



First Time In The South

(MMF, nc, 1st, intr)

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In the spring of 1845 my uncle who was a planter in Kentucky had sent my father a letter inviting me to travel to his plantation to join his son George at their home for a fortnight's vacation in the summer. My uncle explained that he and my Aunt would be visiting Europe for one month on business and that George, now that he was a grown man, would stay at home and supervise the family's plantation during their absence.

My cousin George had suggested to his father that I might like to visit and give him some company (we had always got on well when they had been my parent's guests in New York). We had not seen one another for almost three years but we had corresponded almost every week and had remained firm friends. My father, having approved the necessary arrangements, allowed me to accept the invitation to visit south for the first time.

I was very much excited at the prospect of traveling on my own and spending two weeks with my cousin - I awaited the adventure with great eagerness.

Consequently, I arrived in the Kentucky town in the late afternoon of a beautiful late July day and was met by my delighted cousin with a hearty welcome and much backslapping!

George, driving the buggy himself, took us straight to the plantation and we chattered all the way. After a drive of about half an hour we arrived at the opulent mansion. I was astonished; it was even grander than the descriptions he had given me in his letters. Soon we were through the front door and George was ordering the young female slave who had been waiting for our arrival to carry my bags and show me to my room. As we ascended the stairs behind the servant he said, 'I'll give you twenty minutes to wash and change and then Phoebe here will come to your room and show you to the drawing room.'

And so, twenty minutes after my arrival I found myself being escorted by a slave from my large comfortable bed chamber along a splendid landing to the door of the drawing room of this southern plantation house, I had entered a different world from my own urban home back north. The girl opened the door for me and I walked in: The room was magnificently fitted out; ornate furnishings and fireplace, plush seating, expensive carpeting, a large chandelier suspended from the centre of an exquisitely moulded ceiling and a great many paintings hung on the walls.

George was already within and he instructed Phoebe a slender, handsome quadroon of about 20 years in age to fetch a bottle of red wine. After the girl had curtsied and left we sat down and started to catch up on what had been happening with our families, and friends. We picked up just as if we'd never been apart in the last few years and I wasted no time in quizzing him on the mysterious birthday gift from his Father he'd mentioned in some of his letters to me.

We had both turned eighteen that year but he had refused to tell me in his correspondence what his main present had been. He had also written that he'd be happy to loan his gift to me when I came on a visit and I was very curious to know what it was. George said 'Be patient James, you'll see my gift very soon indeed.' Presently, the drawing room door opened and Phoebe returned carrying a tray with wine and two glasses. She placed the tray on a side table at the door, turned to us and curtsied. She was about to pour the wine when George stopped her, saying haughtily, 'Leave that. You run along and send Naomi up,' the girl curtsied, said 'Yes Masta,' and quickly left the room.

We had hardly resumed our chatting when the door opened again. A beautiful

slave girl entered and dropped a low curtsy. 'You want me Masta?' George nodded to the tray on the table and ordered imperiously. 'Pour the wine and bring it over here,' she curtsied again and began pouring the wine. George turned to me and then motioning his head at the girl asked. 'What do you think of her?'

I watched her closely as she went carefully about her task. I felt rather awkward, what could I say? She looked about eighteen years old; her deep copper-toned skin appeared to shine as if oiled. Like Phoebe, she wore a long, simple light-blue servant's dress and white apron; the bodice buttoned at the front and was tight around her torso showing her figure to advantage.

I could see she was blessed with a slender, supple body and easily guess that long elegant legs lay hidden beneath her skirt. The low-cut dress left her finely sculpted neck and most of her arm and shoulder bare - as was the upper part of her bust. She had lithe arms and well developed, high, firm breasts. She had a most beautiful and tender face with huge dark eyes framed with an abundance of curly black hair escaping the front and sides of her white-lace bonnet style cap.

Despite her lowly position she somehow seemed to possess an innate dignity and she moved with perfect grace. I hadn't even seen a slave before my arrival at the plantation and I felt uncomfortable but strangely excited. 'She seems top quality,' was all I could think of saying. I didn't want to embarrass her or myself by saying anything more than that. She brought the tray over and asked in a meek, soft voice. 'Some wine suh?'

I thanked her as I took my glass, keenly observing her elegant movements. Smiling with approval George said, 'Yes, she's a top grade house wench and one of our most valuable nigras, she's worth more than most of the field bucks. Father gave me two gifts for my birthday; Naomi here and a whip to keep her in order, isn't that right Naomi?' She had moved over to her owner, extending her slender arms, proffering the remaining glass to him and answered without any trace of shame, 'Yes Masta.'

The implication of his remark had an immediate and profound effect on me for I remembered what George had said about loaning me his gift. I became instantly aroused. George sensed my reaction, he smiled at me then turned to her and said in the same slightly terse tone he'd used whenever he'd spoken to the two slaves. 'Mr. Roberts is here for a fortnight's vacation Naomi, and during his stay you and the others must treat him as if he was a master, do you understand?'

'Yes Masta.' came the instant reply.

He took the wine from the tray and laughing said: 'Now James, I think you

should inspect this gal and see if she pleases you, Naomi, go to your new Master!' The girl quickly returned the empty tray to the table and then stepped over to me, standing to attention about four feet in front of me, chin up, eyes lowered and hands by her sides awaiting my close scrutiny. I was transfixed - unable to move or speak. After a moment George said, 'Mister Roberts isn't used to handling slaves Naomi, help him,' without raising her eyes she said softly. 'Do you want me to take off my dress Masta?'

My manhood swelled still further and I croaked. 'Yes,' then recovered enough to say, 'Yes Naomi, take off your dress please.' She had immediately started to unbutton her dress but George laughed loudly and said. 'Wait! Naomi, we must teach Mr. Roberts how to be a master. You don't ask a slave James, you tell her! No "pleases" or "thank yous", try again!'

I coughed and squirming with discomfort I said in the most commanding voice I could muster. 'Take off that dress!' Naomi curtsied, hurriedly removed her maid uniform and carefully placed it on the floor by her side. She was magnificent - more beautiful than I could ever have imagined. She now stood almost naked before me wearing only her shoes and cap. She showed signs of embarrassment for the first time - she crossed her hands in front of her sex and had her legs pressed together but George ordered: 'Hands by your sides gal and put your feet apart!'

I noticed an almost imperceptible wince cross her face but she obeyed instantly, exposing her small triangular 'bush' to my gaze. He rose from his chair, walked to the fireplace, took a stiff riding crop hanging at the end of the mantelpiece and came over to us. 'Stand up James, now I'll show you how to look over a gal like this. Show Master Roberts your teeth.'

I stood up and stepped over to the girl - she was only slightly shorter than me. She pulled her luscious, full lips back into a forced grin. 'At many slave auctions, the wenches are put in a room to let buyers view the goods before the sale begins,' he explained, 'now, lets imagine that she is for sale and we are looking her over.' He pushed her jaw up still further with the end of the whip and then placed his right hand round her chin. 'Open up girl.' he ordered.

Naomi complied - opening her jaws wide and George invited me to look into her mouth. She had large, even and startlingly white teeth, all in apparently good condition. 'Good,' he said and firmly turned her delicate head to her left side. He then removed her cap and threw it on top of her dress. 'Run your hand through her hair,' he said to me.

I felt a thrill run through my body as I touched her soft lustrous hair. He now spoke to her in a very brusque manner 'How old are you?'

'Ise sixteen suh.' She replied, answering 'suh' - obliged as she was to play along with the scenario.

'Have you any children?' He asked her.

'No suh.'

He turned to me and said. **'Now we must examine her arms.'** Grabbing both wrists he stretched them out before her. He ran his hands from the girl's shoulders to fingers, pinching and squeezing all the way down he then turned her palms upward and said. **'You can see that she's no field nigger, look how soft and unblemished these hands are, 'What kind of work are you used to gal?'**

'I'se always been a house gal suh. I used to serve as maid to young Mistiss at my last place.'

George then asked her. **'Are you trained to serve at table?'**

The girl replied. **'Yessuh, I'se worked as parlour maid too.'**

'Why are you being sold off?' He demanded.

'Well suh,' she began, **'young Mistiss just got hersel' married and is going to France on a long tour an' she say she doan need no nigra help over there,'** the girl spoke quickly as if nervous, continuing, **'ole massa say I should be sold off an' she can git a new gal when she comes home, suh.'**

Through all of this humiliating enactment Naomi had kept her eyes downcast but now he told her to look at me. I studied those huge, dark almond shaped eyes. They were beautiful, bright and intelligent but I could see pain in them too.

'Now gal, turn around.' Her back was glorious; a deep S curve, wide at the shoulders and tapering to a slender waist - statuesque, smooth and muscular - a work of art. I gasped at her breathtaking physique. **'No whip marks!'** Exclaimed George in mock surprise, **'that's a good sign, means she's obedient or perhaps her young mistress was too easy on her, which was it gal?'**

She answered humbly, **'I is a good gal suh, I always does what I'se told. Missuss 'n' massas at the last place nevah had no cause to whip me hard, suh.'**

George snorted and said. **'Feel her over James.'**

By now I was becoming overcome with lust for this slave, never before had I

seen a woman naked, let alone been free to touch one - and a girl as beautiful as this! I ran my thumbs down her spine and splayed my fingers over her ribs, mesmerised with the feel of such nubile female flesh and bone.

George ordered: 'Spread your feet more, bend forward and place your hands on the floor gal,' she did as he bid. I was having great difficulty controlling my emotions as I gazed at her magnificent bottom and beautifully turned thighs, naked and just inches from me.

George parted those beautiful cheeks and I stared in awe at her sex but he quickly smiled, winked at me then slapped her rump. 'Stand up and turn around.' He barked, she rose, turned and looked me directly in the eyes - I reddened at her searching look, I imagined that she was judging me and would see that I was excited by witnessing and taking part in this scene of shameful humiliation.

I felt deeply for the girl in having to endure this ordeal, I considered it immoral but I could not deny that feelings of lustful desire had never before stirred so deeply within me. George brought the whip against her left thigh with a light thwack, I could see it didn't actually cause the girl pain but it was a significant gesture.

'Keep your eyes down nigra!' He thundered.

Now he moved his hands to her bosom and weighed her beautiful, firm, brown titties, then he showed me how to kneed the upward pointing dark nipples until they swelled and hardened. Remarking favourably upon their responsiveness he gave way to me, inviting me to apply the same techniques. I began caressing her flawless globes but immediately had to stop; I could no longer continue this act without losing control.

Fearing utter embarrassment at what might happen I sat down and drained my glass. George exploded with laughter and slapped his thigh. 'Oh poor James, this has been too much for you on your first day! I've been very thoughtless,' I ignored his jibe, 'this is only fun, I promise you I don't want to cause you any discomfort!'

Turning to the degraded girl he spoke lightly to her for the first time since I'd arrived, in fact he said almost with kindness, 'Come Naomi, put your things on and then pour Master James some more wine, I'm afraid we have shocked him.'

The girl curtsied, saying, 'Yes Masta,' dived for her clothing and was soon at my side, demurely refilling my glass as though the little scene we had just participated in had never taken place. After serving George more wine he sent her downstairs to 'get ready to serve dinner,' and after curtseying

humbly she slipped silently from the room, I relaxed, relieved that she'd gone.

George turned to me and said in a low voice; 'You'll get used to having slaves around while you're here James,' he paused and smiled, 'soon you'll be wondering how you'll manage back home without them.'

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