

XV.

The Coontang Plan

As the boys spent a leisurely afternoon immersed in slave poontang, the Leone families observed the time honored traditions of the South, that is, they gossiped and prepared to eat. Master Nate took his brother on yet another tour of the farm. He regaled his brother with of his plans for expansion. He thought that maybe he might begin producing corn whiskey and aging it....if he could get the right sort of oak barrels for the process. Master Hank thought it a prime idea and wondered what he might do to help. Buck tagged along. As a son-in-law, he knew his rank in the Leone pecking order. He thought he might be able to extend an idea or two. His family was from Kentucky. Buck knew a thing or three about making ‘shine.

The women cloistered around the house, gathering fixin’s for the dinner. Annie brought in a smoked ham from the smokehouse. Janice brought up a sackful of ice potatoes. Normally, the boys would be sent on such chores, but they were nowhere to be found. Suzy was sent to roust up some greens fresh from the garden. The two dowager sister-in-laws, Aisleen and Marlene, supervised the preparations.

We say “dowager” to signify eldership or headship. However, the term also signifies age. In truth, both women were in their early forties and still somewhat comely. Missus Aisleen was a buxom brunette, though not as tall or hippy. Missus Marlene, too, had a nice rack, reddish-auburn hair and green eyes. Each woman sported the blushing health that hard work in the open sun often affords. They were muscular, not flabby, and at the end of a hard day’s farm work one could smell the aroma of their efforts oozing from their armpits if not also from their discreetly sequestered pubic mounds.

Both women dressed after the puritan fashion of the day: buttoned up to the neck, dress hem down to the floor. Both women were used to issuing orders and having them obeyed. Each of them bore a clutch of children, though if you asked those children how they’d come about they would swear that their mothers were still virginal.

They attended church with maddening regularity and gossiped openly about women who didn’t. Plus, their husbands spent an inordinate amount of time haunting the slave quarters at night. And everybody knew what THAT meant. Master Nate even called Charlie’s mother Lizzie up to service on occasion. Charlie’s father knew of the pairing but could say nothing. He was a slave, as was she.

On this day the dowager queens issued orders left and right. “Bring up some kindling!! Wash them greens!! Slice some fat off that ham! Fry some it up for cracklin’. Grind out some corn. Bake the bread. Pump up a cistern of cold water from the well!”

Lord help the person who offered a tepid effort. Slave and scion alike were not immune to strategic blows from any available mop handles and/or wooden spoons these women deployed.

In between these preparations the women gossiped.

“Did you hear about the all the new little yaller pickaninnies over to the Sandersons’ place? You didn’t think that niggers produced yallers by themselves did you? And he a deacon, too!! And Sister Sanderson herself wasn’t in church the other week!! The Reverend Fletcher commented on Sabbath breakers just this past Sunday!!”

On and on the gossip went, interspersed with exclamations about the excellence and/or incompetence of the food preparation. They talked about their children. They talked about their slaves. There was even talk about a new political group, the Abolitionists, that sought to ban slavery. Neither woman thought much of such ignorant talk. Who drew such ignorant, blockheaded conclusions about niggers? What was to be done with them if you couldn’t have them as slaves? Who was going to look after them?

Abby, Annie and Janice did as they were told, even though Abby was a grown up and well on her way to becoming dowager in her own right. The three girls sat together and popped snap peas from the garden. They, too, took their turn at the gossip mill. Abby kicked it off.

“So, Annie. I hear tell you like Thad Johnson from over t’ Clarksville.”

“Who told you that? Whoever told you that is a lie ‘n a grit and they drawers don’t fit!!”

“Don’t you worry about who told me. I heard it from a reliable source.”

“Well you ain’t heard it from me. I ain’t stud’in’ ‘bout no Thad Johnson.”

“Your brother says you give him some cooch. Is that true?”

“What?!? I ain’t gave Thad no cooch!! Ooooh! You wait tell that big mouth gets back!!”

“So you DID give him some cooch. If you didn’t you wouldn’t be so mad at Ben.”

“Ben THINKS I give Thad some cooch. I ain’t gave him no cooch! I let him lick my titties a little. He did put his finger up my cooch once or twice. Anybody’ll do that much. You done that much yourself!!”

“Hmmmph. We ain’t talkin’ about ME. I’m a growed up woman. We talking about YOU, Miss Hottsie!”

Annie threw a bean at her. Abby laughed. She continued in on Janice.

“And what about YOU, Miss Janice? I hear tell you was at church the other Sunday and was mighty ripe, if you catch my drift.”

“Ripe? Ripe with what?”

“You know what I’m sayin’, girl. Gretchen Thompkins told me you was smellin’ like a buncha men!!”

“Gretchen Thompkins is a liar. That was her own dried up, musky pussy she was smellin’. Mine’s ALWAYS smells like peaches. Leastways, that’s what I’m told!!”

All three girls erupted in laughter over this scathing insult. Now Abby got down to brass tacks.

“Listen girls. Between you me and the barn door over there, I know it’s gon’ be some fuckin’ goin’ on this weekend. It’s gon’ be some sausage slammin’. I know the two of you are doin’ your brothers. That’s all good. But I come here for another reason. And I want you to hear me out before you gits to judgin’.

“I dunno if you know this, but your pappy’s and my husband spend an awful lot of time down t’ the nigger quarters. Nah, don’t say anything. You know what they’s doin’ down there.

“And my husband ain’t got no call to be down there. I been giv’n him the crème of my pussy since two years afore we’s married. And it ain’t like he’s packin’ big ass dick like our menfolks got. If his dick goes a full five inches I’m amazed. Havin’ his dick up in me is like havin’ your clit up in there, Jannie. (Janice blushed at this reference to her girlie penis).

“He’ll bust his nuts and roll over and go asleep in two minutes. Oh sure, he’ll lick me ever once’t in awhile. But I need to have a big ‘un up in me from time to time. A BIG ‘UN, girls. You know exactly what I’m sayin’??”

“No, Abby. We DON’T know what you’re sayin’!!” giggled Janice.

“Well I’m gon’ put it to you plain. I’m gon’ git me some nigger dick. Some COONTANG. Right here, this weekend. I need it. And I’m due. Now. There it is.”

This sobered the conversation some. Annie immediately became suspicious, since she considered Charlie’s dick to be *her* nigger dick. He was the most obvious candidate. If not Charlie she wondered whom Abby might be considering. Duck? Abraham? Homer? All of these slaves were married. They were also several years older than Abby.

Janice was shocked about this flagrant abuse of clear racial lines for the second time that day. But, even more, Abby’s admission tweaked a long dormant curiosity that Annie’s

admission had not. Janice looked up to Abby as a mentor, whereas Annie was a peer. If ABBY was considering nigger dick, maybe there WAS something to it, something that might be worthy of exploration. Still, she felt compelled to demur.

“Abby! You can’t mean it!!!”

“I do mean it.”

“Well...well...what about Buck? Suppose’n he finds out?”

“He won’t find out. That’s why I brought you two in on it. You’re going to serve as my alibi.”

“Your alibi?”

“Yes. I’m going to say I was out with you. When you go off down the spring and claim you’re goin’ swimming, I’m going to say I went with you. And you’re going to back me up. Any questions?”

Now Annie piped in.

“Ummmm...Abby? You may as well come down to the spring with us.”

“Why should I do that?”

“Well, you know Ben’s nigger boy, Charlie? He comes down there.”

“How’d you know I was eyeballin’ Charlie as my nigger dick?”

“Cause Johnny Boy is gone. And Charlie is the next in line. Plus, you seen him nekkid when he was a boy. And he had a big ‘un then.”

“Well, he is uncommon good looking for a nigger. He got that nice V-shaped chest and all those muscles. Plus, his lips are pretty, like a girl. And he has that square jawline. I ain’t seen him nekkid in a few years, but I reckon his cock ain’t gotten any shorter.”

She didn’t bother to note that she’d sampled Charlie’s dick on a steamy Sunday afternoon several years earlier, when he was just rounding into puberty.

“Abby, I needs to tell you something.” interrupted Annie.

“What, child?”

“Abby, Charlie is MY nigger dick.”

“WHAT?!?!?”

"He did it to me. Down at the spring. He done it to me a whole lot."

"Does Ben know?"

"Well...yes and no. He knows Charlie did it to me. He don't know how often we do it."

Now it was Abby's turn to be shocked. She knew Ben and Annie were playing hide the sausage. She didn't know that Ben was sharing Annie's puss with a slave. And she surely didn't know that Annie was an eager participant.

So now all the chips were on the table. Except that Janice was still unsettled by all this talk of miscegenation. She was just here to get some alternative dick from Ben, whose cock was a bit thicker and a tad longer than the cock she was used to.

Abby broke the reverie.

"So tonite you two will sneak downstairs and awaken Buck and send him upstairs to me. Then you can do whatever you want with your brothers, I don't care. Make sure you're done in ONE hour. ONE hour only. And don't make no noise. After an hour Buck will be spent and ready to come downstairs. And I won't be able to stop him. If I fuck him properly tonite, he won't be looking for my whereabouts anytime tomorrow. And you can go down by the spring with the boys. I'll tend to my own affairs around here. Got it?"

Annie and Janice nodded a hesitating assent.

Just at that moment Sandra wandered up. The white girls quickly changed the subject.

"Howdy, Sandra!! Long time no see!!!" offered Abby. The two girls had a bond that went back to childhood. Abby strongly suspected they shared the same father.

"Howdy, Abby! Howdy Janice!! How y'all doin'?"

Sandra sat down to help snap peas. The conversation changed from conspiratorial talk to the inanity of farm chatter. Sandra had overheard some of the earlier conversation and was smart enough to put two and two together, anyway. She knew the implications of this visit.

The four girls chattered on and on amidst a beehive of activity. Servants scurried here and there carrying out the orders of the dowager queens. A large table was set, complete with the family silverware and flatware imported all the way from Carolina. The table was adorned with freshly picked flowers. End table seats were reserved for Master Nate and Master Hank. This was truly an occasion.

And when the three boys cantered up on their horses and noticed the addition of Buck and Abby, the occasion seemed complete. Now the whole family was together.