**Baby Sister**

by SZENSEI

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**Episode 15: Texas Twister**

“MARIAAAAAA?”

In her bedroom Maria Blanco heard a gruff voice calling out her name. Not an angry voice but one sounding in need of her special services. Abandoning her bed and her longneck stuffed giraffe affectionately called Largo, Spanish for the word long, she raced to her opened doorway and looked out. Largo had been her only friend in protecting her from Aunt Harriet’s male ghosts. She was still on edge but thus far they had not come back to haunt her. Caught between fearing their return and missing Harriet herself she was trying her best to cope.

“MARIAAAAAA?” She heard him again. Another shy bolt to the staircase she peered over the rail to see her brother Tyson wiggling a bottle in his hand. Looking up at her he waved her down, “Get your cute lil’ ass down here, Baby Sister.”

“Tyson? Have I done something wrong?” She approached the head of the stairs cautiously.

“Course not. You’re always a perfect angel. Come on down here I have something for ya.” Sensing his sincerity, she hopped up on the banister rail and rode it down, adoring the fiery friction on her clitoris in transit. Once reaching Tyson, he plucked her up giggling and swung her around in his clutches, hugging her tightly.

“Real hug! Real hug!” She begged as he launched both of her legs up over the back of his shoulders until his face was directly nuzzling her pussy. His tongue wagging over it sent her into a crushing of his scalp against her body. This unique hugging method was recently taught to her as the right way to show affection. With his tongue up inside her she didn’t want to release him. It took another brother intervening to heist her from his grasp.

“Nooooooooo!”

“Enough for now.” Jacob Barnett brought her to the ground pouting. “You’re spoiling her, Ty.”

“Can’t help it Jacob. I love my little sister.”

“Don’t we all?” He rolled his eyes then noted the bottle in his younger brother’s hand, “Whatcha got there, Ty?”

“Oh, this here is Maria’s new vitamins. Matty read up that it helps the immune system of young girls to ward off the infections gotten from wearing clothes.”

“But I don’t wear clothing anymore.” She offered an innocent expression.

“I know that.” Tyson continued, “You prolly got infected from wearing clothes all these years. This here vitamin will disinfect your body.”

“Uh huh!” Jacob growled with a grimace; in his mind he knew they were birth control pills. At least his brother was thinking ahead. “Smart of Matty.” Jacob nodded, “You take those every day from here on, hear me Maria?”

“Yes Jacob. I promise.”

Tyson in turn opened the bottle and tapped it on his palm until a single pill landed there. Passing it to Maria, she pinched it between her fingers in order to get a good look at it up close. Behind her Jacob who had a bottle of water with him offered it up. “Wash it down.” She popped it into her mouth before taking a swig of water, then opened her mouth to show that she had swallowed it. “Good girl! Better close that mouth before we put somethin’ in it.” He laughed.

“Like what?” She grew inquisitive.

“Nothin’!” Tyson pointed up the staircase. “You can go back to your room now.”

“I’d rather go to your room, Tyson.”

Jacob puckered his lower lip at her reaction, “You’re up, Little Brother.”

“Can’t just yet. I’m expecting something in the mail here shortly. Go to your room Maria, I’ll come get you in a bit.”

“Okay.” She bounced back up the stairs almost skipping along. Her youthful exuberance was breathtaking. Not to mention that perfect fucking ass was impossible to avoid.

“What are you expecting?” Jacob narrowed his eyes.

“I bought her some toys. It’s time to get her used to more than just us fellas. Wiley’s out back with his drone. He’s flying a package up to her balcony for her to discover.”

“You boys are going to scare her shitless. You know how Matty’s theatrics has her on edge. Between Aunt Harriet and the bee buzzing noises she’s going to think she’s being swarmed.”

“I’ll go up when it arrives and open the doors to let her see it. If I’m with her she won’t be so afraid.”

“You’re mopping up her piss.”

“Whatever! Maggie’s liter still doing good?” Tyson mentioned his hunting dog’s new puppies.

“Feeding on momma like there’s no tomorrow. I’ll be in my room reading. Try and keep it down, I know how much Maria starts screaming these days.”

“Ain’t it beautiful?” Tyson chuckled, “My turn to get her riled up.”

“Owen and Wiley’s been keeping her wet humpin’ up a storm since Owen took her virginity. That was some good thinking getting her on protection. Sooner or later one of us is gonna nut a lil’ too deep and...”

“Don’t say it. Keep the younguns to the kennels.”

“My point exactly.” Jacob took his leave. On his way up he chuckled to himself, “White devil and wet humpin’, the kid’s got one hell of an imagination.” It wasn’t entirely her, his brothers, including himself were spinning tales every which way to keep her naïve and clueless. It didn’t take much to succeed at that.

Outside the perimeter of the pool, just beyond sight of Maria’s bedroom balcony, Wiley Barnett set up his drone to carry a package when he got the signal to fly it in. In the meantime, he sat back against a wall of the courtyard and sipped his beer. Texting with one hand he let Tyson know he was ready when his brother was.

Getting the text on his way upstairs Tyson pocketed her birth control pills and replied back with, “T-minus five minutes. I need to take a leak.” He then went to his bedroom next to Maria’s, hovering over his private toilet to send a rather loud stream down into the basin. Relieving himself he used his one free hand to text Wiley, “Ready when you are Texas Twister.”

Chuckling at his nickname Wiley replied back with, “I was just thinkin’ Wileybird, like Whirlybird.”

“Text Matty to do his part.”

“On it.” He texted back then switched his text to Matthew in their father’s office, “Time to Auntie up.”

Matthew answered back with, “Harriet’s on her way. Start your engines.”

Within her bedroom Maria returned to cuddling with her stuffed giraffe Largo when her television turned on by itself, making her eyes bulge at her unexpected visitor. “Aunt Harriet?”

“Yes, child. I have a present for you. Things that will assist you on womanhood.”

“Really?” She sat up straight hugging Largo to her chest, his long neck between her breasts as if it were titty fucking her, it’s head under her chin, breasts crushed around it. “I like presents.”

“Good! Use the gifts as often as you can. Practice makes perfect.” With a faint rumble to her bed frame to give her a sensation of something approaching she heard the sounds of bees. She cringed a bit on her mattress bracing for whatever happened next. To Maria’s left the balcony doors clicked open and a gentle breeze circulated the curtains. Once open, the doors flung wide startling her. The buzzing growing louder from a distance she whimpered, fearing actual bees.

Tyson just outside her bedroom door found his cue when he spotted Wiley’s drone rising up over her balcony and moving into position. Walking in Tyson began his theatrics, “What in tarnation?”

“It is Aunt Harriet! See Tyson? I told you she would come back.” Maria pointed at her television all snowy but with a woman’s face faintly visible within it. Tyson stepped closer to examine the TV and shuffled backwards appearing haunted, colliding with Maria’s bed he sat down in shock.

“It is her.”

“Don’t be afraid.” Coming from Lil’ Miss Scaredykitty afraid of her own shadow, “Aunt Harriet is nice.” It’s her man friends that aren’t.” So very true. “Tell Tyson hello Aunt Harriet.”

From the TV speaker came a feminine voice, “There’s the sexiest Barnett.” She even whistled at him. Under his breath Tyson told Matthew, “Fuck you.” It was hilarious. Tyson then tilted his gaze toward the opened balcony doors. “What the bejeezus is that?”

“Is it yellowjackets?” She whimpered moving to hide behind him shyly.

“That’s one big bee.” Carefully Wiley flew the drone through the doors letting Maria see it and squeal at its invasion. She didn’t even care to see the package in its claws. Lowering closer to the floor the drone dropped the package then waited until Harriet over the TV spoke.

“Shoo! Return home to Heaven.” The drone lifted away and returned to the outside world, Wiley cracking up at hearing Matty talk as Harriet. Even Tyson had troubles keeping in character. Once the drone flew out her balcony doors swung shut and latched at Matty’s office controls.

“Is the really big bee gone?’ Maria hid her eyes in Tyson’s shirt.

“Craziest shit, I’ve ever seen. That really you in there, Harriet?” He left the bed to touch the TV screen, tapping it.

“Yes Tyson! You’ve grown into quite a handsome man. Hasn’t he, Maria?”

“Tyson is very handsome.” She bubbled back to herself. “Is that my present on the floor Aunt Harriet?”

“Yes, Sweetheart. You may open it.”

“Hold up now. We don’t know exactly what we’re dealing with here.” Tyson appeared leery waving her back until he could crouch down and examine the box, which was tied in a thin pink ribbon. It was an Amazon logo with the word Grace written in marker beneath it. Chuckling as if a masked cough Tyson recited to himself, “Amazon Grace ... Amazing Grace. Coyote you’re a piece of work.”

“Open it, Tyson.” She grew eager flopping down to her knees with Largo still along for the ride. She was darling in her inquisitive gaze.

“Gimme a second.” He plucked a pocketknife from his denim jeans and extended the blade to sever the ribbons, slicing along the seals before putting it safely away. “Ready, Baby Sister?”

“READY!” She raised her voice excitedly.

“Here goes.” Flaps peeled aside he removes foam packing paper to find a number of things. “Well, I’ll be.”

“What is it?”

He slides the box toward her and let her dig inside, lifting up a nine-inch lifelike rubber dildo with batteries included, holding it up in awe she gasped, “Did someone have it cut off?”

“It’s not a real dick Maria. It’s called a dildo.”

“A dildo? Does the white devil live inside it?”

“Nope! This here is what women use to prepare for the real thing. Harriet there, must want you to learn how to satisfy yourself.” He delicately takes it from her fingers, “See this hear switch on the bottom?” He flipped it to watch the dildo come to life and wiggle about in his grip. Maria dropped her jaw and scooted back shyly. “It won’t hurt ya Maria. It’s for pleasure.”

“It doesn’t look pleasurable. It frightens me, Tyson.”

“We can sit it aside for now. Let’s see what else you have in this here box.” Reaching in he pulled out a long string of black anal beads.

“Is that a necklace?”

“Uhhh? Not quite. These go inside your butt.”

“Whaaaat?” She cringed with a soft-spoken pouty voice, “I only like tongues in my butt.”

“You have to get used to other things being in there Maria. These and this.” He again lifts the dildo. “The real thing is going to go in there here soon, so you need to get used to it. Right Auntie Harriet?”

“Yes, Sexy man.” Matty spoke quickly shutting off his mic to avoid laughing. His brother Owen stood behind him joining in on watching the package unveiling. Tyson shook his head, “Harriet always was a tease, at least I heard rumor she was.”

“What else is in the box?”

“Let’s see here. Lots of lube.” He pulls out five bottles of flavored lubrication. “Nipple clamps, fuzzy handcuffs, rope, big box of condoms...”

“What are condoms?”

“Well?” He rips the sealed box open and pulls out a string of condoms, tearing one open. Taking it out he uses it to pull cover the shaft of the dildo. She grew curious quickly.

“I don’t like to see it covered. You would wear this?”

“Yep! We all should.”

“Why?”

“Well...” He paused to figure out how best to explain it to be a safety tool to avoid any Baby Barnett’s. Realizing she was on birth control now he just tossed the box of condoms aside, “We can make water balloons out of these later.”

“Why do I need rope and these fuzzy things?”

“A woman gets tied up now and then by her man ... men. It allows her to prove she trusts them totally when she can’t resist.”

“I would never resist.” She recalled their training. “A woman never says no.”

“That’s very true. Point is, it makes the man feel in charge.”

“If you say so.”

“I do. What else we got here?” The remainder of her package consisted of a paddle, a blinder, a sex swing folded neatly on the bottom of the box, and lastly something that caught Tyson off guard. Lifting out a butt plug that had a Coyote’s tail connected to it he sighed. He had heard Wiley mention one of these from the girls wearing them at COCKtus Jack’s strip club, the club Wiley was in the process of buying. “Oh, now this is definitely useful. Turn around here and put your sexy ass in the air for me.”

Maria whimpered slightly but shifted her body around to face away from him and hugged with Largo against her carpet, her lower body poised higher than the rest of her. “Will it hurt?”

“You’ve had a finger up there.”

“That thing is bigger than a finger.”

“I’ll crack open one of these here lube bottles and grease ya up first.” He does just that, lubing her in the scent of oranges, delicately greasing in and around her butt pucker. She instantly began giggling. “That tickle?”

“Yessssss!” She shivered trying to fight a case of the shivers, “It’s cooold!”

“Alright! You hold really still now, don’t you squirm.”

“I’ll try not to.”

“NO! YOU WILL NOT SQUIRM!” He smacked her bottom with his palm. “GOT THAT, BABY SISTER?”

“I will grit my teeth. I swear, I won’t squirm.”

“Good girl!” Tyson pinched the plug between his fingers and nudged it slowly up inside her anus, wiggling it in at a very awkward almost resistant manner, her asshole was extremely tight. She may not have moved but she sure tensed up and whimpered at a high pitch until he managed the large bulbous head deep into her. Once inserted he wagged the dangling tail over her cheeks. “All done. You can go look in your mirror now.”

Hopping up she felt strange and looked behind her in a twist of her body. “I look like a puppy dog.”

“That you do.” He chuckled looking up at a hidden camera while she checked herself out in a tall mirror attached to her closet door. “Don’t you take that out unless one of us Barnett’s removes it for ya. You understand me?”

“I won’t! I like my new tail.” She shook her ass at him, the tail fanning about.

“Lookin’ cute, Critter.” He laughed standing up to stretch his legs. Watching her his dick was at full strength. Massive as per the Barnett DNA his erection struggled to hide beneath his jeans. Waiting for her to stop dancing about with that damned giraffe in her possession he snarled at the top of his lungs, “GOD HAVE MERCY! THE WHITE DEVIL IS TEARING MY INSIDES UP.” He doubled over in pain and teetered in step until he collapsed onto the edge of her bed.

Panic setting in Maria dropped between his legs, looking up with diligent concern, “Let me help you.”

“I think that would be wise. I ain’t got the strength just yet to deal with him myself.”

“I will never leave your side Tyson. Let me help you bring him out, he will listen to my every word.”

“You have that white devil in the palm of your hand don’tcha, Baby Sister?”

“I must, he listens to me when I tell him to come out and leave men alone.”

“What about you, Maria? White devils attack females too. Takes us guys to get that she-witch out of you. Kind of strange that she-witch obeys us fellas just like you got the devil by the horny’s.”

“I never thought about that.” She pondered while unfastening his belt buckle to undo his pants, drawing them down past his upper thighs.

“Best take my boots off Maria, I gotta feeling I might be stayin’ here with you a spell.”

“Yes, Child,” Harriet crackled over the television amid her snowstorm, Matthew continuing to portray her, “Strip my gorgeous nephew totally naked. The white devil needs the flesh to feel the air in order to embrace your medicinal talents.”

“My medicinal talents?” She heard Aunt Harriet while fighting to remove his boots. Once a boot comes off, she winced at the odor of sweaty feet.

“A woman’s touch, her body heat, her wetness, her lips kissing every pore, all of those are talents a REAL WOMAN must have to qualify as a true lady of the house.”

“Sorry about my stinky feet, Maria. Long day at the cattle ranch.”

“I will overlook it, Tyson. I have no choice! I can see the pain in your expression.” She pouted trying to process Harriet’s words and getting his clothing off at the same time. Socks removed, all she had left was his boxers, he was helping with his own shirt, unbuttoning it but leaving it open to a bare chest, having forgone a wife beater tank that he would traditionally wear. “I will wash your feet once the white devil is gone.”

“I’d appreciate that, Maria. It’s nice having you around to pamper us, Barnett boys.”

“A fair trade, you all pamper me.” She reached up to grip the elastic band of his boxers as he lifts his ass, enabling her to tug them down until his bronco buster penis popped free to clip her chin in passing. She faintly yelped at the monstrosity in her face and hesitated to point at his crown with a threatening look in her eye. “You behave, I’ll get to you in a second.”

Tyson clenched his teeth falling back on his hands, head tilted trying to both mimic agony and resist laughter. Maria was just too cute in her naivety. She truly believed that a man’s cock had some sort of sentience to it. Maybe it did, there were times in all men where it twitched and came alive as if on its own. Maybe men were the ones naïve, living for the white devil themselves. Even Tyson had to think about that. Boxers off she cast them aside, then rubbed her palms together in preparation.

“Shirt!” She hopped to her feet climbing into his lap, his cock touching right up against her tight labia, rubbing slightly without responding to the sensations. Her efforts to remove his shirt was keeping her focused. Eyes glistening as she slid her fingers under the shoulders of his shirt, she lifted to slip it away from his body. With only his arms imprisoned, she caressed her palms down each bicep to drag it away until needing to tug on both cuffs to remove it. Letting out an exhausted sigh she sat up straight and palmed his muscular chest, “There! No more skin covered. Now I can devote my attentions to rescuing you.”

“Goddamn, Maria! You’re just the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen.”

“I know!” She batted her lashes playfully and jumped toward his face to hug him into her tits, a very tight hug at that. Her perfume definitely took away the stench of sweaty feet.

“UGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!” He growled rubbing her back with one hand, her butt cheek the other. “Devil wants out, Baby Sister.”

“Then, let’s get busy...” She turns pale for only a second, “ ... no more big bees.”

“Right! Those bees are for the birds, ain’t they?”

“Yes!” She settled back a bit more on his lap and lowered both hands down to grip his cock. Utilizing both knowing he was so large that it required both hands to truly do a Barnett justice she began stroking him.

“Ohhhh! Damn that feels good. Might want to spit on that cock Maria, get him moist so I don’t get raw.”

“There is always the lube I sent.” Harriet spoke up, “Don’t forget to show Maria how those prophylactic’s work.”

“I know what I’m doing Auntie, go on back to yer knittin’.”

Matty smirked and shut off the camera’s monitor feed throughout the entire home, Owen grumbling, “Why’d you do that for?”

“Give Ty some privacy.”

“Did you give me and Wiley privacy?”

“Relax! I’m still recording it, just not watching it. Don’t you have some weights to lift?”

“We’re watching this here movie later, Bro.”

“Have Highbone pop us some buttered popcorn. I gotta make some calls anyway.” Owen took that as a cue and left his brother alone. Once Owen was out of sight Matty looked at his cell to see a missed call from his co-agent Miranda Wright, “I wonder what she wants?” Going to a voicemail he played it.

“Sorry to bother you off duty Agent Barnett. I was going over that cold case from 2009, the Durango murders of the Quentin Kin. I had some theories I wanted to run by you Mister Profiler. Meet me for drinks and let me brush them past you? Not a date, but I’ll dress like it’s one.” She giggled, “I know it’s the weekend, do you have anything better to do? Let me know. I’m going to go take myself a nice hot bubble bath and down a bottle of Rose while I await your ... attention.” Hanging up on Matty he squinted, “She’s up to something.” Brooding for a few minutes longer he decided to return her call, noticing it hadn’t been all that long since she had called. He presumed he was just too distracted being Harriet.

Dialing with his speaker on, he settled back in his father’s leather swivel chair, knuckles folded together. “That didn’t take long.” Miranda sighed, “I knew you didn’t have anything better to do.”

“Paying some bills. With my dad off on his honeymoon someone has to cover things around here. Tyson does the workload; I write the paychecks to the farm hands.”

“Sounds boring.” She said hearing water rustling in the background.

“Do you always invite business calls to your bathroom?”

“Not regularly. I just like teasing you a bit. Should I stop before you cite me for harassment?”

“Did you cite me for looking you over when you were teasing me in Dallas?”

“Point taken! I won’t if you won’t.”

“For a gal not wanting to date you’re certainly letting on your needs.”

“I suppose companionship has its merits. Anyways, are you up for drinks and discussing the case?”

“Can be. Question is, e those drinks going to be while sitting in your bathwater?”

“Might be cold by the time you get here.” She giggled, “How about we get dressed up and meet for dinner, it’s still early.”

“Hot tub out here.”

“Oooo! You’re inviting me to Longhorn Manor?”

“I can have Highbone, he’s our butler slash Chef whip something up. Only thing is, my brothers and new sister might be around.” He suddenly bit his tongue, “You’re right, we wouldn’t get any business discussed with them around. Maybe meet halfway? Pretty nice restaurant in Fortuna called 500, they buy our steaks.”

“Fortuna 500, interesting! That’s like forty miles from me, out in the middle of nowhere.”

“Need gas money?” He chuckled.

“You could always send me a limo.”

“Trying awful hard there, Miranda.”

“Is my trying ... getting you hard, Matthew?”

“We fucking or what?”

“Hmmm! Fortuna it is. Say, 9:30?”

“Table for two by the mechanical bull.”

“I’ve always wanted to ride one of those.”

“Wear your crotch less chaps.”

“How did you know I owned a pair of those?”

“Profiler.”

“Yes, but how could you possibly know that about me?”

“My secret. Dare ya!”

“To a fancy restaurant?”

“I reckon the case can wait until Monday then.” He trapped her.

“Evil, Matthew Barnett. Evil I say. Fine! When I lose my job over the indecent exposure arrest report thrown in my face, I hope you’re happy.”

“Own a cowboy hat?”

“I do. What true Texan doesn’t?”

“Good! Hat, chaps, and boots ... nothing else.”

“I’m doomed. You must want my job.”

“I suppose that’s the risk you take.”

“Limo?”

“I’ll call one as soon as I hang up. Text me your address.”

“What do I get out of this? What are you risking?”

“Not a damned thing. See you there.” Matty arrogantly hung up on her. Seconds later, he received a simple text of an exasperated, “GRRR!” along with her address. He did indeed call her a limo. Pondering the situation, he realized that it would be nice to show that being a Barnett was not all bad. Closing shop, he headed upstairs to grab a shower.

No buttered popcorn tonight!

“Did I spit on your cock enough, Tyson?”

“Lil’ more.” He watched as she rallies her saliva for one more droplet of spit into her hand before applying it for circulation. “Perfect. You’re learning fast, Sweetheart.”

“I want to be a woman before mommy gets home.”

“We’ve still got a few more weeks to get you whipped into shape. Now that you been wet humped, we can really get you going on the harder stuff.”

“Harder stuff?”

“Yep! Like that anal thing.” He reached behind her to tickle her ass with the coyote tail butt plug. Ticklish she wiggled in his lap. “ I love those sweet lil’ giggles you show off.”

“I am happy.”

“I’m glad you’re happy. You make us brothers very proud of you.”

“I will always make you proud.”

“Time for you to get tongue tied.”

“What do you mean?”

“Let’s get you going on giving a guy a good ... no ... a perfect blowjob. That gets the white devil all riled up.”

“Show me.”

“Alright! I want you to hop off my lap and kneel down between my legs.”

“Okay!” Lifting away Maria Blanco dropped to her knees. Looking up with innocent eyes Baby Sister begged for knowledge, hands undecided if they should still be stroking his cock or not.

“Always keep your hands busy. Never stay idle.”

“I remember my other brothers saying that.” She coiled her fingers around him and continued jerking him off while he guided her further.

“That’s a nice rhythm you got with those hands, Maria.” He praised her, “Now lower your face down and kiss my balls there.” A directed area lured her in to peck his scrotum, “That ain’t no kiss. Kiss ‘em like you’re in love with ‘em.” She smiled puckering her wet lips to give it her best shot. “Know how my brothers kissed you with their tongues against yours? Do that to my balls. Lick, kiss, suck on them. Rotate doing that but don’t you slow up for a second. Think of it as a Texas tornado.”

“Like this?” She devoted her best efforts to taking all of his left nut into her mouth sucking upon it, her tongue within taunting it. All while her hands continued jacking at his monster shaft up over her brow.

“Beeeeautiful.”

She lifted away just long enough to shiver and say, “No bees.” His longwinded compliment sounding out with a buzzing noise.

“Get back to work.” He chuckled. “Show me how much you love those balls.” She giggled and went from one nut to the next, culminating in trying her best to take both balls into her mouth at once. It was a task that took effort, his balls were rock hard and full yet she managed to succeed.

In doing so she pulled his cock over her forehead to compensate being unable to reach high enough to maintain his full tilt erection. He just knew he was going to bust a nut over her hair and shoot out over her back. Tempted to stop her, he decided to let it play out. He knew he could call up another round of jizz later. Tyson had always been an unlimited source of fuel. Oil in their blood, his daddy would say.

“Fuckin’ amazing!”

He sat back on his palms watching her work, “Show me you can get the white devil out just like that, without taking your mouth away from my sack.” She nodded gently and increased her hand motions, as well as her tongue within massaging his scrotum. Curling wags molded around the bulbous form tightening up within her mouth suddenly preventing her former licks.

Five minutes of sweaty palms and saliva dripping from the corners of her lips she felt Tyson tensing up. His head tilting back, grunts became snarls. In his final tense her hands forced him to launch the white devil out in rapid spits all over her backside, up over her hair. His magnificent firepower even stretched out to pelt her ass cheeks with cum.

“AAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGG!” A shot heard around the world. In her fevered control she kept stroking him, continued suckling his balls, not once blinking until he looked her in the eye.

“Bring that mouth up here and surround my cock. Suck up the white devil.” Releasing his balls, she rose higher on her knees to hover over his crown. Messy mouth wide she surrounded his royalty and suckled hard until every last drop was taken in. “Swallow it.” No problem. “Good! Now you’re gonna make the white devil’s kids follow him out.”

She looked puzzled but said nothing, he knew how it sounded. “Sometimes there’s more than one devil in a guy. I’m thinkin’ I have three. You got one just now, but there’s more in there I can feel ‘em moving around. Here’s where you swallow as much of my cock as you can take in that gorgeous set of lips you got there. You have got to go deep Maria; the devils won’t come out as easily as their Pappy.” She nodded, eyes very rarely blinking as she concentrated. He could hear her talking in her mouthful saying, “Come to me. Come to me. Come to me.” So hot!

With tonsils still present she could only take roughly four inches, her hands fought to encourage more but settled on just massaging him again. Sticky from cum she allowed her pent-up saliva to ease her work. “Deeper Princess.” She whimpered and tried but he knew he wasn’t going to get all of him into her mouth. It was interesting seeing her giving it her best effort though.

“Okay! Back and forth with your mouth. Pull back, ram deep, pull back, ram deep.” He explained, showing her by gripping her head at both sides to drag her back, then push her head down. Tempted to just face fuck her, he chose a bit more sympathy. He wanted her to master her own talents before controlling her his way. Letting her head go he watched her adapt to his training. “There ya go! You got it. Keep that up. Curl one hand under my balls and lightly squeeze too, that gooses the white devils into moving higher toward ya.” She set out to squeeze them in an amazing multitasking performance.

“Almost there, Baby Sister. Faster on the up and down part, keep those lips tight against the cock.” As if she had a choice, his girth was so thick her lips couldn’t get much wider. Three active minutes later he detonated down her throat, Maria whimpering as his jettison attacked the back of her throat violently. “Swallow it just like you did earlier. A woman ALWAYS swallows.” She committed herself to not missing a droplet.

Hair matted in sweat from her exhaustion Tyson coaxed her away then quickly snatched her up to straddle his lap. Kissing her hard on the mouth he tasted himself on her breath, her tongue, he loved his own flavor. She melded into his embrace and thoroughly enjoyed kissing him, his hands all over her damp and sticky backside. Picking her up he stood tall, her legs wrapping his waist to hang on.

Twisting in step the Texan threw them back onto her bed. From there her lessons were more of his roaming her body in kisses, sucking her nipples, licking his way South of the border and eating her out. She adored being licked there. Her clit was screaming with excitement. He even lifted her legs and licked around her butt plug.

“LICK ME! LICK ME! MORE! MORE!” She begged.

“I’m getting there.” He laughed jabbing fingers up inside her cunt to get her brain all fuzzy. “Damn! You can’t get any wetter. You need some wet humping, don’tcha?”

“YESSSSSSSSSSSSS! LICK ME! HUMP ME!”

“Say it! I know you know the words.” He rammed his fingers inside her making her spasm and cum hard on his knuckles and palm. Screams were heard down the hall as Owen and Jacob looked up smiling. Matty just shutting his shower off also heard her wails. Even Wiley eating supper in the dining room looked up from mid bite. Praise all around.

“FUCK ME, TYSON! FUCK MEEEEE!” She found the words he longed to hear. At that moment Tyson Barnett stopped fingering her and crawled out of bed. Maria shook like a leaf from her orgasm and pouted, “Don’t leave me Tyson.” She mumbled with trembling lips.

“I ain’t goin’ far.” He merely moved to the area of the package delivery and found the box of condoms. He was going to obey his brother about protection. Tearing a new one open he showed it to her then stepped next to the bed. “Sit on up here. I’m going to have you put this on me.” Barely able to move for her body shakes she succeeded in crawling to her knees. Showing her how the condom went on first by the circular lining of it around his crown he let her assume control. “Roll it down over him.” She did her best, but it was quickly evident the rubber was not his size.

“It won’t go any further, Tyson.”

“Fuck it.” He palms her face and shoves her over onto her back. In awe of his roughness, she lay there trembling. Ripping the condom off he tossed it aside and climbing in over her, snatching up her ankles and hoisting her legs in the air. “Who needs that shit anyways.”

“Fuck me, Tyson.”

“Planned on it. Every goddamned day, Princess.”

“I like it when you call me Princess.”

“Time to scream like a REAL WOMAN.”

“READY!” She grinned giddily, going so far as to squeeze her own titties in preparation, then just as quickly removing her hands, “I forgot. A woman should never hide herself, let the man see them dance.”

“You’re so smart.”

“Yes I am. I won’t forget again.”

“Here goes, time to brighten your day.” He lined his crown up to her labia easing in-between to find her vulva dripping wet and wanting. “Damn! That’s some seriously sexy pink.” He nudged forward allowing his beefy mushroom to penetrate slowly.

“You don’t have to be gentle, I’m a big girl. WOMAN!” She re-emphasized. He smirked but steered clear of ramming it in, he wanted her to trust him going forward. Whimpering while nibbling her lower lip she embraced his girth inch by inch. With each slip deeper, her back arched higher, her head lifting from the mattress to greet his full entrance. “Tyson, it’s so big I can feel it all over my insides.”

“Take it like a woman.”

“I am. I will.”

“Going all the way in.” He watched her mouth contort to withstand the invasion, from awe to discomfort, back to total fulfillment. “Look at you. Taking all of me. Balls deep Beautiful.” A normal cervix might beg to differ, but Maria seemed capable of taking what other women might not.

“I can feel your balls on my butt cheeks.”

“Wait until my balls start spankin’ you.” He winked then forced his veiny bastard all the way in just to listen to her panting breath. “Good job! I can’t wait to brag to my brothers how you took all of me.”

“I took all of Owen and Wiley too.” She looked almost upset. “They didn’t brag?”

“Course they did, but I didn’t believe them until I saw it for myself. Let’s get you a kickin’ and screamin’.”

“Fuck me, Tyson. Fuck me really hard.”

“You don’t have to tell ... actually, I want you to keep telling me that. Top of your lungs until I spit this pesky white devil all over you.”

“In me Tyson. I want it in me.”

“Good Lord, Baby Sister, I love it when you beg.”

“I need it. I need all of it. Come for me. Come in me. Come for meeee!”

“Workin’ on it. You just hold on to ole’ Tyson and show him love.”

“I do love you.”

His thrusting began, in and out, slow at first until her pleas for a harder more aggressive thrust intensified. Tyson gave her a run for her money. For a solid twenty minutes he nailed her pussy hard, she gushed over and over and kept her hands busy caressing him, trailing her nails, coaxing him to release the white devil full force. No problem there, Tyson Barnett was saving his best for last. Crème de la crème as they say.

Without even knowing it, so was Maria Blanco. In her maddening screams of ecstasy, she unloaded her own reservoir all over and around his tight-fitting cock. Creamy streaks pulling out with each retreat of his beast then plunging it back in like a pump fetching water. Grunting like a bear while rearing up over her he beat his chest like Tarzan and detonated mass amounts of jizz up inside her. Stupid man, but it sure was fun. As if birth control was going to protect him having only one dose been ingested so far. At the moment, he just didn’t care. Neither did naïve little Maria. All she knew was this, she wanted more of the same.

“I felt that really deep inside me, Tyson.” She flared her eyes with amazement. Remaining in Maria, he fucked her some more, rallying a final shower within her until he was spent. Collapsing over her, sweat on sweat he kissed her hard, both holding each other and sharing in breathless emotion. He adored lil’ miss Blanco. She worshipped her big brother.

TV quiet as they turned to see if Harriet had made a return, Tyson sighed, “I reckon she thought I had things under control.”

“You did. I like being under your control.” She couldn’t let him go. He knew she wanted more but he was worn out. “Control me more, Tyson.” There it was! Predictable!

“Baby girl I’m tuckered and puckered.” He saw the distraught expression of loss and rolled them off the bed side together. Carrying her with her arms and legs wrapped around him, he walked them toward her bedroom door and stepped out. Carrying her toward his brother Jacob’s door he found Matty leaving his own bedroom all dressed up in black and smelling of expensive cologne. “Where you goin’ Matty?”

“Hot date.” He took just enough time to lean in and lift Maria’s chin to face him. Winking he kissed her on the lips and said, “I heard you even in the shower. Keep that up pretty girl.”

“Fuck me, Matthew.”

“Not tonight Sweetheart. Maybe tomorrow or the next. I won’t be home tonight. You two have fun.” Matty lifted her coyote tail and chuckled, “Ain’t that a cute puppy dog tail.”

“Aunt Harriet gave it to me.” She whispered as if thinking she might scare him.

“Funny she always forgot our birthdays.” He slapped Tyson on the shoulder then took his leave. Maria waved at Matthew as he stopped at the head of the stairs to peer back at them. She looked adorable all shy and hiding in Tyson’s neckline. With a turned knob and a kick to his door Tyson waltzed right in on his big brother Jacob. Matthew smiled and headed for Fortuna.

“You’re up, Big Brother.” Tyson walked directly up to Jacob sitting in his underwear and reading an Anne Rice novel, throwing her next to him on his mattress. Lifting his reading glasses to his brow Jacob frowned. He wasn’t expecting this.

“Reckon my Interview with a Vampire is going to have to wait.” He grumbled.

“Why? She sucks the blood out of your cock like one.” Tyson laughed, “Show him how good you are at getting the white devil out with your mouth.”

Nodding rapidly, she hopped to her knees to dig into Jacob’s briefs for his cock. Slamming his book shut he tossed it aside. “Get out of my room, Ty.” Maria paused at his gruff attitude and whimpered.

“Me too?”

“Nope! Just him.” Tyson turned tail and ran, he needed to shower badly. Once gone Jacob narrowed his eyes into a squint, “Couldn’t stand his foot odor.”

“It was really stinky.” She pinched her nose giggling.

Lifting his ass, he peeled his briefs off of his hairy body and tossed them away. “I’m gonna read my book. You just get over here and suck me until I nut.”

“Yes, Jacob.”

“Chapter I was reading was about to throw a twist at me. I gotta know how it ends.”

“I know how it ends.”

“You read this book?”

“No.” She giggled and crawled into position over his cock, “But I know how this will end.”

“Ya do, huh?”

“Uh huh!”

“Well, you do your thing, I’ll do mine.”

“I love you, Jacob.”

“Love you too, Pumpkin.”

She sucked him dry. He never made it to the end of the chapter. Book cast aside he took Baby Sister hard. So hard that the coyotes out in the hills took interest.

“FUCK ME HARDER, JACOB.” Owen Barnett’s nap was interrupted by her echoing screams. Even with a pillow over his head he heard Baby Sister. An hour later Jacob carried her to Owen and launched her into his bed.

“Here! Play with the puppy.”

It was Owen that rolled over. He also played fetch. She did however set on his face and beg, her coyote tail tickling his chest.

Yip! Yip!

The howls persisted throughout the night.

Whirlwind Romance!