

Tammy and the Bachelor Party Part II

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They cleaved and they cleaved until she was sure there was going to be some begetting

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Tammy liked the Oglethorpe plantation.

The “Big” house was 2 full stories with a full basement. It had so many rooms; she didn’t even try to count them. Tammy was too embarrassed to ask because she did not want to appear as a country bumpkin.

A staircase on the second floor just off the main hallway led up to a wonderful round observatory with a clear view all the way down to the river off in the distance. She could even see the boats plying their trade going up and down the “Mighty Mississip” Tammy didn’t know why no one ever included the “pi” at the end of Mississippi whenever they said it like that. It just was a fact.

Her Aunt Laticia was right pleased to see her. She told her she last saw her at the Reverend Jackson’s funeral when she was only about 5 or 6 years old. Tammy smiled and shook her head like she remembered because she didn’t want to hurt the older woman’s feeling. Tammy was always very careful when it came to feelings and she tried to be what people expected or wanted her to be most of the time. Sometimes though she just had to tell the facts just the way they are. If she didn’t do that, she felt like she would just bust into little pieces.

She jumped at the chance to get a bath because Mr. Randell’s cum was still leaking out of her pussy lips and running down the inside of her legs.

The bath was just the nicest one she had ever had. It sure beat the huge metal basin on her

Grandfather's riverboat. She lazed in the soapy water a long time. A voice at the door startled her.

"Missy Tammy? Your Aunt tole me to tend you and make sure you ain't drowned or nothing."

The door opened and a pretty little black girl dressed in a maid's uniform stuck her head inside.

"My name is Peaches. I have been working for your Aunt ever since I turned 16. She has me all trained up real good now. I think you got to get out of that there water now, Miss Tammy. You don't want to get your skin all puckered up and such."

Tammy popped up out of the soapy water. Her beautiful breasts were pert and her nipples pointed up to the ceiling in a most seductive manner. Her pretty little trimmed bush was dripping with soapy water. When she turned around to get out of the tub, Peaches saw the deliciously curved shape of her ass cheeks. They were as white as could be in sharp contrast to the darkened skin from the river sun beating down on her arms and legs and bare midriff each and every day.

"I declare, Miss Tammy. You be a two-toned girl all right. Most of you is almost as dark as me, but the rest is so white; whiter than the sidewalls on my Uncle Henry's Caddy."

Peaches had lost her cherry in the back seat of that very same Cadillac right after her sixteenth birthday. Her Uncle Henry was surprised when she asked him to relieve her of its burden. She was just as surprised when the older man turned out to have a cock of immense proportions. He was gentle but he stretched her poor little pussy to the limit. He was even kind enough to pull out before shooting a generous load of creamy cum all over her trembling legs. He told her she was "too young to be a worrying about young'uns at her age".

The pretty young black maid was what one could describe as, "stacked". Her short maid's uniform did nothing to hide the shapely, long legs or her full breasts.

Peaches dried off Tammy with a huge towel. She had a big smile on her pretty face as she gently rubbed Tammy's bottom and pushed the towel gently between her legs. Tammy just closed her eyes and enjoyed the luxury of being pampered by another pretty girl.

The attractive black girl dropped to her knees and did Tammy's legs. She looked up at Tammy's trimmed pussy lips. Peaches was amazed at how Tammy's lips were so puffy and pleasingly plump. She put the edge of the towel right on them and patted Tammy ever so lightly. Tammy put her hands on the back of Peaches head and pulled her in closer to her secret little valley.

She had already been eaten out by several boys, but this was the very first time a female was down

between her legs like this. It was a wonderful feeling. She was so very grateful to Peaches. She wanted to make her feel good too and vowed to take care of her at the very first opportunity.

Peaches let her tongue do all her talking. Miss Tammy's cunt was brimming over with joy juice. She put her hands on Tammy's ass cheeks and pushed her forward impaling her wide open vagina with her long pointed tongue.

Tammy was humming a little tune while Peaches licked every corner of her young twat. It was one of those "old timey" melodies that seemed to stick in your memory no matter what you said or did. Tammy took hold of Peaches head just before she went into a beautiful body shuddering orgasm. She pushed the girl's head so hard into her cunt that Peaches struggled to get free. The very way she pulled and jerked this way and that made Tammy go into her best orgasm ever.

"Miss Tammy, you sure do love to have your pussy licked out. It was so nice because you are so nice and clean from the bath and you sure do smell good."

"Peaches, I owe you big time for that. If you come to my room tonight after everyone is asleep, I will pay you back any way you want."

"You don't have to do that, Miss Tammy. But, now that you mention it there is something I have wanted a boy to do to me for a long time."

The good-looking young maid leaned close to Tammy and whispered in her ear,

"I want you to lick my bottom real nice, Miss Tammy. I love getting poked back there and I want to feel a nice tongue pushing up into my tight little hole. If you do me like that, I will take care of you real good the whole time you are here."

Tammy was a little shocked but thought it was touching the young girl wanted her to perform such a private act on her. She seemed a little naïve and inexperienced but she certainly knew what she wanted.

She got dressed. She even wore actual undies tonight. She wore a pair of pink laced thongs that made a little gap between her ass cheeks. When she walked, it looked like her ass cheeks were fighting with each other under the thin cotton frock. Walking around the dining room, helping to serve the dinner; she was certain Randall had his eyes on her ass most of the time. She made a point of dropping a napkin just so she could illustrate the effect of the spreading thong.

Tammy was out on the patio cleaning up the glasses and plates. She was bending over to get a wine

glass from under a table, when a strange hand slipped into the gap between her ass cheeks and gave her a good hard squeeze. She was certain it was Randall and turned around to give him a kiss. It wasn't Randall at all. It was old Mr. Oglethorpe. He had to be at least 75 years old. She certainly never expected an old geezer like that to grab hold of her ass.

"I never! Mr. Oglethorpe, whatever are you doing. That's my private place; you shouldn't be feeling me there unless I ask you for it."

Tammy acted outraged, but she really didn't mind getting felt up by the old gentleman. She figured if it made him happy, she was not going to deny him a little thrill in his old age.

The elderly Mr. Oglethorpe looked over his shoulder making certain no one was watching them. His greedy hands roamed all over Tammy's unfettered boobs. He played with them like he was finding a new toy on the playground. His enthusiasm made Tammy a little excited. She felt her own pussy with a free hand while her nipples were dancing to Mr. Oglethorpe's lively fingers. Tammy started to make little whiny sounds. She was certain Mr. Oglethorpe liked to hear her audible appreciation for his ministrations.

Now his inquisitive fingers were sliding up and down her ass cheek valley and pressing hard on her corded thong buried right against her pucker hole. She could smell the odor of bonded whiskey on his breath. The poor old fool was so drunk he didn't care if his wife caught him making a fool of himself in his own household.

Tammy was getting a little bit heated even though she didn't want to be just a handy piece of meat for Mr. Oglethorpe to play with. She was enjoying it a little too much to really care.

Randall came out on the patio at that very moment.

"Father, are you being obnoxious with our newly-arrived guest?"

"Guest? I thought she was a new hire for the staff."

"No, Father, Tammy is a guest. She is not an employee. This is Laticia's niece from Memphis. She is only helping out tonight because I asked her as a favor."

"Oh, I see. Do forgive me, child. I get carried away sometimes. No offense intended."

Tammy smiled at the chagrined older man.

“Oh, fie, Daddy Oglethorpe. I don’t mind a little welcome hugging. I thank you for your kind attentions.”

Old man Oglethorpe walked with a studied gait back into the study for another libation.

Randall leaned down and kissed Tammy full on the lips. It was a lover’s kiss, not some namby-pamby peck from a nervous schoolboy.

Tammy was struggling to get air into her lungs. The young handsome lawyer had surely taken her breath full away. Her nipples were sticking out like little nubbins waiting to be flicked mischievously; her woman’s place down there was starting to seep a little bit. Tammy wanted to be fucked. She wanted it bad. She had to have it right now. She almost groaned in her frustration at not being bent over and taken like a floozy girl right on the spot.

The young man cupped her soft breast with his long sensuous fingers. Tammy moaned but not in protest. She was caught up in her desire to spread her legs for this man and still retain some shred of dignity. Randall pushed her into a small closet by the patio door. It was a small space to store umbrellas and cushions from the outdoors in bad weather.

Tammy fell back on a stack of soft cushions and held her arms up invitingly to Randall. He pushed up her frock and pulled her tiny thong down half-mast almost to her knees. His trousers were already down to his ankles and he dropped on top of her without a single word. His cock was knocking at the door of her dripping vagina so quickly that Tammy forgot to even ask him if he was going to use a condom.

Just like in the good Book, the cleaving of their flesh was a wonder to behold. They cleaved and they cleaved until she was sure there was going to be some “begetting” if Randall forgot a rubber.

She saw Randall’s face get all red and he stiffened up like a fence post. Less than 2 seconds later, the first spurt of his creamy cum splashed up hard against her insides. She was a little worried because in all the moving around, she forgot where she was on her cycle. First thing in the morning, she was going to get some pills to keep her from getting the reward of little ones without the benefit of marriage. Tammy had seen how that was a trap for many a young girl on the river.

She kind of dreamily made her way back up to her room. That same tune kept running through her head like a witch’s spell.