**Baby Sister**

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**Baby Sister Ch. 17: BUTLER DID IT**

"Where is everybody?"  
  
Going from bedroom to bedroom, Maria pouted each time she discovered them empty. Not wanting to be nosey she knew better than to intrude further, a good thing since her every move was being recorded. Abandoning the upstairs she straddled the bannister and rode down it three times squealing each time the woods soft shiny exterior smothered between her labia. To her this was the only amusement park she had ever known. Her wetness made it a wonderful water slide. Tiring of her several attempts she stopped at the bottom of the staircase and fidgeted.  
  
"What do I do now?"  
  
Skipping like a far younger child than she truly was Maria went into the Kitchen and discovered the Barnett's faithful Butler Nigel Highbone baking. Pausing to watch him in silence she stood just inside the doorway with her hands held behind her back, her stunning tits poised to show off as she was often taught. Remaining quiet she observed him rolling out dough, his back turned to her, music playing big band sounds of the late great Tommy Dorsey on a radio next to his work station. She found the music quite curious, unlike anything she had ever been allowed to listen too. Unable to stand in one place too long she found herself stalking him from behind. With a beguiling glint of mischief she eased behind him and tickled him in the ribs over his white shirt and black velvet vest.  
  
"BOO!" The shock was quite dramatic.  
  
"DEAR GOD!" He released his rolling pin and found flour billowing in clouds all across his front. Luckily he had been wearing a full apron. Catching his nerves he turns cordially and greets Maria with a sigh, "Please do not do that Young Miss. I'm afraid my poor heart cannot take surprises like it used too."  
  
"I'm sorry Highbone I did not think before doing it. You may spank me, I know I should be punished." She bends over beside him touching her toes. Old fart or not his eyes did check her cute bottom out. Clearing his throat he instead brushed the front of his apron, knowing he would need to sweep up after his baking anyway.  
  
"No need my Dear. Just...learn from your mistakes."  
  
"SPANK ME!!!" She belted out viscously catching him off guard.  
  
"That will be quite enough Young Miss."  
  
"Noooooooo!" She stomped whining, "I was bad."  
  
"All is forgiven." He pats her shoulder. Pouting at him she lowers her gaze to his apron reading the saying embroidered upon it. Smiling she jumped up and snuck in to kiss the Brit on the lips. He could barely fight her off. Once she backed away at his encouragement he frowned, "May I ask what that was about?"  
  
Pointing at his apron with sparkling eyes he drops his eyes to his chest. "Your apron say's Kiss the...oh, my mistake..." She kneels in front of him and kisses his crotch by lifting the apron to mask her delivery.  
  
"YOUNG MISS!! I must insist you...behave."  
  
"But the apron says Kiss the Cock."  
  
"Cook, not Cock." He lifted his apron enough to realize flour had turned a letter O into a C. "Oh Dearest God! I'm afraid this is my fault. The apron used to say cook. Please do not do that again."  
  
"Was it that bad Highbone?" She attempted to beguile him, her hormones just could not be contained.  
  
"It...was not. But, I cannot partake in such shenanigans. Just so you know...I have another apron that say's Kiss the Cockney. Please do not mistake it should I wear it in front of you. Cockney is my native brogue I'm afraid."  
  
"What is brogue?"  
  
"An accent. Such as...Pipe down you Lot. I used that quite often with the Young Master's when they became...unruly."  
  
"I was unruly...SPANK ME!" She hopped up and down then bent over again to literally spank herself. Both hands actively slapping her cheeks the dueling palms cordially showed off her butt pucker. Today there was no coyote tail butt plug having taken a bath before searching for her stepbrothers.  
  
"Not today Young Miss. Would you like to assist me in making an apple pie?"  
  
"If you spank me I will." She swayed shamelessly from side to side.  
  
"You dance divinely Young Miss." He changed the subject in hopes she might give up on her flirtations, "Do you like my music?"  
  
"Yes. It is beautiful."  
  
"I grew up on this...the big band sound. I find it quite soothing. Would you dance with me Young Miss?" He tried a new tactic to calm her hormones. Removing his apron he lay it tenderly aside on a clean counter before extending a hand for hers. "This instrumental is called Close to Me...1936 if memory serves. My Mother and Father used to dance to this waltz." He eases her closer forced to lean dramatically forward to place one hand on her waist. She trembled at his soft touch. Listening to the singing she found it relaxing. Easing closer to him they gently danced until she nearly wept. The music was incredibly beautiful, entrancing even, so much so that she could have almost taken a nap in his arms.  
  
Highbone himself enjoyed this lovely waltz, not as spry as he used to be but elegant none the less. The issue was her weight on his spine which was twinging at his lower back. Maria was hardly heavy but to poor Highbone she weighed a ton. Toward the end of the era he let out a snarl, accompanied by, "Forgive me Young Miss, I must sit down." Hearing his growl her well trained mind automatically presumed it was the white devil...the cum built up within all men that deeply hurt their insides until released. In his attempted escape he found her hand reaching for his crotch rather than assisting him to a seat.  
  
"Young Miss if you please."  
  
"I like pleasing. It is a woman's job to do that."  
  
"Yes...of course...while that sounds lovely, it is my back that requires attention." He leans on the counter to hold himself up, unable to fully stand erect.  
  
"What can I do to help you Highbone?" She wanted to touch him so bad but was hesitant.  
  
"Bring me a chair Child."  
  
"I am not a child." She pouted stomping her foot.  
  
"A CHAIR THIS INSTANT YOUNG MISS." He was in quite an aggravated mood under the pulsating, throbbing pain. His roar made Maria jump and scurry to the dining room to drag a chair into the kitchen, resting it behind him. Seating himself slowly he adapted to the pain holding his breath, eyes closed, his trauma relaxing a bit to an instrumental called A String of Pearls. Best medicine ever!  
  
Afraid to leave his side she listened to the music along with him, "I like the horny's."  
  
"Horns?" He sighed, "Ah! The trombone's."  
  
"Are they related to you Highbone?"  
  
"Such an adorable Young Miss you are. No relation I am afraid." He knew he needed meds his back was hurting far too badly. "I fear I must lay down. Would you assist me to my home out back?"  
  
"Your guest house?"  
  
"Yes Young Miss. I have medicine there to ease my back."  
  
"I can go get your medication if you cannot walk." She hovers faithfully.  
  
"With your help I believe I can make it my dear. A favor though? Shut the oven off please. I will clean things up later." He instructs her how to shut the range off and slowly finds the strength to rise from his chair. Using herself as a human crutch she burrows beneath his armpit and tries her best to keep him steady in his walk. A short distance to the living room they exit the French doors facing the swimming pool and begin their snail's pace trek toward his backyard bungalow. Reaching the front door he pauses to use a keypad to unlock his front door. She found it curious why he would have such a device.  
  
"There we are Young Miss. Ordinarily I would say after you Madame but this time I shall not." He eases into the lead and carefully breaks away from her assistance. In a zombie waltz he made it to his bathroom and managed to take the appropriate medications to regain his mobility, hardly immediate of course.  
  
"You have a nice home Highbone. Is this your wife?" She peers up at a painting above his fireplace. Seeing her standing there nude from behind even Nigel had to swallow dryly. Young Miss was entirely too perfect physically.  
  
"Yes indeed! My late wife Caroline. Is she not beautiful?" He sighs from his bathroom door, using the frame to hold himself upright.  
  
"She kind of looks like me."  
  
He had not thought of that until pointed out. They did share certain characteristics in Caroline's youth, similar in body if not for knowing Caroline to be taller than Maria. Even their hair was dark and full, same big brown eyes, and complexion if not an artist's rendition. The likeness in Nigel's head was spot on. Sighing at this discovery he opted to return to his bathroom closing the door on her in order to attempt urination. Standing over his toilet he teetered in stiffness to unzip his dress slacks. Barely able to draw out his penis he reached at a bad angle and electricity shot throughout his lower back and left leg. "AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGGGGGH!"  
  
Hearing his cry of pain Maria hurried to the bathroom door and didn't bother to knock, marching right inside to find him struggling to stand. "I am here to help you."  
  
"Forgive me Young Miss for my exposure. I quite needed to relieve myself but was caught off guard. Give me a moment alone Sweet One." He was embarrassed over his dick dangling from his pants. Straining he accidently began peeing but not at the toilet bowl, his stream spilling down his pant leg. "Oh Dear God!" This was not going well.  
  
Before he could grab his tentative beast Maria moved to his side and reached in to grip his wet penis and held it over the toilet. Knowing it wrong Nigel just let her do it, he really needed to pee. Within her tender fingers he did find himself gradually becoming erect. "Did Caroline do this for you?"  
  
Hearing his wife's name made Nigel pause in breath to peer at Maria. "She had no need to do so in our younger days." He grits his teeth, "Ah! I do recall one time. I came home from work quite snockered from hours at the pub. She did indeed care for me that night." His warm smile faltered in Maria's glistening gaze. She was absorbing his every word as if a sponge. "I believe you may let him go now Young Miss, he is done."  
  
"Highbone?" She releases him and stands there idle as he uses a hand towel to dab at his soaked pants.  
  
"Yes Young Miss?"  
  
"Do you suffer from the white devil too? I mean the cum?"  
  
"All men do. Please do not get any ideas." He frowns wincing in pain. She quickly took his towel away and assisted in soaking up his urine, sensing his struggle. Lifting his penis she cleaned him up with delicate fingers. "I will need to change my clothing." In response Maria instantly sat her towel aside and knelt in front of Nigel and unfastened his belt, then going about removing his pants. His attempts to dissuade her efforts became exhausting.  
  
"I need to take your shoes off, I can't get your pants and underwear over your feet." Her doe like eyes stared up at him.  
  
Sighing loudly Nigel braced his back against the wall of his bathroom and carefully lifted one foot at a time until both of his shoes were off. She then proceeded to remove his pants. Wearing only his dress shirt and vest Nigel Highbone stood over her beauty with memories of Caroline. "T-thank you my dear."  
  
"Let me wash you up." Maria hopped to her feet and found a wash cloth and soap before beginning his hand bath. While uncomfortable the shaken Butler let her accomplish her dedicated mission. In her handling he found his penis growing against his better wishes. Even at 82 Nigel was a man. "I think the white devil has noticed my helping you."  
  
"Perhaps he has. Young Miss? Might I trouble you to assist me to my bedroom so that I may stretch out and let my pain meds do their job?"  
  
"I will not leave your side until you feel much better."  
  
"You are a blessing Young Miss." She becomes his crutch again and they attempt the tedious walk from room to room until entering his sleeping area. Sitting him carefully down on his Queen size bed she helps guide him backwards to lay out on his bedding. Groaning at his discomfort he closed his eyes to establish a pain threshold. Feeling a draft flow over him from an opened window he resorted to just relaxing. While he did Maria took it upon herself to examine more photos on his dresser and bedside stands.  
  
"You must have really loved Caroline, you and her share many photographs."  
  
"Like no other. She was the finest woman I have ever known." His eyes remained tightly sealed.  
  
"Where is Caroline now?" She plucks up a closeup black and white picture of just Caroline and carries it to his bed, crawling in next to him and daring to curl up under his arm. Sensing her near he sighed and and patted her arm for her concern. Looking at her finally he found Caroline's picture masking Maria's own face to make it appear that it was his wife laying with him in his time of need. It was charming.  
  
"You are quite a hand full Young Miss. Bringing my wife to my side like this...is just what the doctor ordered." He then puffed his cheeks, "My wife passed prior to our tenth wedding anniversary. Influenza while back in England. I was 30 at the time."  
  
"Give her a kiss." Maria placed the picture frame to his face, Nigel did indeed kiss his wife then settled in to let his pain cope. "She misses you Highbone."  
  
"As I do her Young Miss. Thank you for being here for me." A stabbing pain in his lower back makes him grit his dentures. "I worry that I might need a visit to my chiropractor."  
  
"Would it help if I rubbed your back? I used to walk on my Nanny's back home."  
  
"That...would actually be delightful."  
  
"Hold Caroline." She hands him the picture frame then sits up moving to her knees. She then begins to unbutton his vest.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"Undressing you. I will give you a massage like my brother Owen gave me."  
  
"Oh?" He reluctantly allowed her to remove his vest and dress shirt, leaving him in a wife beater. With a bit of coaxing Highbone only had his socks left on. He was already regretting his decision. His dick was reviving as he was disrobed. Once he had the energy he carefully rolled over on to his belly. He felt better now that his penis was not in view.  
  
"Do you have lotion?" She looked around finding nothing but a half empty bottle of hand lotion. Using what was left Maria squirted lengthy streams all across his body. He did his best to relax trying to focus on the photograph of Caroline still in his possession. Maria's hands set about rubbing his tender spots, "Am I pressing too hard?"  
  
"No. You may press harder if you can." It was helping his lower back.  
  
"I am strong." She did apply more strength pressing hard with coupled hands in the areas he seemed to find helpful. For long minutes she tenderized him, moving up and down his spine. Resorting to sitting on his butt skin on skin he bulged his eyes and endured it, her massage was certainly wonderful. What did bother him was feeling her witness trickling on his cheeks. After a few more minutes of divine presses she applied lotion to more of his back then took it upon herself to lay over him. Her tits crushing against his back, nipples stabbing at him was almost too intimate, yet the more he stared at Caroline's photo the more he envisioned Maria to be his wife. How diabolical!  
  
Easing higher over his backside she straddled his lower back and took a risk in sitting up on it before wiggling about. "What are you doing Young Miss?"  
  
"This is how Owen likes it. I hop on his lower back. Am I hurting you?"  
  
"No Young Miss. You...may continue...but please be gentle." While unorthodox Nigel was feeling better.  
  
"Did Caroline give you good massages Highbone?" She lowered her upper body back over his and hugged him from behind.  
  
"She did. Caroline was quite good with her hands."  
  
"I miss the music we danced to." She fidgeted.  
  
"Do you see the phonograph in the corner?" He pointed without lifting up. "The record player. Carefully place the arm on the disk and it will begin playing."  
  
"Okay! Be right back." She eased off of him and crawled from his bed to fixate her wondrous attention on something she did recall. "Mommy had one of these. She played salsa music on it."  
  
"I am afraid my musical tastes do not consist of salsa other than in cooking." He sighs awaiting her return. As Maria delicately moves the record player's needle into place Glenn Miller's tune In the Mood began playing. Maria smiled at its flavor and used her shoulders to dance along with the instruments. While all new to her Maria loved music and dancing. Performing her way back to the bed he watched her swaying melodically in his dresser mirror. Maria was lovely in her acceptance of an era long gone to most. Finally, she eased in over Highbone and repeated every move she had earlier made, letting song after song play to his relaxation. He was feeling much better, his eyes closed with Caroline there beside him.  
  
As her body literally paraded all over his to the music he found warm kisses joining her efforts. Eyes popping wide the lower she got in her travels he felt compelled to clear his throat. "Now, now Young Miss."  
  
Ignoring him she trailed her kisses to his ass and nuzzled his butt crack. Tempted to stop her the music switched over to a tune called April in Paris. "Oh dear! This is Caroline's favorite." The moment prevented his discouragement until he found her tongue wagging at his scrotum. "YOUNG MISS!" He tensed up and made an overly abrupt jerking reaction that escalated his pain back into reality. "Aiiiiiieeee!" He hissed. Forced to endure her flicking tongue he mumbled, "Please Young Miss..."  
  
"This is for Caroline." Maria whispered then continued teasing his balls. Hearing the girls defining offer Nigel gave up and wept, curling the picture frame under his chin to get closer to his loved one. Fearing he was cheating on his wife Highbone apologetically whimpered his misgivings. Three minutes later Highbone felt the need to stop this nonsense and dared to roll over taking Maria away from her sack lunch. Before he could settle back his nerve endings screamed yet again and he collapsed on to his back. It was then Maria giggled, "Your bone is high."  
  
"OHHH GOOD HEAVEN'S!" He lost his ability to defend himself as she reached in and began stroking his cock. "While this indeed feels...quite lovely...I must ask you..." It was feeling long overdue. Lifting Caroline's picture over his lap he used it to control his composure. He was looking directly at his true love's smiling face while beneath the frame was Maria's remarkably sensual hand motions. "...to continue."  
  
"I knew you needed my help." Maria sighed. "Caroline told me so."  
  
"I...see." Not really but he was growing fond of her attention. If Caroline was indeed encouraging the girl's actions, Nigel Highbone was not going to argue. Finding her tempting hands gently controlling his inner demons he merely stared at his wife's big brown eyes. The music beautifully creating the perfect ambiance. The tune Dance in the Old-Fashioned Way as appropriate as it was earlier.  
  
"She misses you Highbone. Can you feel her love?" Maria might just be on to something.  
  
"Yes..." Was all he could muster, his eyes rolling back at her gradual increase in friction. Nigel had not ejaculated in eight months, normally resorting to a little blue pill just to get hard. Young Miss was achieving the unthinkable. Four more minutes Nigel Highbone growled and complimented Caroline's touch. "I have missed you so very much." His final words before Maria brought the white devil to the surface. Even he could hear her whisper of, "Come to me. Cum for me. Come for Caroline." That he did. For an old codger Nigel Highbone frothed like the beer tap at his favorite pub known as Fooligan's. It was where he and Caroline first met. Maybe he was a fool again. That was a Caroline joke in its heyday.  
  
"There! All better." Maria wiped her cum soaked fingers on his blanket and crawled up into his arms to cuddle. Lowering the picture frame to warmly smile at her in his exhausted state, Maria lifted up and pecked him on the cheek. Once settled back in his arm she slyly lifted the picture frame back up to hide her face from his glare. "She thinks so too."

Surely it was the drugs but Nigel was feeling really good.  
  
"Thank you." He mumbled.  
  
"I am always here for you Highbone." She clued him in. Frowning at the possibility of this occurring again he just closed his eyes and caught his breath.  
  
For now he was just happy to admit the Butler did it.

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