

I.

Annie and Charlie

Annette peered cautiously thru the bushes. The young blonde paused, carefully placing each step. She was barefoot and she didn't want to roust any critters. Though she knew this path well it always paid to be watchful.

She heard a splash nearby and knew it for what it was. It was Charlie, her brother's black friend and fishing partner. He was swimming alone in the pool. She steeled her nerves to set herself. This is it. One last look up the trail.....

The black boy swam joyously in the spring. He was a slave. He'd sneaked away from the house, as was his custom, on the premise of going to chop some wood. Then he'd made a beeline for his favorite water hole and taken an hour for himself.

He heard Annette's song before she came around the bend in the creek—just as she'd planned.

Dressed only in a white shift that came down to her knees, Annette knew what she would find at the spring: ripples. Charlie was gone like a ghost. He couldn't afford to be caught swimming at midday on a workday.

But Annette knew where he was. She'd spied on him for weeks. She'd watched his ablutions from a hidden vantage point, watched the clear water cascading over his muscular frame as he swam. She'd watched him step naked from the pool, marveling at the size and girth of his penis—even in cold water. She knew that towards the end of his hour he would step out of the pool, have a leisurely smoke and then slowly masturbate, pumping himself faster and faster by degrees until he reached climax. At the moment of release he would stand up and see how far his ejaculate would fly. On good days he could get a 5-foot pop.

Occasionally her brother Ben would meet Charlie at the pool. The two boys were the same age and had grown up together. And while Charlie was technically Ben's slave, the boys were good friends. On several occasions Annette had spied them masturbating for distance and laughed about it afterwards. Charlie invariably won, but not by much. Ben had an admirable cock of his own.

Now Annette feigned caution as she stepped gingerly up to the pool. She knew Charlie could see her. She wanted him to think she sought solitude. She looked back up the trail to see if anyone was coming (though she knew no one was). She craned her neck to peer into each crevice and cranny of the woods surrounding the pool.

Satisfied that no one was around, Annette shed her shift and stood naked on the bank. She folded her shift smartly and laid it neatly under a tree. Then she stood up and

stretched like a great jungle cat. She preened on her toes and bowed her legs like a ballerina. Her pendulous breasts swayed with her movements, making her seem unsteady. But she knew what she was doing. She cupped both breasts and turned them upwards toward her face. The pink nipples were perfectly shaped. She felt a tingle of delight and a deep warmth in her groin. Now she moved her right hand down to her mound of silky blonde pubic hair to caress her clitoris ever so gently. She slid the length of her middle finger over that sensitive member. She felt it spring to life under her touch. It protruded from her pubic mound like a small, budding penis.

Partially aroused, Annette stepped into the spring. The cold-water shock cooled her ardor some. She waded out until the water reached her hips. Then she struck out gamely into a standard stroke. She swam completely across the clear pool, stood up and swam back.

She knew that Charlie was underwater somewhere, sucking on a reed for oxygen. She knew the boys' tricks. Annette had always been Ben's annoying younger sister, prying into their antics, tattletaling and trying to get their attention. Now she'd grown into a voluptuous young woman. She wanted a different type of attention.

Annette knew this spring well. She'd grown up here. It wasn't hard for her to spot Charlie's air reed or the dark spot beneath the clear water where none ought be. She struck out across the pool again, this time moving in Charlie's direction. She crossed the deep channel and stood up about ten feet from Charlie's hiding spot. She stood up on the gravelly bottom of the pool so that her breasts and part of her pubic mound were exposed. Then she threw her head back and wringed the water out of her hair like a mop.

Charlie stood up.

Instantly, Annette's hands flew up to cover her breasts and her groin, after the Aphrodite fashion.

"What are you doing here, Charlie!!" she declared disingenuously.

The boy laughed. "That ain't the question, Miss Annette. What are YOU doing here, runnin' 'round with your cooch all out? I'm gon' tell Ben."

"Oh you didn't see that!!! You're not supposed to see that!!!" And she splashed away back across the pool.

Charlie took off after her. When they reached the shallows again both teenagers stood up and began splashing each other like children. Charlie used both hands, but Annette still feigned modesty. She splashed with one hand while covering her breasts with the other.

Finally, she shrieked, "You win!! You win!!!" Then she hunkered down on her haunches so that the water reached her neck and covered the rest of her body in a thin veil

of liquid crystal. Charlie stood over her smiling widely. At nineteen, he was only a year older than Annette. They'd grown up together, albeit on different sides of the nineteenth century social divide. This was not their first splash fight at this spring.

"If you tell about seein' my cooch, I'll tell about you being here. You're supposed to be off chopping wood," Annie teased.

"You won't tell," Charlie retorted confidently.

"Yes, I will. I ain't a-skeered of you, Charlie."

She turned from him and swam away leisurely. Charlie followed her, grabbed her by the foot, and threw her over so that she did a full somersault in the water.

"Hey!!" she said.

This move resulted in another splash war, this one longer than the first.

"Cut it out, Charlie. I ain't playin' wit' you!! CUT IT OUT!!!"

She swam away again. This time she arched her butt out of the water so that Charlie could see the full cut of her vulva.

When she surfaced a few feet away, Charlie said, "I seen your cooch again."

Annette replied flippantly: "So? You wouldn't know what to do with it if you had it. I seen your peter rabbit a bunch of times. I seen you out here whackin' your pecker. You and Ben, both!!!"

She laughed girlishly.

Charlie charged after her. She shrieked and tried to swim away, but Charlie was faster. He grabbed her by the foot again, but this time he drew her to him. He grabbed her around the waist with his right arm and controlled her left wrist with his left hand.

"What did you say?? What did you say!?!"

He wasn't hurting her. She laughed.

"I said I see'd you whacking your pecker. THIS thing."

Annie reached back and grabbed him by the base of his penis. She felt it flop against her forearm. She was again amazed at its heft and girth. At her touch it began to lengthen and harden up the line of her wrist.

Charlie was shocked. This was little Annette, Ben's baby sister, a white girl no less, standing here holding his cock. Charlie released his grip on Annette's waist. Annie didn't release his penis in turn. She turned to look him in his eyes.

"I seen you do it. Like this...."

She gripped his nuts with her other hand and stroked him fully erect in a matter of seconds. She pulled his uncircumcised foreskin back and forth across the rounded head of his penis as she had seen him do, using quick, back and forth jerks of her wrist.

The effect was spectacular. Charlie's member sprang upward and outward, a full 12 inches from his kinky pubic mound. The angular ridges of Charlie's lithe, muscular abdomen tightened and flexed as blood rushed into his cock.

When he was fully aroused, Annette said casually, "But, like I said, you wouldn't know what to do with it."

She swam away from him again.

Charlie sprang after her, this time with some difficulty. His erect cock swung back and forth comically, making his movements seem strained and awkward.

Annette allowed herself to be caught just as she was entering the deep water. She arched her behind out of the water again so that Charlie could get a closer view of her hairy labia and the golden pink cleft in between. Charlie grabbed both her ankles and drew her back towards him in the shallow water, parting her legs as she came. Annette looked over her shoulder at him with feigned surprise. She fanned her arms like paddles in order to stay afloat.

When she didn't fight, Charlie drew her back closer and closer until his erect dick was touching her pussy. He pulled her gently closer, attempting to gauge her interest in penetration. His dick slid up between her cheeks and bounced off her apple-shaped buttocks.

Annette looked over her shoulder and giggled.

"I told you that you wouldn't know what to do with it," she mocked. She wiggled away.

Charlie waded after her, caught her and tried the same maneuver. Same result. Annette taunted him giddily. Again, she arched her butt out of the water to show him the cut of her pussy, but this time she rotated her behind sensuously like a bee, to tease him.

Charlie wasn't any stranger to women. Still in his teens, Charlie hadn't been a virgin since the age of 11. A number of grown women had noted his fine features, rangy

musculature, clear skin and the bulge in his trousers. This young white girl was taunting him. It was maddening.

Charlie waded after Annette again. This time he grabbed her by the hips and arched her butt out of the water so that her vagina was again exposed. She didn't fight him. With her ass already up in the air, Annette leaned forward and parted her legs a bit to give him a better view.

This time Charlie slid his penis downward between her ass cheeks until his straining member was positioned at the opening to Annette's twat. Using his thumb as a guide, Charlie pressed her labia apart. His dick slid easily up into her warm pussy. The silky blonde pubic hairs tickled him deliciously as they followed his shaft into her golden-pink slit.

Annette's eyes widened in shock as she felt Charlie's heavy penis moving deeper into her cooze. She stood on her tiptoes to further accommodate him. Four inches deep. Six inches. Nine.

At ten inches Annette felt full. She felt his thick helmet pressing firmly against her cervix, felt her labia straining wide to engulf more of his massive dick.

Standing behind her, Charlie watched Annette's pussy tremble under the heft of his tremendous cock. Her pussy lips jerked and clenched involuntarily. She drew breath in gasps, as if being choked.

Charlie held her in place with his dick as deep as it would go. When Annette tried to initiate a natural humping action Charlie held her tighter. He refused to start thrusting into her. Instead, he contracted his pelvic muscles to pulse his penis rhythmically, all the while holding it tightly jammed against the back of her pussy.

After a few moments of this sort of teasing, Charlie reached his hand around from behind to caress her vulva. He stroked her clitoris roughly with his middle finger. Annette slapped his hand away. She knew how to masturbate a good clit better than he. She began to stroke her own clitoris, seeking to elicit friction by pressing it against Charlie's shaft.

They stood there connected at the genitals for several moments without moving. Both teens were shocked that they were actually 'doing it'.

Finally, Charlie reached up to cup both her breasts with his hands. He withdrew slowly until he was halfway out of her pussy, then powered his dick back into her hole with a jackhammer thrust. Annette gasped. Charlie repeated the move. Each time he withdrew a little further. Each time his return thrust was a little harder and a little faster. Slow out. Fast in. Annette picked up the rhythm. Charlie watched from the rear mount position as his powerful dick cruised in and out of Annette's pussy. He could see her labia expand and contract with each thrust. He saw his withdrawals pull her hairy

mound further and further from its position of safety between her legs, saw it quiver in anticipation of his next thrust, heard the spring water splashing rhythmically in concert with his insistent insertions.

Charlie arched his back for maximum effect. He pulled his dick almost completely out of her pussy and fired back in wantonly with the return stroke.

Annette loved it.

The two teens strained against each other like this for five long, agonizing minutes. Charlie massaged her breasts furiously while driving into her. The cold water splashed upward to provide a sparkling dichotomy to their heated lust.

After a time Annette could feel Charlie's breathing become more strained, fervent. His moans became prolonged, with a deeper timbre. She knew what that meant. Annette pushed him delicately in the chest. It was a declination. She tried to arch her pussy off his straining dick. Charlie didn't take the hint. He was insistent.

"Charlie, stop it!! You can't come inside me!!"

She gave a little hop, releasing his lever from her pussy. Charlie still gripped her by the tits. Though she hadn't climaxed, she pushed away from his embrace.

"What's the matter?" he asked breathlessly.

"You know what's the matter. You can't come inside me. I'll get in trouble. YOU'LL get in trouble. How would I look with a half a nigger pickanninny?"

"You might not get big. Come on, Annie, lets finish," Charlie whimpered breathlessly.

"How do you know?" she asked.

His dick was still massively erect. It stood between them like a wild thing, seeking the warmth between her legs. There was no doubt that Annette wanted to finish, too. She was almost there. She knew that her words made sense. A white girl pregnant with a black child in Louisiana didn't have any future. But at least she'd be alive. Charlie would be killed. She didn't want that.

Annette waded out of the water. She turned to face Charlie from the grassy bank.

"You know you're not supposed to be touching a white girl anyway" she chided him.

But there wasn't any conviction in her words. His hugely engorged organ was still straining between them. Too, their sex had been better than she'd expected. She really wanted to climax with his dick inside her. Annie's own extraordinarily sized clitoris poked visibly from beneath its sheath, indicating the depth of her arousal.

Annette sat down next to her shift as Charlie stepped from the spring. She regarded him with a twinge of regret.

“Look Charlie, if I show you something you can’t tell anybody, OK?”

Charlie was willing to try anything. She called him over. When he was standing over her, she gently cupped his balls with her fingertips. Then she guided his dick into her mouth. She circumlocuted his penis with her tongue, paying special attention to the sensitive nerves on the underside of his pudenda. Then she began to gently suck him, bobbing her head up and down. She pulled her blonde tresses back so that Charlie might watch her efforts more clearly. She gazed up into his eyes confidently.

In less than a minute, Charlie erupted in her mouth.

Annette sucked down as much cum as she could as quickly as she could. She didn’t want Charlie to lose his tumescence.

When she felt she’d drawn most of his load, Annette reached over and spread her shift across the grass. She lay back on it, then raised and opened her legs.

“Put it in, Charlie. Put it in before it gets soft.”

Charlie willingly obliged. Her pussy was still wet. He knelt between her legs and placed the purpled head of his partially engorged cock against her clit. He rubbed the sensitive underside over and around her smaller sex organ. Annette moaned in anticipation. She endured as much of this teasing as she could. Finally she reached down to pry his hand from his dick. She gripped his cock resolutely and pointed it into her own wet, turgid flesh. She watched as his black dick disappeared into her pink pussy.

Charlie mounted her in the dominant missionary position with his arms supporting his upper body from the grass. He began to pound her with quick strokes, trying to regain his full erection. It didn’t take long. Annette was able to engulf his recently milked penis, but as he regained his power she was able to take less and less of him. Having climaxed a short time before, Charlie’s cock was less sensitive, too. He began to punish her pussy with long, scimitar strokes.

This is what Annette wanted all along. Doggie style, Annette’s clit didn’t get the attention it needed. But with Charlie arching into her from above she was able to ride the crest of his shaft as it slammed in and out of her sticky pussy.

This was heaven. Oh, it was absolute HEAVEN.

Annie arched up on her shoulder blades to receive his strokes. She clinched her pussy lips together to provide him with maximum friction each time he withdrew. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead and upper lip as she fought to temper her own orgasm.

They assaulted each other in this manner for several minutes. Charlie caught Annette's lambent gaze and locked her eyes with his as he probed every inch of her slippery, pink pussy. He felt the firm but smooth, bumpy ridges in her deep vagina as he slid back and forth, felt her warm pussy walls caressing and tugging at his thick foreskin, laving him with her naturally aromatic lubricants.

Annette was amazed at the wealth of sensations she elicited from the feel of Charlie's shaggy foreskin moving inside her. His penis was thick enough, but his rugged foreskin provided her with enormous pleasure. It was pliable and rangy and it added indescribably rich friction to her inner pussy walls. She concentrated on sucking at it with her powerful vaginal muscles. Each time she contracted her pussy, both of them moaned in delight.

Now fully erect, two inches of Charlie's massive member still stood out from Annette's pussy. Try as she might, she couldn't get his whole dick inside her.

"She took the ten but left the two."

From her supine position beneath, she looked down between her tits to watch as Charlie arched and preened inside her. His dick looked like a black lever with thick veins encircling his shaft in bold relief. She watched her golden mound expand and rotate to accommodate his surging thrusts.

"God, it's so big!" she thought. "If he stands up, I think he can support my whole body!!!"

But Charlie wasn't thinking about standing up. He manipulated Annette's knees up until they brushed against her breasts. Then he cupped Annette's head in the crook of his elbow and jammed his tongue in her ear. His tongue was hot and rough. Charlie tugged at Annette's earlobes with his teeth while he slowly ground his dick in and out of her pussy. The sensation was ethereal.

Annette whispered harshly, "FUCK ME!!! Ohfuckmeitssogood!! Godeepdeepdeeper!! Ohthatsit!! FUCKMEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!"

Her visceral sexual comments transmuted, by degrees, into a long, guttural groan.

She rotated her hips obscenely, ever faster, causing his massive organ to plumb every crevice of her moistened slit. She would do a triple rotation, a tight muscular contraction and then four or five arching hits so that Charlie punished her cervix with his long, deep thrusts.

The two teens began to sweat salty rivulets.

Finally Annette could take it no longer. She signaled the onset of her climax with a series of high-pitched “OH’s!!!”

Then she rolled over into a position astride Charlie. His dick popped out because of her haste, but only for a second. Annette grabbed his cock roughly, positioned it again at her opening, and slammed down on it as far as it would go. She grinded her clitoris as best she could against his kinky pubic mound. The sensation drove her into paroxysms of pleasure. Her whole body tightened up like a rubber band, then exploded in a series of involuntary jerks, accompanied by her deeply sexual moans. It was hot outside. As her orgasm overcame her, the two were suddenly engulfed in the pungent odor of their coupling.

Annette skittered down from her crashing climax, only to realize that Charlie was still fully erect inside her. He smiled up at her bemusedly. Her animated orgasm had pricked his own sensitivity. He was ready to come again. Annette could sense it.

“Oh no you don’t!!” she said as she leapt off his dick. “You crazy, you know that?”

Without hesitation she took his member back into her mouth. In no time she’d sucked another load of semen from the boy. Charlie was active in the process. He moved between her mouth and her pussy several times during the coupling. When he finally erupted he was so far down her throat that she almost gagged from the volume of his ejaculate.

She held him there in her mouth as his member softened, alternately sucking and licking his dick tenderly. She could smell the aroma of her own pussy on his dick and in his springy public hairs. Charlie held her head with both hands as she slowly bobbed and licked away his remaining cum.

Now sated, the two teenagers lay astride the sward on their backs, breathing deeply.

“How long you been wantin’ to do dat, Miss Annie?”

“Me? You’re the one that’s been out here tossing off into the pool. I seen you. Me and Tilly, too.” (Tilly was Charlie’s cousin).

“Tilly!!! She been out here, too?”

“And Mary Lynn. And Suzy, too”

“Suzy!!! So dat’s why she been looking at me funny! I thought I had a booger in my nose or sump’n. You had all dem out here? Together? Do Ben know? He like Mary Lynn. He wanna do it to her!!!”

“Mary Lynn is our cousin!!!”

“Dat ain’t what Ben say. He say dey just say she’s cousins ‘cause her dad and yo’ dad is good frien’s. He say she ain’t no blood kin of your’n”

“I’m going to tell her!!”

“You do and Ben’ll give you a whuppinn”

“Well, Mary Lynn thinks we’re cousins. She seen Ben’s peter and she said it was nice but she said she couldn’t have it. She said she wanted YOUR peter rabbit cause it’s big!!”

She reached down to grab his penis, flopping it around like a big, loosely jointed cudgel.

“But I got it first!!!” she giggled.

“No you didn’t.”

“What do you mean, I didn’t?”

“I did it to Tilly two years ago. Up in de barn.”

“Ooooh!! She didn’t tell me that!!! She lied to me!!!”

“I did it to her twice. And I did it to her again last Christmas when ever’body went to church ‘n left me here to watch out. She tole old massuh that she was sick. But she wasn’t. She just wanted to do it.”

“Where’d y’all do it at?”

“Right in the pussy!!!”

“No, silly. Where at? In the barn? In the shed?”

“You won’t tell nobody?”

“Nope.”

“In de front room.”

“In OUR house? In the front room in our house?”

“Yep.”

“If daddy finds out he’ll skin ye.”

“If you ain’t tell him, he won’t find out.”

“I ain’t gonna tell him. But you know Tilly. She gots a big mouth.”

“She ain’t tell you about it, I did.”

“That’s the ONLY thing she didn’t tell me about. She tells me everything else. Did you like doin’ it to her? Is her pussy better’n mine?”

Charlie laughed.

“Her pussy ain’t as deep as your’n. You got a big ‘un. ‘N you gots more hair on your’n. I like that.”

She reached over and half-heartedly punched him in the shoulder.

“My pussy’s the best! And don’t you forget it!!”

Charlie reached over and grabbed her with two hands. They began to tussle in the grass, rolling over and over, backwards and forth, but with no real animus. Predictably, the feel of Annette’s heavy breasts and her furry mound pressing against his naked body caused Charlie’s nature to rise. He was young. And this was fresh, new pussy.

Annette felt the distinct poke of his hardening penis and began to wrestle him in earnest. She was a big farm girl, almost six feet tall, and very strong. As Charlie sought the downy warmth between her legs, she clenched her thighs together tightly, acting as if she just wanted to wrestle. Charlie couldn’t seem to pry her legs apart. Annette would wrap her legs around his torso or stomach or lower legs, depending on the wrestling hold she was using. They rolled over and over in the grass, with neither able to gain a superior position.

Finally, Annette gripped Charlie around the hips from the rear mount position and pressed her pubic mound against Charlie’s bare behind. She intertwined her ankles around the back of his knees. From this doggie position, Annie reached around and grabbed his erect member to hold him in place. Then she cupped his balls and tried to stuff them into her slick, wet pussy as she straddled him from behind. It was awkward, but she succeeded in coating his balls with her pussy juices. She gingerly grinded her clit against his taint and nut sac.

This only succeeded in getting Charlie frustrated. Each time she pressed the wrong spot, Charlie howled in anguish. His nuts were sensitive!! Still, after some minutes of this play, his steaming penis was again fully erect.

Charlie wrestled Annette into a position where he was sitting astride her stomach. His knees were on the ground on either side of her. His aching member protruded between

her pendulous breasts. Charlie held her arms by the wrists, pinning them to the ground. She struggled, but she couldn't topple him from this position. She kept trying to swing her legs up around his neck to yank Charlie backwards, but the maneuver failed time and again. Charlie simply leaned forward each time to elude her attempts at toppling him.

The two of them quieted a bit. They regarded each other. They'd known each other all their lives. They'd played together, prayed together, worked together, laughed together, teased and taunted.

But never this.

Holding her gaze, Charlie leaned forward slowly. Annette seemed to know what was coming. Charlie released one of Annette's wrists to brush hair from her face. She reached up to tenderly stroke his cheeks.

Charlie leaned forward until their noses were almost touching. Annette met his gaze unflinchingly. Then slowly, ever so slowly, their mouths met in yet the briefest of kisses. When Annette didn't resist Charlie slipped his tongue out and danced it across her pink lips. She flicked out her tongue to encourage him. Their tongues intertwined.

They kissed—lightly at first, but deeper and ever deeper. Sitting astride her, laying actually, Charlie's body crushed his stiffened penis against her abdomen. As they kissed she made undulating movements with her belly to simulate the muscular contractions of her vagina.

She was ready.

Charlie reached back again and gave her thighs a little push. Dutifully, Annette opened her legs into the characteristic sexual Y. Charlie arched up off of her stomach. He scooted back to crouch between her legs. Annie reached down, gripped him gently and pushed his pulsing member down towards her sweaty pussy. She twirled his pud at the sticky entrance to paradise, pushing her pink labia from side to side. She slid her engorged clit between the opening to his urethra and across the sensitive underside of his dick. It seemed she was almost trying to slide her clit into his urethra. The sensation of this female attempted insertion was frustrating to Charlie.

Finally she positioned Charlie's rounded pudenda at the exact center of her mound. She released her grasp. Charlie pushed forward slowly, enjoying the delicious feel of again riding up into Annette's juicy pussy. He cruised inside her, enjoying the warmth of her cleft and the tickle of her silky hairs. Once hilted, he withdrew just as slowly, creating a vacuum that pulled her inner pussy lips unnaturally outwards. Her pussy lips expanded obscenely to accommodate his massive girth.

This time there was no urgency in their coupling. Just slow, melodious strokes. They concentrated on kissing, probing each other's mouths while they fucked with an almost

agonizing deliberateness. The sensations in their genitalia were secondary to the joy of kissing, suckling each other's tongues by turn.

Charlie settled into a comfortable rhythm. Annie's probing tongue and her heaving pussy pushed him to sexual plateau. It was so good he didn't want to bust his nut. He just wanted to stay warmly ensconced inside her.

It was clear that Annette knew exactly how to suck a dick with her pussy. She employed that art now. She kissed the black boy gently while savagely tightening her pussy walls around his probing missile. When he withdrew fully and sought again to penetrate, her labia closed around his shaft with an almost audible pop. She accentuated the move with a groan that emanated deep from within her soul.

For Annette's part, she was all askew. She hadn't planned on kissing this black boy. She just wanted to fuck him. She wanted to feel his dick penetrate her torso. His kisses weren't unpleasant, but they seemed more of a social faux pas than the fucking. It was more...*familiar*.

And yet, here she was with her tongue thrust boldly down his throat, firm as any penis, while his penis rode in and out of her love canal. His balls slapped insistently against her firmly rounded ass. It was all too much.

In the heady liquid joy of their passion, Annette forgot where she was and whom she was with. All too soon she felt her passion bubble up to consume her. She felt the tightening rubber band again, the march up to ecstasy, the sudden release, the full-body spasms and jerks that signified her orgasm. She tasted his sweat, heard his drawn and muted breaths, felt the involuntary convulsions rippling up and down her pussy walls like an electric current, smelled the deep natural odors of human coupling.

But, too, she felt Charlie tremble, quake and jerk.

He'd come inside her.

She felt the sticky eruption, felt the hot blobs of semen crashing against her cervix, felt the creepy flood of sticky cum oozing from her hole, dripping across her butt cheeks to linger ever so briefly before dropping to the ground beneath like honey dripping from a comb.

“CHARLIE!!!!”

Charlie was still straining to pump the last vestiges of cum into her trembling twat.

“Charlie, STOP!!”

But he held her in place and finished delivering his load.

Annette was about to panic. This was more than she'd bargained for. She'd believed she could control all of the orgasms today.

Apparently not.

Charlie arched into her, heedless of her struggles.

“CHARLIE, LET ME UP!!”

Her panic brought Charlie back to reality. She pushed his chest forcefully. He rolled off of her.

Annette bounced up and ran over to the pool. She waded in up to her hips, contracted her pussy muscles and sucked water inside. Then she reversed the process and expelled the water forcefully. Charlie's milky semen clouded the water. Annette waded away from the cloudy water. She repeated the maneuver over and over until the cloudy mixture spewing from her vagina cleared.

Charlie watched her bemusedly from the bank.

“You weren't supposed to do that, Charlie!!”

“I couldn't help it. You said your pussy 'uz good. You 'uz right, Miss Annie.”

“Charlie, that's not funny! Supposed I get big? You're supposed to wait and do that in my mouth, Charlie!! I showed you how, remember?!?”

“Don't worry. I don't think you'll get big. Wasn't you wearing a rag just de other day?”

“That's not the point, Charlie!!”

“It is de point. You cain't gits big when you wears de rag.”

“Ohh!! You don't know nothin'!! You're just a nigger slave!!”

She threw her fists up and down like a child in a fit of rage.

Charlie lay back on the sward, propping himself up with his elbows. His penis was still partially erect, standing up a little off from his stomach. He'd had a powerful orgasm, though.

“Come here,” he ordered.

Annette was still standing in the water, trying to figure out what else she could do.

“Annette. Come here. I want you to finish.”

“WHAT?!?”

“Come here.” His cum-slickened dick bounced weakly off his stomach.

Picking up on his intentions, Annette shook her head. This young nigger didn't know what time it was.

Still, she stomped over to him obediently, sat down and took his softening dick into her mouth. She tugged at it angrily and with none of the care she'd taken previously. She sucked at him mechanically. Yet her ministrations were half-hearted. She couldn't shake the idea of becoming impregnated by this...this...slave.

Charlie was unable to maintain his erection under her assault. He could tell she was upset.

Charlie pulled his penis from her mouth, pushed her back on the grass and pushed her legs open again. Annette thought he was going to try and push his semi-flaccid member back into her pussy. But Charlie knelt between her legs, bent his head and gave her pussy a long, leisurely lick that ended with the tip of his tongue tickling her clit gratuitously.

From his position between her legs he looked up to see a look of shock and wonder on Annette's face. She hadn't expected this. All the boys she'd been with expected to be sucked, but they didn't want to lick.

Charlie found the hooded piece of flesh that covered Annette's clit and pushed it aside with his tongue. Then slowly he ran concentric circles around her clit with the tip of his tongue, keeping his touch as light as possible. He knew Annette had come hard just five minutes prior.

For her part, Annette was shocked to have Charlie's head between her thighs. No male, black or white, had performed this service for her though she'd long fantasized about it. Now, just as she was recovering from her earlier massive orgasm, this black boy with his thick lips and his hot tongue had her legs up in the air AGAIN.

Charlie licked her pussy and kissed her clit with increasing passion. In response, Annette's clit began to stiffen. It rose from beneath its protective hood like a phallic incubus. It protruded from the top of her moistened cleft.

Charlie closed his lips around it. He began to suck. Even though her little penis wasn't big enough to breach his full lips, the effect on Annette was astonishing. Within seconds Annette was crooning and trying to suppress shrieks of passion. She grabbed Charlie's head and humped his mouth with reckless abandon.

“Oh, suck it, Charlie!! Don’t stop!! Please!! Suck it, Charlie!! PLEASE!!”

Charlie sucked as hard as he might. He flicked his tongue out to tickle her pussy lips. He jammed his tongue up her cooze. He sucked her clit ever harder.

“Ooooooh!! Give me your tongue!! Push it up in there!! SUCK IT, Charlie!! Oh, push it up!! SUCK IT UP. AUGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!”

Annette arched her hips. She held his head in place as she raked her clit back and forth across his lips, nostrils and tongue. She felt the hot, rough surface of his tongue expertly licking and laving her labia.

All too soon Annette exploded in her strongest orgasm of the day. She shrieked so loudly that Charlie was afraid she’d be heard over at the farm. Charlie tried to cover her mouth with his hands but Annette slapped his hands away. She meant to express herself and she did. She locked her legs around Charlie’s head for what seemed an eternity. She gripped him so tightly that he had trouble breathing.

When finally she released him she knew she’d stumbled upon a gold mine. Cum inside or no, this boy was a gold mine. She knew she had to have this feeling between her legs again.

She looked down and saw that her theatrical sexual orgasm had firmed his organ yet again. It swung heavily between his legs, slapping at his thighs.

“Oh my god,” she thought. “Not AGAIN!!!”