**Baby Sister**

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**Baby Sister Ch. 07: DISTURB AUNTS**

Jacob Barnett having come home from hunting made a sandwich on his own, never wanting their butler Highbone to have to do too much at his age. For every bit of perversion the Barnett boys had there were some semblances of dignity. Respect of their elders was instilled in them since day one. Having built his turkey club he walked through Longhorn Manor until seeing a light on in his Father's office. Knowing it was his brother Matty he ventured in to have a parlay.

"What's going on Brother?"

"Finishing touches on the programming of Operation : Scarriet Harriet. I have Maria's room so tricked out she's going to piss all over herself and never want to sleep alone again. You want first dibs when she screams and wants to sleep with one of us?"

"I'll pass. I'm worn out from butchering boars. Not feeling the whole pimp the kid out right now."

"Tyson and Wiley just got back from taking her horseback riding. She's pretty red from the sun. We sent her to bed after hydrating her good. Princess Maria is sound asleep right now." He turns his monitor around to let Jacob see Maria laying nude atop her sheets snoring away. "I had her room set up before today but only in small doses. I can turn her TV on from here anytime to freak her out, which I did last night. She was spooked but figured out the TV remote and shut it off. Took her awhile though, from what I understand Esperanza didn't even allow her to have TV access. Crazy, but effective if you don't want her being exposed to man's world. Anyways, now I can top that TV with actual holograms. I took old photos of Aunt Harriet and turned them into actual floating ghosts. I'm going to wake her up here soon and introduce them."

"Twisted man for an FBI Agent, Matty."

"I know. I only do what needs to be done. You know I'm not a bad person in the long run."

"Come on Brother, we're all guilty of somethin'. Us Barnett's are crooked as they come. Blame Pop."

"What can I say, I like mischief."

"You have fun I'm gonna go catch some shut eye."

"Turkey Club sounds good. Might have to keep Harriet in the afterlife awhile longer."

"You do that Egon." Jacob referred to a classic Ghostbuster.

"I think I will Vinkman. Yeah I recall that I ain't afraid of no ghosts song. Now I'll be singing that shit in my sleep."

"Well Boohoo."

"OH! That reminds me, Maria has a new nickname now. Call her Boo Cocky."

"Bukkake?"

"Boo as in ghost. Cocky as in well cocky. She got a lil' cocky out at the stables I hear, in a good way. Clint and his crew bukkaked all over her and she loved it. She really believes she's helping us battle the white devil. I don't know about you Jacob, but I'm laughing my ass off. Makes me wanna trick out the stall she was in for the next visit out there. I missed it this round."

"Hell, you'll have the linen closet with a camera in it by morning."

"Won't go that far but if it had a good show I might." He smirks, "Night Big Brother."

"Night next in line Little Brother." Jacob took his leave.

Settling back in his leather desk chair Matty Barnett folded his hands over his belly. Consumed by watching his new baby sister sleeping so preciously he zoomed the well disguised cameras all around her to explore her body. Priming in on her butt he caught a sweet glimpse of her butt pucker through the shadows. Infrared needed there it was, even better. "Damn! I'm thinkin' I'll call dibs on that cute lil' button come time to teach her anal. I haven't really had any action yet trying to get everything set in motion. Yup! Mine all mine." He went so far as to text all of his brothers his final decision on that. Lining up through text their dibs were sent back. Wiley called sloppy seconds. Owen called second but settled for third. Tyson just said he would runner up when the time suited him. Jacob sent an emoji flipping Matty off, it didn't matter to him. Matty had a good chuckle. "Turkey Club." He gave up the haunting until his belly stopped rattling chains.

Upstairs in Maria's room she suddenly woke up realizing she needed to go potty. Crisp in her faint redness of sunburn she whimpered and crawled from bed to urinate. Half asleep she shuffled teetering in step and found the toilet, sitting in darkness. She didn't want to be blinded by the bright light. Tinkling with her eyelids closed at least her bladder felt relief.

Returning with his sandwich and a tall glass of iced tea Matty noticed her missing from her bed. A full spectrum grid of every camera in her room he located her sitting on the toilet. "Perfect! Let's get this CLAMityville started." Chuckling he activated her television on its own like he had yesterday. Hearing static in her bedroom Maria whipped her lashes wide to see the glare of snow pelting the darkness of her room. He noted her reaction as simply being puzzled. It was time to ramp up his game.

Having had hours to set up her room with an assist of a few special effects guys he hired Matty had at his evil little fingertips the perfect haunting planned. Firstly, she shocked her by turning the bathroom light on without her even flipping the switch. Pausing to adjust to the bright light she whimpered as to how that just occurred. As she wiped and stood up to wash her hands he fogged over her mirror so that when she looked at herself she found nothing but a blurry surface. Jaw dropping at the sudden atmospheric chill in the air around her she noted the fog begin to etch a word in the steamed over mirror. Stepping back with wet fingers covering her mouth she waited until a single word revealed itself.

"Child?" She read the mirror. "I am not a child." She told it verbally as if fighting back, "I AM a woman. Go away Harriet." Matty found her valiant attitude cute, even when she stomped her foot on the rug in front of the sink. Watching the steam write another word off to the left Maria whimpered with building fright. The new word written was "Baby." Harriet seemed to be taunting her. "I AM NOT A BABY. LEAVE ME ALONE." She turned from the mirror, hit the light switch, and went back into her bedroom.

Locating the TV remote she shut the annoying static off, only to have the TV come back on the second she sat the remote down. Twice more she turned it off until she showed a tenseness for it's defiance. If she could find an electrical cord she might unplug it, but in the Barnett home every outlet was hidden in the walls. Looking for something to drape over the screen she found a towel in the bathroom. On the mirror was now the word "Boo." Halting she ponders, "Harriet knows my nickname?" So naïve. Using the towel to erase the steam as best she could she left it behind to attempt cloaking the TV screen. While walking up to it a snowy picture appeared on it. Wincing to understand it she found the visage of a beautiful woman smiling at her. A very faint audio whisper spoke, "Do not be afraid child." Oh, Maria was.

"Quit calling me a child." She pouted talking to the Television. If she knew the truth that it was Matty doing the talking using a woman's voice disguised as his own, she would still not understand. Matthew Barnett was a slick one.

"You are a child." He/ She said.

"I will be a woman soon. My brothers are showing me how."

"Yes. Obey your brothers."

"I am."

"They adore you."

"I adore them." Maria found the boldness to stand there talking to Harriet's presence. Fidgeting in thought Maria heard the sounds of buzzing bees all around her. She seemed more frightened of the buzzing than of Harriet talking to her.

"Destroy your clothing. Never wear another dress."

"I swore them off already."

"To be a woman your flesh must attract men."

"You're wearing a dress. I can see it." Maria looks closer.

"I wear only what I died in Child. I can only hide my dress when appearing before someone."

"You're appearing in front of me now, I see a dress still."

"You must invite me in."

"I...don't want to. You...scare me."

"Have no fear."

"You knock things over in my room.' Maria pouts, "You must not want me here."

"I do that to get you to notice me. You are most welcome in my home."

"Your home?"

"I lived here long before your stepfather did. His father was my brother." Harriet's whispers barely made out.

"Oh! So why do I need to invite you in if you're already here?"

"It is the rules of the afterlife I'm afraid. I may appear fully if invited in."

"To hurt me?"

"Hardly Child. To help you become a woman."

"You want to help me be a woman?" She spoke so innocently.

"Yes Child."

"I really wish you would stop calling me child and baby."

"Yet you are my sweet one."

"I'm eighteen."

"With the mentality of a fifteen year old. Please let me help you."

"My brothers can do that."

"I will let you sleep Child. I will visit again. I must warn you, others might visit. The men of this house tend to search for missing love."

"More ghosts?"

"Yes Child."

"Nooooooo! Keep them away." She looked frantically all around her beneath folded arms for safety.

"I cannot disobey them. A woman can never tell a male no."

"We can't?"

"Never. To disobey means to be punished."

"Punished how?"

"Locked in your room until you make up for your insolence."

"What is insolence?"

"The error of your defiance Child. Just know if this happens I will be here for you."

"I won't ever say no."

"We all do Child. You will learn to hold your tongue when not in use."

"What do you mean?"

"You like being licked?"

"Very much."

"Men do as well. You must learn to lick them without their telling you too, as much as when they want it."

"I will. Everywhere?"

"Everywhere."

"Even their...butt hole?"

"Men adore that. Yes Dear."

"Yucky, but okay. I will."

"You will make a lovely woman in the months to come."

"I know I will."

"Rest Child. I will return soon."

"As long as you're nice."

"Be careful of the other ghosts. They are not as friendly as I."

"I'll run and hide."

Harriet's image fades and the TV shuts off on it's own. Nerves calming she returns to her bed and covers up. Holding her sheet to her nose, only her eyes kept watch. She really hoped the others did not come. Ten minutes later she fell asleep as if nothing had ever happened. As if Matthew was going to let her rest.

Sipping his tea Matthew's brother Owen popped his head into the office. "I do get seconds on her ass right?"

"You were the second to text back. Take it up with Wiley." Matty motions him in pointing to the monitor on his fathers desk. Owen stepping next to his older brother leaned on one hand to watch Maria sleeping. "I just set things in motion. She talked to Harriet on the TV. Kid might be naïve but she's ballsy. Even shaking like a leaf she didn't run away."

"How in the hell did you trick her bedroom out so fast?"

"Had the guys at Climax Studios in Dallas on speed dial. Money talks Bro."

"How did you do Harriet?"

"Holograms coming up. I used old photos of Harriet but superimposed them over a pornstars body. Used a ton of porn footage from our archives. Maria will never know differently. I've been working on this shit all night. It's ready to test. If it fails I'll just tell Maria she must've been called away. I speak for Harriet, but Maria hears a woman's voice. So far that's been perfect."

"Show me Harriet while Maria's knocked out."

"Just to be safe let me cast her hologram in the bathroom out of sight. I have it set up that Harriet can only appear full body if invited in. I also took some male pornstars and created holograms of them to have show up when Maria least expects them too."

"Does she need to invite them in too?"

"Easy peezy! A man can do what he wants, a woman needs permission."

"Nice! Show me."

Matty activates the bathroom cameras to create full body actors of Harriet and three male actors, all nude. With no voice activation Owen watches Harriet's vision getting fucked from behind. Both Barnett's had a good laugh and a fond fist bump.

"I say we wake Maria up by pulling her covers off of her."

"Didn't that happen in some horror movie?"

"As if she's seen a movie ever. Dude! She's never watched Bambi."

"True. Okay, pulling the blankets."

Typing commands in her covers are silently clamped by strong yet tiny pinchers beneath her bed until they ever so slowly drag over her gorgeous body until she lay nude, the blankets now on the floor crumpled up. They could tell the tickle of her covers retreat was felt over her flesh but it took her awhile to realize they were missing, sitting up slowly in awe. Uncertain how they ended up there she started to get out of bed when the buzzing noise in her room raised volume startling her. Grabbing her pillow in front of her for protection she sat trembling. Bed posts set up with lift mechanisms teetered her bed unevenly. She squealed and nearly pissed herself.

"Why are you doing this Harriet?"

Without warning four male holograms stood around her bed, stolen from a gangbang video. Each ghost was jerking off. She finally did stain her fitted sheet. Fearing leaving her bed with one man on each side, two at the foot she cringed curling up into a ball.

"I did not invite you." She whimpered.

"Men do not need invited. Who are you in Harriet's bed?" Matty switched his voice box doctored to sound like another man, with a deep disgruntled voice.

"M-Maria."

"You are beautiful Maria. We will visit you often." Another sounds off to her right.

"Don't hurt me."

"We do whatever we want." His voice teeters her bed into vibrating beneath her. She took it as if she were agitating them.

"Please stop shaking my bed."

"Play with yourself." Owen utilized his voice as Matty grinned.

"I only know what Tyson taught me."

"DO IT!" Owen bellowed as Matty made the hologram show anger.

Immediately Maria sat her pillow behind her and laid back how Tyson showed her and began massaging her clit. The sensations consumed her even as her eyes darted from illusion to illusion. They seemed so real. Thoughts on the stable boys crept over her, they too stood around her earlier in the day doing as the ghosts were. She didn't even notice when a hologram looped back to repeating their actions. Scared she fingers her pussy as deep as her virginity allowed. In her new experiences that was enough for now.

"Look at that sexy cunt." Matty spoke through a ghost at the foot of her bed.

Owen adding, "I want to ram my cock in that pussy and make her scream." She squirmed fearing the possibility. She had no idea how ghosts could achieve such things. Of course they couldn't, but she didn't know that. Fearing this she nearly said, "No." Only Harriet's advice to never say no to a man prevented her from uttering her denial.

"HARRIAT I INVITE YOU IN." She yelled in a panic.

"Here goes." Matty told Owen laughing without casting a voice to any of the ghosts.

"Hey!" Owen stopped Matty a moment, "Put Harriet in bed with her. Have her show Maria how to masturbate together."

"Oooo! That's good." A new set of linked commands has Harriet's body appear out of thin air. Having Harriet make her rounds touching each ghost figure was perfect. She in a sense was showing Maria how to get a man to want her. Scenes directly out of the porno Matthew had doctored up to appear as holograms worked like a charm. As Maria discovered Harriet without her dress she grew stressed. Having her show up such as this was not what she imagined. Her first appearance before she envisioned her in a dress. How wrong she was. Harriet did warn her she just let it slip her mind in her confusion.

Taking careful precision in the encounters between illusions, Matty guided the ghost male that Harriet was taunting into picking Harriet up and fucking her standing, her legs wagging about. In her panic Maria decided to scoot up to her headboard and hold her pillow rather than touch herself. The ghosts all seemed to be more interested in Harriet. Maybe she should try making her escape.

Easing out of bed ever so slowly, fearing a male ghost jerking off might try and touch her in some strange way she left the bed and tiptoed around him. The ghost seemed to be devoted to Harriet, as were the pornstars in the true porn they were copied from. Once behind the ghosts at the foot of her bed she raced to her bedroom door and attempted to open it. It was locked. "Please open up." She battled and tugged at the doorknob to no avail.

"RETURN TO YOUR BED." A deafening male voice thundered through the room. Looking back at her bed she noticed Harriet and her lover laying down on her mattress making love. Trembling heavily Maria tried to stay away when a holographic head of a large black man phased through her door scaring the shit out of her. "I SAID IN YOUR BED BITCH."

She screamed and darted frantically to her mattress diving in next to Harriet and the male sex partner. "OBSERVE THE SLUT. WATCH HOW SHE PLEASES HER MAN." The black male parades the rest of the way through the solid oak door. She now had five naked male spirits in her room. Peeing without the ability to control herself Maria watched Harriet's hands and feet rubbing along her lovers body. Terrified of the ghosts she did as told hoping they would not hurt her.

Finally, sitting up on her knees she scoots around her bed avoiding the jerking off ghosts surrounding her. Toward the foot she could witness Harriet's vivid penetration. "This must be wet humping." She pondered, fascinated by the rough pounding Harriet was enduring. Her vocal moans a mimic of the pornstars own perfected acting, as were the grunts and spoken words of her male co-stars. The porn recreation was working amazingly well. Maria having never seen a porn in her life became mesmerized.

"Bro? You're a fucking genius." Owen patted Matty on the back.

"Maria's hooked. Look at her, she's not even acting spooked anymore."

"You know she's going to get attached to Harriet."

"I'll send Harriet away someday. We'll use her in training Maria until her usefulness is no longer needed."

"Hell I might let you trick out my bedroom just so Harriet can visit me." Owen laughed.

"You do realize my voice is hers, I'm never going to whisper sweet nothings through Harriet. Least of all to you."

"Fuck! I never thought of that. Dammit! Sounded good until you ruined it."

"Just buy a hooker."

"Why? We're Barnett's. All we have to do is go clubbing and we'd get ten bitches before last call."

"Being rich has it's perks." Matty agreed.

"That big black buck you had scare her away from the door was awesome. Have him get Maria playing too." Owen advised hopeful of a fun response.

"I'll get her back to masturbating."

"How about having the black guy lay on the bed and act as if he's eating Maria out? She wouldn't feel it but she could see him trying."

"Not sure I can arrange that. The programming feeds on the porn actions up close to one another or standing up jerking off."

"Awww man! It would so freak her if a ghost went after her."

"Let me try something. If it doesn't work I'll have Tyrone there act as if he can't go near her, like he's blocked by an unseen force."

"Cock blocked by God?"

"Fair enough assessment. Here! Use the mic and act like the black guy giving orders."

Matthew began tinkering with options on his control panel keyboard. Owen to his side took the microphone and growled, "SPREAD YOUR FINE ASS LEGS." Maria responded with a scared wince and held her legs wide, her pussy in full view. "MAYBE I SHOULD LICK THAT JUICY LITTLE CUNT." He almost laughed but held his hand over his mouth to avoid cluing Maria in that something wasn't right. Matty found a scene from another porn the black actor had been in and adopted visuals of him eating a girl out. There was no climbing into bed the ghost male just faded out in standing, and reappeared between Maria's legs. Maria tensed up and watched an intangible tongue lap over her pussy. Seeing it but not feeling it made her pout. She loved being licked. "Mmmm! TASTES LIKE CHICKEN." Owen had to adlib, Matty looking up at him with a sneer mouthing the term, "Racist much?" Owen shrugged taking his finger off the mic button.

"It sounded good, not what I was aiming for. You know I'm not racist."

"Uh huh! I remember that cute black girl Cherish you brought home. You could have shared her with me."

"I'll bring her back, I still train her at the fitness center."

"Let's worry more about training Maria for Dad." Matty frowned, "But, yeah bring that hot chocolate back for me."

"Now who sounds racist?"

"I think it's a compliment. I'll just jizz some marshmallows on her cup size."

"You're as twisted as I am Bro."

"Probably more so. Let's finish this, I'm getting sleepy."

While they bantered Maria took it upon herself to use her fingers as Tyson had shown her earlier in the day. Her only stimulations combined by the visual of the black man eating her she realized none of them could touch her. With her opposite hands pinky she delicately jabbed the ribs of the man fucking Harriet on a loop noting her finger passing through him without reaction. Concluding they could not actually harm her she kicked her legs through the black man's body, also passing through without his getting upset. Smiling strangely she chose to keep playing with herself.

Joining Harriet's verbal essay of, "FUCK ME! RIGHT THERE! YES! GOD YES!" over and over Maria giggled and added her own words, "LICK ME! LICK ME!" stealing verses heard of "RIGHT THERE! YES! GOD YES!" She was so very near cumming she grew lost in herself. Who knew ghosts could be so entertaining to a young girl. Fear was a fleeting emotion at this point. Matty knew he needed to make her afraid again.

"She's giggling. Can you believe that shit?" Owen winced in shock.

"Kid adapts to her surroundings quick. You just noticing that?"

"Yeah, but around ghosts? I'd be shitting my pants if something like that happened to me."

"You just wanted me to trick out your room with holograms."

"You know what I mean dickhead. If I saw true ghosts and didn't know differently."

"THAR SHE BLOWS!" They observed Maria lightly squirting, the kid was getting good at that considering her virginity was still intact. Impressive was not even the best word to describe her talents. Not many true virgins were capable of bringing themselves that deeply into orgasm. The excitement in her behavior at achieving it on her own was vivid, kicking her legs about expressing her delight of success.

"Daaaamn!" Owen sighed, "I want that pussy."

"Patience. I'm switching things up, so don't accidently talk into the mic." Matty's fingers blurred command keys masterfully until the illusions moved into doggy style mode, Harriet now being taken from behind while another male ghost lay under her, her face hanging low over his lap. Jumping slightly at the sudden change Maria sat up again hugging her pillow, curiously watching Harriet sucking the man's dick. She was in awe of Harriet's synched moaning and gag reflex. Matty had it down perfectly timed to her porn, including the male responses. Harriet seemed so into it Maria thought. Was this how she should act?

Utilizing the still towering men Matty took the mic from Owen and spoke into it, "That's a real woman." Hearing him Maria looked around for the ghost who spoke up.

"A real woman should act like that?" She asked.

"Fuck yes. The sluttier the better. Just look at how much she likes sucking that cock." Maria wasn't really paying attention to the speaker which was good in Matty's favor, the lips were hardly moving. She chose to ease to her knees and explore Harriet's technique, noticing her hand squeezing the man's balls, her other hand gripping his cock even with her mouth moving up and down deeply. Escaping only long enough to lick his foreskin and flick the tip of his monster cock before diving down again. The man was loving it.

"He likes what she is doing." Maria mumbles in awe, "A lot!"

"A woman's job is to make a man that happy at all times. Take notes little girl, this is why we're here. We used to fuck Harriet in this very bed when we were all alive...back in the day. Every day she made us very happy gentlemen."

Pouting slightly Maria stretches out again to play, she felt like it was time to squirt again, her hormones on high. In a brash move Matty made Harriet switch positions to literally lean over Maria's body to feast on the man to her left. Maria saw her ghostly hands go right through her leg, feeling nothing but the shock of the visual. Uneasy Maria's playtime slipped away, the body crossing freaked her out. Curling up to escape Harriet's crossover, Matty ignited the bed hydraulics making it dance about like a lowriders suspension. Other items in the room began to shake, pictures on the wall becoming uneven. Chandelier light fixtures clinking. It was time for the show to finalize an ending. Men cum hard on or in Harriet. She screamed at the top of banshee lungs so piercing that Maria herself shrieked holding her ears. Riding the storm out Maria sealed her eyes until the bed settled down. Once things grew silent she allowed one eyelid to open, discovering she was all alone.

"The ghosts are gone." She mumbled, and crawled from bed holding her chest behind folded arms, rubbing the flesh of her upper arms against a rash of goosebumps. Shuffling to her bedroom door she tries the knob once again and this time it opens with very little effort. Tempted to run out and seek comfort in her brothers she heard something behind her. The TV was back on and snowy. Curiosity drifted her back to view the television screen.

"Learn child. Learn from us all." Harriet spoke. "Obey your brothers. A woman you will be."

"T-thank you Aunt Harriet."

"After that beautiful evening...I must rest. Fear not, I will protect you." Harriet's voice trailed away and the TV went black.

"Protect me against what? Evil ghosts?" She shivered whining. Now it became evident that Maria's fear was returning. In just that moment her room became cold, pumped in air made her chill. A deafening wail of multiple women crying out in pleasure and pain surrounded her from tiny speakers well hidden. Flickering images of dozens of men and women filled her room, even at her feet, an orgy in progress. Matthew and Owen chuckled in their Father's office. She screamed at the mass amount of ghosts and darted for her door, racing into the hallway. Literally leaving a trail of trickling piss on the tile floor she slipped but was caught by an unexpected hand.

"What's gotten into you?"

"Jacob?" She stormed his waist holding him tight. "So many ghosts."

Rolling his eyes the eldest Barnett scowled at an obvious camera. Matty blinked the penlight on it's surface to acknowledge his watch. As usual Jacob flipped his brother the bird. So much for his early to bed, but fortunate for his early to rise. Just having her hug him his dick grew bigger.

"Can I sleep in your room?" She pouted, her chin directly over his abs looking up with puppy dog eyes. So much for counting boars in his sleep.

"I suppose. My rules though. You obey or go back to your room."

"I will. I swear."

"Follow me."

The bears den was the place to be.

**Baby Sister Ch. 08: JACOB'S LADDER**

"I wish Jacob had not had second thoughts and made me go to bed in my room.

The ghosts might come back. It feels so very strange to sleep without wearing clothing to bed." Maria Blanco lay there with only a thin sheet covering her body. Staring at the ceiling she reflects back to the last three days of her new life here at the Barnett Ranch. It was such an extreme change from her childhood experiences. Her Mother Esperanza led a fruitful, lucrative life beyond their home in Colombia caring for Maria in the safest of environments. Esperanza kept her hidden gem away from society, predominantly from men. Being raised by a live in Nanny with direct orders to show no signs of what man's world was like left Maria zero knowledge, zero contact. Then came Oscar Barnett, swooping Esperanza off of her feet with riches and prestige. Suddenly, Maria was confronted by this new man in both of their lives. Oscar seemed respectful and did treat Maria well, perhaps her Mother decided that it was time.

Maria knew her Mother worried still, leaving her here with Oscar's five very adult sons to care for her while away on their honeymoon was a big step. Not knowing what to expect from all men Maria adapted. Her shyness troubling her Maria even made her Mother a promise to be a changed woman, not the girl she was a few weeks ago, being seventeen only one week ago, eighteen now. Esperanza undoubtedly had to make a choice due to Oscar, hoping for the best until she could return home and care for her all over again.

The whole Man of the House concept clued Maria in that she herself needed to take her life into her own hands. Determined more than ever to become a woman and learn what it meant to men became her goal. Shyness remaining, but fought back as much as possible she thought that she was winning. Yes, and no. Being impressionable and desiring to be liked was only leading her youthful naivety down a very dark path. A path that the five Barnett Boys were abusing, twisting their own sexual misdeeds to teach her what they wanted from this new baby sister. Let her think she was their pride and joy. She was being trained to be a good little whore, slowly and deeply organized. Keeping her entertained along the way and showing her what sex was without going to the point of immediate control was smart. If she thought she was being helpful, then...she was.

Not that the Boys didn't have good intentions in the long term, each of them had a certain charm, a gentleman's quality, yet their Father groomed them on how to be men of power. They always got what they wanted. Maria was just a toy. One very beautiful young toy. Each day going forward the boys wanted to teach her more about sex without calling it that. Touch, taste, freedom of the flesh. Lies were mounting, lies that she believed without question. Maria acting childlike still, only assisted in that. Everything was fun, thus far.

In the darkness, Maria could hear the sounds of howling in the distance. It scared her, the shadows of the moonlight through her windows making things even more eerie. The talk of ghosts amongst the boys brought out a fear within her. Seeing Aunt Harriet and the ghosts of other men in her bedroom challenged her emotions. At midnight she still lay awake, only picturing the boys massaging her everywhere kept her company. Their touches created new sensations that she had never known but was enjoying immensely. The more they did it, the more she missed it when their touch was gone. What troubled her was just how much pain they had, their...dicks so swollen and purple from the evil white stuff within. Men were so very tortured she thought. They were always so grateful when she helped them purge the evil stuff from their bodies. It made her feel special to know they needed her so. Along the way they were coaching her on how to be what a man wants her to be. It was...interesting.

Here alone in her room she was instructed by Jacob to explore her body more. He called it getting to understand your flesh. Of course, she touched herself her entire life but not to the knowledge of what her sexual organs could excite. Now that her clit was so very sensitive she liked touching it, even more when the boys touched it. When Owen licked her there it was indescribable, it literally made Maria black out from how intense the pleasure was. Something they called an orgasm. She liked orgasms.

Trying to ignore the howling outdoors she decided to touch her clit, rubbing it softly, wetness forming without very little difficulty. Thinking of the boys massaging her helped her sensitivity grow. She wished one of them would check on her, offer to keep her company. She was becoming dependent on the Barnett's to not feel so alone in this new world. Whimpering at her fingertips gliding over her clit she closed her eyes and just lived in the moment. Needy beyond measure she kicked her covers away with rambling toes to better free up her actions. Becoming verbal in her brisk rubs she has no clue just what her words should be. All she knew was she hated being alone. Even Aunt Harriet would be welcomed at the moment. As long as she came alone.

"Someone please come for me." She begged the darkness. "I am frightened."

To make matters worse she hears a click next to her, the balcony door had come open and a draft of air entered the room by storm, her thin drapes billowing about. Tensing up at the possibility of an intruder she swiftly bolted from her bed to the far side and crouched on the floor. When no one entered she found the courage to make the walk around her bed and shut the door. Pouting at the calm suddenly, she returned to bed. Settling in she resumed her touching. She was trembling heavily at how good it felt. Spine arching, her ass lifted from the bed she felt something brewing within her. All new to her perceptions it was possible that she was building her own orgasm. Tyson did say it was good to know what you yourself can do. All of the Barnett's shared that same bit of inspiration.

Just as she nearly reached a no turning back point, her bed began shaking. Almost as if it were rising up from the floor. Even the room itself had a buzzing noise, like bees. Panic removes her fingers and her tempted hormones retreated to terror. Her first thought was that the ghostly men were coming for her. Jumping from her bed she raced to her bedroom door and opened it, running out into the hall. Going instinctively next door to Tyson's room she knocked but no one answered. Room to room she went knocking. No Wiley. No Matthew. No Owen. Were they all gone?

Finally, at Jacob's room she just opens his door and walks right in. She heard snoring almost mistaking it as the bee buzzing until it grew louder. Tiptoeing to his bed she realized that he was on top of his covers naked. The largest of the Barnett's at 6'8, 330 pounds of pure muscle and hair it was like walking in on a slumbering bear. Moonlight filtering over him she discovered something even more intimidating, his cock was enormous. The biggest of all the boys. Her entire forearm and then some. So hard, so thick, so painful looking. "Poor Jacob. He must hurt so badly." Poor Maria, she must really be just that stupid. "I hope he doesn't wake up angry after he decided to send me back to my room."

Standing over the side of his bed fidgeting she worried that barging in here like this that he would be mad at her enough to punish her. As hulking as he was she was terrified of a temper, even though she knew first hand how caring he was toward her that first night at Longhorn Manor when she got drunk.

He stood by her while she threw up, comforted her in her time of need. That in itself found a soft spot in her soul for him. For three more minutes she stood there silently, lifting her body nervously up on her toes uncertain what to do. Finally, a really loud snore woke the gentle giant from his own slumber. Clearing his throat he rubbed his beard and scratched his belly. Eyes wincing in the darkness he discovered Maria with her arms held behind her back, chest high and irresistible.

"What in the--Maria?" He growled. "I thought I told you to go back to your room."

"I am scared. My bed moved. There are howls outside, the door blew open. Can I...sleep with you?"

He knew that his brother Matthew had tinkered in her room to make things appear haunted, all in fun to get a reaction just such as this. He was just the lucky one to be first to get a visitor due to it. So he thought.

"Aunt Harriet telling you to be a woman again?"

"No. I think the men that...tortured her want to torture me now. Is...that what she is doing?"

"She was the lady of the house long before we came into the world." Jacob grumbled looking at Maria's beauty. Reaching to his left he turns on an oil lamp and lights the room in a romantic glow. Her body illuminating made him smirk. "Crawl on in here with me."

She jumped at the opportunity as he pulled her over on top of him and made her lay face down on his frontal. Her lower body pushed his erection down under her belly. He was so warm and cuddly with all of his body hair. Wrapping his arms around her he holds her tightly against him.

"Better?"

"Yes. Thank you for letting me stay."

"Now I'm wide awake."

"You sleep naked too."

"Yup! Hate clothes when I don't have to wear any. Bad for ya wearing clothes to bed."

"I swore off clothing."

"I heard something about that. I never thought you should wear clothing anyway. You're too cute to be covered up."

"You...like me naked?"

"We all like you naked. Don't you ever cover up again. You hear me Missy?"

"Yes. I won't. I'm glad you like my body. Is that what a woman would say?"

"One thing. A woman wants a guy to look her over, feel her up, kiss on her."

"Kiss? I...have never been kissed before. I mean...not...like how Mother kisses Oscar."

"Want a few pointers?"

"Your dogs?"

"Noooo." He chuckled his laughter bouncing her over him as she teases his chest hair with a nail. "I guess they are Pointer's. Not what I meant though. Pointers as in my showing you how to kiss a guy."

"You want me to kiss you?"

"Only if you wanna learn how."

"I do." She grows excited.

Wincing a bit he reaches his mighty arms lower and plants his palms on her butt. Gripping her cheeks he slides her up further over his chest until her face was next to his. His huge cock slid right over her clit causing her to feel it's friction. Eyes flaring she sighs, "That felt nice."

"What did? Your nips rubbing over my chest?"

"That felt nice too." She rubs her thighs along his crown now that he was the closest to reach under her new seating.

"Ohhhh! You liked my dick riding right up into your labia didn't ya?"

"What is a labia?"

"Pussy lips. Here. Let's do that again...it eases my pain some."

"I knew you were hurting."

"I fell asleep to ward off the pain...now that you woke me up it's a nightmare."

"I'm sorry Jacob."

"Well, now that you're here you're making it up to me. My pain gets worked out or you're going back to your room."

"Nooooo! Please don't make me go back there again. I will use my hands to get the painful white stuff out of you."

"Oh, I'll be helping you do that. If you wanna stay here then you're going to learn a few things."

"Are you going to massage me?"

"Nope. You're going to massage me. All night long if need be."

"I am awake, I will."

"Good." He gruffly picks her up by her hips and brings her back down over the length of his beast and thrusts his hips upward while holding her against his cock. His dick rolled repeatedly within her cute labia. Eyes brightening up at how good each pass of her clit was she sighed.

"That feels good Jacob."

"You do it to me now. I'm just gonna lay here."

"Okay." She applies her own gyrations over his girth and whimpers, "I can feel it throbbing."

"It's the white stuff wanting out. Move your thighs faster." He lays back watching her increase the speed of her hips rubbing over him. "Fuck that feels good. You're a talented lil' slut Maria."

"I like being called a slut? Why do my brothers call me that?"

"Oh...uhhh? It's the best compliment a woman can get from a man if he likes what she's doing for him."

"Oh! Then you may call me a slut. I like it."

"I can do that. You are one sexy slut."

"Thank you. I want you to feel good."

"Get up here." He grips her again and brings her back up to his face and kisses her right on the lips, her hips were still gyrating but over his abs. Palming her face he kissed her long and hard, her whimpering feeding into her enjoyment. Once she got a taste of making out he let her take over. She could not get enough of his lips.

While she grew invested in his breath Jacob's hands roamed her backside, palming her ass cheeks again and just letting her rub his abs with her pussy. For a better feel he took a brief release to drag her legs to each side of his waist. The new sensations of a deeper rub over him made her squeal. Hands back on her ass he pries her cheeks wide and uses a single thumb to rub her butt pucker. She was wiggling all over him trying to keep her sensitivity heightened. Jacob was having a blast at her expense.

Parting lips he growled, "My turn." In a bold move he rolled over in his bed taking her to her back and hovering over her. Her innocent eyes refused to even blink wondering what he might do to her. Easing back a bit on his knees he leaned down and kissed her tenderly, each time she tried to take control he backed off. Finally, he stormed her neck and kissed her throat. She caressed his shoulders whimpering at the ticklishness caused by his beard. Feeling his monster cock rubbing over her clit at his own encouragement she began moaning.

"You must really like me."

"I do. I adore you Squirt."

"I adore you too Jacob. Am I...still a good slut?"

"I expect better. Before your Mom gets home you're going to be the best."

"Teach me."

"All of us are doing that. Never be scared of what we do. No matter what it is."

"I will not be afraid." He said nothing further, choosing to kiss her neck and shoulders, before moving to her chest, kissing her nipples made her giggle. "Wiley and Matthew squeezed my boobies but you are the first to kiss them." He grinned at her smile then devoured her left nipple whole into his mouth sucking them. The sensations drove her insane, unable to keep her hands away from his hair. Not until he moved from one nipple to the other did she gasp, "Nooo! Don't leave it." Once he found the other nipple she cooed and felt content. The second he stopped Jacob crawled higher over her until she felt his dick rub over her belly. Up until his crown crossed between her breasts she whimpered. "What are you doing?"

"Titty fucking you."

"What is titty fucking?"

"This." He reaches in and crushes her breasts around his dick and begins thrusting up through them. She panted heavily and tilted her chin to watch as best she could. In doing so his fist sized crown pelted her chin, often crossing up to her lips. She couldn't keep her mouth from expressing awe so the crown entered her jaw without too much trouble. She took the punishment not realizing what it meant. He wasn't forcing it in her mouth, merely taunting her with the possibility.

"I think I felt the white stuff on my lips."

"It's...pre-poison."

"Poison? It is bad for me?"

"No. It's bad for me, good for you. The white stuff destroys a man on the inside but once it leaves our body it becomes good for you."

"I remember your brothers telling me that. It must be true."

"A good slut begs for it to leave a man."

"I did that in the gym. Let me try." She bubbles up under his constant chin impacts. "Come to me. Please come to me. Do not hurt Jacob anymore." He wanted to laugh but remained tough.

"It's going to need more effort than that Maria. I need to try something else." He releases her and backs up. Reaching back in he tosses her on to her belly then under her to coax her ass in the air. Her face in his pillow he straddles between her thighs and rubs his dick along her pussy, his crown still very near her breasts in her doubled over state. Hand on her ass, the other rubbing her spine he faked fucked her without penetration. She found this new position appealing even though she couldn't see Jacob. "This here is called Dry Humping. Dry for now until the white stuff explodes out."

"Is there a wet humping?" She questioned in her muffled voice.

"That requires penetration. I'm not going there yet Maria. I don't want to hurt you."

"Wet humping hurts a woman?"

"At first. Your first time will hurt really bad. It's the only way for a man to escape the white devil for long periods of peace, before he needs to do it again. You're not ready for that pain."

"I do not want to hurt."

"And, we don't want to hurt you. Sooner or later we will need to do that to you though. You just have to trust us Maria."

"I do trust you Jacob. I like this dry humping. Jacob?"

"Yeah?"

"Where do you...wet hump?"

"Right here." He pulls his dick back and lines it up to her hole but doesn't force it in. merely letting her react to his crown where the fun really begins. She yelps and tries to escape but he holds her firmly. "When the time is right...this whole dick goes inside there."

"I will scream." She pouts, "You are too big to do that to me."

"You keep whining I WILL push in. Hush up and learn." She immediately bites her lip fearing penetration. "It's not bad after the first time Maria. Me and my brothers will get you used to it pretty fast once it's over. We can all take turns getting you comfortable."

"All of you will...wet hump me?"

"Couple times a day probably. We hurt a lot these days. Wanna learn a few more things?"

"Yes." She pouts being brave. Gliding his hand up her spine he grips her long black mane and pulls her hair, lifting her face from his pillow, "This is how a man shows a woman that he demands respect."

"I already respect you Jacob."

"Real respect requires more than just a feeling Maria."

"Tell me."

"You as a woman has to be very vocal of how much you appreciate your man even if her gets rough."

"What would I say?"

"Things like...please spank my ass. Please pull my hair, please choke me."

"Choke? That does not sound pleasant. Nor does spanking me."

"You know what? I think I'm getting tired. You better go back to your bedroom before I just take you wet hump style."

"Whaaaat? Nooooooooo!" She panics, "Please Jacob do not make me go to my room. Harriet's men do not like me."

"Are you defying me Maria?" He yanks her hair harder. She yelps but cringes under pressure.

"No! Teach me to be spanked. Choke me."

"You're not ready."

"Pleeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaassssssssseeeeeee?"

Without another word Jacob swats her left ass cheek. Then her right. She whimpers and feels him rub her cheeks where he had left red marks. Just as she settles down he repeats his swatting a second and third set of impacts. "Owwwww!"

"GO TO YOUR FUCKING ROOM YOU WHINEY BITCH." He pulls away from her and lets her collapse on to his mattress. Sitting up on the side of his bed he grumbles until she jumps to her knees and throws her body against his back hugging him from behind.

"I will get used to this Jacob."

"Did I say you could touch me?" He growls as she clings to him trembling. Reaching over his head he snatches up her hair and drags her around him and over his lap. She began crying at his roughness as she lay over him face down. Immediately he blistered her ass five hard times. "When I teach you something you do NOT disrespect me."

"I am sorry Jacob." She endures four more swats until her cheeks become rosy. Finally, Jacob pulls her up into his lap facing him. his monstrous cock the only thing between he and she. Taking her hands he curled both of them around his beast.

"Milk the white stuff out. Do not stop unless I tell you to."

Sniveling she begins moving her hands up and down over his cock, inspired by his strict gaze. She was afraid to look anywhere other than at him. It was almost as if she knew deep down that was what Jacob wanted. In her own naïve way she told herself that it was what a woman would do. If she was wrong she was sure he would tell her, or spank her again.

"You've got some pretty amazing eyes Maria. I like how you study mine to know if you're doing a good job."

"Am I?"

"So far so good. I can feel the white devil following your lead. Keep that rhythm up without wavering and you have him where you want him."

"My hands can barely go around your dick, it's so thick."

"Handsome too isn't he?"

"Yes. He is quite handsome. Jacob? Do women do this to men every day?"

"Three times a day pending on how bad the guy gets. Me? Three is average."

"So I would have to do this to you three times a day?"

"We'll see. Not every day. At least once every other day for certain. Same for my brothers."

"So I would do this five times a day for sure. More if you all hurt really bad?"

"Exactly."

"Do you think they will compliment me by calling me a slut?"

"If they don't I'll make sure they do."

"Good. I want them to be happy with me. Does Oscar call my Mom a slut?"

"Slut. Cunt. Whore. Wench. All of the above. Fuck that feels good Maria. Only thing better would be a blowjob."

"What's a blowjob?"

"It's when a woman sucks the white stuff out of a guy if he's having troubles getting it out the way you're doing it now."

"Suck it out? With my...mouth?" She droops her chin out of shock. It reminded her what Tyson and Wiley had taught her out by the lake and in the stable. My brother's taught me some but I've never...all the way."

"You know of any other way?"

"I...guess not. I...don't think my mouth can go around it." She for the first time lowers her eyes to examine his beefy crown. "Should I...try?"

"You might as well get used to it. You will be doing it to all of us at some point. We're stubborn some days. Go ahead and give it a shot. If you have troubles with him I'll hold your head so he doesn't escape you."

"Okay. Here goes." She crawls carefully from his lap and leans over his erection biting her lip at how best to approach him.

"Tell you what...start by kissing him, then lick it. Once you get his attention he will wanna chase after you. I'm gonna rest back and give you room to work. Maria?"

"Yes Jacob?"

"Don't let him win. Get that shit out of me."

"Yes Sir."

"I like that word Sir. Show's you respect me."

"I do. Lots!"

"Get busy."

She parts her lips first and hovers over his crest and kisses across his urethra a few times before lapping her tongue along his foreskin. Once she captured his taste she flared her big brown eyes with a hint of enjoyment. He knew she liked what she was doing. Clearing his throat to get her attention she opened her jaw wide and wrapped her lips around his girth. Only the crown was sucked on at first, he gave her time to adapt to it. In his thoughts Jacob Barnett had to admire her spunk. "Kid likes dick. Gotta give her credit, she's coming along fast. Matty's right, we'll be fucking her by the weekend. Dad's gonna have fun with this one."

Reaching out he palms the back of her head and gently presses down to force another inch into her mouth. She turned beet red at going deeper. "Take it slow. You have to get used to taking as much in as you can get. Too shallow and it's not gonna listen to you. You have to show it you won't take no for an answer. My brothers are gonna be really proud that you're getting a grasp on how to take care of us. I don't think they wanted to teach you this much, afraid you didn't have what it took. See? You're proving them wrong."

She nods within her mobility constraints and lets him pressure her scalp into taking in a second inch, three in total thus far. "Okay. I'm gonna take my hand away and I want you to pull up and go back down just like your hands would do. Up and down. Up and down with your mouth. Each time you kiss the head then swallow it again. Understand?"

Another timid nod she feels his hand retreat and sits back to watch her do things on her own. Just as he advised she lifted her lips and escaped his crown just long enough to kiss it and take him back in for five thrusts before a repeat performance. Without even asking her tongue licked at his foreskin again before consuming three inches, trying hard to achieve the fourth. He was pretty impressed. Watching his eyes she sensed it too, which made her thrive on doing even better. Letting her do her thing awhile longer Jacob decided to up the ante. "Alright! Keep that up but let's get your hands busy too. Right hand you cup my balls here." He points at his bulbous scrotum and takes her hand to instruct her in person. "Squeeze and make the white stuff flow. This is where it lives, so what you're doing is forcing it to rise against it's will. Your left hand needs to go back to massaging what is not in your mouth." She immediately resumes stroking him and trying her best to keep in synch.

"Perrrrfect! Little girl knows what she's doing. Fuck that feels good you little Cunt."

She moans her thank you and feeds on almost five inches, that was her limit with tonsils intact. Oh, how she tried for more though, it just wasn't possible. Slobbering, her gag reflex took over and she choked, but noted him pointing at her. He looked upset that she might stop, so therefore she persisted. Maria Blanco refused to be a coward. Messy or not the little Miss was determined not to disrespect him again, her ass was still on fire from his spanks. No more of that, she hoped.

Gently Jacob reached out to caress her cheek to support her emotions. By lightly brushing the hair from her eyes with a warm smile as a template she felt as if she were doing everything right. That was all Maria needed. Confirmation!

"Almost there Beautiful. You're a fast learner. I cannot wait to brag to my brothers just how good you are at this. I know you're struggling to take more in but I know you can do it. I have faith in you Maria so...do it." He winked and fondled the back of her scalp tempted to force feed her throat. He knew her tonsils prevented going too deep but his ego demanded more from her. Whining as her nose ran like a faucet she did her very best and managed a quarter inch more in her throats confines. He could feel his crown pushing at her tonsils, the sensation making his eyes roll back. She saw his possessed look and recalled how Wiley had done that. It was just before he shot his load of deadly white serpents tongue. Hearing Jacob groan Maria knew it was his turn. "Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! DON'T LET UP IT'S READY."

Not missing a beat she found her mouth flooded with a detonation that defied description. Not even Wiley or Owen had released so much, yet theirs were not into her mouth. Choking heavily she tried to pull off but Jacob snatched her head and held her firmly. She was not escaping. Long guttural snarls sent three more rushs of white down an already full throat. She was afraid to swallow so much so it began frothing around her lips and even came up through her nasal passage.

Head rush clearing Jacob pinched her nose and held her head tightly over his cock, his balls brushing her breasts as she lifted higher in emotional agitation. "Swallow every drop like I told you to." He made her look him in the eye as he noted her throat taking the pool down her throat and into her belly. Convinced she had nothing in reserve he released his pinch and let her breath. Easing her off of his cock slowly he made certain her tongue was still touching his drooling urethra, final droplets beading on her tongues wag. "Now that saved my life. Good job Maria. Was that so bad?"

"It was...a lot of white stuff. I thought I was going to vomit."

"But, you didn't. You were incredible."

"Am I a woman now?"

"On your way fast Kiddo. Once you reach that wet hump goal..." He ponders deep penetration chuckling in his thoughts, "...dry hump at the same time, we can consider making you a true woman full time."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we get you used to a daily regiment of white stuff. The more you heal us, the more you drain us the healthier we'll all be."

"Will I be...unhealthy?"

"It doesn't work like that Maria. The white stuff in men is volatile. The white stuff in a woman can be too, but not as potent."

"I...have white stuff inside me?" Even in touching herself she had not known much in the way of any thick white release.

"Mine." He chuckled, "But, yes you have your own. Once you're a woman we'll help keep yours in check too. It's the least we can do for you helping us."

"I'm sleepy now." She yawns and crawls to her feet standing between his legs to hug him in his seated position. Reaching out to pick her up he lifts her into his lap and cradles her against his chest. Feeling her warm exhales on his shoulder Jacob collapses backwards taking her with him. She literally fell asleep laying on him.

"Poor kid's drained." He eyes two things, the oil lamp he needed to shut off before it overheated, and the ceiling camera over his bed that had captured their every move. Flipping off the camera's resident viewership he lay there holding her for a good twenty minutes before gently getting up and laying her on his bed. Blowing out the oil lamp he crawled in beside her and draped his body right up against her backside. His dick along her ass crack he felt her nuzzle closer. She liked the feeling of being flesh to flesh. Leaning into her he kissed her cheek.

"Night Baby Sister."

"Goodnight Big Brother." She mumbled half asleep.

The Bear wanted a cave to sleep inside.

Very soon he would move in.

For now, just hibernation.