. Tyson watched her work Paco over with zest. "Pucker wide." Ty insisted.

Mouth as wide as she could get it she was escorted closer to accept his entire crown into her mouth. Jerking furiously she managed his time until he lost his load deep inside her mouth. Choking she sucked him dry. A first for her. She felt pride hearing Paco thank her in Spanish. Once done Tyson pulled her upward and cradled her in his arms.

"That was fucking incredible Baby Sister. I think you're within two weeks of being a woman. I know I can't wait to congratulate you."

"That was fun Brother."

"Not for these bastards. They were just glad you were here to help."

"I will always be here for them. Family right?"

"Absolutely! Except for Billy, he's a dickhead." Billy nodded, he agreed to that assessment.

"Put your socks and boots on Princess." Wiley helped her into them so that Tyson could stand her up. Once on her feet she danced about with her arms in the air.

"I love Texas now. I can do anything." She grew overconfident.

"Let's get you back to your bedroom and clean you up Miss Cocky." Ty chuckled.

"Noooooo! Harriet will chase me out. I want to shower with you."

"I swear..."Wiley rolled his eyes, "She's afraid of a little boo."

"HA!" Billy laughed, "Boo Cocky."

Everyone busted up but Maria, she fidgeted thinking they were making fun of her. Hugging her to his side Tyson rubbed her upper arm vigorously with praise, "They just created a new nickname for you. Boo Cocky."

"Is it a good nickname?"

"Of course it is."

"Then, I like it."

"Let's get home."

"Okay. Bye everyone." They all waved. Billy adding, "CUM SEE US SOON." She would certainly come back. Before leaving the barn with bananas in hand, none even eaten, she twirled on her boot heel. "Bye Betsy." Enough horsing around. Wiley peeled a banana and ate it. Tyson took another but taunted her ass hole with it all the way back to the dune buggy. She could not stop laughing.

"Boo Cocky! Gotta love it. Paints a pretty picture don't it?"

It was a fact.