



Congratulations!!!

You've found an unpublished Easter Egg!!

Way to go!!

(And you thought this was a short chapter,
Hint, Hint! Nudge Nudge!!)

IV(1e).

Night Crawling with the Thompkins Triplets

“He say I ‘posed to suck he dick when he git here. He say he got a big ‘un.” Beulah Thompkins commented offhandedly as she scrubbed a berry stain from a white linen shirt.

“Dey all say DAT”, her sister Miriam snipped back. “What he gon’ giv’n you if’n you does?” Her dark hands were lathered in soap.

“I sucked his dick dat one time, you ‘member I tole you? Down by de back fence?” interjected Dinah, the third sister, ignoring Miriam’s query. “It ain’t l’il. I’ve sucked bigger, d’ough.”

The three slave women were identical triplets, well past puberty, and more than familiar with the Southern poontang tradition imposed upon comely young black women in Louisiana. This late summer afternoon found them hand washing the Thompkins family clothing in the creek using smooth stones and homemade lye soap. They gossiped as they worked. Beulah Thompkins’ comment about Bennett Leone’s impending visit was considered of no more consequence than a comment about owl migration patterns.

“You sucked his dick? What he giv’n you?” Beulah asked Miriam.

“A bad case of jizz breff!!” Dinah laughed.

“Shut up, Dinah.” Miriam snapped. “Leastways I only sucked his dick an’ sent him home. You sucked his dick an’ den you offered he de poosy to boot! Fo’ FREE!!”

“Pissh. My poosy needs jist as much relief as he dick. And so do your’n—tell de troof an’ shame de Debil! Why ah’m-a let him shoot his foofy in my mouf’ an’ don’t git no joy on my own account? You sound stupid.”

“Dat ain’t de point. You KNOW dat ain’t de point. Supposin’ Marse Tommy find out you been givin’ some-a HIS poosy to Marse Bennett? For FREE? He don’t like Marse Bennett NO HOW on account of that time Marse Bennett made Chollie whup him down to the swimmin’ hole.”

“I wish’d I coulda ben dere to see dat!” Beulah mused absentmindedly.

“Well I WAS dere”, Miriam continued. “An’ you ain’t seen nuttin’ tell you sees a nigger cut loose on a white boy. Chollie whupped dat crackuh’s ass up one side an’ down de udder. Some-a de udder white boys went to help Marse Tommy but Marse Bennett said

he'd sic Chollie on dem, too. Come right out and said he'd fight on Chollie's side!!! Dat made 'em gulp back some tobacky, lemme tell you!!!"

"Lawdy!! Dat 'uz sev'm years ago! I'll suck Marse Bennett's dick six ways from Sunday if he'll sic Chollie on ole Tommy one mo' again!!" Beulah smirked.

"Bof' 'um's grown now. Chollie only got away wid it 'cause dey's boys. He take and go upside Marse Tommy's haid now and Marse Bennett cain't protect him like he did back den. Marse Tommy'll git up a posse an' go an' lynch Chollie, you watch and see. String him right up and Benny cain't he'p him." Dinah noted.

"Dat Chollie is de one whose dick you oughta be lookin' at suckin'", Miriam observed with a note of satisfaction. "Dass one good-lookin' nigger."

"I know, right? But de onliest time we sees him is at church. An' he don't come half de time. He stay home wid' his Pa."

"You let ME catch him alone one time, jist ONCE. I'll put it on him so good he won't never wanna go back to de Leones. He-a change his name to Thompkins!!" Miriam vowed.

"Yeh, yeh. We know. Yo' poosy is de sunshine in de sky. I'd like to see you to prove it, Miss Braggadodiodo." Beulah challenged.

"Oh ho!! You got a dick I can wrap Priscilla around? Pull it out. She'll have you screamin' my name out loud."

"Not MY dick. Oh no!! Marse Bennett's dick...when it git here"

"I thought you 'uz de one gwine suck his dick? What my Priscilla got to do wit' YO bid'ness?"

"You de one always braggin' about she. Let's see what she can do. Less'n youse SKEERED."

"Skeered-a what? Whiteboy dick? Please."

Dinah intervened.

"She's right, you know. You de one always make it seem like yo poosy don't stink. 'N lawd knows I smells yo fish market EVER' day. Yit when de big dicks come to callin', you always got sump'n else to do. I bet yo' throat see mo' dick den yo' poochipap do."

"Youse a damn lie. My Priscilla done seen mo' dick den you an' Beulah put togedder. I just don't go runnin' off at the mouf about it. Bof' you heffahs talk too much."

“Who you done put it on, den? Besides Marse Tommy an’ Pete Harkness?”

“Dass fo’ me to know an YOU to find out.”

“Like I said: All mouf an’ no poochipap.”

Miriam decided to change tactics.

“What’s he gon’ gimme to let him slip his dick up into my Priscilla? He gimme a peppermint ball to suck his dick that other time. My Priscilla is worf’ a whole lot more’n dat.”

“He WHITE!! He ain’t gotta give you NUTTIN’!! Marse Tommy been all up in yo poosy, too, an’ all he giv’n you was a snootful o’ jizz!!”

“Dass diffunt. Marse Tommy own dis place an’ you and me BOF’. Marse Ben is a VISITOR. An’ he ain’t ‘posed to be here NO HOW, seein’ as how Marse Tommy don’ like him. A gennulman always leaves a lady wif a ‘commodation for her time an’ talents.”

“Commodation my ass. You jist skeered. ‘Commodations is fo’ WHITE womens’ poosies. YO poosy is on CALL.”

“So what you wan’ me to do?” Miriam asked. “Show you how to suck dick? Ain’t I already did that? It ain’t me who made dese cheek-poke arrangements.”

“I..I..WANNA suck his dick.” Beulah said hesitantly.

“So who’s stopping you?”

“I..I..want y’all to help me, is all.”

“You need help sucking a dick? What’s ailin’ you?”

“I..I..want y’all to pitch in.”

“Oh I get it!!!” chirped Dinah. “You want to PUT it on him!!! Priscilla, Patricia and Pamela all at the same time!!!”

(Priscilla, Patricia and Pamela were the given names for their respective pussies)

“Yeah.”

“You tryna kill him”, observed Miriam warily.

“I’m tryna see his face when you whip Priscilla on him, since she so GOOD.”

“Trust me. He won’t be awake for long. He might faint. You better let him taste Pamela first ‘cause if you don’t Pamela is goin’ DRY.”

“You can trust ME. Pammie ain’t NEVER dry”, Beulah countered confidently.

Bennett Leone waited until Annie Leone’s easy snoring permeated their shared loft bedroom. He hadn’t bothered his sister for her sex this night, preferring to conserve his strength for his planned late evening foray over at the Thompkins farm.

Annie noticed his unusual reticence. She correctly deduced that he had other plans. She knew Ben well; her brother didn’t just pass up free pussy.

“Ever’ time his dick gits hard he wants to git it wet”, she noted. “He don’t waste no ‘rections.”

Rather than challenge him on the matter, Annie rolled over and promptly fell asleep. In the morning Ben’s dick would be resting against her upper lip, seeking the warmth of her throat like always, no matter whose pussy juices graced his shaft the night before.

Ben played his part in this charade admirably. He nestled into his bed until he found a comfy position. As time passed he offered up some measured snores, softly at first, but deepening in timbre with each iteration. Annie noted his fake snoring with a wan shake of her blonde tresses.

“Go fuck whichever heffah suits you, Benny. Jeez! My pussy needs some rest anyway. It’s not like we’re married.”

While he waited for Annie to drift off, Ben ruminated about Beulah Thompkins. The black girl and her family had been to church this past Sunday, sitting up in the balcony with the rest of the slaves. She wore a white ankle-length frock buttoned up to her neck. Ben couldn’t help but imagine the svelte curves underlying her Victorian raiment, the luscious milk chocolate tits, the velvet curly mound. All three of those Thompkins triplets were fine as hell. They sucked a mean dick, too. Tommy Thompkins didn’t like sharing them, selfish bastard.

After church Ben sought Beulah’s attention. Catching her eye, he gave her the time honored come on, that is, he poked his tongue into his cheek twice to simulate female fellatio. Beulah, surprised at being thus selected, smiled and dropped her eyes demurely. They were in church, after all!! When she raised her head again she sought Ben’s gaze and poked her tongue into her cheek just once, signifying acceptance.

Ben looked around. Scores of parishioners were laughing and milling about while conversing. His surreptitious cross-crowd conversation with the black girl went unnoticed in the hubbub. He mouthed the word “Wednesday” voicelessly across the racial chasm between them. (Even after church, the races didn’t mingle). Beulah nodded her assent. And that was that. They would meet at the Thompkins swimming hole. Ben couldn’t risk being caught on Tommy’s farm after hours.

Annie's measured snoring brought Ben back to the present. He peeked out at his sister. In the nighted gloom he could see that she'd snuggled her shoulders and tits under her blanket, but her naked ass poked out to the very edge of her bed. Her hairy labia swelled from between her ass cheeks, barely concealing her pink slit. It gleamed wetly. Annie's rounded ass rose and ebbed tremulously with each breath. Ben's penis surged at the sight.

"Beulah better be good. Look at what I'm passing up!!" Ben mused silently.

He stepped to his sister with his erect member in hand and eased his pudenda back and forth along the horizontal line of her crevice. Unconsciously, Annie drew her right leg up to afford him better access to her pinkness. Even asleep, she was used to such intrusions.

Ben eased forward until his helmet disappeared into her slippery cooze. Rather than plunge further in, Ben gripped his shaft and began to masturbate. He stroked his shaggy foreskin sensually against Annie's pussy lips, relishing the sticky sound of their intercourse and the sweet aroma thereof.

All too soon Ben's jism sprayed forth in fits and spurts.

"That's it. That's good. Now I won't cum too fast with Beulah. I cain't have her telling her sisters I cain't fuck."

Ben pulled his sticky wet cock back into his drawers, then threw on his coveralls and climbed out of the loft. He sneaked out the front door and soon disappeared down the road toward the Thompkins farm.

Alone in the loft, Annie reached down between her legs to scoop some of Ben's jism. She drew it to her lips and sniffed it.

"Whoever it is he's fucking, he don't want her to think he cums too fast", she correctly surmised. Then she rolled over and dropped back off to sleep.

Ben hurried down the darkened dirt road to the Thompkins place two miles distant. He didn't bother to disguise his egress. Any slave catchers about would quickly notice his race and allow him to pass. He wouldn't need to dissemble his intent until he approached the Thompkins farm. He knew of a path that avoided the Thompkins' dogs. It led to the Thompkins' swimming hole where, undoubtedly, Beulah would be waiting. Ben hoped she'd been thoughtful enough to bring a blanket. Though he'd only asked for a blowjob, poontang was always a viable option at these encounters.

Ah yes, poontang. Beulah was thrice blessed. Such lips! Such tits!! Such hips!!! Ben had seen her naked once at the swimming hole back when they were teens. Her two sisters were there, too. A crowd of youngsters was frolicking in the waters late on a Saturday afternoon. The boys swam nude as per usual. On this afternoon they challenged the girls to do likewise. Miriam Thompkins immediately stripped naked. That chocolate girl never met a dare she wouldn't boldly brook. Her identical sisters soon followed suit. Jem Jenkins and Tilly Leone reluctantly shed their clothing. Seeing this, some of the white girls felt emboldened to display their own pubescent goods. Annie first. Then Mary Lynn and Polly Lynn Bannister. Finally Jennie Harkness and Gretchen Thompkins. Only Janice Leone refused to step out of her swimming clothes. (Which didn't really matter. Anyone could see her big ole crimson bush darkly limned against her wet swimming shorts.)

Ben remembered how they'd romped and played that afternoon, splashing, dunking each other, chicken fighting with naked girls straddling atop naked boys' shoulders and seeking to topple other such mounted couples. Beulah sat astride Ben's shoulders that day, rubbing her fuzzy pussy against his neck as they conquered couple after couple, finally defeating Tommy Thompkins and Polly Lynn Bannister to claim the chicken fighting championship.

Ben had to press his erections down with his forearm that whole day. All the boys were so afflicted. The girls laughed at them raucously. They used their index fingers as fobs in front of their vaginas to mimic male erections whenever they spied one. Then all the girls, black and white, shrieked with laughter and pointed derisively. The only thing the boys could do was scooch down in the cold water and hope their penises would subside.

Ben smiled now at this embarrassing coming-of-age memory. He recalled that, when he'd finally released Beulah from atop his shoulders, she'd reached back to stroke his penis fully erect beneath the waters of the pool. It certainly didn't take long. Ben appreciated the attention. When his cock was appropriately purpled, Beulah screeched aghast and called attention to his boner. Ben couldn't admit to the crowd that his penis hadn't bulged erect of its own accord.

After the girls had their laugh, Beulah took sympathy on him. She caught his embarrassed gaze and poked her tongue into her cheek. Twice. Ben didn't know what this 'come on' meant back then. Years passed before he finally figured it out.

“Tonight I’m gitting square”, he thought. “How many other blowjobs did I miss due to jist plain ignorance?”

Arriving at the Thompkins’ swimming hole, Ben looked about cautiously. A full moon bathed the pond in twilight. There were shadows at the tree line, but the small sandy beach leading into the water was fully exposed.

“Bea?” Ben called out. “Bea? You here?”

“Yassuh” came Beulah’s soft reply as she stepped into the gladelight from the woods. Ben grinned. Beulah was naked from the waist up. Her tits bounced saucily in the moonlight, perky black nipples upturned and shiny. Her breasts were much bigger than when he’d last seen them. Plus, she’d thought to bring a blanket.

“Yes!!!”

As she approached him, Beulah wiggled free of her skirt. By the time she reached Ben she was fully and spectacularly naked. Ben took a moment to regard her. She had an hourglass waist, full dark lips and an impish smile. A curly patch of black pubic hair outlined her vagina. She didn’t look as muscular as Charlie’s sister Ruthie or his cousin Tilly. She looked soft. Curvy. Like a girl.

The Thompkins triplets pressed their natural hair straight with a hot comb. Ben didn’t know how Beulah did it, but she wore her hair parted a little off to the left and straight down to her shoulders. It bounced in conjunction with her breasts when she walked. Unlike a white woman’s hair, however, if Beulah’s hair became wet for any reason it would draw up into an unmanageable kinky mass. Beulah knew this. She wasn’t planning on swimming anytime soon. Whether she sweated some naps into it this night depended entirely upon Ben.

“Damn, girl!! You look good!!” Ben opened.

“I know.” Beulah replied. She didn’t offer a compliment in return.

“I see you brought a blanket. You got some plans?” Ben asked.

“I might. If’n you don’t mind?”

“I don’t mind at all!! Spread it out here. Right here away from the water.”

Beulah did as she was told.

“You brung my lollipop?” she asked innocently.

“What lollipop?” Ben was taken aback.

“De lollipop you ‘uz braggin’ about in church.”

“Oh! This!!”

Ben flumped his heavy cock from his pants. It smelled of fresh semen and sticky pussy.

Beulah scrunched her face up.

“Who said anything about yo’ dick? You tole me you had a store-bought lollipop. Dass what de cheek poke mean.”

Ben was confused.

“No. I...I meant... YOU know what I meant. Stop playin’ around, girl. I come all this way and...”

Beulah smiled up at him.

“I’m jist playin’ wit chu”, she said.

Turning her attention to his exposed penis Beulah commented: “My! You done growed since de last time I seen Mr. Petey Winkle!! You ‘member dat time? All us ‘uz playin’ in de water out here? Look at you!! I guess you think you a man, now, hey?”

She took his cock in her hand and caressed it. Predictably, it hardened and lengthened.

“Nice!!” she said. “Who you been doin’ it to? Dis dick smell like wet pooncey.”

“It always smell like that. You don’t like that smell?” Ben ventured.

“It’s aiight, I guess. It might smell better if it was MY poosy on dere.”

“We can make that happen, too, if you want.” Ben noted hopefully.

“Nope,” Beulah said. “You said you wanted yo’ lollipop licked. An’ dass all I’m fi’nda do.”

“Then why’d you bring the blanket?” Ben queried.

“You’a see.” Beulah answered.

She knelt before him and took his penis into her mouth. The scent of Annie’s recently plumbed labia majora shrieked into Beulah’s nostrils. She drew back.

“Whew!! Whoever’s poosy dis is on here, it sho’ is pow’ful!!”

Ben ignored her comment. He closed his eyes and pressed Beulah’s head back into service. Soon he was roiling his hips in little swirllets, plunging his cock down the black girl’s throat. The scent of her fellatio mixed with the scent of his earlier sleep creep to produce a uniquely alluring aroma.

Ben pulled his cock from her mouth, bent and kissed her. They shared tongues lavishly for a moment before Ben stood and re-inserted his dick between her lips. Beulah grasped his thighs and chickenheaded him slowly. Occasionally she took a long, lavish lick up and down his shaft, marveling at its veiny texture, becoming more and more intoxicated by the masculine odor of his thick, meaty phallus. Pammie was soaked and quivering. Bea flickered her tongue against the sensitive nerves under his cockhead like a snake. This drove Ben into paroxysms of electric delight. He pressed his cock as deep into her throat as it would go. When he withdrew his cock was coated in bubbly foam. A rising tide of crackling heat lightning accumulated behind his eyelids.

“If I cum now, how long before I can cum again?” he wondered. *“Oh Lordy!! Hold back, Benny! Keep it right there!!!”*

Ben bent and kissed her again. This time their kiss was deeper, more sensual. Her ample lips differed from the white girls he’d kissed. They were thicker, more supple, more akin to a woman’s labia. Moreover, her mouth tasted of creamy coffee laden with cane sugar. Her lips were heart-shaped, her lower lip being slightly larger than her upper lip and dimpled at its mid-section. She kissed with the suckle of a freshly minted vagina bursting alive into volcanism. Reluctantly, Ben straightened and offered his dick to her again. He watched with amazement as those transcendent lips widened to engulf him.

“Only Annie sucks dick like this. Bea’s pussy MUST be crazy hot!!”

While Ben was devising a plan to get Beulah splayed out, ankles-to-earlobes, on the blanket, a second wettened heat source sent rivulets of electricity scorching up from his groin. Ben looked down. Amazingly, Beulah’s sister Dinah had come from nowhere, knelt, and added her silky lips to the fray. She looked up at him with a wicked smile. Beulah looked at her sister with approval. She continued to nurse at his pud while Dinah chewed small hickies into Ben’s shaft with her teeth.

Ben closed his eyes and let the sisters have at it. Two Beulahs!! Each identical!! He couldn’t tell them apart. If they switched positions, he couldn’t tell whose name to laud during the money shot. Ben caressed both their heads and encouraged them to continue. His dick steamed with surge as he struggled to suppress his ejaculate. The longer he held out, the bigger the explosion would be when he finally released.

As Ben squirmed in the agony of his pre-ejaculatory extremis, a third mouth sent shockwaves up his frame. It was Miriam, the third triplet. She, too, was naked. He’d hit the jackpot!

Miriam wore her hair pulled back into a girlish ponytail. It's the only way Ben could tell her apart from her siblings and, indeed, she wore her hair differently for this exact purpose. She took up a position opposite Dinah on the other side of Ben's shaft and nibbled him further into submission.

This was just too much. Ben felt like a gymnast holding an impossibly unnatural position on the rings. His muscles burned. His body clenched as rigid as any penis. Fires raged from his eyeballs. His knees felt like jelly, unable to support his weight.

Finally, Ben surrendered to the inevitable. He fired a massive burst of jism against Beulah's tongue, bucking and straining with the effort. Soon her mouth was filled with spunk. It dripped like honey from her supple lips and her teeth. She held her mouth open so that her sisters and Ben could see his jism accumulate into a tapioca-like puddle on her tongue. Then she smiled and blithely swallowed his issue down.

"Move, girl", Miriam ordered in her best "take-charge" fashion. "You gon' let his dick git soft before I gits my chance."

Miriam's brusqueness broke Ben's post-orgasmic reverie.

"It's MY turn at the tip", Dinah interrupted. "I 'uz here 'fore YOU was."

"You gon' has to wait. Bea done drained his dick. You don' know how to suck no drained dick. If we has to wait on YOU we'll be here all night. Lemme git him hard again and den you kin suck him all you want. He won't be in no rush to shoot his jizz again, not after that pile he just unloaded on Bea."

Dutifully, Beulah ceded her spot to Miriam. Beulah took up Miriam's position along Ben's lumbering shaft.

Now in the catbird's seat, Miriam paused to sniff the air dramatically.

"Dang, girl!" Miriam commented to Beulah. "Pamela sho' is payin' off! She sho' ain't dry. You wasn't lying 'bout dat much. Hey, I bet you Pammie can git him hard faster'n I can, you reckon?"

"He ain't axed for Pammie, Miri. I give him what he axed fuh."

"Just cause he ain't axed for Pammie don' mean we cain't put Pammie to good use. I ain't seen the fella yet as don't want a sloppy wet piece-a prime poosy, even if he ain't got the sense to axe fuh it. An' you need th' practice, anyways. Stand up."

Beulah did as she was told. Of equals, Miriam was the most equal sister.

"Raise yo' leg up. Like this."

Beulah complied.

“Whew!! You smell like a buncha dicks been up in you already! You smell dat, Di?”

Dinah smirked.

“Shut up, Miri. Pammie jist wet is all. Bea been suckin’ dick. You ack like cain’t nobody’s poosy git riled up but your’n.”

“I’m just sayin’,” replied Miriam.

Miriam positioned Beulah directly facing Ben, still woozy and swaying from his mammoth earlier splatter. She took Ben’s limp penis and positioned it awkwardly between Beulah’s labia, centered at the entrance to her hole. Using her index finger, she pushed Ben’s spent member up into her sister’s pussy. It slid easily inside. Pammie was slick. Beulah was ready.

“Now squeeze,” Miriam said.

Beulah clenched her pussy lips together. In doing so she drew Ben’s cock deeper into her snatch. She stretched him like a rubber dildo.

“Again.” Miriam ordered.

Ben groaned. This hurt.

“Don’t squeeze that hard, Bea! You wanna kill him? Or do you wanna git him roused up agin? Suck at him with Pammie, don’t yank. Like THIS.”

Miriam pulled Ben’s penis from Beulah’s pussy and took it into her own mouth. She suckled at it tenderly, as a baby nursing a nipple, laving it with her tongue and coating it with extravagant bubbles of spittle.

“Go soft at first, Bea. When it git hard you can go faster”, she advised.

“Why you so concerned?” Beulah asked.

“BECAUSE I NEED HIM TO BE ROCK HARD WHEN PRISCILLA TIME COME. DAT’S WHY.

“Well, why you ain’t whupped Priscilla on him already then?”

“BECAUSE YOU NEED DE PRACTICE MORE’N I DO. Stop axin’ dumb questions an’ hotch yo’ stankin’ poosy on over here. See here? Look, he already giv’n a little twitch. Push it up in there. Yeh, like that. See? He comin’ around.”

Pammie closed around Ben's dick again. All three sisters watched, fascinated, while Beulah roiled her Pammie in circlets, twisting Ben's foreskin in spirals against the meaty flesh beneath. The heated merger their genitalia produced a smoky, decadent aroma that Miriam and Dinah found titillating. Both of their overheated purple vaginas began to moisten and drip.

Beulah dropped her leg to the ground, standing to the task at hand. Ben's cock had regained sufficient tumescence that the fornicating pair could just grip each other by their respective asses and grind. Both of them stared down the line of their torsos at the dick twisting obscenely into Pammie's aching furry love lips. Beulah began to finish each spiraling insertion with a quick in/out shimmy that released Ben's foreskin from its rat-tail spinner and allowed her clit a gratuitous swipe against his crimson pubic mound.

Beulah began to tremble and sweat. The presence of her sisters was no longer a concern. She was adrift in the ocean of sexual prurience only brought about by a thick, shaggy cock. Beulah's world became laser-focused on Pammie's wants and needs.

"Rub me this way, Bea", Pammie advised. Beulah complied.

"Pull back slow and hit him HARD, Bea!!" Pammie ordered. Beulah complied.

"I just wanna suck at him, Bea. OH! Lemme Suck!!" Pammie moaned. And Beulah complied. Pammie's curly-haired lips nurtured and suckled at Ben's pulsating dick.

"All the way to the back, Bea!! NOW!! HIT IT RIGHT THERE!! And GRIND!!" Pammie demanded. Beulah did as she was told.

Pammie expanded and contracted about Ben's pole with great bursts of succulent lust. Having recently cum, Ben surged into her with power and dexterity, unencumbered by the fear of a pre-mature release. He chortled at Beulah's "I'm about to CUM!!" face. Turnabout was fair play. Even when he noticed Beulah's sisters lapping at his balls Ben continued to punish Pammie for Beulah's earlier impertinence. He pounded her relentlessly.

"AUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! FUCK!!!!!!" Pammie screamed (metaphorically) as she locked tight about Ben's cock, sending innumerable spastic vaginal quivers up and down its length. *"FEEEEED IT TO ME, BENNY!!! I NEED TO TASTE IT!!!!"*

In response, Ben turned Beulah around and fucked her doggystyle while guiding her forward, binding her wrists behind her with his strong hands. Pammie continued to scream and beg for succor. With the right sort of ears one could hear her pleadings in the sticky mishmash of Ben's conquest. Pammie unleashed pussy fart after pussy fart as she dealt with the nuclear explosions Ben unleashed inside her chocolate liquid heat.

Miriam and Dinah laughed to hear Pammie's indelicate pussy flatulence.

"I hope dat wasn't de real thing, girl!!"

It sure sounded real. Beulah wasn't paying attention. She was unmoored from reality, basking in the glow of her own walking pussy thunder. Pammie raced up and down the arc of Ben's muscular scythe. She was on a mission to coat herself in his love honey and so complete their assignation with drip.

Ben, though, had other ideas. There were two more pussies here in need of dick mastery. If not, they wouldn't have come. Besides, he doubted if even Tommy Thompkins had the wherewithal to take on all three triplets at once. If he had, he certainly would have bragged about it before now.

Pammie was trembling out the last vestiges of her passion before him. Her owner, Beulah, was splayed out in the blanket, rounded ass in the air, head down, quaking uncontrollably. Pammie, too, was gasping for breath, quivering open and shut about his cock, pressing him for fertilization.

"Git down here you two", Ben ordered the other sisters.

He lined Dinah and Miriam up on either side of Beulah, asses up, heads down, arms stretched forward. Beulah slumped, now blind with passion. She was exhausted. Ben was still rock hard inside Pammie, roiling up her foam. It didn't look as if Pammie was going to dine on his love honey. Ben wasn't even breathing hard.

Ben withdrew his cock from Pammie's luxuriant grasp. She sent him on his way with a burgeoning cum bubble that popped when it encountered Beulah's kinky pubic hair. Beulah fell over sideways. She opened her thighs to the night air. Waves of heat rose expansively from her mound.

Now Ben sidled up behind Dinah and inserted himself. Patricia smiled open and welcomed him inside with an expressive sigh of anticipation. Dinah's ass wobbled as Ben's cock peeled Patricia wide and cruised past her cocoa pussy lips and into her core.

"Oh. Shit." Dinah whispered.

Ben gripped both of her buttocks in his manly hands. He massaged them as he established an erotic dance rhythm with Patricia. Watching his penis surge deep and deeper from above, Ben again felt that primordial, pre-orgasmic stickiness in his belly, that silky march up the plateau of ecstasy to ultimate completion.

"It's too soon!!" he thought. "There's another one here!! I have to do all three!! Calm down, Benny!"

His dick had other ideas. Patricia differed from Pamela in that she was deeper, an older soul, less frantic, more accommodating. Patricia made Ben feel more like a man and less like a boy on the verge of becoming a man.

Patricia said, *“Come on in. Sit down. Spend some time with me. Kiss me. Lick me. Sniff me. Suck me. Fuck me. You like me? Good. Let me caress you. You look like you’ve had a long day.”*

Merging with Patricia was an act of union, not an act of dominance. Her sticky vaginal song validated penises with comfort. She was solace personified. She wasn’t competition. If Ben came pre-maturely, Patricia didn’t laugh. Patricia simply said, *“Whew! That was nice! You’re so good!! SO big!! Let’s do it again, now.”* Her confidence in him was infectious. It was the thing that most precipitated Ben’s pre-orgasmic march. Dinah’s strident moans didn’t hurt the process, either.

Miriam was a little put off to be just a spectator at Dinah’s love fest. What if he came inside Patricia and couldn’t get it up again? Priscilla was a demanding agitator, a dominator, a vast chasm of rampant carnality primed to detonate and implode at a moment’s notice. She wasn’t used to being left out in the cold. Miriam consoled herself with the maxim *“He’s saving the best for last”*.

Priscilla didn’t give a shit about maxims. Priscilla wanted dick. She wanted fresh dick, too, not spongy, already-been-chewed, grouchy ass, “don’t touch me, bitch!” dick. Miriam found herself becoming more and more anxious as she watched Patricia weave her exotic charms up and down the length of Benny’s love muscle.

“She’s gon’ make him cum, I jist know it!!”

Miriam noticed, too, that Beulah was coming around. She seemed to have recovered somewhat from her debilitating orgasm and was taking an interest in Ben and Dinah’s ongoing tryst.

“FUCK this shit.” Priscilla snorted indignantly.

“What do you want me to do?” Miriam mewled.

“GET UP OFF YOUR ASS. Somebody is SURE to come looking for us before I gits mine.” Priscilla continued.

“I cain’t just move Dinah out of the way. It’s her turn!!” Miriam fumed.

“He got a tongue, don’t he?” Priscilla suggested.

“Oh. Yeah.” Miriam consented.

Stung into action by Priscilla's uncompromising demands, Miriam stood and theatrically straddled Dinah's shoulder blades facing Ben. She hooked her thumbs into the backs of her hips and shoved her pelvis forward. She preened Priscilla's bushy black triangle there for Ben's consideration, as if he'd taken far too long to consider her, and he'd better damn well take her into account soon or else she was LEAVING. Ben looked at Miriam curiously through poosy-clouded lenses.

"*What?*" he queried breathlessly, communicating with his eyes.

"Lick it", Miriam said aloud.

"*Lick it? Now?*" Ben replied, again with his eyes.

"D-D-D-DID I STUTTER? LICK IT." Miriam snarled in a tone bereft of any hint of racial subservience.

Shocked into compliance, Ben leaned forward and nuzzled his nose into Priscilla's fragrant curly patch even as he continued to hump Dinah's rump.

"I ain't say sniff it. I SAID LICK IT." Miriam ordered.

Out popped Ben's tongue. Miriam gripped the back of his head brusquely. From there Priscilla took over. She gripped Ben's tongue with her pliant, prehensile pussy lips and tugged at it, let it slip north to tickle Miriam's clit and then roiled it side to side against her sugar walls. Miriam groaned.

"*That's more like it*", Priscilla said.

Now Miriam began to service Priscilla at the tip of Ben's tongue. He continued to fuck Dinah, but Priscilla quickly took control of their sexual conversation. She was selfish like that. None of the triplets were surprised at this turn of events.

Two of the triplets, however, were astounded at the next move. Without being noticed, Beulah loomed up behind Ben. She was smaller than he. That didn't stop her from gripping Ben by the hips and driving Pammie up between his buttocks as if Pammie were a cock and Ben's ass was Pammie's chosen orifice. She caught him on the downstroke and shoved Pammie so far up as to brush against Ben's cornhole, where her throbbing clit probed for entry. Pammie's forceful momentum drove Ben's cock into Patricia's maw with greater impetus on the upstroke.

Thus, all three triplets were in play. Ben was shocked.

"*ALL THREE??!?*"

Yes, all three. Pammie humped Ben. Ben humped Patricia. Priscilla sucked Ben's tongue. None of the triplets knew Ben's dick by its given name. (He called his dick

“Sir”). Choice epithets filled the surrounding glade. Ben gritted his teeth. This was going to make for some story tomorrow when he and Charlie were sweating in the fields.

“Man up, Benny”, advised Sir.

They fucked in this manner until, predictably, Priscilla called for deeper penetration, thus mandating a change in position.

“Fuck this half-ass pussy licking. I need some DICK.” Priscilla complained.

“OK! OK!!” Miriam conceded.

“Dinah, I’m ready.” Miriam said aloud, at Priscilla’s behest.

“OK. Hold on a sec,” Dinah conceded. “Benny? Honey? Go a little...faster. I’m...almost there.”

“NOW, Dinah,” Miriam ordered.

Dinah ignored her. She was on the verge of perfection. Priscilla could kiss her ass, selfish ho.

“DINAH!!” Miriam persisted.

“BITCH!!!” Dinah exploded. “Ain’t you heard me say I’s almost there!!? I ain’t none-a yo’ ho. I’m-a git mine the same as you. HUSH YO’ PUFFY n’ let me finish!!!”

It wasn’t often that one of the sisters put Miriam in her place. When it happened, Miriam pouted for days.

“She’ll come around,” noted Dinah. She urged Ben to intensify his efforts.

“Keep goin’....Benny....I’m....OH! HARDER!! THAT’S IT, BABY!!! SHIT!! Put it....right...in...THERE!!! OH!!!!”

Patricia seized up suddenly and hurtled Dinah into the nighted abyss without a parachute. She exploded into light shards that slowly twinkled earthward, leaving swirly smoke contrails in their wake.

“OH! OH!! OH-OH-OHH-OHHH-OHHHHHHHHHH!!!! FUCK!! ME!!! FUCK ME YOU SONOVABITCH!!! PSAHHHH!!!! MOTHUHFUCKUH!!!! OH!!!! AI-AI-AI-AI!!!!”

The theatrics of her climax cowed her sisters into silence.

“Wow. Look at that.”

Dinah bucked and juked like a hellhound unhinged. Miriam leapt away from her standing position astride Dinah's shoulders. Beulah paused in her assault on Ben's behind to watch. Without losing Patricia's grip on Ben's dick, Dinah scissored her legs acrobatically, spun and swirled back onto her shoulder blades. She fucked Ben from the missionary position, legs up and spread wide, all the while screeching her passion into the night. She arched her back and lifted Ben's body entirely up into the air so that their genitalia served as their only point of contact. Ben was never so deep in her pussy. His weight smashed his balls against her taint and flattened her rounded ass cheeks. He flailed his arms and legs for balance against his awkward position atop her hips.

With one last gasp and a mammoth springboard effort, Dinah hurled the young man off her body. He landed on his feet. Dinah did a somersault, then bounced up like a naked boxer, tits wobbling akimbo. She shimmied her shoulders, shook her hair loose and spin-jabbed her fists cockily, as with a speed bag. She looked askance at her sister Miriam.

"Now, HUSSY. Top DAT," she challenged.

That's when Ben realized that the sisters were in competition. And he was their chosen foil.

"I'll be doggoned!!"

Something HAD to be done about that unwarranted scenario.

"I ain't none-a NONE of these bitches HO", grumbled Sir.

With that, Ben snatched Miriam up and made her assume the position. Dinah had cum, not he. Miriam protested weakly. She wanted to mount and ride, that being Priscilla's favored position. Ben twirled her back to doggystyle.

"Git down here, I say."

It was time to show these heffahs who the Big Dog was. His dick still lunged upward from his sac at a sixty-degree angle, magnificently erect, unyielding, uncircumcised and potent. Ben drew himself up to his full height so that these three Negresses could witness his rampant virility. He'd already left two of them lurching on the ground in ecstasy. Now he intended to soil each of these pussies with seed and let these bitches worry about the consequences later on. If they got pregnant, who gave a fuck?

"I'm WHITE", he reminded himself.

"That's what I'M talkin' about", grouched Sir.

Ben mounted Miriam from behind. After using his dick to paint both of her southern cracks, he probed forward and proceeded to fuck her with wild abandon, first in one hole and then the other. He tortured her with innumerable power shots, driving her forward on the blanket and out into the grass. He stood her up while continuing to hump her from the rear mount. She climaxed explosively, like a voodoo dancer, but Ben whirled her around and made her kneel and suck his dick anyway, heedless of her post-coital tremor. When she finally could take no more, he called her sisters over and made them suckle at his root, too, making sure to wipe Priscilla's southern juices on their cheeks and lips.

When he felt his jism burgeoning up from his testes, he stepped away from Dinah and Beulah's tandem fellatio, snatched Miriam's limp thighs open and poured himself into Priscilla with gusto. Her pussy bubbled obscenely with his milky seed, like a Yellowstone lava pond. It dripped from her hairy lips and poured over her ass cheeks into the grass beneath. It percolated into her asshole. Miriam was too fucked out to complain.

Still, Ben was not finished. He reached for Beulah yet again and mounted her with his soggy, floppy dick. After five minutes of lavish grinding, Pamela had Ben's loins fired for another go. He withdrew and pointed his dick south into Beulah's doodihole from the missionary position. Beulah's eye's widened. Tommy Thompkins had plumbed her poop chute once or twice. His dick wasn't nearly as thick as Ben's. Plus, Tommy had taken his time out of consideration for the young girl's capacities; Ben didn't seem to be afflicted with that mindset. No, Ben seemed determined to make this assignation a "teachable moment"

"Don't play wit' me, ho."

He drove fiercely into her rectum, unconcerned with Beulah's shock at this sudden, unlubricated anal intrusion. When he was hilted, he drew back and fired a long, slow penetrating thrust forward to test the elasticity thereof. Beulah winced. Ben drew back again and again, going faster and faster still until the heat churned up by his penile friction elicited a feral cry of pleasure from the girl.

"THIS is what it feels like to get fucked up the ASS, girl. Your little piddly clit couldn't bust a GRAPE", he whispered in her ear.

"Yassuh!! Yassuh!! I knows it, Suh!!" she cried aloud, reverting to type.

Beulah's servile pleadings tempered his rage some. He slowed a bit to allow her natural gels time to accumulate. Ben didn't really enjoy anger banging. He liked to build his orgasms in layers, going slow, then fast, then deep, then rotational. Anger banging produced a brief but intense pop that receded quickly, leaving little afterglow.

Ben decided to give Beulah another unexpected surprise. Still mounted missionary anal, he withdrew his cock from her ass. Bea thought he was moving on to another of

the triplets with no small measure of relief. She sighed contentedly but rolled over into the standard doggystyle position, ass up, head down.

The next thing she felt was Ben's head moving up between her thighs. She snapped her head back to make sure it was his head and not some wild new position with which she was unacquainted. His crimson moptop wagged up between.

Was he? WAS HE? YES!! HE WAS!! He was going to lick Pammie!! Unbidden!

Ben reached up to grip her buttocks then pulled Pamela gently down onto his face. Beulah, twice shocked now at this unforeseen turn of events, was happy to oblige.

Ben pointed to Dinah. She was lying on the blanket next to the copulating couple, regaining her strength from their earlier dynamic session. Ben pointed to his erect cock. He was lying on his back licking Beulah's pussy. Her knees skirted his ears. His cock still raged alone in the air. Dinah took the hint. She clambered atop his dick and gratefully inserted it into her pussy.

"No." Ben ordered, taking a break from servicing Beulah's clit. "The OTHER hole."

Dinah released him from her cunt and eased her ass down upon his dick. Her sphincter popped open easily. She was more acquainted with the southern route than Beulah. The two sisters proceeded to sate themselves at the largesse of the white boy lying beneath.

Ten minutes into their tri-une coupling, Miriam recovered enough to join the fray, making it an imbalanced foursome. Ben lay on his back while Beulah and Dinah serviced him. His arms and legs were splayed out on the blanket. Miriam stepped up and squatted over his right hand, bundled his fingers into an angular fist, then eased her sloppy wet pussy down upon it. She repeated this maneuver using each of his feet and finally, his left hand, before Ben was obliged by nature and necessity to rage his cum into Dinah's churning ass.

This, of course, was Miriam's intent. Dinah was cobbling in on Priscilla's preferred mount.

Unceremoniously, Miriam pushed Dinah out of the way. Ben's spent cock slipped from Dinah's ass and flumped onto his stomach, then rolled into its natural position along his left thigh. Jism dripped lazily from his pee-hole. Beulah continued to hump his face. She was lost in her own impending vaginal explosion. From below, Miriam could see Pamela gobble and pucker greedily at Ben's tongue. Beulah was twerking it.

Miriam mounted Ben and took his penis into her pussy. She, too, began to twerk in rhythm with her sister. It took some doing, but Priscilla finally succeeded at re-energizing Ben's well-oiled penis. Miriam never doubted Priscilla's capacity.

After her fourth cunnilingual orgasm, Beulah shrieked and fell away from Bens' face, leaving only Miriam mounted atop the boy. Beulah rolled onto her back and fanned her pussy expressively, wafting its odor into the night air. Dinah, too, fanned herself. Both women's nether regions were scorched from Ben's vibrant insurgency.

Miriam now worked Ben for all he was worth. His dick was thrice drained, his nerve endings fried. The only thing left was a rock hard piece of purple meat aroused at the smell and the savor of a wildly exotic chocolate pussy whose talents equaled its legend. This was the true competition of the night, the last pair of sexual gladiators standing.

Though Miriam's pussy was still chock full of Ben's semen, such was the animus of their coupling that Ben's residual joy juice bubbled down her cunt and drained from her hole. It coated Ben's balls in a bubbly white, creamy cluster of foam as she humped him. This cum cluster expanded to cover part of Miriam's ass and Ben's thighs like egg white meringue. Miriam's sisters looked on in amazement.

Ben's deep purple cock reddened noticeably from the friction of Priscilla's strident efforts. It seemed to glow like an overheated piston in the midst of the bubbly foam.

Having climaxed earlier, neither Ben nor Miriam was of a mind to just cum and get it over with. They wanted to FUCK. They wanted to fully invest themselves of each other's genitals and leave burned out nubs where healthy, vibrant organs once stood. Ten minutes of sexual warfare ensued. Fifteen. Twenty. All one heard was the wicked sound of wet slapping pelvises as the white boy and the black girl ruthlessly assaulted one another. First Miriam was on top, then Ben supplanted her there. They rolled over and over on the blanket, fucking as if this were the last fuck to take place in the entire universe, and they'd been ordered to make it a good one, because no other fucks were to be had, ever again, in the entire history of the world.

In time both of the remaining combatants fell into a blazing blur of sexual agony. Neither wanted to be the first to cum; both of them were on the verge of capitulation. Ben turned Miriam over and cooled his red-hot dick in her asshole for a bit. Priscilla's precocious penile predilection required Ben's presence, however. Miriam jerked forward, releasing him to the elements. When she eased back, she didn't need to manually point Ben's dick into her pussy. Priscilla gaped wide and gulped him in. Ben couldn't complain. Priscilla's silky mixture of thick, curly pubic hair and her sticky-hot internal purring engine tickled him like the magnificent engine of dick conquest that Miriam bragged about. Truly, Priscilla was top-of-the line, premium pussy.

"Come on! COME on!!!" Ben demanded as he fought to restrain his ejaculate.

"Give it to me, baby!!" Miriam cajoled, using her most seductive dusky whisper voice. She needed to feel him surge and fire.

"No. YOU go...first", Ben reiterated.

“I will...if...YOU...will,” Miriam wheedled breathlessly, straining to speak and concentrate on Priscilla at the same time.

Ben tried one last futile line.

“This...ain’t...no...game, Miri. BUS’ A NUT!! NOW, I SAY!!!” he grouched in his best “I’m the white person here” voice.

Miriam didn’t answer. She knew she had him. She felt him quake and shimmer.

“Here it comes”, she told herself.

With that she loosed Priscilla from bondage and hurled her into battle against the forces of semen rushing from the penis within. She screeched out her lust, driven by Priscilla’s heated animus, and humped Benny like a locomotive steam engine.

Ben smirked at her slyly. He leapt out of her pussy, cocked Beulah’s legs open, inserted himself and erupted. This was the ‘poosy’ that brung him to the dance. His nuts tightened impossibly to squeeze the last dredges of seed from his tortured testes.

“There. That’s all three. I did it”, he congratulated himself.

Miriam was embarrassed to have been so put upon by her intended foil. She was still humping the air as Ben relieved himself in her sister’s cunt, unaware of his sudden absence. Not only had he robbed her of the pleasure of his eruption, he’d faked an orgasm and she hadn’t detected it. Up till then, Beulah had been the only one of the sisters who hadn’t elicited his ejaculate. Well, she HAD swallowed his jizz puddle. That, apparently, didn’t count. Both Dinah and Miriam already had his cum percolating from their nether regions. That, apparently, counted.

Now Beulah counted, too.

Dinah and Beulah laughed at Miriam’s frustration.

“I guess he fooled YOU!!” they chimed.

“Pssh. I ain’t wanted his tired old jizz ANYWAY.”

Miriam’s sour grapes attitude only made her sisters laugh harder. No one (to their knowledge) had ever given up on bustin’ a nut in Priscilla. It was apparent to all three women knew that Beulah now had a leg up on Miriam. Their braggadocious sister had met her Waterloo.

“Good one, Benny!!” laughed Beulah.

“You go, boy!!” Dinah chuckled.

“Yeah, Benny. You GO”, said Miriam, using verbiage a bit more literally than Dinah intended.

All three black girls waded out into the pond to wash.

“Don’t git my hair wet.”

“Is you kiddin’, Peaseyhaid? All that sweatin’ you jist did?”

Ben gathered up his things, dressed and made his way back to the road home. His mouth, cheeks, hands, feet, asscrack and dick all resonated with the smell of milk chocolate pussy, leaving an ethereal, invisible pheromone trail in his wake. Unbeknownst to him, male animals in the forest were unintentionally aroused by his aromatic passage. They tracked him home.

In the morning, Annette Leone awakened to find Ben’s erect penis bulging up against her top lip, just beneath her nostrils.