

Tammy and the Bachelor Party Part III

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The old man spread Tammy wide with his super-sized cock and impaled her deeper than ever before.

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Peaches helped Miss Tammy get settled in the huge bed. She had warmed it for her and made sure the sheets were nice and tight and unwrinkled. Now she was brushing Tammy's long dark hair with the departed Mrs. Oglethorpe's silver hairbrush. She pushed Tammy's head down and wrapped her attractive chocolate legs around the River girl's hips. Tammy was so relaxed; she almost drifted off into sleep.

"Miss Tammy?"

"Yes, Peaches. What is on your mind?"

"Well, Miss Tammy, you did promise to do, you know, that thing I wanted so badly."

Tammy looked up over her shoulder at the pouting lips of the maid. On the River, a promise is a promise. Tammy always kept her promises.

"Get down here next to me, Peaches. That's right! Lie down flat on your tummy. Let's get these little cheeks open for a little fun."

Tammy grasped the young girl's twin ass cheeks and spread them wide open. Now she had easy access to the panting girl's quivering anus.

"Oh, Miss Tammy. Be gentle with me. I never did anything like this before. Most of my fellas just want

to poke me deep and shoot their load. It seems like they never have the time to make me feel good.”

Tammy bent down and placed her lips on the soft quivering entranceway to the girl's bottom. The scent of her natural musk and slight hint of expensive perfume made Tammy's nostrils flare out sensuously in the midst of her intimate ministrations. The touch of Tammy's tongue on her pucker hole made Peaches gasp in excitement and she started to moan real deep and low. She didn't ever remember feeling just like this before. When Tammy started to penetrate her bottom further with her wet and pointed tongue, Peaches pushed her ass up off the sheets to get Tammy's tongue deeper inside her needy rectum.

“Dear God in heaven, Miss Tammy. You got me real good and proper. I got to rub my slit because I am fixing to let loose a powerful shake. Hold me tight, Miss Tammy. Here I go.”

The black girl was writhing in complete orgasmic release under Tammy's probing tongue and she rolled every which way trying to unseat Tammy's body from its weight holding her body underneath.

Tammy went into an orgasm of her own as her wet vagina dripped moisture onto the dark skin between her legs. Her creamy white pussy juice gleamed like diamonds on the young girl's sexy bottom. Tammy scooped some up and brought it up to Peaches lips.

“You made me cum all over you, girl!”

She pushed her fingers into Peaches mouth and the pretty girl with a most adorable bottom sucked and licked Tammy's fingers with concentrated precision. She dismounted from the girl and they held each other tightly with their legs and arms intertwined like a Chinese puzzle.

They both fell asleep and did not wake up until the sound of a cock greeting the morning Sun brought them up out of their satiated repose.

Tammy decided to take a walk around the estate. She was in the stables looking at all the beautiful horses when she heard sounds from an empty stall. She tip-toed closer and peeked in to see Randall straddling the naked hips of the attractive blonde girl she saw the day she arrived at the plantation. From her perfect vantage point she could see Randall's huge cock sliding in and out of the whining girl's tiny ass hole. One horse had its head over the next stall watching them in complete approval of Randall's mounting style.

Tammy was so jealous, she could almost spit.

She was going to teach this blonde she-wolf a lesson. Tammy walked into the stall and cleared her

throat so they were both aware of her presence at the same time.

“You got her in the ass real good, Cousin Randall; pull back on her hair so I can get those ruby red lips on my pussy.”

Randall was still stroking hard into the blonde’s ass.

“Tammy, this is my fiancée, Miss Marsha Purdue of the Savannah Purdue’s. I like your idea. Open up your pretty little mouth, Marsha. Tammy wants some of that talented tongue of yours.”

Tammy smiled and guided Marsha’s pretty face right into her dripping pussy lips. The way the blonde girl licked and sucked, it was obvious she had plenty of practice eating pussy.

Despite her jealousy, she had to admit the blonde girl gave great head and she had a little tingle of attraction run up and down her tailbone when she looked down into the pretty girl’s face and her expressive bedroom eyes.

She found that she was more into fucking this Marsha’s face than having a cock to play with. Tammy placed her hands on the back of Marsha’s head and vibrated her ripe and ready pussy on Marsha’s lips. Her juices were brimming over and there was no way she could stop her convulsive orgasm with her legs wrapped around Randall’s newly announced fiancée. She managed to flood Marsha’s face with a copious load of her pussy juice just as Randall let loose a torrent of creamy cum into the young girl’s quivering ass.

Poor Marsha was flooded at both ends.

The three of them sat laughing in the middle of the stall. Tammy got on her knees and cleaned off Randall’s cock with her tongue. The scent of Marsha’s ass was so pungent that her saliva began to run and it dribbled down from the corners of her mouth. She didn’t mind it at all when Marsha moved around behind her and started to spank her ass cheeks in an alternate rhythm with her delicate hands. The sound of her ass getting whipped by the blonde girl made Tammy’s juices start to flow again and she was panting like a long-distance runner with Randall’s cock buried deep in her mouth.

Randall pulled out of her mouth and slapped her face with his open palm so hard that her spittle flew in every direction.

“Suck like you really mean it, Tammy. Give me some good suction down there. Let me see your eyes beg me for more.”

Tammy redoubled her efforts and soon Randall was grunting a familiar cadence that warned her that his cum was not far behind. The flood of creamy cum hit the back of her throat like an unmanned fire hose. It was uncontrollable and overpowering. She loved every drop.

Marsha asked Tammy to be her Maid of Honor. Tammy was overwhelmed with emotion. She had never done anything like that before. When she told them she didn't have a nice dress, they told her Marsha would be buying her dress and all the bridesmaid dresses. The shopping trip was to be on Saturday. Tammy knew she would be on pins and needles until they left for the mall on Saturday morning.

Marsha told her she had enjoyed spanking her and that she would welcome a reciprocal spanking anytime that Tammy wanted to bend her over. Tammy ran her hands over Marsha's perfect little ass and tried to picture the pretty little girl over her knee. This promised to be a great visit to the Oglethorpe plantation in so many ways.

When Tammy got back to her room, she found a large bouquet of flowers on her dresser. The card said they were from Mr. Oglethorpe. She realized it must be from old Mr. Oglethorpe and she giggled at the thought of how the elderly Mr. Oglethorpe had explored her every nook and cranny. He was kind of nice in a way because he was so direct and let you know exactly what it was he wanted.

She had a pretty good idea what old Mr. Oglethorpe wanted. He told her to knock on his door when she got back to her room. He had a present for her. Tammy's curiosity was piqued. She had an urge to find out what the old man wanted to give her besides a taste of his horny old cock.

Instead of knocking on the old man's door, Tammy just sort of scratched on it like an alley cat. She smiled to herself, maybe she was a big old alley cat looking for a kinky Tom Cat to make her take it and screech her lust out in a show of perverted lust.

Old Mr. Oglethorpe was holding a glass in his hand. He always seemed to have a glass of something in his hand and yet, strangely, never seemed overly drunk. He smiled at Tammy like a lovesick calf looking for its mama.

"Did you like the flowers, Tammy? I wanted to apologize for my bad manners earlier. I hope you are not mad at me."

"Land sakes, Mr. Oglethorpe, you were just showing your kind attention to me. I always appreciate it to know when a man likes me."

"Please, Tammy, call me Buck. Nobody calls me Buck anymore. I get tired of hearing Sir or Mr.

“OK, then, Buck it is. I kind of like that name. Do you know what Buck rhymes with? I am too much of a lady to spit it out, but it starts with F. “

Old Mr. Oglethorpe laughed so hard, Tammy was afraid he would give himself a conniption fit. She made sure he was sitting down in his easy chair and then took off her wrap so he could see she was only wearing a short baby-doll pajama top and no bottom. She was surprised to see the rising tent inside his drawers. For an old guy, he sure did get it up awful fast.

Tammy took the empty glass from his older person hand and made certain he saw all her goodies when she bent over to put it on the coffee table. She hoped her ass was not showing the marks from Marsha’s heavy hand in the stable.

Just as she expected, the old coot was all over her ass. He was fingering all her secret little spots and he seemed to have a talent for making her push back for more of the same. The older gentleman quickly guided her well-lubricated bottom down to his rock-hard cock and she gasped at the sudden impalement. She certainly didn’t expect this from a man in his seventies. She wondered how many pussies and tight ass holes this over-sized cock had probed in its lifetime.

She was getting that old familiar feeling of having to let go. Buck was not stopping her from enjoying herself. She squirted out her pussy juices all over the old man’s legs and now their slapping together made a wet splashing sound instead of just a dull, meaty thud.

Tammy had to admit the old guy had spread her pretty wide with his super-sized cock and he had impaled her about as deep as she had ever been poked. The thing that really made her enjoy the old man style of mounting her was his fingers playing around inside her trembling, pulsating pucker hole.

Her second orgasm was even more devastating than the first one. She was still shuddering minutes after the first spurts of pussy juice sprayed onto the carpet. The old man pulled out much to her dismay. She wanted it back inside right away. Then, he bent forward and pushed his slightly whiskered face deep inside her tender little vagina. Now, she was really shaking and rolling in sheer physical pleasure. This was a humping she would remember for a long time.

As she was leaving for her bedroom, Buck whispered in her ear.

“How would you like to be the new lady of the Oglethorpe Estate, Tammy? It has been years since I have had someone as pretty as you to tuck me in at night.”

Tammy smiled and blew Buck a kiss. That was something for her to sleep on tonight. Then she had a

thought. Would that mean Randall will be my new step-son? A cousin was bad enough, but now to be doing it with my own step-son. That would be another whole story, for sure.

The End