**Baby Sister**

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**Baby Sister Ch. 11: BUTTercUP**

"I do not want to be a girl anymore. I want to be a woman."  
  
Maria Blanco threw a tantrum while following her stepbrother Owen Barnett through their mansion home in the bowels of Texas. He had taken her virginity two nights before and had warned her that there was more than just losing her virginity to being a woman. In her naivety at knowing pretty much nothing of sex nor of true emotions, least of all love she only had what the Barnett's were filling her head with. Her life was changing very quickly, yet she had no clue as to how much.  
  
"You need to calm down before I paddle your ass Maria. You're off to a good start. There's a lot more that you have to learn before you earn that title of woman."  
  
"I let you wet hump me. It hurt really bad but I let you. I thought that was what made me a woman."  
  
"Not by a long shot. You're freaking barely eighteen Maria. What? A week and a half ago you were seventeen. You act like you're freaking fifteen as it is."  
  
"I do not."  
  
"Do to."  
  
"Do not. Stop being mean to me."  
  
"If I were mean I'd turn that sexy ass over my knee like Jacob did and blister your bottom."  
  
"I thought that was part of being a woman too. You make it sound like punishment."  
  
"It can be both. Good spanking is without aggression. Punishment is doing it roughly. Keep it up I'll show you the difference."  
  
"I do not wish to be punished."  
  
"Then hush up and do what we tell you. Disrespect me again and I'll lock you in your bedroom with the ghost of Aunt Harriet."  
  
"Do not do that. She does not like me." As if she were real. Matthew Barnett the tech wizard Profiler for the FBI had wired her bedroom to make it appear haunted. They hadn't even done their worst in spooking her. Matthew had things so rigged she didn't even want to cross the threshold into her bedroom. Although she was quietly accepting Harriet on private terms without acknowledging it to the Barnett's. She found being frightened to her advantage as well.  
  
"Listen. I have to drive to Dallas and train some clients. Go bug Wiley or Jacob. Tyson's at the ranch and Matty went in to his office at the FBI. Jacob might be out hunting. Just go get some breakfast and wait until one of them comes to take you to bed."  
  
"What of Highbone? He...will see me naked."  
  
"Highbone sees Wiley nude all the time. Just tell him you want to live free like Wiley does. He's too old to care."  
  
"Are you certain?"  
  
"Just give him a hug and tell him to pinch your ass."  
  
"Highbone would do that?"  
  
"He may be old as red dirt but he's not buried under it...yet."  
  
"I do not want Highbone to dislike me." She pouts.  
  
Just as Owen reaches the front door their Butler Nigel Highbone hears their commotion and investigates. Walking in on them from the parlor the 80 something elder notes Maria quite naked and peaks a brow.  
  
"G-good morning Young Miss."  
  
Covering herself shyly Maria bites her lower lip fretting at his thoughts. "Hello Highbone."  
  
"Make her some breakfast Nigel." Owen prompted, "Overlook her nudity, she's decided to live like Wiley. We're all good with her running naked. Besides, she's got a killer body. Don't you think so Nigel?"  
  
"I would not know Master Owen. I try not to ponder on such things."  
  
"I like my body." She pouts even deeper in sadness, feeling rejected.  
  
"I got this." From behind Highbone stepped Wiley Barnett in from his morning swim, towel about his waist. Easing around Highbone he moves in on Maria and picks her up, tossing her over his shoulder. Squealing she finds his hand on her ass cheek as he takes her upstairs. Waving goodbye to Highbone and Owen she faded around the hallway corner.  
  
"You know what's really going on old man." Owen winced, "Dad gave us strict rules to tame her. Don't you even go and get a conscience."  
  
"I'm afraid I'm too old to put up an argument. I...trust that none of you will harm Young Miss. She appears quite relaxed in her skin."  
  
"She loves sex. Yes I fucked her. Pretty sure Wiley's about to. She loves sex so don't stress over it."  
  
"I'm afraid it is above my pay grade."  
  
"Good man. Just treat her like you would any other time. Overlook her nudity and our seducing her. That's going to happen every day until she's trained. You can have a talk with Dad when he gets home in three weeks. Until then..."  
  
"I have no need to speak with Mister Barnett. I will continue my duties and avoid her as much as possible."  
  
"Don't alienate her. Just help take care of her while we're all at work."  
  
"Of course, Sir."  
  
"I gotta go. You're a good man Nigel." Owen takes his leave. Nigel Highbone did not feel like a good man. He would mind his own business but what was transpiring would nag at his soul.  
  
"Drive safely Sir."  
  
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Upstairs, Wiley Barnett entered his bedroom and carried her to his king size bed. Tossing her on it she bounced and lay there stunned. Whipping his towel off he boasted a massive erection. Knowing she had lost her virginity having had watched Owen take her via closed circuit TV he wanted his turn. He didn't care what his other brothers thought. He intended to fuck the little Princess.  
  
"So...wet humped finally?"  
  
"How do you know? Owen and I never left his room until he had to go to work." She looked puzzled. "Did Matthew? I did visit him a short while."  
  
"Owen texted me after you fell asleep. Told me to find you bright and early in the morning and congratulate you on a job well done. I'm proud of you Maria. This makes you that much closer to being a woman."  
  
"Owen says I have much more to learn before I can become a woman. What must I learn?"  
  
"We can talk about that later. My dick really hurts right now. The white devil is ripping at my balls. Once I get that out we can chat about other things. Okay?"  
  
"Will it hurt again?"  
  
"Did it hurt after Owen was inside there for awhile?"  
  
"Not as bad. I got used to it. He bathed me afterwards. I was bleeding really bad."  
  
"Question is...did you have fun?"  
  
"Yes. I like wet humping, much more fun than dry humping."  
  
"Ready for some more fun?"  
  
"You will wet hump me?"  
  
"At least three times today. I'm the only one here right now, so I'll work with you all day then we can show my brothers what I've taught you. Sound good?"  
  
"Yes. I want them all to be proud of me."  
  
"No doubt. Ready?" He climbs into bed and moves between her legs, gripping her ankles then nudging them back toward her shoulders. Rubbing his cock along her labia she begins giggling.  
  
"It tickles."  
  
"Ok, first lesson. When a guy rubs his cock on you like I'm doing you should always praise him for how good it makes you feel. A guy must always know that he's doing something favorable."  
  
"It does feel good Wiley."  
  
"Then express it with a cute reaction. Try looking me in the eye without blinking." She obeys with a very innocent gaze. "Good. Now whisper, I love your cock Wiley."  
  
"I...love your cock Wiley. Why does a man call it a cock?"  
  
"Don't ruin the moment with questions. If you start getting out of character a guy might lose his erection. The white stuff will go deep into a guy and destroy him from the inside. You must always do your best to keep it hard where the white stuff can't retreat. If he's rock hard like I am there's no escape besides coming out on or in you."  
  
"In me? The white stuff will go from inside you to inside me? Won't that hurt me?"  
  
"Ummmm!" He realizes then he needed to introduce her to a condom. The only problem was, he didn't have any. All he could hope for was to have enough resistance to pull out in time. He didn't want to explain to his Father how he knocked his baby stepsister up. "It won't hurt you. It only hurts the guy if it stays in. When it comes out it's less volatile the second it leaves the guy. It's your job to make it come shooting out really powerful. Don't give it a moment to reconsider."  
  
"I want it to come to me Wiley. None of you will ever hurt again as long as I'm here to help."  
  
"That's why we love you Maria. See how fast we all got along? You're freaking awesome."  
  
"I think you are awesome too."  
  
"Okay, I'm going in. I need you to constantly tell me how good it feels. Be creative in your words, trust me the white stuff feels your every word so it has to be sexy."  
  
"I will do my best."  
  
"All I can ask for beautiful."  
  
"I am glad you think I am pretty."  
  
"Oh, you're not pretty. You're the sexiest girl alive. Look how pointy your nipples are getting. You know how hot you are. A girl doesn't get those unless she knows she's cute as fuck."  
  
"Then, I must be beautiful. Yay!"  
  
He lines his dick up to her pussy and eases in, watching it sink through a very tight hole, her expression was that of awe. The second his crown crossed over G-spot her back arched to compliment his arrival. "I love the feeling when it first goes in. It tickles my insides." She blushes, "It feels so big inside me. I am glad I let Owen wet hump me. Hump me harder Wiley."  
  
"The true word isn't hump Maria. It's fuck me harder."  
  
"It is?" She trembles looking him in the eye with a sparkling pair of big brown orbs. "Fuck me harder Wiley. Fuck me really, really hard."  
  
"That's the ticket Hotstuf. Keep that up."  
  
Moans build up in full force to his velocity. In and out, harder, slower, faster, deeper, balls slapping against her lower ass cheeks. Falling over her he just kisses her by storm, lips locked as his hips thrust in a rapid assault. She was gushing the entire ride, her pussy on fire with the need to be taken. Her hands uncertain where to go fall to her sides until Wiley takes them and wraps them along his back. Breaking the kiss for a hovering touch to Maria's lips he warns her, "Your hands must stay busy at all times. Caress, tease your nails on my back, and my butt. Even my shoulders. When I'm in missionary position like this you should greet your lover with welcoming hands."  
  
"You are my lover?"  
  
"One of many. We all are. Men in general."  
  
"Are you going to call me Slut? I like being called that. It's cute. I like Cunt also."  
  
"Fuck you make my cock so fucking hard. You're the best slut around."  
  
"Fuck me Wiley. I want to shake all over."  
  
"Working on it Cunt."  
  
"I can feel you in my belly."  
  
"I'll try and go deeper." He winks then rushes her mouth for more Frenching. She loved kissing. Her hands found every inch of his body within reach. He grew impressed with how fast she was adapting. "Love your tight pussy. So warm, and wet."  
  
"My vagina is called a pussy?" She found it cute. "Mother calls it vagina."  
  
"Men call it a pussy because it's like a pet name. You should be honored that a guy refers to your anatomy as pussy, titties, hooters, and ass."  
  
"Hooters?"  
  
"Yep! These." He pinches her nipples playfully, "Like an owl's big bulging eyes."  
  
Giggling at his explanation she shivers, "Because my areola is really big?"  
  
"Not that big. Nice tight, and cute as a button, well two buttons."  
  
"Thank you Wiley. My pussy likes you too. Kiss me some more? I like kissing."  
  
"Absolutely!" He leans down and kisses her with passion. Her hands not allowed to be idle she caresses him everywhere within her reach, nails teasing him in ticklish spots of his own. She giggled each time she discovered one of his own sensitive spots. She would remember those to get even with not only he, but each of her new brothers. With his dick buried deep she lifts her legs clinging to his waistline. Now that he had given up holding her ankles it became more pleasurable. This was making love, not war. Maria preferred love, not that war was all bad. She was grasping the differences and deciding what she herself enjoyed. If not for that darn spanking she was good.  
  
"Christ! Your lips taste like honey."  
  
"Lip gloss." She snickered. "Wait! Now I think of the bees buzzing in my bedroom. Do not frighten me Wiley."  
  
"Don't you worry, we'll protect you from ole' Aunt Harriet."  
  
"Can she hurt me? She is only a ghost."  
  
"Lifted your bed right?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"She can toss things across a room. Open doors too right?"  
  
"Yes." She frets. "Her...friends scared me more than Harriet."  
  
"All I can say is maybe you should try talking to Harriet. Tell her you only want to please the men of the house however they want. Explain to her that you love fucking us." She already tried that, they knew but played dumb.  
  
"I do love fucking you, all of my handsome big brothers I hope."  
  
"We adore you too Pumpkin."  
  
"I was worried that none of you would like me. Mother not allowing me around men my entire life, I thought you were all monsters under my bed."  
  
"Well, not all men are cool like us Barnett's. We'll look after you long term though. Even if you leave our home someday we'll make it clear to whomever you date or get married to knows we'll destroy them if he, they hurt you."  
  
"You will be like Oscar's bodyguard Randolph?"  
  
"Sure. We can be tough like Randy." Not even close.  
  
"He stared at Mommy and me a lot when we flew in from Colombia. I think he thought we were pretty."  
  
"A guy has to be blind not to see your beauty Maria. Your pussy is getting really wet. I can feel it."  
  
"That is good is it not?"  
  
"Very good. It tells a guy you feel every move his dick makes. It's like a mating call to get the white stuff to take notice. Y'know I'm kind of tired of calling it the white stuff. It's really called cum."  
  
"That is why you told me to tell the white stuff to come to me? Because it's his name?"  
  
"Yep. He also goes by Jizz...short for Jizzard, because when he comes out it's like a lizard flicking it's tongue at you." He makes things up as he goes along, she was captivated in her quest to learn.  
  
"I like it when Jizzard spits at me."  
  
"Just proof that he likes you as much as us. He may be a pain in us guys, but he's really attracted to hot girls. You're like a snake charmer, mesmerize the snake and it does what you tell it to."  
  
"You have a really big snake. Can I tell him what to do?"  
  
"Now that's a slut in the works. Good girl. You can suggest, never order a man though. That might get you punished. Suggest, invite, and coax, a man will most likely accept. If he wants things his way it's your job to do as he tells you."  
  
"I will. Wiley?" She trembles trying to keep from blinking.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I think my she cum wants to come out."  
  
"Oh yeah? Awesome. Let's really draw her out. I'll take the lead, you chant, "Fuck me harder Wiley."  
  
"Okay! Fuck me harder Wiley. Fuck me harder Wiley. Fuck me harder Wiley."  
  
Storming her tight little cunt Wiley Barnett growled at her youthful begging. Her tone of voice was always sweet and soft, inviting to the hormones. Pounding her he reclaimed her ankles and ripped her legs wide. Lifting up over her he nailed her with deep thrusts in a repetitive velocity. Maria Blanco began reeling her head back, eyes white and body convulsing. Her chant became more whispers as she found her vocal responses hard to appeal. As if he needed them, but it sure was cute making her do it.  
  
"FUUUUUCCCCK! I'm gonna cum." He had no choice but to pull away, barely making it out before a violent waterfall spat and frothed from his urethra. Splattering her body from clit to tit she screamed and cum with him, her pussy creaming up and trickling. Breathless he dropped his knuckles to her sides, releasing her ankles to do so. From there he just rolled his massive cock along her labia and belly. Twitching heavily with sensitivity Maria whimpered with a newfound admiration. She really liked wet humping.  
  
Before lifting away he kissed her once more then said, "We're not done."  
  
"I don't want to be done." Her pouty lips insisted on more. Rising over her on her knees he reaches in and rolls her on to her belly. Ass up he admires her tight buns with interest. Seeing her cute butt pucker he considered taking her on her first anal ride, but knew she needed something to ease the pain of her first entry. No mere spit on his dick was going to ease her. Having ran out of lube he opted to wait. Instead he was lured in to stretching out and eating her ass. Once his tongue attacked her button hole she squirmed and moaned like an eager banshee. While it tickled she did like the licking and probing of his tongue.  
  
"I'm gonna track you down a cute butt plug."  
  
"What is a butt plug?"  
  
"It's something a guy offers the woman to help ease the pain of putting his dick in your ass. The plug widens the hole making it easier to get inside you."  
  
"More pain? Noooooo!" She frets whining. A swat to her ass cheek she bit her tongue and hid her face in a pillow. Applying a single finger in her ass hole he sank it deep and twisted it about. She took it without resistance and actually grew to like it. Once she settled down he added a second finger to show her the difference in size.  
  
"I'm only using two fingers today. I need you to grow accustomed to size. Three fingers tomorrow. I'll have Matty find you a butt plug and have it delivered by drone."  
  
"What is a drone?"  
  
"It's like a big plastic bird. Your Momma ever tell you how a stork delivers a baby to a new mom?"  
  
"No. A stork does that?"  
  
He could not believe how little Maria knew. Esperanza was definitely a piece of work keeping even that bit of knowledge from her daughter. Wiley almost felt sad for Maria. His gain though. "Anyways, a drone flies it out to us and drops off a package. It's like a helicopter but less noisy. Sounds more like buzzing bees."  
  
"Again you bring up bees. You know I am frightened of bees."  
  
"Yet you wear honey tasting lip gloss?" He laughs.  
  
"Can Matthew order me new lip gloss?"  
  
"Sure. I'll even get him to order you a bunch of perfume, and bath beads to smell really nice for us."  
  
"I miss my dresses."  
  
"No more of those until Dad gets home. Maybe not even then."  
  
"I would walk around naked in front of Oscar?"  
  
"Sure will. He won't mind. Besides he's probably going to make your Mom walk around naked too. Clothes are horrible for women. At home you can get away with nudity. If we take you out then you can wear a dress maybe."  
  
"I would like to go out and see more of America." The talking eased her anal probing until it became tolerable, almost nice. All in Wiley's plan.  
  
"We'll do that once Dad and Esperanza get home. Maybe a family vacation before Dad has to sink himself back into his work. Running an oil business takes him away a lot."  
  
"Will Mother go with him always?"  
  
"Hard to say. If he does you still have us."  
  
"I like spending time with my brothers."  
  
"We do too. Okay, I'm taking my fingers out. You did great Maria. Like I said, three fingers tomorrow."  
  
"Four the next day?"  
  
"Let's see how you do with three. Keep in mind fingers do not measure up to the size of our Barnett DNA. We all have huge dicks and every one of them is going in that cute little ass of yours."  
  
"That is required of a woman?"  
  
"Definitely! You need to learn to like it."  
  
"I will. Teach me more."  
  
"You certainly have a thirst for knowledge." He grins while finishing his thought under his breath, "For one hell of a naïve kid." Crawling behind her more he guides her legs wider and presses his erection back up inside her pussy. Flat on her belly she took his thrusts and dug her nails into his sheets curling them up around her like a fort. Moans escalated with each tender thrust, gradually becoming faster. Easing his weight over her he kissed her shoulder and nuzzled her long raven hair out of the way. She cooed at his roaming lips.  
  
"Fuck you're so perfect Baby Sister. Every inch of your body is flawless. I could fuck you for days straight."  
  
"That would keep me from my other brothers. They will be in pain. I do not want them to hurt because I ignore them."  
  
"We'll figure it out." He sighed kissing her earlobe. "I'm not saying I will never let you leave my bed. Worst case scenario, my brothers can just join us in bed and you can help all of us at once."

"All five at once?" She bulges her eyes and lifts her chin from the pillow.  
  
"A woman devotes herself to men, if it becomes more than one at a time, like we did the day Owen massaged you, then she does it without argument. You liked the three of us loving on you that day didn't you?" She paused to recall all the ghosts taking Harriet in her bed beside her, she had not spoken of it too excessively because it spooked her too much.  
  
"Very much. I like being licked down there like Owen did."  
  
"You will get plenty of that. We all like eating pussy."  
  
"You call licking me eating pussy?"  
  
"Yep. Again that's a pet thing. You pant for us, we pant for you."  
  
"Like a puppy?"  
  
"Exactly. Speaking of...one of Jacob's hounds is ready to pop a litter. Maybe he will let you come see the new pups."  
  
"Dogs scare me."  
  
"He's around to protect you."  
  
"Okay. I will play with the puppies."  
  
"While I play with the pussies." He chuckles.  
  
"We have kittens?"  
  
"Yours." He pauses inside her to tease her cunt.  
  
"Oh! That pussy. Can I purr?" She giggles.  
  
"Dare you."  
  
"Mew! Mew! Purrrrrrrrr!" She did her best impersonation of a cat. He had to laugh, so did she.  
  
"That was sexy as hell. Makes me wanna fuck you another hour."  
  
"I can keep purring if it keeps you in me."  
  
"You want me in you that long?" He winces curiously.  
  
"I am here to learn. I will endure as long as you teach me."  
  
"You'll endure as long as the man has need of you. Teaching or not."  
  
"Do you need me Wiley?"  
  
"FUCK YES!!!!" He rears up and finds a new energy and tears her pussy up. She screamed, moaned, shook, and had two minor orgasms minutes apart. Another hour and Wiley Barnett was spent. Collapsing left of her body after jizzing on her ass, he lays there sweaty and exhausted. Much younger Maria crawls to her knees and looks down at him with a hint of disappointment.  
  
"More Wiley. I want more."  
  
"Climb your ass on. Show me what you got."  
  
Bright eyed and full of life Maria straddles his cock and reaches under to guide him in. Once she feels his beast spread her lips tightly she begins gyrating. "Am I doing it right?" She questioned her talents.  
  
"Perfect. Don't hold your tits, let them dance. A real woman doesn't hide her body. Give the guy a show. Put your hands in your hair." She sits proudly and runs her fingers up through her raven tress. "Good! Now look at me, eyes on eyes. Show me what you're feeling through expression." It was easy for her, riding him felt really good. He could tell. "That's perfect. All men should see this expression out of you. Never look sad or disappointed even if the guy has troubles performing. It's the woman's job to get the man excited about fucking her."  
  
"I will never look disappointed."  
  
"You just did when I lay here wore out."  
  
"I did not want you to stop."  
  
"That's why you tease and caress a guy letting him know you can't get enough of him. Kiss his chest. Suck his dick. Lick his balls. Anything that gives him a chance to catch his breath. Always prove to him you want him to come back for more."  
  
She leans forward over Wiley and presses her breasts against his pecs. Kissing on his neck surprised him. She was really getting into what he was advising her to do. It was working. The more intently she nuzzled his neck she stopped gyrating. Patting her ass he added, "Multitask. Do what you're doing but keep your hips moving. Ride my cock like you're begging me to roll you over and take you hard."  
  
"Wiley?" She lowers her voice as she whispers in his ear, that simple temptation stimulated him into grinning. He let her continue just to see if she amped up her flirtations, that she did. "I like your chest hair." She tangles her nails in his tufts of hair playfully, sighing on his clavicle. "You want me really bad Wiley, I know you do." She rides him sliding up and down over his thick cock, her pussy trickling her excitement down over his scrotum. If she could see her pink pussy filled so vividly she might be mesmerized by his big cock as it vanished and reappeared. Although she couldn't, hidden cameras in Wiley's room zoomed in and recorded her actions. A pair of watchful eyes always keeping tabs from somewhere. In Matthew Barnett's case his cell was set up to show him their every move. The Profiler was as bad as his prey.  
  
Enough was enough, Wiley took control rolling her over with an unexpected squeal. She found his cock stronger than ever as he assumed dominance. Eyes flaring with the thrill of his energetic enthusiasm she found herself missionary and tore up hard. Plunging rapidly, drawing back, ramming deep, Maria Blanco screamed and had her most explosive orgasm to date. Like a puppet in his clutches she convulsed uncontrollably. He wasn't done. Again pulling out Wiley reversed things, twirling her limply over and stealing the pillow under her head. Taking the pillow he lifts her hips and stuffs the pillow under her abdomen to poise her hips higher. Taking her cunt in a rush to keep her satisfied, showing her that a man can be unforgiving, he gripped her shoulders and trained his beast on hitting her G-spot. Muffling her screams as she masks her face in his blanket, he wouldn't have it. Gripping her hair he yanks her head back allowing her screams to echo the halls of Longhorn Manor.  
  
"A woman lets it all out. No more hiding what you feel. ALWAYS show the man he's doing his best."  
  
"FUCK ME HARDER WILEY!" She rallied, "CUM FOR ME. CUM IN ME."  
  
Haunted again by that last request Wiley wanted to but just couldn't. That damned drone needed to deliver a case of condoms too. She was going to have a panic attack if she saw a swarm of drones making deliveries. Declining her expectation Wiley gives her one more orgasm before pulling out abruptly. Tossing her on her back once again he crawls over her chest and caught her by surprise. "LOOK AT ME MARIA." He snapped. Eyes wide she watches him jerk off over her face. She was in awe of his outburst. "OPEN YOUR MOUTH. WIDER BITCH."  
  
Without fearing him she obeys and does as told. Seconds of dramatic grunts later Wiley Barnett flooded her tongue with cum, spits missing to hit her cheeks and nose. Lifting up he shot one final load across her forehead, to drip over one eye. Maria was shocked at how much he was firing off. "Thank you Wiley. I hope you feel better now."  
  
"You bet Buttercup."  
  
"Again?" She licked his cum from her lips as her mouth full froths her lips, lingering before swallowing.  
  
"Drink up." He pinches her nose and closes her jaw tightly, until Maria swallows every drop. Once done he releases her and rolls his crown over her lips. "Give him a kiss to thank him." Puckering she pecks his urethra with a warm smile.  
  
"Thank you Mister Dick."  
  
"He's Coyote."  
  
"Really? I wondered why your brothers called you Coyote."  
  
"That's why." He exaggerates then howls in triumph over her.  
  
"Thank you Coyote." She pecks his dick one last time.  
  
"I don't know about you but I'm thirsty as hell."  
  
"Lemonade?"  
  
"Vegan's drink lemonade?"  
  
"Yes. At least I do."  
  
"I never understood all that Vegan crap. I like a thick juicy steak now and then."  
  
"Ewww!"  
  
"You better get used to that. Your new family owns a cattle ranch."  
  
"I won't eat meat."  
  
"Who started you on that Vegan crap? Your Mom eats meat doesn't she?"  
  
"My Nanny."  
  
"Ah! Well that Nanny isn't here. Your life is changing Baby Sister."  
  
"I will get fat."  
  
"That's where Owen comes in. He will keep you in shape. This perfect body will NEVER get plump. We clear Sis?"  
  
"Yes...Wiley? Again?" She melts his soul.  
  
"Quit buttering me up." He laughs.  
  
"It is a woman's job?"  
  
"Good point. You're riding."  
  
Taking her along for the ride she ends up on top. As told before she followed every step Wiley had directed of her. Maria even learned Cowgirl style.  
  
"YEEEEEEEEHAWWWWWWWWW! Giddy up Buttercup."  
  
"My butt is up."  
  
"Damn straight it is."  
  
"I would like to visit the stables again."  
  
"I'll take you back out there here soon. You just learn how to stay in my saddle."  
  
"Horsey! Horsey! Horsey!"  
  
"Who taught you to say that?"  
  
"Again, my Nanny, when I was very little I rode her knee."  
  
"Where's your Nanny now?"  
  
"Back in Colombia. She could not come with us."  
  
"Was she pretty?"  
  
"Very pretty, like my Mother."  
  
"No shit!"  
  
Interesting!

**Baby Sister Ch. 12: HAPPY TrAILS**

"Why has Aunt Harriet not come back to haunt me?"  
  
After a few days to process being fucked for the very first time Maria Blanco felt really alone. Even stepping back into her own bedroom for the first time in three days she found the courage to overcome her fear of the multitude of sexually active ghosts, having met quite a few the other night. Not real ghosts, but an array of perfectly cast holograms straight out of one of the hottest porn's out there, her brother Matthew playing puppeteer.  
  
"I miss my brothers. Why have they left me by myself?"  
  
Not on purpose really, but her new brothers did have other things going on in their lives besides secretly enjoying their sexy hot, barely legal dumb bunny. Maria was only dumb in the sense that her Mother sheltered her from society to protect her innocence, her Mother the flipside of a coin being an exceptionally high paid escort down in Colombia. Esperanza Blanco thought by marrying into money and escaping her dark world would be even more beneficial to she and her daughter. She could not have been more wrong. Her daughter was now getting educated on how to be...a woman. Deception at it's deepest depth. On one hand, however, her five new brothers were actually getting attached to their baby sister. Would it matter in the end? Probably not...Maria Blanco was hooked.  
  
"Even Highbone is napping in his guest home." She carefully stepped around her bedroom as if expecting trouble to arise in the form of specter's. To be honest they did not hurt her, therefore her newfound courage worked in her favor. Heart racing she almost wished Aunt Harriet would say hello. Even going to her television caressing it as if hopeful did very little good. So she thought. Disappointed she shyly turned away intent on taking a bath. Bubbles sounded very comforting.  
  
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Dallas, Texas...FBI Headquarters...  
  
Matthew Barnett was just leaving a debriefing on a case involving an unsolved murder. He had been absent for a week and needed to get caught up on his real job as a Profiler. Walking down a hallway toward his shared office he heard his personal cell ping. Stopping cold in the hall he opened up a connective camera feed for his home to examine just what and where his new sister was. Triggered from her bedroom the second she passed a certain point he knew exactly where she was. "Finally, got brave enough to go back to your bedroom I see." He grinned, "She looks lost, almost as if wishing Harriet would reappear. I can do that." He chuckled to himself.  
  
"Trouble at home?" A feminine voice came from behind him. All it took was the scent of perfume and the sound of four inch heels to know who it was.  
  
"Miranda, hey!" He lowered his cell knowing she caught a tiny glimpse before speaking up. Matt looking at a naked young girl would have brought on more questions. They still might. "Just checking on my new sister. Long story short, Dad got remarried and my brothers and I have been watching over her while they go on their honeymoon. We all had no choice but to head back to work today."  
  
Miranda Wright, indeed her name which was teased over quite often was a well defined lady. Strong and athletic, smart and driven. At 5'6, 120, a busty 36D, and big green eyes she was bordering on bombshell. Blond hair to her shoulders straight and silky she drew many an eye from her fellow agents. Including Matthew on occasion. She however was not intent on being the one agent that went after his money. Pride was important to her, as was her career. She needed to feel as if she made her own way in life. Not that Matthew wasn't handsome, there was a tad bit of tension now and then. With Maria under his supervision however, today, tomorrow, even the next month was not the time to express interest.  
  
"She looked young." Miranda smiled and walked alongside him as he put his cell away.  
  
"Eighteen. Her Mother kept her isolated from the world to protect her from the underbelly of crime down in Colombia. She can fend for herself but Dad asked us to essentially babysit for a month. He caught us all off guard. We didn't even get invited to the wedding. Ole' Moneybags took care of immigration and everything while on a business trip."  
  
"Wow! Sounds romantic. Whirlwind romance even."  
  
"Esperanza's great, so is her daughter. It's just taking us a bit to adjust. Her as well."  
  
"Do you always watch your sister walking around naked?" She winked.  
  
"By accident. We have cameras all over our home, you know the drill. Money buys what's required."  
  
"Yep! Sounds like Big Daddy bought him a wife."  
  
"He gets lonely like the rest of us." He pauses looking her in the eye, "I'm not hinting."  
  
"Never thought that for a second." Another wink she intentionally took the lead. She knew by those around her that he was checking out her ass. She didn't need to be a profiler to know she had men revolving around her magnetic North. Best compASS in the building. Was it any wonder she was their go to girl when needing an undercover agent? One of their youngest only added to her social network of eyes.  
  
Trying to appear less attentive Matthew moved across the large office of 12 desks and isolated himself. Before digging in on his appointed workload he checked in on Maria one final time to find her in her bubble bath soaking and playing with the bubbles, it was easy to tell that she was happy. The more he observed her the more he wanted her. Now that his brother Owen had taken it upon himself to take the girls virginity she was open to further progression. Although advising his brothers not to push her too fast, he himself was sorely tempted. Her youthful exuberance and naïve attitude was just too erotic. Her voice soft and sensual 24/7 helped in the allure, sounding almost fifteen. Thankfully she wasn't.  
  
"What's she doing now?"  
  
He noticed her talking to someone but there was no one else in any of the cameras. He couldn't turn up the audio so he zoomed in on her lips in order to read them. "Come visit me Aunt Harriet. I need you to teach me how to be a woman. My brothers are showing me so much but I would like a woman's point of view." He expressed curiosity, "Huh! I guess haunting her doesn't work anymore. She's becoming fearless. Good thing I've been building on Harriet's hologram, sad thing is I'm running out of porn footage of the girl I chose to use as her reflection. I wonder if Maria's smart enough to understand the term reruns?"  
  
He sat back in his chair reclining a bit and pondered his next evolution in Harriet's usage. "I really need a model that I can use in a non sexual setting. I wonder how much the Pornstar would charge to do some acting?" An interesting thought. "Maybe, I can hire her and have a set with a few other actors to enact a script that...but, how would she actually talk to Maria?"  
  
"Still checking up on your sis?"  
  
"You have really got to stop sneaking up on me like that." He tilted his gaze behind him then turned in his chair to face Miranda.  
  
"What? Didn't catch wind of my under arm deodorant this time?"  
  
"Secret! Yep! Caught a whiff, you just douched this morning too."  
  
"Damn! Who needs tracking dogs, just send in Matthew Barknett." She dropped her pen that she had been nervously clicking on the carpet and bent over to pick it up, her shirt unbuttoned enough for a stunning cleavage to spark interest in. "Hey! Quit sniffing the girls."  
  
"You started it Ms. Wright."  
  
"Just wondered if you were as frigid as the rumor mill says."  
  
"If the water cooler's not a block of ice I must not be that frigid."  
  
"Good! I left my ice pick at home."  
  
"Sounds brutal."  
  
"It's pink."  
  
"Ah! At least my killer has a cuteness fetish."  
  
"Are we hitting on one another?"  
  
"As I said, you started it. I-" He realized something, with the right hairdo and clothing Miranda could be Aunt Harriet. Stunned a moment he shook it off, "Don't be a moron. She's FBI like me, she would know something bad was up."  
  
"You act like you've seen a ghost."  
  
"I believe I have." He smirked, "Strange I know but looking at you I saw...I...you're going to think I'm weird." He puts a palm up attempting to end his verse.  
  
"Already do so try me."  
  
"You remind me of my Aunt Harriet. My family was very close, I barely remember her but she certainly had a memorable life. She...got around."  
  
"I take it she's deceased?"  
  
"Yeah, she passed away when I was 6 I think. If I remember I'll bring a photo to show you sometime. My new baby sister swears she's seen her ghost around the ranch, mainly because her bedroom was Harriet's."  
  
"Wow! That's crazy. I actually believe in ghosts."  
  
"So do I." He chuckled, "She's visited me on occasion. Always at bedtime. I think she's reliving her past as the family whore. Just between you and me." He placed a finger over his lips with a timid grin.  
  
"May I sit?" She points at his desk. Easing aside a bit to give her room she hops up on the edge of his desk, her long legs muscular and gorgeous. "I'm intrigued by a good ghost story. I've had a few visitations in my time too. One a woman, another a man, never at the same time though. My parents thought I was crazy so I just stopped talking about them. I did some research on the folks who lived in our home and I think I've narrowed down who they are...well, were."  
  
"And?"  
  
"Our home was built over the property of some early settlers. They were a married couple named Ivan and Trudy Ugonovich, they came over from Russia in the early 1800's. He was supposedly a womanizer, she pretty much the same. They...killed one another. If you must know that story alone is what set me on course to be an FBI agent. I like solving murder cases. Anyways, I always felt Ivan would have crawled into bed with me, and that Trudy knew and was waiting to see it happen. So...I guess we're both strange."  
  
"Some story there." He puckered studying her legs for nervous ticks. Once she realized he was searching she paused all movement.  
  
"Your mind is always processing isn't it?"  
  
"Curse I guess. Your toes curl when talking, then relax when you're thinking."  
  
"They curl when I'm moaning too." She whispers, "Just saying, not inviting."  
  
"Good! I'm not sure I could perform well with you looking so much like Aunt Harriet." He chuckled.  
  
"So...what's your sister up to now?"  
  
"Why so curious? I can't keep checking on her while she's...parading around naked."  
  
"But, you want to. I can see it in your eyes. Pretty amazing eyes I might add."  
  
"Quick peek if she's...yep! Drying herself off from a bubble bath." He rapidly closed the link.  
  
"Do you think she really see's your Aunt?"  
  
"Well, " He ponders a lie, "She's never seen Harriet before. After she first mentioned the ghost we showed her a picture and she said it was her. So...she could just be seeking attention, she's never been away from her Mother until moving here. Her Mom kept her away from the world, even men."  
  
"Wow! That must be terrifying."  
  
"Especially, considering we're all older intimidating giants."  
  
"Is it true your Father..." She giggles and uses her hands to express a foot long dong.  
  
"Runs in the family." He muses.  
  
"Nice! Okay, getting my mind out of the gutter before it gets any weirder. I hope you don't think I'm trying to reel you in."  
  
"I was just thinking you must have been possessed by Trudy Ugonovich."  
  
"Quite possibly. I do speak Russian...that's a lie. I only know a few phrases."  
  
"Such as?"  
  
"YA dumayu ty krasivyy." She recites.  
  
"Which means?"  
  
"I think you are very handsome." She blushes, "On that note I better go."  
  
"Ah! Poka krasotka." He winks.  
  
"You know Russian as well?"  
  
"I speak five languages fluently. Rich and smart."  
  
"I'm impressed. Unfortunately the only other term I know is goodbye, which you said. Wait! Poka means goodbye, what does krasotka mean?"  
  
"Bye Beautiful."  
  
"Awww! It's my legs isn't it?"  
  
"Obnimi nogi vokrug moyey talii." He smirks with a sigh.  
  
"Now you're just talking dirty aren't you?"  
  
"I guess you need to look it up. Investigate, it's part of your job isn't it?"  
  
"Okay, that's a wrap."  
  
"Exactly." He winks as she slides off of his desk and straightens her skirt. What Matthew had spoken in Russian was, "Wrap those legs around my waist." She would use a Google translator at her own desk to reach a definition and smile. Afterwards she got nosier and looked up Harriet Barnett. Not one photo. For that matter, it was not even documented that she ever existed.  
  
"What have we here Mister Barnett?"  
  
At his desk Matthew thought the same and searched Ivan and Trudy Ugonovich to find absolutely no records.  
  
"What have we here Ms. Wright?"  
  
Both were intrigued.  
  
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Across Dallas...Oiler's Fitness Center...  
  
"Good now lift your hips higher Angie. Higher. Higher. My hand is hovering over your tush, raise them until you brush against my palm."  
  
"I'm trying Owen. Sometimes I feel like you want me...to throw my back out." Angela Camille Dandridge exhaustedly sighed, her workout regiment lengthy, as much as it was sweaty. At 37 Angie was built but having had a kid last year her perfect figure faded. Not that she was unattractive, yet she felt that way. In truth she wasn't that far off from being back to her old self.  
  
"Oh, I want you..." He chuckles, "to get that ass in the air like you just don't scare."  
  
"God! If I weren't married to someone almost as rich as you Barnett's I'd..." She manages to feel his hand on her butt, having raised her hips enough to comply to his challenge, "Watch it up there or you'll be Owen me money from that sexual harassment suit."  
  
"You wouldn't do that Ang. You like it when I push your butt-ons."  
  
"HAHA!" She huffed blowing strands of brown hair out of her eyes in her upper bodies burial against a mat. Only her ass was reaching for the sky. "I hope all of this sweating pays off. I want my husband to look at me again. It's just not the same when your baby is the only one eying your tits."  
  
"Still milkin' the cow?"  
  
"Hush up!" She giggles, "How am I looking from up there?"  
  
"Hearts could be a little higher if they aim to circle my forehead." He was referring to her heart shaped ass, one she tried her best to keep his palm on. It had been awhile since it had even been touched, her husband of late choosing to work long hours at the office.  
  
"Godammit Owen...pat that ass already. I've met your challenge, I need the moral support."  
  
"Nope! I won't offend Chet by pawing up his wife."  
  
"IS CHET HERE? DAMMIT!" She went so far as gyrating her ass lifting his pressed palm higher, her bright orange tights definitely expressing cameltoe. Owen most certainly looked.  
  
Laughing at her he pressed his palm down harder forcing Angie to gather what leverage she could to maintain her pose. Feeling evil Owen lowered his thumb down between her concealed butt crack and just left it linger there. "Work for more." He smirked.  
  
"You know damn well I'd fuck you Owen. Just take it."  
  
"The word Gigolo is not on my business card Ang." He would still fuck the holy hell out of her but he was having fun just taunting her. "Don't even offer to pay me for services outside my instruction, you know I don't need the cash."  
  
"I can't keep this position any longer." Collapsing to the mat she slaps it for giving up. "I was so close."  
  
"So was I. My thumb was right there ready to rub your butt pucker."  
  
"Fuck you Owen." She laughed rolling over on to her back. Breathing heavily she lifts her right leg up toward him, "Stretch me like a pretzel."  
  
"Salty!" He winked and grabbed her foot, scooting closer on his knees toward her before easing her leg back. In her compressed angle her chest crushed together for a very pleasing view beneath her loose tank top. 38C's were certainly saying, "Look at me Owen." Nipples were peaking high. Owen found it amusing how lustful she was, yet for some reason he wasn't thinking of her. Instead he envisioned his baby sister Maria beneath him whimpering and moaning at his masterful performance. Eyes closing to embrace the fond memory of a sweet young Colombian Princess he found himself thrusting his hips against Angie's thighs. Her eyes bulged at his temptation. Without interrupting him Angela slid her fingers beneath her stretch pants and began rubbing her clit. She was not going to waste a moment of his unexpected actions. Moaning abruptly caught Owen's error. "Shit! Sorry Ang."  
  
"I'm not! Please don't stop." Looking around the gym for prying eyes he chuckled, "Sure! Safe sex is my specialty." He merely humped her thighs cloth to cloth, of course his erection was hard to hide beneath loose shorts. Not that she was complaining. He let her bring herself to climax while rubbing his concealed beast along her cameltoe. Angela Dandridge came beneath her yoga shorts, fingers buried within, just feeling his cock roll over her knuckles was enough for her. "Ohhhhhhhh, fuck! That was amazing. God I needed even that. Thank you Owen." She caught her breath as he dropped to sit between her legs. "You looked like you were off in another world. She...must be really special."  
  
"She is...and no I'm not offering her identity." He laughed. "Pretty big stain you got going on there Dreamsickle." He lightly pokes her pussy making her tremble erratically. "Look at you Miss Sensitive."  
  
"I wonder why?" She giggles, "Seriously Owen, we've been friends forever. Who's the lucky girl?"  
  
"Nothing more than a little fun. I'm staying on the Bachelor List for awhile longer. Let's finish your session I need to get home here soon. My Dad left us boys in charge of our new stepsister while He and our Stepmom are off island hopping for their honeymoon."  
  
"Oscar remarried...again?"  
  
"What can I say...he doesn't like being single."  
  
"Yet none of his sons has ever been married."  
  
"Someday...we're still too wild." He shrugs as she regains her composure allowing him to continue stretching her legs. While she strains under the pressure of his downward pushing she can't stop staring at his erection. Three minutes in she pants heavily.  
  
"Dang it Owen. At least let me get you off."  
  
"Naaa! I'm saving it for someone special."  
  
"Again...who is she? Come on...tell me."  
  
"Sessions over. Hit the showers, and no I'm not joining you. I have a right to a private life Ang."  
  
"I suppose. I WILL find out if I have to hire a Detective." She razzes him with her tongue.  
  
"You do that. I'll just counter your offer and pay him to tell you it's your sister Rhea."  
  
"Oh, that's cold. Hey, I'm good if it was Rhea, she's always thought you were cute."  
  
"At least she's single. Unlike you Miss I want an affair."  
  
"You're right. I'm being silly. Can I have Tyson's number?" She laughs.  
  
"Sure! He can bring you all the bull semen you can handle."  
  
"Ewww! That's just gross."  
  
"Worth a lot of money though."  
  
"Whatever! Help me up at least." She raises a hand for him to assist her but he declines.  
  
"What part of working out don't you understand. Helping yourself makes things more gratifying."  
  
"I'll help myself to this." She boldly reaches lower and grabs his erection. "You know you want my mouth around that bad boy."  
  
"Use it for leverage, that's all I'm offering." He chuckles flexing to pull her petite little frame up from her seated position, using only his dick. Not even a wince of strain.  
  
"Oh my God! You really used your dick instead of your hand. That's incredible Owen."  
  
"You can let go now."  
  
"You're going to make me cry. Can I use your shorts as a tissue?"  
  
"Nice try. You're not getting my cock Ang."  
  
"FINE!" She pouts and turns away, with her back to him she mischievously tugs her spandex shorts down and moons him. Shaking her ass she hopes he might change his mind. Smirking Owen merely razzed her back. His tongue wagging only made her flip him off. Someday she would get Owen in bed, she was a determined woman.  
  
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"So you fucked Maria again too? Dammit Coyote."

Tyson Barnett was ending his mid morning rounds of the cattle barn, documenting a head count and looking over condition files that his workers left in front of each pen. Halting to finish his conversation with his brother Wiley he noted a pregnant cow in isolation. It made him realize something. "Please tell me you didn't cum inside Maria."  
  
"Nope. On her though. She's liking it more and more." Wiley chuckled from his Jeep while on a back road to a small town not far from their ranch.  
  
"I'm gonna stop by a pharmacy and get her on birth control." Tyson pointed out, "We'll tell her it's vitamins. We have to be careful or Dad will kill us if we knock our baby sister up."  
  
"Good point. That sexy body does not need stretch marks."  
  
"Exactly! I wanna nice long run of bending her over. Baby bumps just ruin the fantasy."  
  
"Who's tapping her next? Jacob? Matty, or you?"  
  
"I dunno. I guess it's first cum first serve." He laughs at Wiley, "What are you doing? Sounds like you're driving, you never listen to music unless you're on a trip."  
  
"Heading into Prickly."  
  
"Strip club?"  
  
"Damn straight. I need me some real ladies now. What do you think of the idea we bring Maria to Cocktus Jack's? Maybe have the gals teach her some dance moves? I'd love to see Baby Sister pole dancing."  
  
"I still got no clue why Brandon named his club Cocktus Jack's. That's the dumbest name I ever heard."  
  
"True dat! Maybe I should buy him out and rename it Coyote Studly."  
  
"Just as stupid." Tyson laughed, "I'll see you at home Lil Brother."  
  
"How about Trigger Happy? Desert Bros? Oh A Sis?"  
  
"Keep tryin'. No buyin'." Tyson rolled his eyes and hung up.  
  
On the road Wiley chuckled, "I hope Rosa's dancing today. Better get my Benjamin's ready. Time to pay her rent."  
  
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Longhorn Manor...  
  
"Would you like some lunch Young Miss?"  
  
Nigel Highbone, the elderly Butler for the Barnett family stood at the bottom of the staircase awaiting the lovely Maria Blanco to finish her ride down the staircase bannister. He knew he was going to have to polish the cherry wood railing very soon. She was leaving marks on it from her pussy juices after numerous rides down to kill her boredom. Although Highbone did not approve of what the Barnett's were doing to the poor girl he did find her smiles and giddy persona refreshing in a house full of egotistical testosterone. Her nudity was becoming less of a distraction the more he witnessed it. Even an old man, although raised to be proper still enjoyed the human body, especially one as perfect as this young woman's.  
  
"One more time." She squealed, her hormones were on high. In crawling from her seated position he caught a wonderful glimpse of the wetness her pink young, tight pussy was leaving behind. Racing back up she straddled the bannister one last time until she was met with Highbone at the bottom step. Catching her he finds her breathing erratic, her pulse was soaring at the sensations throughout her body. "Again." She appealed as he cleared his throat. Pouting she saw the stern look in his eye as enough was enough. "Cap'n Crunch cereal?"  
  
"Fresh from the shopping list Young Miss. Soy milk to complete your dish."  
  
"Yay!" She finds herself giddily clapping in a soft manor, her eyes flaring. He prepared to assist her down until he realized she was gyrating on the rail, her pussy was in serious need now that her virginity was no longer an issue. Another louder rasp of his throat she stopped. "I...can't help it."  
  
"Understood Young Miss. Might I suggest having your brothers purchase you a...toy?"  
  
"I'm almost a woman. I don't want to play with toys." Technically she was an adult being 18, yet her brothers were convincing her that was not the case. She regretfully knew no different, her Mother keeping her from all knowledge of sex, terms, basically reality itself. She was hardly stupid, just left out.  
  
"I do not mean a child's toy Young Miss. A...substitute for...a man."  
  
"I don't know what you mean Highbone." She sheepishly expressed her cluelessness.  
  
"It is not for me to discuss such intimacies. Come along you need to eat." He finally coaxes her from her perch and she immediately hugs him with a tight grip around his waist. "A perfect hug Young Miss."  
  
"I like the other hugs more. Can I get one of those?" She places her chin on his chest looking up at him with innocent eyes.  
  
"Pardon?"  
  
"You know...a real hug...one where I have my legs over your shoulders and I hug your head to my chest."  
  
"Oh Good Lord! One of...those hugs...I'm afraid I would throw my back out. This hug will be sufficient." He knew her brothers were teaching her perverted tricks to make her blind to any reality but the one they were setting up for her.  
  
"You could lay down and I could sit on you and hug you." She offered a solution. He had to clear his throat one last time, that would mean her sitting on his face. He had no intention at his age to allow such a thing. "I understand." She knew he was not going to allow it. However, Nigel was still human, her sensuality was informing him quite well that it had been years since being with a woman, his timid erection was proving that. "Do you hurt Highbone?" She feels his erection on her tummy.  
  
"All over I'm afraid."  
  
"I can help you get the white devil out."  
  
"Ah! The devious white devil." He had no idea what she was getting at. The boys were putting things in her head that not even he comprehended at the moment. It took her to pinch his creased slacks at the crotch to give him his first clue. "Please Young Miss, do not be disrespectful."  
  
"Wiley says it's respectful for a woman to touch a man there, that men find it a compliment."  
  
"Of course, he did. While it must be true..." He was not going to tell her otherwise, his loyalty to the family, and his retirement depended on his resilience. He cared, but loyalty was everything to the codger. "I will ask that you do not...compliment me so in the future."  
  
"Should I apologize?" She whimpered with a sad look.  
  
"No Young Miss...I..." Her pout was bordering on tears, leading him to express a droll frown, "Oh for goodness sake...compliment me."  
  
"YAY! I wuv you Highbone." She rubbed his cock through his pants, "Let me know if you hurt too badly, I'll coax the white devil out..." She whispers as if someone could be overhearing, "It loves me and does what I tell it to."  
  
"A very noble trait to have." He coughs up distastefully, "Fresh fruit?"  
  
"Bananas?"  
  
"Indeed!" He found it tempting to offer her one as a temporary toy but his upbringing just could not do so. It would test him later when she makes a comment about a banana looking like a dick. Not quite but regardless it was amusing.  
  
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Prickly, Texas...population just at a thousand people. 35% percent of them frequented Cocktus Jack's. Less than 1% worked there.  
  
Parking outside in an active lot of semi trailers and pickup trucks Wiley Barnett took a look at the sign on the street and shook his head, spitting his chew on the gravel at his feet, "Yep! Buying this place. I'll just let Brandon run it." He knew the right price with perks would convince his little buddy. Unbuttoning his shirt against the Texas sun he grinned, he let ego lead his way. "The girls love my chest hair."  
  
At the front door stood a burley biker type, tall, muscular, and tattoos everywhere. Bandana over his bald head with sunglasses on top, handlebar moustache, even a leather vest. Hulk Hogan's twin halted Wiley like a roadblock.  
  
"I.D.!"  
  
"Stop goofing off Turbo...you know full well who I am."  
  
"If I ask again I'm refusing ya." The bouncer snarled.  
  
"Remind me after I buy this place to demote you to janitor." Wiley removed his wallet and produced his driver's license. Turbo Kinetti glanced at it with a scowl.  
  
"Looks fake to me."  
  
"Quit messing with the clientele Turbo." A feminine voice stepped behind Turbo and took Wiley by the hand, "My car payment is due."  
  
"Rosa! Hey pretty lady, just the nekkid goddess I was here to see." She wore only hip high red leather boots and a necklace, close enough. Dragging him past Turbo the biker chuckled. It was all in good fun. Even Wiley knew it.  
  
"Why does Turbo like fucking with me?"  
  
"He's not partial to billionaire playboys that don't have a real job."  
  
"I will here shortly."  
  
"How's that Mister Coyote?" Rosa wisps her lovely raven curls from her eyes as she hugs his arm.  
  
"Damn you smell yummy."  
  
"Lilac."  
  
"Remind me to thank the flower bed we're gonna stretch out on here in a few."  
  
"Not a brothel Coyote. But, I will stretch out with you in any hotel room you wanna take me too later."  
  
"You know I will. Where's the runt?"  
  
"Brandon? I thought you were here for me?" She winced inquisitively.  
  
"I am. I just wanna talk some business with him."  
  
"Buen señor! Hiring the girls for a special show?" Wiley pauses a moment then smirks. She decided to roll her eyes.  
  
"Now there's an idea. I just might do that. Let me chat up ole' Brandon first. I'll get back to ya."  
  
"Chat down don't you mean?" Came a voice to his left as Wiley looks over then down. To his side stood Brandon, all 4 foot 6 inches of him. Like Turbo he was muscular even in his lowered stature. "I got this Rosebud." He pinches her perfect Hispanic ass and sends her back out into the crowd. Up on stage two other girls were dancing. Four more girls on the floor circulating, three more in private dancing toward the back of the bar.  
  
"Hey Buddy! Have I got an offer for you."  
  
"Coming from a Barnett that's got to be rich." Brandon Whittle grunted as he moved back behind his bar and climbed up on a box to lean on the bar itself. Wiley taking a seat across from him motioned for a beer, a hot little blond returning with a frosty mug.  
  
"Thanks Millie." Wiley slid a fifty dollar bill over with his phone number on it. Shaking her head she laughs.  
  
"How many times are you going to give me your digits Wiley?"  
  
"As many as it takes until you call me."  
  
"I bet you have ten more of these in your wallet for other girls." Showing her his billfold she realized her bill was the only one. Suddenly, honored the blond winked, "We'll see."  
  
"Talk! I have to go get buckets of ice for the cooler." Brandon scowled.  
  
"I wanna buy your bar."  
  
"Not for sale."  
  
"You manage it still. I just pay the overhead."  
  
"Not for sale."  
  
"Three times what it's worth."  
  
"Five times I'll think about it. Why the hell would you want this hole in the wall?"  
  
"We can renovate. Hire more girls. Better everything."  
  
"Again...why?"  
  
"I just want to own something that I can relate to."  
  
"You ever get a job?"  
  
"Why the hell would I do that?"  
  
"Uh huh! Daddy's money."  
  
"My inheritance early at my convenience." Wiley chuckled.  
  
"I stay on as Boss?"  
  
"Keep the books, take care of everything. I just own the place and fix it up. You do all the ordering and payroll. Oh, and demote Turbo to toilet cleanin' duty."  
  
"Not gonna happen."  
  
"Fine! Give him a raise."  
  
"Have your Lawyer draw up papers. I'll make my stipulations and he can add them to the contract. Tell me no to any of my requests and it's no deal."  
  
"Hole in the wall?" Wiley pondered aloud, "We need glory holes."  
  
"You paying off the cops to get this done? This isn't the Chicken Ranch."  
  
"Under the table, under the radar." He winked.  
  
"So...my girls are expected to whore out for you?"  
  
"Only those with ambition."  
  
"HA! That's all of them."  
  
"Make Rosa the Madam in secret."  
  
"You're ate up Coyote."  
  
"Filet Mignon, Lil' Buddy."  
  
"Great! A dwarf joke."  
  
"Weren't meant to be, just a friendly gesture."  
  
"Right! Tall Rich Buddy."  
  
"Come on now Brandon...we known each other for ten years now. Have I ever put you...down?" Wiley winked using his hand to motion a lessening in height.  
  
"Fuck you Wiley!"  
  
"Rather fuck Rosa. I'll be getting back with ya. Business...not to...you know..." The Coyote chuckled. Leaving his barstool with his beer Wiley headed toward the stage, three steps away he pivots with a poised index finger, "By the way...we're changing the name of this place. Cocktus Jack's just sounds...meh!"  
  
"What do you suggest?" Brandon rolled his eyes.  
  
"Like I said, I'll get back to ya."  
  
Brandon Whittle aka Whittle Boy was already counting dollar signs. If he could only reach them he'd be happier about it.  
  
By closing time Wiley was the only man left in the club with ten naked women. Drunk as a skunk and singing, he enjoyed their private favors. Money always did get him what he wanted. Even Millie the bartender sat on the stage, fully clothed watching him get a blowjob. Chuckling to herself she took out her cell and called Wiley right across from him, his number in her phone all along, from one of his five fifty dollar bills long ago. Hearing his cell ringtone as the old Roy Roger's tune Happy Trails he looked at the unknown caller and shrugged. Answering it he huffs in his drunken state, "Hell Yo?"  
  
"Hey Baby! It's Millie...feeling lucky?" She spoke, some of the other girls giggling at her wink.  
  
"Millie? But you're right here beside me."  
  
"Am I?" She hops down and moves in beside the girl sucking his dick. Motioning her away Millie kneels down in her place, cell still to her ear. "Phone sex Baby?" She lowers her mouth to his dick and wags her tongue over his crown. His own cell still to his ear he chuckles.  
  
"Looking for another tip Bartender?"  
  
"Always!" She swallowed his dick whole balls deep. The cells slipped away but both remained still connected. Three minutes later she made him cum down her throat. All of the girls were jealous, luckily she kept just enough of his massive load to share with each of them via kisses. Wiley felt right at home.  
  
Watching Millie kiss a girl named Jessica he spotted something intriguing. She was wearing a Coyote tail butt plug.  
  
"That's it!" He stood up and looked toward the bar at Brandon counting money. "This place is gonna be called Happy Trails...but with only the Happy Tails in capital letters."  
  
Even Brandon had to pucker.  
  
"Not bad!"  
  
Who needed a hotel room. Wiley fucked Rosa, and two others on the stage. Millie? She kept his number handy for the future. Was it sad that Wiley let Jessica put her butt plug into his ass? Cell pics were taken for laughs.  
  
He was too drunk to care.  
  
"Fuck that Roadrunner."  
  
BEEP! BEEP!

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