

## IX.

### *Washed Up*

In the morning Annie was awakened by the scent of hot cock, as she had been virtually every morning since she was twelve. Ben's shaggy foreskin lay against her top lip, just south of her nostrils. She could smell the odor of their sex from the night before. She felt the cracked and dried cum chipping off against her cheeks, inhaled the deep, pungent aroma of her own dried pussy juices mixed with Ben's salty jizz.

Annie was in no mood to fuck. She was already filled to the brim with jism. She needed sleep. She needed respite from the bold penises that constantly sought the warmth of her interior.

Annie accepted Ben's dick this morning with a sense of *déjà vu*. Her eyes were glazed over from the lack of REM sleep. She was dizzy from the sheer volume of sexual encounters she'd concluded these past few days.

When Ben erupted in her mouth she didn't realize she'd been suckling at his dick for ten minutes. She didn't realize her mother had been calling Ben for about the same amount of time. She couldn't reason that soon her mother would be calling her down from the loft.

Annie was fucked out.

Ben wiped the last vestiges of jism from his urethra on her cheek, then clambered down the loft ladder. Annie rolled over and fell back asleep immediately.

All too soon from a place far away Annie heard her name called. The call seemed to echo from the rafters. It seemed to become louder by degrees. It seemed surreal.

Annie snapped awake in bed. It was her mother. If Annie didn't respond soon, her mom would burst into the room and force her awake. At that point, her mom would easily smell the odor of sex permeating the cramped loft.

Annie popped the trap door open. She peeked out to see if her mother was downstairs. Thankfully, her mother had gone to the chicken coop to gather eggs. Annie gathered her bedclothes into a pile. She hurriedly scooped down the ladder. To mask the scent of her bedclothes, she gathered up her parents' linens and dirty clothes, too. She took the pile out into the yard and filled the giant washbasin with water, started a fire under it and piled the clothes in. She was afraid that her mother would come up and want to sort the clothes.

Taking a big stirring stick, she began to roil the clothes while adding lye soap to the mix.

Sandra came up with a separate washbasin. She had some clothes to wash, too. She just couldn't mix them with the white folks clothes.

"Kin I git one of those embers to start my fire, Annie?"

"Sure. Here you go."

Sandra began making her own preparations to wash. The two girls chatted as they sorted laundry. They had a pleasant, yet formal, relationship. Annie didn't view Sandra as a slave. Indeed, she suspected that Sandra was her half sister. Sandra's light complexion lent credence to the suspicion that her father was white. The Southern poontang tradition dictated that Sandra's paternity not be discussed openly.

Annie's mother peeked in on the two girls to see that they were actually doing some work. Often the girls would descend into gossip and laughter. Then nothing would get done. Missus Aisleen shook her head with some annoyance. Fortunately for Annie, she'd immersed the load of clothes before her mother came up. Only the faintest wisp of sexual aroma wafted through the house, these being the last vestiges of scent from Annie's own pussy. Missus Aisleen did notice the smell, but couldn't pinpoint its source.

Annie watched as the sun ascended and the day waxed hotter. She scrubbed and rinsed each piece of laundry, especially her own, to ensure that no telltale stains showed thru. Her strenuous efforts led to a husky scent from her underarms that matched and even overwhelmed the odor from her snatch.

"I've got to wash up!" she thought grimly. "Sandra's bound to smell this."

In fact, Sandra had already sniffed Annie's telltale sexual fragrance. She knew that Annie was incestuously active with her brother. Lately Annie oozed with an exotic scent that implied another lover, maybe several.

Sandra was discreet. Even during the gossip sessions she listened more than she spoke. She knew everything that went on at the farm, though. Sandra was observant.

As Annie's washload dwindled she looked around furtively to see if anyone watched.

"Sandra, keep an eye out for me. I'm going to use this wash water."

Annie stepped out of her shift and stood naked before her washbasin. She stepped into the tub without shame, grabbed a mound of soap and began to apply it lavishly to her armpits and her pubic mound. She lathered her golden hair until it was a thick mass of bubbly foam. She scrubbed each square inch of skin from her heels to her crown. With her eyes closed tight, she fumbled around until she found a water basin and then poured it over her head, washing much of the soap away.

Annie continued these ablutions until all of the soap drained away into the grass.

“Sandra, hand me a towel, please.”

The older girl dutifully complied. Annie stepped from the washtub and dried herself as she had done since she was a child. Annie, however, was no longer a child. Her pendulous breasts hung voluptuously. Her blonde pubic mound bulged from the juncture at the top of her thighs, crisp, curly and golden pink. A wispy line a fine pubic hair trailed upwards to her navel. A similar line of wispy blonde hair graced her armpits and forearms.

Sandra noted that Annie no longer smelled of sweat and old semen. Sandra felt a twinge of jealousy ripple across her own vagina. This young girl, four years her junior, was raking in dick daily while Sandra had been relegated to satisfying her passionate urges with her fingers. She knew that later that day Annie would slip off to the spring to accumulate more sweat and semen.

*“One day,”* thought Sandra, *“I’m going to follow her down there.”*

She watched Annie dry up quickly while managing her own wash load. Annie stepped into a clean white shift she’d brought from her room. The transformation was complete. Her hair was still wet, though. It looked like a mop. She bent and threw the thick mass of blonde tresses forward. She reached up and squeegee’d the last vestiges of water from her hair, then tied it off into a bun.

The two girls finished scrubbing their respective laundry loads and hung them out to dry. After this they went about their daily chores perfunctorily, weeding the family vegetable garden, plucking vegetables for lunch and dinner as they went. Both girls selected juicy ripe tomatoes from the vine, shined them up on their clothing and ate them messily while gossiping.

Off in the distance Annie could see the Leone family slaves struggling in the fields. She could see her father directing and overseeing the work of disking and weeding the crops by hand. She knew Charlie was down there, too, as was Ben. The thought of both her lovers sweating in the morning heat brought a smile to her face. They would be more than ready to go at it later that day. She figured she’d better get some sleep before then.

Sandra noticed Annie’s wistfulness and surmised her thoughts.

*“I wish Johnny Boy was here,”* thought Sandra.

She watched Annette putter around the house for the rest of the morning. Annie fed the chickens. She drew some water from the well and sloshed it on the floors on the hen house. She picked some vegetables from the garden and prepared them for dinner. Too, she sneaked back up to the loft and stole an hour’s worth of sleep.

Around three p.m. Sandra watched Annie jaunt lazily over to the storehouse where the salted meats were kept, as if to retrieve something for dinner. She made as if to enter the storehouse, then stepped around the back of it and scurried into the woods. In seconds the thick foliage obscured her flight.

Sandra waited a few seconds then wandered down to the property line, jumped a fence, then she too disappeared into the woods. She headed down to the spring by an alternate route, careful to watch for snakes. It was a shorter route, but not by much.

After walking for about a half mile Sandra came to her destination. It was a large rock on a hillside overlooking the spring. From this perch she could see most of the spring (about 75 yards away), but would remain unseen.