**Baby Sister**

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**Baby Sister Ch. 15: BULL WHIP**

"Holy fuck! He really did send a limo."  
  
Outside her apartment complex a ravishing Miranda Wright stood in awe of an awaiting stretch limo with a dashing driver holding her door open, sign held up for identities sake saying, "Ugonovich." She knew instantly it was for her. It was the made up name she concocted to make conversation with Matthew Barnett. "I wonder if he knows Ugonovich was off the top of my head?"  
  
As she approached the driver flipped his sign over to let her read the opposite side. "No chaps, no ride." Shaking her head at the driver she took a deep breath and lifted her skirt up to share the fact that she did indeed wear her crotch less chaps, only concealed by a beautiful black dress with tons of cleavage. While it certainly looked awkward in appearance to cover such a gaudy piece of clothing with a stretchy style dress it gave her security against the rest of the world seeing too much of her beautiful body.  
  
The driver took a cell pic of her freshly shaved snatch and sent it to Matthew. She was forced to wait fidgeting for his reply. "Wait! I might as well flip my own sign." Turning around the driver took a second photo of an outrageously perfect bare ass. "That even turned my head." She sighed. As she heard the cell ping she returned to face the handsome driver in black. Her heart was beating a hundred miles a minute. "I feel like I'm remaking the movie Pretty Woman." Her thoughts only.  
  
"You may enter Miss Wright."  
  
"About time. You going to be able to keep your eyes on the road?"  
  
"No problem."  
  
"What about your hands off that erection?"  
  
"No promises." He chuckled.  
  
"You start swerving in traffic, you do realize I can write you a ticket."  
  
"And I can share my photo with the FBI."  
  
"Ah! I see how it is. Weave away just don't kill me."  
  
"Welcome aboard Miss Wright." He smiled with a warm sincerity.  
  
"Glad to be here...?" She fished for a name.  
  
"Daytona. Joe Daytona. I'm very serious."  
  
"Ummm k! Floor it Joe."  
  
"Four on the floor Ma'am." Studying his crotch as he closed her door she just knew he had more than four to hit that floor. She found it amusing.  
  
"Let's hope Matthew Barnett thinks the same way." She wiggles her eyes. She was determined to be on her hands and knees with Matty behind her all the way. Fingers crossed, just not her legs.  
  
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"Play with me Tyson."  
  
"Busy." Tyson Barnett was on his phone dealing with the Longhorn Ranch part of his life. Maria dogged his heels all the way to his bedroom, he shutting the door to keep her out. Stomping her foot with a hum and a pout she wasted no time in going to Jacob's room. Entering quietly she found him passed out asleep. Tiptoeing to his side she stood over him just staring, uncertain if she should wake him up. She did not really like being spanked and he was prone to doing so. After two minutes of just fidgeting over him he opened one eye sensing her there.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"I'm lonely."  
  
"I'm not. Go away."  
  
"Jaaaaaaaaaaccccoooooob?" She whined.  
  
"Never gonna be a woman if you can't listen to a man. I said take that sweet ass on out of my bedroom and let me sleep."  
  
"Ooookay!" She whimpered and turned away. As she did she shook her booty at him hoping he might change his mind. Slyly peeking over her shoulder she realized he had rolled over facing the other way. "Pooh!" Off she went. Roaming the halls she knew Wiley was off on some errand, business with the Owner of the strip club he was purchasing. Matty was on a date although she didn't know that part. That only left Owen wherever he was, even Highbone had retired for the evening after fixing everyone still at home their dinner and cleaning up after them. Again Maria only ate a salad.  
  
In her thoughts she spoke in lesser terms but it summed up to, "This is bullshit!"  
  
After searching high and low for Owen, he not being in his bedroom, nor the gym where he traditionally worked out she gave up and went back to her bedroom. Pausing at her TV screen she used a fingernail to tap it. "Aunt Harriet? Are you here?" Nothing! That only left one person that she knew would always be there for her. "It's just you and me Largo." Her stuffed giraffe was always faithful.  
  
Laying in bed she held Largo, suffering her hormonal urges, tossing and turning in bed to find no position comfortable. Sighing she spotted her toy box in the corner of her room. She had not touched it since the Huge Bee brought it to her from Heaven. So Aunt Harriet told her that is, for now she was content to believe in it. Setting Largo aside on her secondary pillow she patted it, "I'll be right back Largo."  
  
Crawling out of bed and adjusting her Coyote tail butt plug from clinging between her thighs she procured her box and carried it to the foot of her bed. Resting it there she dug out the few toys given to her. Finding the dildo still in it's package although broken open for easy access she read the package. "Silicone. That must be its name. Hello Silly Cone."  
  
Pulling it free of the package she stroked the girth and length of the toy as if she would one of her brothers. "I bet you don't have to deal with the white devil." She looked at the crown's tip not finding an opening of urethra for any form of escape. "But, I want the white stuff." Pouting she looked through the box and found a bottle of lube that was white, coconut flavored to be precise. "I can use this." She was smarter than she let on in her improv.  
  
Ignoring the rest of her presents she set the box on the floor and took Silly Cone and Mister Milky as she referred to the lube back to bed with her. Laying back next to Largo with her own pillow propped up for comfort she paused, "You can watch me play Largo." With the stuffed animals droll expression essentially saying, "If I have to." she set about trying to use the toy. Accidently triggering the vibration mode it wiggled in her hand. She admired it with awe then shut it off. "You must be in a big hurry to wet hump me...I mean fuck me." She was still adapting to what her brothers called it.  
  
Being wet her initial insertion was still tight, and for her she had never really put anything up inside herself on her own, outside of a finger. A learning experience that she managed very slowly. Too tight to accommodate Silly Cone she pouted then eyed the lube. She knew her brothers used lube sparingly on occasion and opened the bottle. Dabbing a tiny droplet on her finger she rolled it between said finger and her thumb.  
  
"This is really slippery." She got the idea fast. Dabbing more on her hand she greased up Silly Cone then around her succulent pink tunnel. Vigorous rubs sent shockwaves through her hormonal state. Eyes flaring she just had to try again. Placing the tip of the dildo to her pussy she nudged it in with two hands now. The rest as they say was history. Maria Blanco used both hands for the next few hours. Silly Cone kept her quite...active. Largo? In her writhing he fell head first between pillows and hid his eyes.  
  
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The medium sized town of Fortuna Texas, population...restaurant workers.  
  
"So this is the famous Fortuna 500."  
  
Miranda Wright peered out her limo's window as Joe Daytona pulled up to the Valet parking circle. She noted the parking lot was packed which meant Matthew Barnett must have had connections to get a table on such a busy night. It was a Friday so it made sense people would want to dine out and relax, yet out in the middle of nowhere? Parking, Joe got out and stepped around to open her door. Of course, a Valet attendant merely watched knowing he was not needed to park the limo. As she got out she overlooked her dresses short skirt and both Joe and the Valet caught a glimpse of her pussy. She trembled knowing they had, even though Joe had already seen it, still the Valet himself was pretty darned studly. Texans were usually bred that way.  
  
"It's been a pleasure driving you Miss Wright." Joe closed the door as she stood up in her boots to tug her skirt down over evident butt cheeks.  
  
"Thanks Joey." She winked. "Will I be riding again?"  
  
"I hope so." He winked back.  
  
Masking a blush well she got extremely wet at their chemistry. If this was how Matthew Barnett thought of foreplay she was all in. Even the Valet whistled at her then added, "Paid to do that." She shared another wink with Valet Vince then proceeded toward the restaurant. A man at the door opened it and allowed her in. She began to take off her Stetson but he paused her, "You can leave your hat on."  
  
"Wasn't that a song?" She giggled. The middle aged man smiled that she was correct by saying, "Joe Cocker." The merest mention of cock she held her breath. Entering further a Hispanic hostess met her, dressed in a frilly ball gown style outfit. Music was playing in the background as the hostess escorted her out into the dining area.  
  
Symphony style music just did not quite fit the atmosphere but she didn't truly care. Once capturing a good look at the clientele she realized something. The male to female ratio was 90/10. She paused slightly knowing that she was definitely going to be a center of attention. "Agent like." She could not stop grinning, her eyes sparkling like diamonds in the buff.  
  
Leading her amongst them she heard more tender whistles from men. Even women smiled vibrantly at her. She was lost in ego suddenly until she met the man of the hour. In a table off to his own near the dance floor awaited Matthew Barnett. Seeing her arrive he gallantly stood up donned in all black. Her breath still held was now bordering hyperventilation.  
  
"Look at you..." She spoke almost shyly, "all Girth...I mean Garth Brooks."  
  
"Big fan. I have him on speed dial if you wanna say hello."  
  
"You don't." She winced. He revealed his cell and showed her his phone number. "Damn boy!"  
  
"You look lovely Miranda. Almost Carrie Underwood."  
  
"Sweet of you Matthew. Do you have her on speed dial too?" He showed her a number that was good enough legit. "You make grand impressions I'll give you that."  
  
"So...are we going to admit this is a date?"  
  
"Yeah...I think so."  
  
"Against FBI policy."  
  
"Somehow I don't think you worry about that."  
  
"Money shuts down policies." He pulls a chair out for her like a gentleman, as she seats herself less like a lady just for him, well, and the ogling men around her getting a good look at her thighs in transition. Matty was impressed by her unexpected exhibitionist tendencies, he knew what she was really like. Being a Profiler gave him a deep rooted insight. As he carefully nudges her chair forward he leans in to whisper, "They're eating you up."  
  
"Is that an observation?"  
  
"Nope! A promise." He grins then returns to his seat. Her eyes were unable to blink at his revelation. She wanted to question his answer but just closed down.  
  
"I have to admit, wearing ass less...crotch less chaps is rather liberating. I must look a sight, though my dress is kind of poufy along my hips due to the chaps."  
  
"I doubt any fella here minds."  
  
"Am I...here for you or them?"  
  
"You wanted this meet. Are we here to discuss a cold case?"  
  
"No. That was an excuse, but you knew that."  
  
"Just like I know there was never any Ivan and Trudy Ugonovich."  
  
"I knew you looked them up." She giggled. "You can't say I didn't make an impression on you."  
  
"Only the one making my jeans tighten up."  
  
"Why did I not notice that when you seated me?"  
  
"Because you were more interested in being the filet mignon in the room."  
  
"Sorry!" She grit her pearly whites, "Not used to..."  
  
"Don't!" He shook his head gently.  
  
"Don't what?"  
  
"While I know you're a damned good FBI Agent Miranda, I also know your past."  
  
"If you do, then you also know even though I had a rough childhood I turned out alright. My academy scores speak volume."  
  
"Quantico only produces talents in the field of investigation. Your talents go deeper."  
  
"Damn! Dig me a grave why don't you."  
  
"No burials. I prefer you on top of the ground. How many of your instructors did you sleep with?"  
  
"Who slept?" She smirked shaking her head. "All of them. Women included."  
  
"Nice! Chances are I tapped some of those women instructors myself."  
  
"So I hear, and it wasn't even money that bought their time."  
  
"I don't normally abuse my financial status to get places in life. My Daddy taught me to stand on my own."  
  
"Oscar Barnett, eighteenth richest oil man in Texas. Cattle baron. Former Naval Officer to prove himself to his own Father."  
  
"You've done your homework too."  
  
Before another word could exchange their Waiter appeared. Matty held a single finger up and ordered for the both of them. She let him, "Bottle of Chardonnay, go old school. Two sirloin steaks one medium rare the other gently toasty. Baked potatoes, green beans, add bacon." The waiter jotted his menu items with a swift reply of, "Thank you, Sir." He then peered at Miranda, "You look lovely Ma'am."  
  
"Even more lovely once she relaxes." Matty winked. The waiter took his word for it and returned to the kitchen.  
  
"You know I'm a fan of Chardonnay."  
  
"Anything with Hardon in the name I'd say."  
  
"Oh that's just so wr...ight!" She laughed. "Damn, you're a clever one."  
  
"Just like I know you're a meat lover. Rare and tender."  
  
"Not too...tender. I like a nice thick...are we talking steaks?"  
  
"I was." He chuckled, "You? Not even close."  
  
"Fuck! So, let me ask...what was the most intense sexual thing I did while at Quantico?"  
  
"Gangbanging thirteen guys in the mess hall after hours."  
  
"Left the mess hall...messy." She giggled.  
  
"Bull."  
  
"What? It's true."  
  
"Bull."  
  
She shrugs at his persistence, "I'm not lying about anything."  
  
"Ever again. Bull." He points behind her forcing her to turn sideways in her seat, again offering a good seven men who were dining a view up her skirt. Napkins were sorely needed.  
  
"Ohhhhhhh! Mechanical bull." She chuckled, "It seems so out of place in here."  
  
"It's because I had it brought in just for you."  
  
"Instead of flowers?"  
  
"I'm not the flower giving kind of Cowboy."  
  
"Good! Too intimate."  
  
"That and I don't like peeling rose petals out of my ass cheeks after the romantic shit ends."  
  
"Exactly, but I do enjoy rosy cheeks."  
  
"Noted."  
  
"So...am I riding the bull after dinner?"  
  
"Which one?"  
  
"Mmmm! The Longhorn kicks up dust."  
  
"Family trait."  
  
"So tell me about your family. You mentioned your Dad just remarried. New sister right?"  
  
"Still getting used to that part. Been all boys in the house before now."  
  
"None of you got married?"  
  
"Not discussing relationships."  
  
"Okay! How old is this new sister?"  
  
"Barely eighteen. Naïve as all get out."  
  
"Awww! Big brothers there to teach her, I'm sure she's going to mature fast."  
  
"When we have time. We all work day jobs. Biggest issue is she's not from the U.S. so she's adapting to the culture shock. Her and her Momma hail from Colombia."  
  
"Oooo! Beautiful women down that way."  
  
"They're two of the finest. My Daddy snapped 'em up real fast. Caught all us boys off guard him getting hitched and not tellin' us, not even any real wedding to go to."  
  
"Maybe you can talk your Father into a proper wedding."  
  
"Ehhh? Maybe! He can be stubborn as a bull."  
  
"I hope I'm not riding him too." She chuckles.  
  
"Why would you even..." He acts all weird over it then smirks just as fast, "...that's 'tween you and him."  
  
"Wow! I was joking. Although, if there's no serious attachments between you and I...I might be open to that." She razzes him with her tongue.  
  
"Even if there was I'd be fine by it."  
  
"You...share with your Father?"  
  
"Not yet! But, I'm openminded."  
  
"Where have you been all my life?" She holds her chest as if her heart fluttering.  
  
"Let's see how this here first date plays out..."  
  
"Let's just think of tonight...not tomorrow."  
  
"Yup!"  
  
The waiter returns with their Chardonnay and elegantly pours two wine glasses for each of them then excuses himself, leaving the bottle. Once alone Matty raises his glass for a toast. She smiles brightly and joins him.  
  
"To bottomless chaps and the fine Chaps enjoying the view."  
  
"How British of you. Let me guess, you have the Royal's on speed dial too."  
  
"Only Harry, but since he moved out I'm kinda laying low."  
  
"Awww! Afraid you might try stealing Meaghan?"  
  
"Naaa! But I do admire her standing up for herself." He clinks their glasses and they both sample their wine. Licking his lips he stares at Miranda who could not refuse his glances. "Speaking of standing up for herself..." He squints at Miranda as if expecting her to read his thoughts.  
  
"Whew! Okay!" She scoots her chair back and stands up. Fanning herself with butterfly fingers she steps around to face Matthew and turns her back to him. Gently hiking her skirt up in back she shares her heart shaped bottom with him. He reaches over and caresses it forcing Miranda to close her eyelids and enjoy his touch, trying to forget those other men watching. With a finger poking at her butt pucker she jumped slightly, her eyes popping wide. It was then that she noticed a form of applause. Wine glasses at every table in the room was honoring her with a silent toast of their own.  
  
"Take your seat." Matty patted her butt to move away. Instead she chose a different tactic, moving back she sat down on Matty's lap, her legs facing out toward the room rather unladylike. He chuckled, "I was hoping you might do that."  
  
"I'm sure you consider yourself the best seat in the house."  
  
"Not so much, but I'll take the compliment. I reckon I can say that about you too." He tugs her skirt up over her cheeks so that her bare bottom was now sitting on his tented erection. She flares her eyes knowing so many eyes were watching their every playful move.  
  
"You must be a gambling man. I feel some high stakes poker going on."  
  
"Peeknuckle kinda guy."  
  
"Big knuckle for a pisser."  
  
"That it is. You stopped trembling." He points out.  
  
"Just needed to as you say...relax. Already there."  
  
While cozy in his arms the waiter and his assistant brings out their dinner ruining the moment. Matty pats her hip and tells her, "Soups on. Leave this up." She rises from his lap and does as requested, her cheeks and snatch wide open for inspection. The waiter's assistant nearly dropped his tray seeing her. With a quick save by the waiter himself, he took their dinner plates and placed them, ushering the assistant away before he appeared too lost in the visual. For what it was worth Miranda waved goodbye to the man. Waiter telling them to, "Enjoy!" Matty winked, "Plannin' on it."  
  
"We are going to cause a riot." She cleared her throat dryly, starting to lay her napkin in her lap. In response Matthew cleared his own throat to inspire her not to cover herself even with her napkin. "If I drop food in my lap...you're eating it off of me."  
  
"Saving you for dessert."  
  
"Oh?" She smiled sheepishly.  
  
"Eat up. These are steaks from our livestock."  
  
"So you said. They look delicious."  
  
"That's what every man in this room is thinking about you."  
  
"Somehow I think you set all this up. Not just the mechanical bull. You want to show me off and see if I panic and run."  
  
"Still time." He cuts his steak and takes a bite. Joining him she shares rapid glances with him over her brow. The meal progressed without much in way of conversation. Matthew was a firm believer in devoting full attention to his palate. In her mind he should have been a food critic. Watching him she observed every bite being followed by a dab to the corners of his mouth with his napkin. Interesting, being a clean freak meant great personal hygiene as well. He pretty much ignored her the entire meal.  
  
With Matthew busy she found her eyes wandering a bit toward those around them. In doing so she was giving away her thoughts without knowing it. The Profiler knew her every glance was filled with impure thoughts. Miranda enjoyed the fact guys...even women were admiring her bit of exhibitionism. She could barely eat her dinner for seeking attention. The feeling was mutual.

"Not hungry?" Matty chose to say while buttering a roll.  
  
"Famished."  
  
"Obviously not for the Chef's special."  
  
"The steaks quite good. I'm just...getting used to my surroundings."  
  
"Finding yourself the appetizer?"  
  
"Something like that."  
  
"Take your dress off." He returns to cutting his steak without venturing to see her response.  
  
"Here? Now?"  
  
"You want to, I can literally smell your pheromones."  
  
"Is that even possible?"  
  
"Read up on the subject."  
  
"I'll do that. You really want me to risk taking my dress off?" She holds her breath awaiting his answer, eyes unwilling to blink until satisfied.  
  
"Is it a risk?"  
  
"I suppose not. I'm getting away with my ass hanging out as it is."  
  
"That should tell you something."  
  
"That you own every person in this restaurant?"  
  
"Hardly! I'm just buying them dinner."  
  
"In return for...a good show?"  
  
"I haven't witnessed any show yet."  
  
"Oh good God!"  
  
She scoots her chair back and stands up. Taking her Stetson off and sitting it on the table she crosses her arms in front of her body. Gripping her skirt she lifts her dress all the way up her body then off of her head, then whips it in a circle over her to garner further attention. Without wearing a bra her 36C's were perky and in need of some love. "Should I yell YEEHAW?"  
  
Applause immediately countered her efforts, this time much more in tune with her actions. Hands clapping, wolf calls, it all led to her turning to face away from Matthew and taking a bow. Once she thanked her audience she returned to her seat and placed her cowboy hat back on her head.  
  
Matthew sat back in his seat and belched. "Was that so hard?"  
  
"No. But, I see quite a few things that just got harder. Dicks and nipples."  
  
"Par for the course. Ready to ride that bull?"  
  
"You riding it with me?"  
  
"I can."  
  
Standing up to stretch Matthew moves around the table and extends his right hand. Accepting it she follows him out over the dance floor to more wolf calls. Waving at her adoring fans she grew bubbly, clinging to Matty's arm, "Yes...I love the attention."  
  
"Plenty more on the way."  
  
"Oh really?"  
  
He smirks and leads her to the mechanical bull, padded mats surrounding it to protect anyone should they get bucked off. Reaching it he assists her up on to the leather bound saddle, biting her ass cheek just to be social. Shrieking at his sudden nibble she busts out laughing, as did the dining patrons watching them. Climbing up behind her and getting comfy he drags her back into him holding her waist. She wanted more and moved his hands up to her breasts. "Hold on tight Cowboy."  
  
Down on the floor the real owner of the mechanical bull stood ready to activate the bucking bovine. With a nod from Matthew the controller sent the bull in circles slowly before beginning it's back and forward tilting. She held her hat in the air like a rodeo star having the time of her life, Matty behind her amused by her thrill. Right hand leaving her tit he lowered it to her pussy and planted fingers inside her, she beamed at his boldness. Fingering her during a bull ride in front of a good fifty customers was incredible.  
  
Speed increasing she had to hold on tighter. Using their legs as a sole support wasn't easy. Eventually the jolts became too rough to maintain their seat and both of them went flying to the mat. Laughing their asses off they got back up and crawled back on. This time she faced him and wrapped her legs around his waist. Leaning back she stretched out on the bull and let him admire her terrain. Hands gliding across her body led to the audience cheering.  
  
Movement taking over he held them in place as long as he could until balance became impossible, dragging her with him to the mat she landed on him perfectly. Legs no longer wrapped about him she lay directly on top of him, he on his back. Sitting up on his lap she gyrated her hips as if fucking him. The crowd grew wild at her actions. He merely tipped his own black Stetson down over his eyes as if sleeping. Chuckling at him Miranda lurched forward and flipped his hat off his head and sent it flying. She then lunged over him and motorboated her tits across his face. Again the room filled with cheers.  
  
"Get up Pussy. Let's ride." She licked his nose and hopped away. On her own she crawled back into the saddle and awaited his arrival. Posing with one foot up on the bulls back, her elbow on her knee in a defiant look.  
  
Matty regaining his feet stripped his shirt off as the ladies of the crowd whistled at his unexpected reveal. Hat back on his head he started to get back on but she planted at boot on his chest. "Nope! Not with those on."  
  
He looked down at his jeans then laughed. Boots tugged off Matthew turned to the restaurant patrons and pivots his hips like Elvis to get the few women there whooping and hollering. Jeans unzipped, commando in fashion he dropped his drawers and let the Longhorn out of the stall. Hearing women yelling, "OH MY GOD! HE'S HUGE!" to the men laughing, "Barnett legends true." He stood full tilt almost ten inches like his Daddy. Turning back toward Miranda her jaw dropped.  
  
"OH FUCK!" Her only response as he crawled back up on the bull in only his hat and black socks.  
  
"Better hold the saddle horn." He winked.  
  
She immediately dropped her leg and used both hands to surround his Big ole' Brahma. He wagged his eye brows at her amazed expression. The bull rising up made them hold on with their legs. Radical bucking made them sway side to side laughing together. Best date ever she thought. Amid the violent thrashing she flew off at an angle and he just followed her to the mat on purpose. This time he was on top of her. While the mechanical bull slowed up, so did their laughter.  
  
His big cock right between her legs he found her hole and nailed it. Right in front of everyone he fucked the holy hell out of Agent Miranda Wright. She embraced him like a trooper. Moaning, screaming, nails digging, teeth biting. Beyond passion, bordering on bestial Matty Barnett pounded her hard, offering glimpses of his big beast rising tall then sinking balls deep time after time again. The audience grew quiet just watching them.  
  
"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! SO BIG!" She screeched into his ear.  
  
"Take it!"  
  
"I am! So not complaining." She giggled. "I can't believe we're having sex in front of..."  
  
Before she could finish her sentence he lifted up and took her with him. Climbing tall on both feet Matty carried her right out to the middle of the dance floor where he fucked her standing up. The music in the background switched to fiddle music. The entire restaurant laughed. The tune was Roundtable Rival by Lindsey Stirling, guitars battling her. A favorite of Matthew's eclectic tastes.  
  
Miranda was too busy coping with her sanity to ponder the music's full effects. His huge penis was striking cords of it's own. Dipping her upper body back the onlookers noted two things of interest, dancing titties and the whites of her eyes. Miranda Wright could not stop screaming. Profiler her ass.  
  
Nutting deep into her, Matty pulled her upright and let her wrap her arms around him. Orgasm after orgasm he fucked her standing tall and proud, until she was a puppet in his hands. Every woman there found a mate in the drama. If it had progressed it would surely have been an orgy.  
  
Music ending, Matthew held her lovingly to his chest. Noting a waiter collecting their clothing and the hostess shooing him off the dance floor. Matthew took a walk from the dance floor in his socks to the front entrance. Remaining standing the hostess helped put his boots on at least. Accompanied to the awaiting limousine to release their attire to Joe Daytona he let the two lovers climb in carefully, then closed the door. Not once did Matthew's cock leave her cunt. She revived slowly sitting in his lap and sighed, just before riding him there in the seat.  
  
"Where to Boss?" Joe called via intercom, giving them privacy otherwise.  
  
"Hotel Rosalita." Matty replied.  
  
"FUCK! FUCK!" She mumbled thrashing over his beast, "SO MOTHERFUCKING HUGE!"  
  
"You already said that." He chuckled. "It ain't that huge."  
  
"BULLSHIT!"  
  
He left it at that.

**Baby Sister Ch. 16: TOY CHEST**

"How long has she been at it?"  
  
Wiley Barnett stepped into the living room to see his brothers Owen and Tyson sprawled out on the sectional watching their new baby step sister Maria Blanco using her new dildo on the 80' TV screen in technicolor. She was screaming up a storm with her legs in the air and using both hands to ram her toy deep inside her pink little cunt. Zooming their camera in and out Owen chuckled, "Couldn't resist following her toy in and out. It's just like being there with her ain't it?"  
  
"Two hours." Tyson laughed throwing a cushion at Owen to get him to stop toying with the camera angles, "This is what happens when we ignore her."  
  
"Look at those stained bedsheets." Owen points to the TV at the massive wet stain between her legs. "We're gonna have to change those for her."  
  
"Ain't that Highbone's job?" Wiley winced.  
  
"Your's now! Highbone might throw out his back, bad 'nuff he changes those three times a day. That, or Maria might jump his old bones." Tyson grinned looking up at Wiley who stood leaning on the back of his seat like a vulture.  
  
"Prolly why Highbone makes himself scarce here lately." Owen nods, "Can't blame him I reckon. Laundry has to suck...as if I've ever done my own laundry."  
  
Tyson agreed following up with, "She's a trooper I'll give Baby Sister that. She ain't removed that coyote tail butt plug Wiley brought home since I put it in."  
  
"Doesn't she poop?" Wiley laughed then winced at how he sounded.  
  
"Gotta eat somethin' substantial for that." Tyson connects some dots. "The kid barely puts anything in her mouth that's not one of us Barnett's."  
  
"Let Us salad?" Wiley snickered. "cuCUMber dressin'?"  
  
"Might be she's worried about her Momma being gone so long." Owen points out.  
  
Wiley poised a brow at the question. Last he knew Matthew his oldest brother had spoken to their Father Oscar. "Any word from Daddy yet?"  
  
"Not in awhile. Matty spoke to him briefly." Tyson relays, "Hope Pop ain't doing anythin' stupid."  
  
"Any dumber than what we're doing to Maria?" Owen scowls, "Not that I'm naggin' I love that pussy as much as all you boys. Daddy did tell us to train Baby Sister to like sex. I'm thinkin' we've done our part pretty damned good."  
  
"Speakin' of...You all thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?" Wiley smirks darting his gaze from brother to brother.  
  
"Tryin' not to."  
  
"I say all three of us go up there and watch her play in person. Coach her along."  
  
"She's gonna toss her toy and jump into our arms. I can hear her now as she jumpin' on her mattress...FUCK ME! FUCK ME!" He went all dramatic trying to mimic her soft sensual begging voice.  
  
"Kid can't get enough of that ole' white devil." Tyson grinned, "We got her hooked."  
  
"That's what Daddy wanted us to do weren't it?" Owen stared awaiting a reply.  
  
"Line and stinker." Wiley chuckled, "Wanna take her tail out and fuck her up the ass?"  
  
Owen acknowledged, "Matty said to wait awhile longer."  
  
"Did that stop you from wet humpin' her before any of us Owen?" Tyson brought up laughing at the term Wet Hump.  
  
"True! I just couldn't resist being her first."  
  
"Second and third. Jacob fourth. Just leaves Matty to take Baby Sister for a ride."  
  
"Another reason for us to wait. Let Matty tap her bottom."  
  
"Where is ole' Matthew anyways? Office is all dark and locked up." Wiley looked back regardless that the office wasn't in direct sight.  
  
"Still with the lady FBI Agent he works with. They got chummy the other night in Fortuna. Hope he don't get too attached and end up bringing trouble to Longhorn Manor."  
  
"Yeah, we can't let Maria get close to any one person outside of us. Bad enough she's begging to go down to the stables again. Hell she wants to go there by herself. Kids getting brave."  
  
"I say let her sew her oats. More she gets laid the more she wants it right?"  
  
"We can tell the boys not to get too ballsy with her." Tyson offers his thoughts. "Clint will keep the critters in line."  
  
"We goin' upstairs or..." Wiley looks at the TV and discovers Maria missing from her camera over her bed. "Ummm? Fellas?"  
  
Owen quickly switches rooms to her bathroom, "Shit! Where'd she go?"  
  
"Right here." They hear her sliding and squealing down the wood bannister. Once down she skips her way into the living room, hands behind her back as taught to make sure everyone got a view of her perky little tits bobbing about, nipples meaty and needy. Owen swiftly switches the TV to an old western to avoid her seeing her bed on the widescreen. She lost interest immediately. Wagging her dildo in the air she dances around the sectional to sit beside Tyson. Holding her wet toy up she shyly pouts at him, "I need new batteries."  
  
"Damn! Those take D's don't they? I don't think we have any Sweetpea." Tyson unscrews the end to check them. "Yep! Big D's."  
  
"What do I do now?" She questions with innocence.  
  
"You can use it without the wiggle Maria." He leans toward her in his seat with a wink.  
  
"I like to dance with Silly Cone."  
  
All three pause before laughing, Wiley taking the verbal lead, "Silly Cone? Why'd you name it that?"  
  
"The package say's Silly Cone."  
  
"Silicone." Owen smirked. They all knew without his saying.  
  
"Ain't you tired of using this ole' thing?" Tyson playfully tapped her on the forehead, then her cheek, watching as her mouth gave chase trying to bite it. Too cute!  
  
"None of you want to play with me." She pouts.  
  
"Not true!" Owen sat the TV remote on the coffee table and sits back to rub her leg. "We all wanna play with you Maria. We just...well...we're kinda tuckered out." Twice a day each with her was breaking the old men down.  
  
"It's okay...I know you don't like me anymore." She shyly mumbles and puffs her lower lip seeking pity.  
  
Shaking their heads as she beguiles them with shyness all three Barnett's swarm her with tickles. She couldn't stop squealing and laughing. Finally, Tyson took Silly Cone and grabbed her right leg lifting her at an angle. Owen to her left followed suit until she was trapped and spread eagle. Wiley behind her snatched up her wrists and held her arms over her head, all she could do was look amongst them in awe.  
  
"We're gonna play with you...our way."  
  
"I want the real thing."  
  
"Not tonight! Tonight you let us pamper you. Then, you show us how you take care of yourself. We know you been practicing, we hear ya yelpin' up a storm."  
  
"I can't help it."  
  
"Don't think it's wrong, you should touch yourself when alone." Owen directs her attention.  
  
"I picture all of my brothers when I do."  
  
"Oh yeah?"  
  
"It's true." Owen chuckled, "I've heard her call out all our names when practicin'."  
  
"Let's get you nice and worked up." Tyson winked, delicately prying her pussy lips apart to see her cute pink tunnel. He then guided her dildo up inside her incredibly wet cunt. Easing it in and out she whimpers and bites her lower lip at the glorious sensations. "Feel nice Baby Sister?"  
  
"Yes. Please fuck me." Her tone was irresistible.  
  
"With this." He moves it in at a faster velocity sinking it deep until the handle nearly grew lost inside. She took every inch like a pro. "Damn! Look at how deep I just pushed this in. Barely holdin' the end in my fingers...she squeezes this things sunken treasure."  
  
Owen shifts his free arm across her thigh and begins massaging her clit while checking out how deep Tyson was pushing the toy. Gasping at his encouragement she recites a feverish pant. "That feels really good Brother."  
  
"Maria? I want you to take over using Silly Cone. Show us just how perfect you've become at using him." Tyson motions Wiley to let her wrists go. Once he does Maria claims her toy from Tyson and instantly challenges herself to fuck her pussy really hard. With her legs still prisoner to Owen and Tyson she found them dragging her ass to the edge of the couch cushion and drawing her legs higher. "Plunge deep. Deep as it can go before having to dig it out." She does just that moaning vividly, her fingertips slick and wet struggle at points to pull it back out of her. Wiley feeling left out lowers both hands over her chest and begins pinching her nipples. In reaction Maria tilted her head back to stare up at Wiley over her brow with the most amazing eyes in Texas.  
  
"Now this is what I call a toy chest." He jostles her boobs.  
  
All three laugh as Maria enjoys his tweaking, her gaze now lowering to observe his pinching and tugging. Cocking her head backward again she absorbed Wiley's expressions as she fucked herself with both hands, forcing it to the point she was losing her grip. Tyson resorting to help her in getting it back out before letting her reclaim it advised her "Maybe not that deep."  
  
Taking time to explore Tyson's eyes she made her rounds amongst their admiring appetites, first Tyson, Wiley, then Owen before locking on Wiley above. His reaction to her sensuality fed into her fantasy. Even captive of the three brothers she used both hands fiercely ramming her pussy with the realistic toy. Her eyes refused to blink. So beautiful!  
  
"Look at me Maria." Wiley made certain she wouldn't lower her gaze. "Don't take your eyes off me. We expect a gusher."  
  
"I'm trying."  
  
"No such thing as tryin'...you succeed. Fuck yourself harder." Owen continued rubbing her clit. In response she gripped her toy and destroyed herself for their satisfaction, toes curling, body trembling, rapid exhales heard with dedication.  
  
"I would do anything for my brothers. Anything!"  
  
"Look at her go. We're proud of you Maria."  
  
She couldn't even reply. As hard as she wanted to she couldn't keep her eyes on Wiley due to her sockets becoming white, eyeballs rolling back into her head. Body quaking in their grasp, she flooded the couch cushion in a mesmerizing waterfall.  
  
"AGAIN!" Owen growled. He didn't even give her time to recover. Taking the toy from her he used it savagely, faster than she herself had used it. Screams of ecstasy echoed Longhorn Manor. So loud that it brought fourth brother Jacob downstairs to see if everything was alright. Wearing only sweat pants the burley brother marched in front of Maria with only the coffee table in between them. She saw him there before her but realistically couldn't acknowledge him in her loss of sanity.  
  
"Wait for it." Wiley winked at Jacob who rubbed his beard noticing the drenched carpet. Torn between being a clean freak and his new step sister's moans he chose to observe her instead. Awaiting another rapidly brewing orgasm she fell prey to Owen's persistence. Not even Wiley patting her cheek could break her fever pitch. She was on a mission and didn't even know it. Spasms shaking her reality Maria Blanco squirted hard, harder than ever before, her toy's continuous assault spitting juices in every direction. All of the Barnett boys hissed their pleasure at her sloppy outcome. Remarkable it was!  
  
"Don't you dare say Again." Tyson pointed at Owen as his plunging of her dildo slowed up to a round of gentle insertions. She cooed and shook like a leaf. Uncertain of her thoughts Tyson joined Wiley in patting her cheeks. "You with us Maria?"  
  
"Forever." She faintly mumbles, "I want you all."  
  
"You have us all Maria. Forever and ever. You're a Barnett now even if it's not your real last name." Owen pulls the dildo free of her vagina and watches her cum webbing outward in strings of milky delight. Taking the crown of her dildo to her lips he teased her until she opened her jaw wide enough to embrace it. Sucking on it she moved her fingers down across her abdomen to finger herself. It was obvious, she had to have something inside her at all times. Two fingers lightly moving in and out she slowly regains her composure, eyes exploring each brother counter clock wise.  
  
"I think you blacked out again some." Jacob narrowed his eyes judging the reaction in her.  
  
"Brothers?" She whimpered.  
  
All four spoke, "Yeah?"  
  
"Teach me more."  
  
Stunned by her request the boys shared glances between one another deciding what was best. She was becoming insatiable, dependent on them to control her sexual appetite. While they all desired her there was a bit of guilt in each of them. She was so innocent, so gullible, so...  
  
"Round the world?" Wiley chuckled.  
  
"Damn! We ain't done that in years." Jacob grinned, feeling more in tune with his brothers now that he himself had officially fucked the shit out of their cute Colombian princess a couple times now.  
  
"Why not." Owen slaps his leg once then stands up and tosses the dildo on the sofa. From there he reached under Maria and cradled her in his arms. Jacob in turn moved the coffee table out of the way so that Owen could rest her back down onto the carpet. "Kneel between us Maria." She wearily does as she's told and peers up with puppy dog eyes. Biting her lower lip, eyes darting from one brother to the next she wonders what they all had planned. Without a word she watches Jacob slide his sweats down and be the first to reveal his beast of a penis. Her eyes smiling at him with amazement until Tyson followed suit, then Owen, finally Wiley. With four huge cocks around her she felt slightly intimidated, sharing a hint of shyness under pressure.  
  
"Scared Maria?" Jacob asked. She shook her head no but he could tell there was a nagging fear hiding. "There comes a time when every woman has to accept whatever comes her way. If you intend on ever being a woman you can't fear anything a man offers you."  
  
"That's right Maria." Tyson adds, "Might even someday be more than four of us. Maybe even more than five. No matter how many fellas adore ya don't show fear. Smile with your eyes and show them you like what you see."  
  
"I do like what I see Tyson. All of you look like the white devil wants to hurt you really, really, really bad."  
  
"I reckon he does." Jacob puckers. "You fellas feeling that devil nippin' at yer heels?"  
  
"Absolutely." Wiley grins.  
  
"Damn straight."  
  
Tyson nods, "This is gonna hurt us more than it hurts you."  
  
"Should I shake the white devil out of them?"  
  
"Nope! You just sit there purdy." Jacob orders her, "We'll do the rest."  
  
Timidly smiling she finds all four brothers moving closer, crowding in on her, four monster cocks touching her face at once. Although ticklish she remained calm, lifting her chin with pride as they slid along her facial contours. Closing in even tighter she felt claustrophobic. Wiley would call it claustropubic.  
  
"Ready Brothers?" Jacob winced. With a nod of eagerness they counted to three and all went goofy and shook their hips sending their dicks frolicking about. In the flurry of girth she began giggling, their cocks smacked the living shit out of her head. Front to back cocks collided time and again. She squealed and closed her eyes to embrace their physical assault.  
  
"Open those eyelids. Accept your fate." Jacob spoke sternly.  
  
She immediately obeyed and popped her lids wide, refusing to blink. For three long minutes they slapped her about, it winded them all in their workout routine. The laughter between all of them led to Maria trying to catch her attackers with her mouth gapping wide. They were too quick to let her capture them. Finally, she threw a tantrum.  
  
"I WANT THEM."  
  
A screeching halt made her cringe as Jacob plants his cock to her lips. "Take it." She wrapped her mouth around his pop can sized thickness and took as much in as she could. Giving her only a second to adjust Jacob gripped the back of her head and began thrusting into her throat. She panicked a bit until he growled, "A woman does NOT resist."  
  
Maria relaxed instantly and let him touch his urethra right up against her tonsils. Tear ducts active she shed tears, but hardly of punishment. Three minutes of abuse he cums down her throat. The second she is allowed to retreat Wiley grabbed her by the hair and fed her his own beast, thriving on making her know this was her life as a woman. She took it in stride. Face fucked twice in a row she presumed two more before she was done. Maybe she wasn't so naïve after all.  
  
Wiley howling like his namesake nutted hard and she swallowed every drop. From Wiley to Owen, he a bit more aggressive. Four minutes of throat agitation he too cums hard. Before she could even swallow, Tyson forced her to take his cock, mixing cum seemed like the right thing to do. Six minutes this time before he finished up, letting her collapse back on to her legs. She was weeping hard after four rough sessions in a row with barely enough time to inhale precious oxygen.  
  
"Take Silly Cone there to your room and get some sleep. Lessons resume tomorrow." Jacob takes charge. "Matter of fact...hands and knees all the way to your bed."  
  
Wiley retrieves her dildo and puts it long ways between her lips like a puppy with a chew toy, "Don't drop it. Use it until you go to sleep."  
  
"I'll buy you more batteries tomorrow." Tyson offered.  
  
"That fuzzy tail comes out here soon." Owen lets her shiver a bit more on her journey from the living room to the staircase. She knew that meant she was going to get one or more of their dicks in its place. Tears continued to fall but she hid them well. No fear...she did her best. All four Barnett's followed her up in a single file after zipping up and watched her ascend the steps one wiggle at a climb. At the top to shock them she wagged her tail before proceeding to her room.  
  
"Now that's puppy love." Jacob huffed.  
  
"We flippin' a coin to see who gets her butt pucker?" Wiley grinned.  
  
"MATTY!" For the last time!!  
  
"Oh yeah!"  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Speaking of Matthew...  
  
"How we doing Miranda? Givin' up your right to remain silent?"  
  
"Goddamn Matthew that dick is fucking huge. My asshole can't take much more."  
  
"It's gonna have to."  
  
"SHIT! HIT IT!"  
  
"All night long Miss Wright."  
  
"All weekend long! I'm paying for the room." She panted, "I'm tougher than I look."  
  
"We'll see. I ain't even got started yet. How many holes you got again?" He slapped her perfect little heart shaped ass.  
  
"Some Profiler you are."  
  
It was going to be an eventful evening. Last nights bull riding took a turn for the better.  
  
"Tell me you're not gonna be done in 8 seconds." She hissed as his dick destroyed her anus.  
  
Handing her his wristwatch he chuckled, "Time me."  
  
Forty five minutes straight, black Stetson hanging low.  
  
It was his second hand slapping her ass that clued her it that his watch was a Rolex in the hay.  
  
BULOVA!

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