SCHOOL LIFE IN PARIS
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SCHOOL LIFE

IN PARIS

A Series of Letters from Blanche, aged seventeen, who has just been sent to a Paris finishing School, to her cousin Ethel, in England, with whom she had formerly been at School.

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LETTER I

My dearest Ethel,

I promised to write and tell you all about my new school life here, and having now had ten days of it, I can give you a very fair idea of what it is like. To begin with, it is about as unlike Mrs. Walker’s establishment as anything you can possibly imagine. There, if you remember, we were kept grinding all day long at History and Geography, and dry things of that kind; and, with the exception of the fact that she always saw to it that our stays were tightly-laced, because mamma insisted on it, we were taught not to think about our clothes, and we certainly never got the chance of
being dressed in any but the very dawdiest style. It makes me quite shudder now to look back upon the awful shapeless garments, the ideous cotton gloves, and the low-heeled, broad-toed boots which we used to wear, when we were under her.

The head-mistress here, or "Madame," as we have to call her, is a tall handsome woman, of about thirty, exquisitely dressed in the very height of fashion, and in such a way as to show off to the very best advantage her really magnificent figure. When I was first introduced to her, I was quite over-awed by her grandeur; while she on the hand was, I think, horrified at my ill-fitting and unfashionable clothes. When however she learnt that Mamma was willing that she should spend upon my clothes any amount of money that she thought proper, she immediately carried me off, to have me fitted out in the latest Parisian style.

Our first visit was to the corsetière, which revealed the fact that, in spite of my ill-fitting clothes, the waist beneath them had
been carefully laced-in, ever since I was ten years old, so that I was easily able to wear the smallest and longest-waisted pair of corsets that the corsetière had in stock. This I found caused the greatest delight to Madame who takes a special pride in having all her pupils as small-waisted and as tightly-corsetted as herself. She accordingly ordered a pair with a considerably smaller waist measurement to be specially made for me, assuring me that, after a little training, my figure would easily bear the constraint, while she pointed out that all the other girls in the school would be mad with envy, as, in spite of their enthusiastic efforts, none of them could hope to attain to such a tiny waist for a long time to come.

We next bought a supply of exquisite under-linen and night dresses, the trying-on of which caused Madame still further to compliment me on the fine development of my bust and hips. The point over which she seemed in despair was my feet, which were still shod in the large square-toed
English boots that I had worn at Mrs. Walker’s. When however these and my thick woollen stockings had been removed, and the latter replaced by dainty black cobwebs of open-worked silk, it became apparent that my feet were not so very large after all, and to my own astonishment as well as hers, a very small pair of patent-leather shoes, with the tiniest pointed toes and three-inch heels, which had excited my warmest admiration on first entering the shop, were slipped on my feet and buttoned by the skilled chausseur without the slightest difficulty.

When she finally took me back, with my hair frizzed and curled in the latest style, by a first-rate coiffeur, and surmounted by a fashionable picture-hat with a suitable veil, my figure displayed by a smart gown that made the most of every curve and undulation, my hands encased in lavender gloves, sewn with black, of the most exquisitely soft kid, and my feet in the fairy-like shoes that I have already described, I simply did not recognise myself, when I first
confronted the immense looking-glass, reaching to the ground, which I found one of the most conspicuous objects in my large and luxurious bedroom.

"As you are so much older than most of the new girls who come to me," Madame explained, "I am treating you as a senior pupil, and have given you a bed-room on the upper floor, where the five other senior and more grown-up girls sleep." This did not convey very much to me at the time, but I found out afterwards that it meant a good deal.

There are fifteen girls in the school, and I soon found out that among the elder ones the chief object of each was to out-do the rest in smartness of appearance—a form of competition which was warmly encouraged by Madame, and which came to a head particularly on Sunday morning when we turned out ready dressed for Church.

Thanks to the excellent taste displayed by Madame in selecting my clothes, and thanks also to the skill of the maid who was assigned to me to dress me and do my hair,
I was enabled to turn out as well coiffée, gantée, chaussée and corsetée, as the smartest of them; in fact I was soon given to understand that I was considered the most fashionable looking of them all, and for this reason I was allowed the privilege of walking with Madame, whose splendour on Sunday morning was exquisite, without being in any way loud or in bad taste.

As we took our seats in Church I perceived that the eyes of every man in the place were fixed upon us, and it was very evident that the effect of our smart hats and gowns and dainty light kid gloves was not by any means thrown away.

On Sunday afternoon we went out for a walk, and again attracted a good deal of attention, which evidently gratified Madame's vanity; but for my part I was more occupied in looking at the wonderful costumes worn by the lady-bicyclists. Many of the so-called knickerbocker-costumes are so tight as to be nothing more nor less than "tights," and are worn in such a way as would be called positively indecent in
England, as the ladies have no corsets underneath them, but wore only a belt. Here, however, especially those with full voluptuous figures, seem to think nothing of displaying them in this very open and suggestive manner and I observed that Madame was literally feasting her eyes on some of the very tight "culottes," especially when the hips and legs were of an extra-voluptuous and appetizing kind.

One of the girls told me that the reason why bicycling is so fashionable among women just now, is that they have only recently found out that the front point of the saddle makes you feel awfully naughty as your legs work on each side of it. I could not make out what she meant at the time, but I do now, as you will understand later on.

In the evening, after dinner, the five senior girls asked if they might go to bed early, as they were rather tired—a permission which Madame readily granted, with a smile, and suggested to me that I had better go too. When I had been in my room a
little while, all the five girls came crowding in, which I knew was contrary to rules; but they evidently had something on hand, so I said nothing. After a few remarks which I did not understand, one of the girls said to me "Have you ever heard of Lesbos?"

I replied that I had not.

"Well" she said "we five are the "Lesbian Society," and as you are on this floor we want you to join."

Having expressed my willingness, they told me to undress, and that they would return in a quarter-of-an-hour to proceed to my initiation. When they came back—this time in their dressing gowns—I was already in bed, in my chemise de nuit.

They came into the room very quietly and locked the door; then one of them said: "We are now going to initiate you into the mysteries of Lesbos." As she said this they all threw off their dressing-gowns, and I then saw, to my great astonishment, that they had divested themselves previously of everything else, so that they were now in a
perfectly nude condition. Approaching me, they pulled back the bed-clothes to the foot of the bed, so that I lay exposed, with nothing on but my night-dress. Then they began very gently to remove this also, and I let them do wondering what would happen next, so that presently I was lying myself stark-naked on the bed.

When they saw me in this state, they all gazed upon me with such eager eyes that I felt almost as much shame as I should have done if they had been men and felt myself blushing violently all over, as they proceeded to discuss my appearance in what I must admit were very flattering terms.

"What splendid round plump breasts!" said one.

"Her ventre is like a hill of polished marble!" remarked another, while others added:

"Did you ever see such big voluptuous thighs?"

"Ah!" but look at the "pussie" in between them!

"What an exquisite coral-tinted "cunnie,"
with its plump sensuous lips and soft curling fringe of silky hair!"

As they said this I felt my legs gently pulled apart, and I thought it best to submit, the more so as I was now rather curious to see what they would do. After they had succeeded in opening them, two of the girls, coming one on each side of the bed, bent over me and began to kiss the points of my "tiddies," which stood up under the clever workings of their tongues, and they did it in such a way as to soon send a voluptuous thrill all over my body. Two more of them, now, placed their hands under my back, and with practised fingers proceeded to tickle my spine, thereby augmenting the pleasure caused by the kissing of my tiddies.

All the time this was going on, the remaining girl, named Bertha the eldest of us all, being eighteen, and having a splendidly developed figure—was keeping her eyes fixed longingly upon my pussie, which seemed to feel the intense force of her eager gaze.
Suddenly she flung herself upon the foot of the bed, and forcing my legs still further apart, she thrust her head down between them, and in another instant I felt her long and ardent tongue, forcing its way between the throbbing lips of my excited "cinnie," tickling the top of the entrance to it with steady friction, and from time to time exploring its inmost recesses, so as to stimulate every organ of it to the highest enjoyment of sensual pleasure.

The sensation which this caused me was so heavenly that it is impossible for me to describe; but I found a little later that there was an even greater intensity of pleasure to come.

As soon as she could feel that all the nerves in my "cunt" were fully aroused and excited, she made a sign to the other girls, who immediately quickened the action of their tongues upon my tiddies, and of their fingers upon my spine, while she somehow managed to slip inside my pussie one of her fingers, with which she began to irritate it by rubbing the upper part of
the inside of it with as much speed and energy as she could, thereby leaving her tongue free to act continuously on a small spot on the top of the entrance to my "cunnie" where it caused me a most delicious sensation.

With all these agencies at work, the thrill of pleasure, which was throbbing through every part of my body, became more and more intense, until at last I could scarcely bear it and was gnawing with my teeth my cambric handkerchief, when something, that the other girls called the liquor of love, escaped from my "cunnie" and I seemed to die away in a swoon of voluptuous enjoyment.

When I came to myself the girls were all gathered round me on the bed, some of them kissing me, and all congratulating me on the way in which I had gone through my initiation, for they declared that, while it was going on, the lasciviousness of my movements and the voluptuous contortions of my body had clearly shown what an intensity of pleasure I was experiencing,
thereby proving that I was specially endowed by nature for appreciating the vicious enjoyment of sensuality.

I certainly never had had any idea of the lovely sensations I had just experienced and I thanked them warmly for the exquisite pleasure they had given me. I then kissed every one of the girls and begged of them to be allowed to do to one of them what Bertha had done to me; so they certainly found in me, as they had hoped, an ardent disciple of "Lesbianism" and before we parted for the night we had all six been swooning away in the madness of pleasure, each having done for another, with tongue and finger, what the eldest had previously done for me.

I am sure you must be very surprised with all I am writing to you and with the naughty words I have been using now and again; but, dear, as you are my best friend, I think I ought to tell you all what happens to me, the more so as I am anxious that you should know all about it as I want on
the first occasion, to give you the same pleasures as I have experienced, and how could I describe what is taking place here without using the words I do and which I have learned since I am here, they, and many others even more naughty, being used by the girls in their daily intercourse.

Do you remember, dear, how in the old times you and I used to get into bed naked together and how the contact of our nude bodies seemed to give us rather a pleasing thrill of naughtiness; but if I had only known then what I have learnt now, what a perfectly lovely time we might have had together!

Never mind, dearest. When I come back for the holiday I will soon teach you what a skilful tongue and finger can do; and I expect that by that time I shall be a real expert, as the Lesbian Club have their meetings in one another's rooms every Sunday night, and I intend to practise as much as possible.

If you have never tried, you can have no idea what a perfectly heavenly feeling these
different kinds of tickling in one's "cunnie" produce; it makes one feel as if all the time that one has been ignorant of this pleasure has been simply wasted; however, I am told, by one of the girls, that the older you are before you begin it, the better it is for your health, and the more intense the pleasure is, when it does come.

In my next letter I will tell you about the work we do, and how we spend our day, and also describe the next meeting of the "Lesbians" to which you may be sure that I am looking forward very much.

Since my "initiation" I have found myself very much more popular with the "seniors," for they were, at first, rather afraid that I meant to be "pious," which would have interfered somewhat with their Sunday night meetings; but now that they have made sure that I am ready to be as naughty as ever they like, they have quite thrown off all feeling of constraint, freely showing me the most naughty pictures and most awful books, which they keep locked up in their rooms; and also the letters
which some of them have received, on the sly, from young men, who have fallen victims to their charms in Church.

Thanks to all this, I am no longer the innocent little monkey I was when I first arrived here; and though I have not yet seen a naked man, as some of the other girls have, I know now what it is that a man has got which we haven't, and also know the way in which he uses it; so you see that I have at any rate learnt something already that was not taught at old mother Walker's!

Good bye, dearest.

Ever your loving

Blanche.
LETTER II

My dearest Ethel,

I promised in my last letter to give you an account of the life I live here, so to begin with, I had better explain that we elder girls do no real "lessons"; the object of our education being simply to fit us, as far as possible, for taking a position in society as fashionable young ladies. This being the case, our only studies are the French language, music, dancing and gymnastics, and—in Madame's eyes the most important point of all—the care and development of our personal charms.

We are called in the morning at 8.30 by maids, who bring us cups of steaming
coffee or chocolate with delicate sandwiches and bread-and-butter which we consume luxuriously in bed. After this we get up and go in pairs to the bath-room, where there is an immense bath, surrounded with mirrors on every side, and large enough to allow of two of us being in it at the same time comfortably. At first I felt very shy of finding myself naked in a bath with another girl in the same condition, especially as the mirrors gave the effect of a perfect crowd of nude figures; but since my initiation as a "Lesbian" I enjoy it immensely, and, as we intertwine our naked limbs and bodies in the hot water, it is delightful to watch the reflection of our lascivious postures in the glasses on the walls. The eldest girl—Bertha—whom I mentioned in my last letter, is generally my companion in the bath-room; and, when the luxurious feeling of the scalding water, aided by the contact of our moist bodies, has made us begin to feel "hot" and wicked, she tells me the most delightfully improper stories, one of which I will reproduce here, for your benefit:
One very hot summer afternoon a young man of about five-and-twenty went up to his bed-room, took his coat and trousers off, and flung himself down on his bed, where, being very tired, he very soon fell sound asleep. Presently his little five-year-old niece found her way into the room, and, coming close to her uncle, caught sight of his "prick," with its head hanging down between his legs. Not knowing what it was, she touched it and began to play with it, and was immensely astonished to find it immediately begin to grow big and stiff, as she fondled it with her little hands. Very soon, by some inherent instinct of vice, she found that by playing with the hairy "balls" with one hand, and briskly rubbing the point of the "ram-rod" with the other, it stood up so tall and thick, that she could hardly meet her baby fingers round it.

Meanwhile the man was dreaming that he was "on top" of a lovely girl, enjoying the most exquisite "poke" that he had ever had in his life. Child as she was, perceiv-
ing that the more she rubbed and tickled his instrument, the more her uncle's sleeping body writhed about in a perfect ecstasy of pleasure, she worked it so with her little hands that in due time the hot flow of manly "sperm" spirited from the end with extra Randy force, and the mighty prick sank down exhausted with the violence of its sensuality.

Frightened at this, the little girl ran out of the room, shutting the door behind her, and thereby making a noise which woke up her uncle, who came to the conclusion that he had just had the most delicious "wet-dream" that he had ever experienced.

The little girl, however, ran downstairs to her mother, when the following conversation took place:

"Mummy?"

"Yes, dear."

"Uncle Harry has got a dolly."

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, such a dear little dolly: he keeps it between his legs."

"Nonsense, dear, what do you mean?"
"Well, I found it lying asleep, but when I began to play with it, it jumped up and began to play with me."

"Did it, dear?"

"Yes, but Mummy, when I had played with it a good time, I don't know how it was, but (confidentially) Dolly was sick."

Since we heard that story, we always call a man's instrument "Dolly," which is ever so much nicer than its real names—tool, or cock, or prick, don't you think so?

After the bath we put on a few clothes and our dressing-gowns, as we do not make our toilette for the day till after the twelve o'clock déjeûner. When we are ready, we go downstairs to Madame's sitting room, where we find her also en peignoir, and we then have our French lesson, which consists of reading aloud some French novel, and as we are allowed to choose what book we like, you can imagine that we pick out something pretty spicy—not of course the extra-smutty "suppressed" books that the girls read to one another in their bedrooms, but still books which would be
considered awfully wicked in England—all about married women who spend half the day in bed with their lovers, and men who spend all their time with mistresses or cocottes as the French call them, whose refinements of luxurious vice and voluptuousness are described in a marvellously outspoken manner. To give you some idea of the sort of thing I will tell you at the end of this letter about the book we are reading this week, but first I will finish the account of our day.

When we have finished the reading, and have discussed the words we don’t know (we always pretend not to know the naughtiest words, so as to embarrass Madame by making her explain them!) we have déjeuner, which is a sort of lunch and breakfast in one, and after that the most serious business of the day—the making of our toilette—begins, and generally occupies from about one till nearly three. When we are duly arrayed we go out with either Madame or one of the governesses, and we are so well-known for our smart get-up,
that we often find some of the smartest and most fashionable of the Parisian "mashers" standing about on the look out for us and throwing us the most audacious glances of lustful admiration from their wicked eyes as we go by. When we have admired the shops and been admired by the men sufficiently, we go back to afternoon tea, and from then till dinner at 7.30 we practise our music, or have drilling and gymnastics, in awfully fetching knickerbocker-costumes.

It is only the elder girls who have the privilege of late dinner with Madame, and we have to wear low dresses for it every night, so as to accustom our constitutions to the displaying of naked busts and shoulders in the evening.

After dinner we generally dance for a little while, and about a quarter-to-ten we begin going to bed. I say "begin" because our toilette for the night takes almost as long to make as that for the day.

When this is completed, and we have made our sacrifices to the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world," we are
expected to say our prayers, as Madame considers that it is "good style to be religious." As, however, kneeling is considered bad for our knees, we say our prayers in bed, where they get rather mixed up with the naughty stories we have heard during the day. And this reminds me that I promised to tell you something about the book we are at present reading aloud to Madame.

It is by Victor Joze, and is called "Le Demi-Monde des Jeunes Filles." I need not tell you that *demi-monde* is the name given to the *cocottes* or "tarts" as a class, and the name of the book therefore implies that young girls of good society are rapidly beginning to resemble the "tarts" in their knowledge and practice of vice.

The last chapter which we read this morning contains an account of a rendez-vous between César Blond, a writer of erotic and lustful poems, about forty years of age, and Bianca—a very hot society girl, half Italian and half French, who has just turned eighteen: He met her first at a smart
dinner-party, where he sat next to her at dinner and soon found out, by slily touch-
ing her foot with his, to begin with, and afterwards by bolder squeezings of her leg between his own, etc., that she was fully alive to the pleasures of sensuality, in spite of her presumed innocence and piety. Later, in conversation, he found that she had read all the smuttiest of his own poems, as well as number of other books of a similar character. He was immensely struck with the beauty both of her face and figure, the latter being displayed by an evening corsage cut so generously low, that as she leaned forward over her plate, he could clearly see the points of her breasts trusting themselves out erect and stiff in answer to the contact of his leg against hers, while, from the sensuous smile she gave him, as she caught him looking at them, he realized that her motion forwards had been made with the deliberate intention of showing him the voluptuous fulness of her splendid bust.

Before the end of the evening she gave
him a _rendez-vous_ for the following afternoon, and the chapter I speak of describes what happened when they met.

She arrived at the meeting-place exquisitely dressed, though, knowing what was likely to happen, she had displayed even more care and taste over the selection of her under-clothing than upon her outdoor toilette.

He came in his brougham, into which he at once handed her, telling his coachman to drive slowly and by a round-about route to his own house.

Drawing down the blinds of the carriage, he placed one arm round her waist, and, having raised her veil, began to kiss her passionately upon the lips. She pretended to resist, but showed by the ardent way in which she returned his kisses that she was really longing for him to further.

Murmuring words of the most lawless and lustful passion in her ear, and still clasping her waist with one hand, he began with the other to feel his way slowly but deliberately up her leg, under her skirt,
delicately fondling the open-work silk stocking, until he reached the satin garter above the knee.

The gentle action of his practised fingers only caused her to thrill with pleasure—a thrill which was accentuated a moment later, when she noticed the triumphant smile upon his face, as the naked flesh of her tighs, with which his fingers came in contact above the stocking, told him that, evidently out of compliment to him, she had omitted to put on any drawers. In another moment he had reached her nest of Venus, where, without actually entering it, his experience enabled him, by judicious touchings and ticklings in its neighbourhood, to excite her to the highest pitch of sensual expectation. As a proof of this he felt her daintily-gloved hand involuntarily placing itself between his own legs, where his "dolly," in a violent state of erection, was making itself clearly visible beneath his trousers.

A younger and less experienced man would probably have unbuttoned his
trousers and engaged the poking of her then and there, but he was far too experienced to risk losing any of the enjoyment, owing to the cramped position of the carriage, while at the same time he knew how much a sensual pleasure of this kind is prolonged and increased by anticipation.

Somewhat therefore to her disappointment they reached his house without her ardent desires having been in any satisfactory way assuaged.

Conducting her to his sitting-room, they found an exquisite repast of champagne and the most delicate sandwiches; and while they were partaking freely of these he called her attention to the paintings on the walls, which were beautiful executed by first-rate artists, but were all of the most improper mythological subjects.

One represented Leda, yielding to the amorous embraces of the Swan, while another showed Jupiter in the form of a Bull inserting his immense prick into the blushing nest of Europa. Many of them were scenes from Rabelais, in which groups
of naked girls in the most lascivious postures were mingled with naked men. whose "dollies" in the highest state of erection testified to the effect which these feminine charms were exercising upon them.

Having thus waked up the heat of his fair partner's body and also her imagination to such a pitch that she could scarcely contain herself, he opened the door leading into his sumptuous bed-room, and having rapidly divested her of all her clothing except her absolutely transparent chemise of pink chiffon, her long kid gloves, her long open-work silk stockings and high-heeled shoes,—for to an experienced sensualist, a girl in this costume excites his lust far more than if she were absolutely naked, the stockings and shoes being in particular an added charms as the legs intertwine in the amorous struggle!—he laid her on the bed, her large dark eyes gleaming at the prospect of the pleasure she was about to experience.

In another moment he had undressed himself, and, with his "dolly," which was
of an unusually large size, standing so erect and stiff that it evidently required no further stimulating, he approached the bed, Bianca opening her legs in amorous invitation as he did so.

Kneeling between them he endeavoured to thrust his "dolly" into her palpitating cunnie, but the latter was so small and the former so large that his first attempts were quite unsuccessful. Moreover when she tried to guide it to its destination, the touch of her kid-gloved fingers upon his excited prick only caused it to grow stiffer and thicker than ever.

Finding his efforts fruitless, he withdrew from her embraces for a moment, and proceeded to anoint his ramrod's point with a liberal allowance of vaseline. Then, twining his legs round hers, and clasping his hands beneath her back, while she did the same to him, they both pushed with all their force, until to their mutual delight, his organ of sex slid gently forward into hers, and in spite of its great size, pressed onward further and farther in, until its
passage was stopped by the pressure of his swelling balls against the mouth of her cunt. So tight was the fit that at first he could scarcely move it up and down at all, but the intense pleasure caused by this friction soon made her organ expand, and then the amorous contest began with a series of contortions and struggles, which would have offered a most alluring picture to a spectator, had any been present. That practised sensualist Napoléon III is reported to have said that, in making love, he much preferred the knowing side-stroke of the professional, to the ineffectual wriggle of the amateur. But though Bianca was an amateur, she had the instinct of sensuality, and owing partly to the tightness of her pussie and partly to her adroit movements, Cesar Blond was of opinion that he had never before enjoyed a more delicious "poke." His skill, on the other hand, enabled him to prolong the pleasure in such a way as fully to repay her for her efforts on his behalf. Long before he was ready "to come," he felt the muscles of her organ
contracting for the spasm of ecstatic delight, and his quickened workings brought her not only to the swoon of pleasure, but beyond it, and, to the delight of them both, it was not until "she came" for the fourth time, that his own gush of sperm, shooting out with immense force through having been witheld so long, joined with her own flow to water her very entrails, thereby at last deliciously assuaging the fire of her burning lust.

You can easily imagine, my dear Ethel, what an effect the reading aloud of such a chapter as this had upon us, and, in spite of Madame's presence, it was all we could do to prevent our hands from stealing down to tickle one another's "pussies," as the description of the "poke" grew hotter and hotter. Madame herself laid down her embroidery and listened as intently as any of us, and, though, when the chapter was ended she said she did not think it was at all a proper book for us to read, it was easy to see from her gleaming eyes how much she had enjoyed the voluptuous scene.
Moreover when the girl who was reading it said that the book had been recommended her by her aunt, the countess de B***, she at once said that, in that case, she was perfectly satisfied with it, as the countess de B*** is one of the leaders of fashion in gay Paris.

It will be my turn to read to morrow, and I mean to try reading that chapter over again, just to see what Madame will say. Of course it sounds a good deal coarser in English than it does in French, which seems to have an endless supply of naughty words that are quite pretty and poetical, whereas ours are nearly all ugly and dirty!

From the extract I have given you of this French novel you will think it a most awful book, but the books which the girls have locked up in their bed-rooms are even worse, because they deal not merely with women being "poked" by men, but also with men poking boys, which, is called Sodomy or buggary, and women making love together, which, as you have gathered, is called Lesbianism or Sapphism.
These books also have illustrations showing not only men but boys with their "pricks" in erection, and small girls ten years old, in the most wanton and lascivious positions, revelling in the delights of "poking" and tickling quite as much as older women. One of the books I have seen contains most realistic pictures of a great many ways of "making love," but Bertha, who has a young man-cousin, who often "pokes" her in the holidays, says that the best way of all is to make the man stand up by the bed, while the girl is on her back, in such a way as to bring her "cunt" just to the edge of the bed. She opens her legs and clasps them behind his back, while he thrusts in his "dolly," the fact that he is standing firmly on the floor enabling him to "poke" with far greater force, than when he is lying on top of her in the ordinary way.

I have rambled on so long that I have no time left to tell you of the second meeting of our Lesbian Society, which was so delicious and exciting that I must reserve it for another letter.
I will send you a copy of "Le Demi-
Monde" when I have time to get one, as I
am sure it will be a perfect revelation of
naughtiness to you, and yet it is said to be
a very fair picture of the fast society girls
here in Paris!

Ever your loving
Blanche.
LETTER III

My dearest Ethel,

I told you in my last letter that I would describe the second meeting of our "Lesbian Club," but now I come to think of it, it was very little more than a repetition of the first, with the exception of the fact that being no longer the innocent "Saint" that I was on the first occasion, I was better qualified to play my part as a giver, as well as a receiver, of pleasure. The third meeting, however, was of a very different kind, and well merits a description, which I will now endeavour to give you.

The Sunday started well, for being a very
fine day, we had taken exceptional care with our Church costume, which, as you may well believe, caused somewhat of a sensation during the service, to Madame's great delight.

When we went to our rooms to dress for dinner, we found that Madame's feeling of satisfaction had shown itself in placing a lovely corsage-bouquet of flowers in each of our rooms; and when we reached the dining room, duly arrayed in our strongly scented bouquets, we found that a still further surprise was waiting for us, for Madame had ordered up a plentiful supply of Champagne—a luxury hitherto almost unheard of in the establishment!

Thanks to the fact that Madame plied us, as well as herself, liberally with this fascinating beverage, we were all very lively by the time dinner was ended; and I was therefore a good deal surprised when, immediately after dinner, Madame proposed that we should all, herself included, go at once to bed. On Sunday nights, I must tell you, we are let off everything in the way of
"night toilette," which was the reason why the "Lesbians" chose that night for their meetings.

When I got to my room I quickly undressed, but to my surprise the other girls did not arrive for nearly half an hour. Throwing off their hastily put-on dressing gowns, they explained that the reason for their delay was that they were waiting to give Madame time to get to bed, so that she might not come and disturb us. They were all crowding round in a naked group, admiring my figure, etc., when to my horror, in walked Madame, wearing a lovely pink and white opera cloak, instead of a dressing-gown and bearing in her hand a birch-rod.

To my surprise the other girls, on seeing her, did not seem in the least astonished or dismayed, but took her arrival quite as a matter of course.

"What is the meaning of this, girls?" she asked in a severe voice "Not only do I find you in Blanche's room, but you are all huddled together naked, which is most indecent."
Immediately the girls ran to the bed, and bent over it, with their backs to Madame, motioning to me to do the same.

She then applied the birch to the plump "cheeks" and thighs of each of us in turn, but it was done so gently that, without hurting in the least, it made the blood run towards our "pussies," making us feel awfully hot and naughty. When we were all writhing, not with pain but with randiness and lust, she put down the birch, saying: "There, that will do for the present."

Saying this the threw off her opera-cloak and disclosed a costume which amazed me more than anything in the world. It consisted of silk open-worked tights of a deep violet hue, the open-work being so wickedly arranged as to leave her "pussie," with its fringe of flame-coloured hair completely exposed to view. Above the tights she wore a tiny evening-corset of white satin, above which her large rounded breasts stood out firm and high like twin hills of snow. A pair of high-heeled white satin shoes, and white satin garters just
above the knee completed the costume, except for her hands and arms, which I now for the first time perceived were delicately gloved in white kid, sewn with broad violet stitching at the back, to match the tights.

Nothing could have displayed her magnificent figure to better advantage, and I found it hard indeed to realize that this glorious looking "Angel of Vice," with the gleam of lust, fired by champagne, in her eye, was really the staid school-mistress, whom I had looked upon as a model of propriety and virtue!

From a pocket inside the opera-cloak, one of the girls produced a large marocco case, which, with a smiling permission from Madame, she proceeded to open. The contents consisted of three rods of ivory of various sizes, rounded at one end, while to the other end were attached two india-rubber balls, like small tennis-balls.

I was at a loss to imagine what these could possibly be, when my friend Bertha exclaimed: "Oh Madame, you have brought the "Dildoes!" How charming of you!"
At this you may be sure I pricked up my ears, for Bertha had several times explained to me the nature of a "dildoe," which is nothing more nor less than an artificial model of a man's "Dolly."

The smallest was only about three inches long, was not much thicker than my forefinger, and had a much sharper point than the others. This I gathered was nicknamed "The Baby," for it was evidently not the first time the girls had seen and handled these treasures.

The next one, known as "The Schoolboy," was about half as large again, being covered all along its length with obscene carvings in low relief, the object of which was to cause a greater amount of tickling than a smooth surface would have done.

The third was "The Captain," which was quite twice as long and more than twice as thick as "The Baby," being covered like the last with carvings, while the balls were of a considerably larger size.

Bertha, after a short consultation with Madame, darted off to the latter's bed-room,
whence she returned, bearing a lighted Etna, which evidently contained some steaming liquid.

Under her arm she carried another leather case, this time looking like a large pistol case, at the sight of which Madame pretended to be much displeased, but she nevertheless opened it, and displayed its contents to all of us, the evident astonishment of the girls clearly showing that this, at any rate, was something they had never seen before.

It was a dildoe, made exactly like "The Captain," but of such gigantic proportions, that it positively took our breath away. It was at least ten inches long, and quite as thick as my wrist, the balls being about the size of cricket-balls.

"Surely, Madame," said one of the girls, "no one in the world has a " cunt " large enough to admit that?"

It gave me rather a shock of surprise to hear her use such a naughty word as "cunt" in speaking to Madame, but I soon found out that the latter could be the smuttiest of us all, when she felt inclined,
as it was evident she did on the present occasion: in fact she only smiled at the question and said,

"It comes from South America, where the women are accustomed to being poked by negroes, who, as I daresay you know, have far bigger "pricks" than European men."

"But surely no European girl could use it?"

"That all depends on the way in which it is done," she answered. "Of course, if a girl in cold blood were to thrust this into her "cunnie," she would simply fail to get it in, in the first place, and in the second she would about kill herself if she succeeded. But if the "cunt" had previously been excited, first of all by Lesbian kisses, and then by an ordinary dildo, you would find, I think, that, with the help of some vaseline and a good deal of pressure, "The Giant" as I have named it, would not only go in, but would cause the most exquisite pleasure to the "pussie," in which it would undoubtedly be a most amazingly tight fit!"
While she was saying this, Bertha had taken out "The School-boy," and had filled the balls with the hot liquid, which, I gathered, was a mixture of milk and isinglass.

I had forgotten to tell you that each of the dildoes had straps attached to them, for the purpose of fastening them round a female's body, so as to make her resemble a man. "The Baby" was fastened to one girl, while Bertha herself made herself into a pretty boy by means of "The Schoolboy."

"Now Blanche" said Madame approaching me, "as we do not allow Virgins in this society, we are going to take your maidenhead."

I was laid on the bed, my "tiddies" were kissed as before by two of the girls, while Madame herself, putting her head between my legs, began, with a far more expert tongue than Bertha's, to tickle my "pussie." Her tongue several times touched my membrane of virginity, which was to be pierced by "The Baby."
When Madame had excited me sufficiently, "The Baby" girl, climbing on me, as a man would have done, slid the instrument into my "cunt," causing me an exquisite sense of pleasure, which made me clasp her towards me with all my force, and in a moment I felt a thrill, half of pleasure and half of pain, and I knew that my virginity had gone.

As soon as Madame perceived this she signed to "The Baby" girl to come out of me, so as to make room for Bertha, who with the larger dildo, which penetrated into regions which were now entered for the first time, gave me the liveliest pleasure, and caused me to "come," with a feeling of exquisite enjoyment, different from the enjoyment I had felt when girls had "kissed me down," and which I now experienced for the first time. When she saw that the supreme moment had arrived, Bertha gripped the "balls" between her legs, and squeezing them again and again, squirted up the hot liquid, through the tube in the
centre of the dildoe, so as to produce exactly the same effect inside my "cunt" as if a man's "sperm" were being poured into me.

Madame was delighted to see how much I enjoyed the experience, and assured me that, for her part, she much preferred a dildoe to a man, because one can make the dildoe "spend," when one chooses, whereas the man has to "come" when he can.

The girls were now all begging Madame to let them try if they could get "The Giant" into her, in the way she had explained, and, though she at first resisted, she soon took my place on the bed, where she lay with her legs apart, still in her fancy costume, panting with the anticipation of the voluptuous experience she was about to undergo.

Two of the girls started at once to suck her "tiddies," while I began with tongue and finger to tickle her delicious "cunt," and very soon had the satisfaction of seeing that we were causing her to thrill with delighted sensuality.
Bertha and another girl where meanwhile filling the immense balls of "The Giant" with liquid, and getting ready "The Captain," to be used first.

When I had started Madame successfully upon her voyage of pleasure, I motioned to "The Captain" girl, who at once got on top of her, and inserting the dildoe, proceeded to work it up and down as knowingly and as quickly as if she had been a man.

I, meanwhile, was aiding Bertha to gird on "The Giant," with the result that, when it was adjusted, she looked like a delicate boy, endowed by nature with the most monstrous prick that ever was seen. I smothered the point in vaseline, and we then stood and waited by the bed. Very soon it was evident from Madame's lascivious movements that "The Captain" was rapidly conducting her to the supreme pleasure of "coming" and in a few moments later we saw that "The Captain," as he slid in and out of her "pussie" was covered with a thick frothy moisture, show-
ing that the flow of "sperm" had begun. This was evidently the moment for "The Giant," and as "The Captain" slipped out, I instantly inserted my fingers, so that the sensation of pleasure might not slacken for a moment.

With wonderful speed and adroitness Bertha took the place vacated by the other girl, and while I held the lips of the "cunt" as wide apart as ever I could with my two hands, Bertha pushed and shoved with all her force, until to our great satisfaction, it began to move slowly inwards.

Then followed the most extraordinary scene that can possibly be conceived. Madame, having already reached the highest pitch of enjoyment to which she had ever before attained, could scarcely believe that there was still greater delight yet to come: but as Bertha pushed "The Giant" steadily onwards, at the same time working it gently in and out in the proper manner, the distension and irritation of the "cunt" was so extreme and the delightful feeling of tickling so immensely in excess of anything
she had ever felt before, that her body rocked and swayed about in a perfect agony of enjoyment, and that her voluptuous movements caused us onlookers to feel as randy as possible. As "The Giant" went steadily further in, Bertha quickened the movement, and finally, pushing it right home, she squeezed the balls repeatedly, sending into her very soul a flow, both far hotter and far more plentiful than any man's "prick" could possibly have produced. As Bertha withdrew the dildo from the palpitating "pussie," Madame swooned away in a dead faint, utterly exhausted by the immensely prolonged, and artificially exaggerated, scene of enjoyment, of which she had been the delighted heroine.

On seeing this one of the girls ran downstairs and soon returned with some champagne, which speedily revived her, and she immediately began to give us an account of the exquisite sensations she had been experiencing. She assured us that from the moment "The Giant" began to make is way in, the pleasure was absolutely
heavenly, causing her to "come" twice, before the final injection of the fluid, but that at times the feeling became so strong as to be scarcely bearable.

This recital, in addition to the voluptuous scene we had witnessed, aroused our sensuality to a high pitch of expectation; and Madame herself, having recharged "The Captain" with liquid and having fastened it on, was very soon on top of Bertha, vigorously "poking" her, while I did the same to one of the other girls with "The School-boy;" and, as the other three girls were doing to "Trio of the Graces" with mutually tickling fingers, the goddess of sensuality was soon reigning supreme over our naked bodies.

When I was at last left alone in bed, I could not get to sleep for a long time, owing to the heated and excited state of my brain and blood, and as I lay awake, I could not help feeling amazed at the part our dignified school-mistress had taken in the proceedings. Later on however I found that she had long been an ardent devotee of
"Lesbianism," and had only become a school-mistress in order to have plenty of opportunities of satisfying this entrancing lust.

There, my dear Ethel, you have a full, and true account of our third meeting, and if it does not make your hair stand on end; fringe and all, I shall be surprised! I wonder by the way if my former letters have made you sufficiently, curious to induce you to try the experiment of tickling your own "pussie?" It so, I have no doubt you have discovered the little "button," the incitement and tickling of which causes such exquisite pleasure. At the same time I can tell you from experience that it is not half so nice to do it to oneself, as to get someone else to do it, and I am told that to have it done by a nice boy is the most voluptuous thing of all.

Good bye, dearest, for the present, and I hope you will not be shocked by this awfully naughty letter from

Your ever loving
Blanche.
LETTER IV

My dearest Ethel,

I am afraid this is going to be rather a scrappy letter, but I hope you will nevertheless find it both instructive and amusing!

The morning after the scene related in my last letter, I was not very much surprised to receive a message from Madame, when the maid came to call me, saying that, as she was rather tired, we need none of us get up till the twelve o'clock déjeuner.

When therefore I had finished my chocolate and pâté de foie gras sandwiches, I nestled down once more into the warm bed-clothes, to enjoy myself for at least two hours.
Just as I had done so the door opened, and in came a girl named Edith—the niece of the Countess de B***, whom I have already mentioned in connection with the book "Le Demi-Monde des Jeunes Filles." As a general rule she is very quiet and demure, but I had heard from the other girls that, when you get her alone, she is very smutty and wicked, so that I was delighted when she said she had come to have a chat. She began by taking off her chemise de nuit, making me do the same, and we then lay together in the warm bed, her naked body cuddled close against mine, while the strong pressure of our "pussies" against one another, with a little aid from her slenders fingers soon put us in a good condition for naughty conversation!

She began asking me if I knew why it was that girls are taught to pay so much attention to their dress and appearance?

I told her I had never thought about the subject; and she then told me that it is all done simply to arouse the sensuality of the male sex. A pretty face, and even a vo-
luptuous figure, so she assured me, do not appeal successfully to a man's instinct of vice, unless they are accompanied by the accessories of fashionable luxury, such as smart dresses, hats, boots, gloves, etc.

Above all, she said, our evening dress, with its display of naked breasts, arms and shoulders, the hair elaborately dressed, the hands delicately gloved, and our bodies breathing, out the scent of lascivious perfumes, has such a powerful effect upon the other sex, that often, especially in dancing, when their hands are clasping the tightly-corsetted waist, and their eyes and nostrils are almost touching our nude and panting busts, a girl can feel her partner's "dolly" forcing out his trousers to such an extent as to make its pressure distinctly felt against her leg.

When I asked her how she found this out, she told me that her aunt, the Countess, has two sons, who are now three-or-four-and-twenty, that is seven or eight years older than herself, and, as she has always lived with her aunt, these two male cousins,
after seducing her when she was only a child of nine, have always spoken to her of their vices without any restraint.

She went on to tell me that, whereas in England young men are supposed by their parents to be pious, and have therefore to do their "poking" with "tarts" on the sly, in France the parents recognise the necessity of a young man having a "mistress" of his own, to keep him from running after the "cocottes" who throng the streets and music-halls, from whom he might catch some disease.

When her cousins were about seventeen or eighteen, she declares that one morning, when they were together in the bath-room, drying themselves after their morning "tub," the Countess, who was then only thirty-six, and looked about ten years younger, calmly walked in upon them, wearing nothing but her transparent "chemise de nuit," which moreover was unfastened all down the front, in such a way as to leave her opulent breasts, big hips and smiling "pussie" fully exposed to view.
The boys, somewhat amazed, with natural modesty, held their towels in such a way as to hide as much of their nakedness as possible, but their mother, when she had given her charms time to work upon them, told them with a bawdy smile to put their towels down, and noticed with delight their "dollies" standing up big and erect, with incestuous desire, aroused by the sight of their mother's attractive nudity.

This pleased her, not only as a tribute to the power of her own ripe charms, but because it showed her that they had inherited the same big style of "instrument," which their late father—who by the way was not the Countess's husband!—had possessed.

Looking approvingly at their quivering pricks, she said: "Ah! I thought my boys must be becoming men by this time, though I scarcely expected to find you so well developed already, and it is for this purpose that I have come to talk to you. The fact is that I do not want to have you running after stray girls, of whom you know nothing,
and I do not much like either the idea of your "having" any of the female servants, and so I have made what I hope you will find a pleasant arrangement. I have taken two very nice sets of apartments for you, in which I have installed two very pretty girls, who are employed in the trying-on room at my dress-maker’s, which ensures not only their having voluptuous-looking figures, but also their being always smartly and fashionably dressed. I have instructed them to procure, at my expense, anything they like in the way of delicate underclothing, transparent chemises, open-work "tights" and stockings, etc.—in fact all the dainty and tempting allurements of vice, with which professionnal "cocottes" are accustomed to inflame the passions of young men. "Of course" she added "you are at liberty to make love as much as you like to all the married Society women of your acquaintance, and I can even give you the names of a good many who will not very long resist the pleadings of pretty boys like you, especially when they find out what splendid "pricks" these are."
While she had been saying this, she had at first placed her hand coquettishly to hide her "pussie," which was throbbing beneath the lustful gaze of the two boys; but very soon, almost unconsciously she found herself clasping the two stiff "dollies," one in each of her jewelled hands, the tickling of which inflamed still further the boys's passionate desires.

They knew that their mother had had many lovers and that, since her widowhood, she was often passing her nights in quiet, but for all that most awful orgies with men; so, as she was now looking at them with a most lewd hand bawdy smile, the elder son pushed her softly on to a couch, and as he stole his fingers into her "cunt," he felt it throbbing with excitement. She opened her legs to allow him better to do as he liked with her, and, mad with lust, in another moment he had slipped his "dolly" into his own mother's "cunt," who only too willing, gave him every facility of doing so.

While this was going on and while she
was dying with sensual pleasure under the amorous embrace of her eldest son, the younger boy looked on with considerable disappointment, which seeing, the Countess, with a sensuous laugh and looking a regular bacchante told him not do despair, and that he would have his turn: so she enjoyed both her handsome boys, one after the other, while the fact that it was "incest" added fire to her sinful excitement!

When these very wicked acts were finished, she told them with a lustful smile that they were very naughty boys and that as a punishment they would have to come both hand sleep with her, one on each side of her, the very next night!

The boys told Edith of this scene the same day, she being not quite thirteen at the time, and she added that the boys did sleep with the Countess the following night and many other nights, and that she actually taught her sons to "poke" and "buggar" her—their own mother!—at the same time!

Her cousins having acquired a taste for it,
began, she said, from that time to "buggar" her also, and many a time, she assured me, she had been compressed between the two handsome boys, one in front and the other behind, which, she said, she enjoyed greatly; and, when she was a little older, they, on several occasions, took her to the rooms where the two pretty shop-girls had been established by the Countess.

There she was at first treated with great respect as a "Society young-lady." As soon however as the girls discovered her smutty tastes, they arrayed themselves in the most fascinating of their indecent costumes, and then, having undressed the two boys, they went through a series of all the most lascivious forms of vice, that they could think of, for her amusement.

Besides this they showed her all sorts of books of extraordinary smutty pictures and photos, and lent her some stories to read, of the kind described as "Erotic and Ultra-Galant." In fact they did everything to corrupt her completely and made her cousins "have" her before them, so as to
render her altogether shameless, in which had quite succeeded, for she said she was longing to be "poked" by lots of different men and that it was her intention to let the men know it too!

These girls had a little rhymed "Prayer to the Virgin" to be used before enjoying a "poke."

"Holy Mother, we believe
Without sin Thou didst conceive.
Grant that we, in Thee believing,
Now may sin without conceiving."

After these visits to her cousins's "mistresses," Edith was very anxious to be taken to see one of the more fashionable of the "immoral" houses, which are to be found of a more luxurious character in Paris, than anywhere else in the world. Her cousins however refused to run the risk of taking her there, and so she had to be content with a description of the most luxurious and voluptuous of them all.

The inside of the house is decorated with
exquisite pictures and carvings, while the large marble staircase and all the rooms are so thickly carpeted that no sound of footsteps is ever heard.

Visitors are received by a gorgeously dressed lady, who, when she has ascertained their wants, hands them over to the care of a couple of pages, about twelve years old, of whom there are a great number in the establishment, all exquisitely dressed in fancy "tights" costumes. They are of both sexes, but, as they all have their hair elaborately dressed, with flowers in it, and all alike wear corsets, long kid gloves, and dainty feminine shoes, it is hard to tell the sex of the pages, except that the close-fitting tights, if looked at carefully, will generally reveal a "baby-prick" in the case of the boy-pages. These conduct the visitors to a large room surrounded with mirrors, in which a large number of lovely girls, absolutely naked, except for transparent chemises and stockings, are placed in lascivious groups, whose suggestive poses are reflected by the glasses on the walls.
From these groups, one or more partners are chosen by the visitors, who are then conducted to the sumptuous bed-rooms, where, if desired, the pages still remain, to aid them in undressing, and to excite them during their acts of sensuality by tickling, etc., etc.

There are also rooms specially set apart for the vice of "Lesbianism," where only women are admitted, though men are allowed to peep through hidden windows, to watch the obscene movements and poses of the unconscious girls within!

On one occasion, when the two cousins were watching through the secret spy-hole, they saw their mother—the Countess—revelling with the keenest enjoyment, in an orgy of this fascinating but unnatural vice.

That same evening, after she had gone up to bed, they went together to chaff her about the discovery they had made. She was not in the least disconcerted, and said that, if they only knew how delicious the sensation was, they would understand her enjoyment of it. To prove its pleasure to
them, she offered to show the eldest one the "gammerouge," which is the corresponding act, in the case of a male, and consists in kissing the point of his "dolly" until the action of the tongue causes it to "come." Softly tickling his "balls" with her jewelled fingers, she did her part with such skill as to cause him the most exquisite sensations; and, bending over him as he lay on the bed, she motioned to the younger one to come behind her, and to slip his "prick" from that position into her "pussie," thus causing her to feel to a certain extent the sensual pleasure which her kisses were producing.

This last recital, just like what Edith had told me before about the incestuous love encounters between this unnatural mother and her two sons, rather disgusted me, for any woman so well-preserved as the Countess can certainly get as many lovers as she wants, without getting her own sons to "poke" her, but Edith tells me that time will reconcile me to the idea of "incest."
She says that in spite of her fondness for vice of all sorts, her aunt was most particular about going to Church on Sundays, where she could not only display her own smart clothes, but study those of her neighbours; and she also showed her "religion" by aiding various charities. The way in which she preferred to do this was by acting in plays or tableaux, got up in aid of the charity, in which case she always began by protesting that she would act any part they liked, provided it was not a maillot (tights) part; and yet she always allowed herself to be persuaded that, with her lovely figure, etc., she would thereby induce more people to come to the entertainment and so benefit the poor, and ended not only by wearing the "tights," but by wearing very little else besides. In fact in one comic opera she played the part of a boy, but wore a costume consisting of a sleeveless bodice of the thinnest possible pink kid, with knickers, or rather drawers, of the same material; and as the points of the breasts, as well as the shape of her thighs
and hips, stood out as plainly as if she had been stark naked, it is evident that few people can have mistaken her for the "boy" she was supposed to represent, especially as she finished her costume with sixteen-button pink kid gloves.

On another occasion she posed in a tableau as Venus, after much protesting and resistance; and, though it was known to the audience that she wore a tight-fitting suit of the thinnest possible pink silk all over her body, anyone, seeing her in the brilliant light of the stage, would have sworn that she was as naked as Eve, for it revealed not only every curve, but every hair on her body.

Edith spoke to me also of the French watering places, and I am now longing to go to Trouville, which, as I daresay you know, is the Brighton of France. She says that there the men and girls all bathe together and have the most splendid fun. There are, it seems, two distinct classes of girls at Trouville—those who wear bathing-costumes to bathe in, and those who like to
show off their figures, without the bother of going into the water. The latter wear a sort of pantomine-boy costume, consisting of a sleeveless bodice, silk tights, high-heeled shoes, and very often long kid gloves. A big picture-hat, with a parasol to match the costume, completes a toilette which would be ruined by going into the water; and so they sit on the beach, smoking cigarettes and flirting, or listening to the men's very risky stories.

The bathing-girls who really mean swimming, on the other hand, generally wear a sort of silk jersey combinations, something like the men's, only much lower in the neck, sleeveless and much thinner. The "knowing" girls have those made so tight that, when they get wet and shrink, the stitches begin to stretch and gape, thereby allowing the pink skin, and other charms to show through as distinctly as if they were perfectly nude. In this way they get a distinct score over the other girls, who do not go into the water.

Edith tells me she wears dark-blue suits
of this sort, through which her pink skin looks awfully fetching, but they sometimes shrink so much that, on coming out, her maid cannot get them off without cutting them! She says the best fun is to spot a man with a big "dolly"—it is apparently easy enough to see them under the tights—and ask him to teach you to swim. While he is holding you up, you slide your hand down and tickle his "dolly," which has probably come up already, if your body, and especially your "tiddies" are of a voluptuous character. As soon as he feels the fingers at work, he returns the compliment by tickling the "pussie" with one hand, while with the other he strokes the points of the breasts.

This sounds awfully good fun, and I mean to try it when I go to Trouville.

I came to the conclusion that Bertha had only done her justice when she said, "You will find that sly little monkey Edith, who seems so pious, the most delightfully smutty talker in the world, when you get her by herself."

So entranced was I by her conversation
that we did not notice how quick the time slipped by, and to our dismay, one of the younger girls arrived with a message from Madame, asking why we were not down, just at the very moment when we had allowed the mutual tickling of our fingers, which had been gently going on nearly all the time, to quicken into a regular "frig."

As I am not anymore the little shamefaced thing I was, when I first came here, and as Edith is, as you may have gathered from all she has told me, quite shameless, we continued our little game without taking any notice of the presence of the child, finding, in fact, in the sense of our shamelessness, an increase of sensual gratification.

So the junior, a very pretty girl of fourteen, saw from our movements what was going on, and, pulling down the bed-clothes, she watched with eager eyes the lascivious heavings of our naked bodies, which were rapidly approaching the spasm of supreme pleasure. Seeing this she began to tickle us down our spines, laughing all the time with delight at our voluptuous movements.

When we had finished, she said to me:
"Dearest Blanche, do let me come and do that with you some day; my sister and I often do it at home, and she says my fingers are simply made for "f rigging."

She is such a pretty little thing that I could not refuse, and so she is to creep up some night, when every one is asleep, and stay the whole night with me. When I told her this, she began in her gratitude to kiss me all over my naked body, in a way which showed she was no novice in the arts of sensual pleasure.

We told Madame we had fallen asleep again, an explanation which she accepted, though I think she guessed the truth.

And now, dearest Ethel, good bye for the present. I am afraid this is a very disjointed letter, the contents of which will probably shock you very much, but some of it will I daresay instruct you as well as amuse you. After perusing it, I think that you will say like me, that it is no wonder Edith is "knowing," being brought up by such an aunt, and with such cousins!

Ever your most loving

Blanche.
LETTER V

My dear Ethel,

Since my last letter we have had our halfterm "exeat," which is a short holiday lasting from Saturday morning to Tuesday evening. To my-great delight Edith very kindly got her aunt, the Countess, to write to Madame, asking if I might be allowed to spend the holidays with her; an invitation which was most readily accepted, as Madame assured me that the Countess was a leader of the very best Parisian Society. After what Edith had told me, I rather smiled at this, but I nevertheless departed joyfully on the Saturday morning with Edith, having first of all carefully packed
up the smartest of my new dresses and hats to wear on Sunday, as well as two very low-necked evening dresses to wear at dinner.

The Countess, who is marvellously young-looking for her age, received us most kindly, though with very much the air of a "grande dame." Edith declares that her youthful appearance is entirely due to "make-up," but if so, her maids must be most marvellously skilful, for she would easily pass for eight-and-thirty, while her exquisitely corseted figure looks really quite girlish. Talking of figures by the way, it is very curious to notice how very differently shaped French women's figures are from English. The two chief points of difference are that the breasts, which English girls wear almost in their natural position, are always forced upwards by the French corsets, so as to stand out quite straight from the body, without hanging down in the least. This has a very suggestive appearance, especially in evening-dresses, which thus expose to view far
more of the "tiddies," even if they are cut no lower than an English gown.

It is most amusing to see the way the men will keep their eyes fixed on a well-filled décolleté corsage, watching for the moment when some forward movement of the wearer shall expose the naughty little breast-points to their eager gaze. I have now learnt how to expose them or to hide them just as I please, with such slight and imperceptible motions as to give a man the idea that I am all the time perfectly unconscious of what he is so anxiously looking out for.

The other point of difference in the French and English women's figures is that in England women always try to keep the "stomach" in as much as possible, and have their corsets made so as to force it in, out of sight, if they can.

In Paris however a prominent ventre is as much admired as a big "behind," and just as we used to wear "bustles" to make the latter look unnaturally large, so some French women actually wear a small
"cushion" in front, if their ventre is too flat by nature.

I am even amused to notice how much the shape of my own figure has changed, for the extra pressure at the waist caused by my thirteen-and-a-half-inch stays, has of course caused the flesh to expand below the waist, and this, encouraged by the shape of the corsets, now stands out—so round and plump and firm, that when you next see me, you will think I have got a foot-ball under the lower part of my stays. It is in fact so prominent that in England I am afraid people will think I am enceinte, but here it is considered a great beauty, especially by men. Moreover Edith declares that there is no part of a girl's body which it gives a man so much pleasure to kiss as a ventre provided it is firm and round.

In any case I noticed that the eyes both of the Countess and of her two sons rested most approvingly on my overhanging ventre, which being fully displayed by a very thight-fitting gown, served to accentuate the lines leading down to the warm recesses of my "pussie."
They treated me with the greatest politeness, and I was so fortunate in pleasing the Countess that she gave permission for her sons to escort Edith and me to the Comédie Française in the evening.

Instead, however, of going to this classical theatre, the idea of which did not please any of us, we spent half the evening watching the lascivious dances at the Moulin-Rouge, and the other half at the Folies-Bergère, where the open attempts of the "cocottes" to arouse the sensuality of the different men they met, amused me immensely.

Edith's two cousins had by this time thrown off all restraint, and told us all sorts of stories of the different cocottes we saw.

One they pointed out to us had, it seemed, a passion for small boys and, finding a difficulty in gratifying this lust, she adopted the expedient of sending numbers of telegrams to herself every day. In Paris I must tell you, telegrams are always brought up and delivered to their owner by the telegraph-boys in person. When one of these knocked at her door, and was told
to "come in," he found her lying in a long easy chair, with nothing on but a thin silk dressing-gown, which being carefully left unfastened all down the front, would fly open at the slightest movement, allowing the boy to feast his eyes upon her naked "cunt" and "tiddies." After looking at these for a few moments it generally did not require much persuasion to induce him to take off his regulation trousers, and place his childish "prick" at her disposal.

If the boy was a novice in the art of vice her enjoyment was of course all the greater, for there is no greater pleasure for a depraved woman than to teach a young innocent boy all the different ways of satisfying sensual passion and to make him an adept of vice.

The following morning I breakfasted in my bed-room and then proceeded to dress for Church, naturally choosing some of my prettiest things.

When I came downstairs, I found the party waiting for me.—The Countess stood so astonished at what she termed this
"Vision of loveliness" that at first she seemed speechless; then however, "lifting up her own veil and my own, she gave me a long passionate kiss, which told me how the elegance of my figure had excited her "Lesbianism." All the way to Church and all through the service, she was feasting her eyes on me, and when we got home afterwards, she instantly carried me off to her bed-room, where she gave orders that luncheon was to be served for herself and me.

Edith and her two cousins smiled at what they knew was going to happen, but did not complain at having their own lunch together by themselves.

The Countess with the aid of her maid rapidly undressed, till she had nothing on but her stockings and chemise. The maid then came to undress me, and I was beginning to unbutton my long gloves, when the Countess stopted me, and said to the maid: "Leave the hat, gloves, boots, stockings, corset and chemise, but remove everything
else; ’’ and when this was done, I must confess that the image of myself reflected in the glass looked extraordinary wanton and lascivious. In this costume we lunched, being waited on by the maid who was evidently an adept in the art of vice, and constantly refilled our glasses with champagne.

After lunch the Countess and her maid together laid me on the bed, and lifting up my chemise, they exhausted the French language in their compliments of my ventre, tights, “pussie,” etc. “Never,” so the Countess assured me, “had the mere sight of a girl made her feel so hot!” And I was soon able to return the compliment, by telling her that never before had I been so skilfully “kissed,” tickled and “frigged;” while it was evident the maid enjoyed the scene almost as much as we did.

To the horror of the Countess, Edith came in, in the middle of this “ultra-Lesbian” scene, but she soon showed that, so far from being shocked, she quite appreciated the voluptuous nature of the
performance, for she undressed at once and very soon joined in the fun so heartily, as to prove that she too was no novice in the arts of vice.

Soon she whispered something to the French maid, who left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, followed by the Countess's two sons, both perfectly nude. As this was the first time I had ever seen a naked man in real life, you may imagine I looked at them and at their standing "pricks" with the greatest interest, and, in spite of the voluptuous scenes in which I had already taken a part, the sight caused a fresh thrill of sensuality to run through my body and made me long for those boys to "throw me down" on the bed or on the chaise-longue and "poke" me. For the first time I all at once understood how much altered I was since I have left dear Old England, and I felt that all sense of shame had left me and that the fire of my animal passions had been kindled to such a pitch that henceforth I would have to satisfy those passions at all costs.
So, like a young "harlot," I quite offered myself to the boys, who, in spite of the pretended remonstrances of the Countess, were very soon "on top" of Edith and myself, and as their mighty "pricks" slid softly up and down in our throbbing "cunts," exerting more and more pressure, as they twined their muscular legs round our stockinged limbs, I learnt for the first time the superiority of the real article over the artificial "poking" of the dildoe!

The delicious enjoyment of this, my first real "poke," was still further increased by the Countess and her maid, who with tickling fingers and burning kisses, did all in their power to augment our lascivious sensations of sensual pleasure.

When this was ended, my prejudices against "incest" were almost overcome by seeing the intense pleasure that the Countess enjoyed between the front and rear "poking" of her two stalwart sons; in fact both Edith and I were obliged afterwards to confess that the ultra naughtiness of this most immoral performance had caused it to
give us additional satisfaction, and made us both long to be treated by the young men in the same way, which, of course they did! And I must add that, for my part, I shall never forget the most heavenly sensations the rubbing of those two "cocks" against the thin membrane separating the two channels produced in me, as they both worked in my inside. In the end it caused me quite to swoon away with pleasure!

When we were all thoroughly exhausted by our very "religious" Sunday afternoon, we put on the most airy and négligés of costumes, and then went down to a sumptuous dinner, the rich meats and wines of which were specially well suited to invigorate bodies that were fatigued by sensual pleasures.

Just before dinner the Countess despatched the French maid, with a whispered message, which turned out afterwards to have been sent to the "immoral house" described in my last letter, asking the head of the establishment to send back with the maid two of the most experienced "pages" in the establishment.
Accordingly after dinner we found a boy and girl of ten or twelve awaiting us in the drawing-room, both deliciously dressed in the most indecent manner, while their bodies exhaled the most exquisite perfumes.

Their pretty little faces were all aglow with the anticipation of the scene they were going to enact, their eyes flashing with the excitement caused by the champagne, with which the maid who fetched them had taken care to prime them.

We had all partaken liberally of the same wine at dinner, and in fact, an observer might probably have decided that we were all half-drunk. Added to this we were all of us so lightly clad that every movement of our bodies disclosed some attractive nudity or another.

The moment the little boy caught sight of me, he ran towards me. His long hair was dressed with flowers exactly like a girl's, and his chief garment was a pale blue satin corset, which made him look so feminine that his precociously developed "prick" below it seemed quite out of place. His
open-work silk stockings, long kid gloves and high-heeled shoes all exactly matched the colour of his tightly laced corset. Pulling open my dressing-gown, he plunged his face into my snowy ventre, kissing it again and again in a most passionate manner. Flushed as I was with wine, I could not help being flattered to see the pleasure which this gave him, revealed beyond all doubt by the instant stiffening of his dear little "prick." After toying with it, I took the point of the little "cock" between my lips, and endeavoured to "gammerouge" this baby lover, in the way Edith had described. And while this was taking place the little girl was doing the same for the two men, exciting the two pricks alternately with lips and fingers; while the Countess and Edith, closely embraced and mouth to mouth, were "masturbating" one another, while looking at us.

After this preliminary we had some more champagne and then the two children, who had been carefully trained in vice in the
most immoral house of luxurious sensuality in the world, gave us a lascivious performance of childish wickedness. There was not a single item omitted in the all category of vice. A couch, was brought forward to the middle of the room for them, which, like a fairy bride and bridegroom, they approached, the boy doing the "poking" of his pretty partner with such astonishing vigour that their lascivious movements suggested fully developed performers rather than small children. He "poked" her in front and behind, "frigged" her dainty little cunt with tongue and fingers, sucking her "tiddies" till she swooned with pleasure. Then she laid him upon the bed and took his place, kissing his "prick," while she inserted her finger into the opening of his behind, and finally ended with a triumphant "St. George," which is like an ordinary poke, only that the male lies underneath, while the female sits down on him, in such a way that his "dolly," as she does so, slides into her "pussie."
When they had finished their exhibition, all of us being thoroughly exhausted by the excesses we had indulged in, and moreover being all too drunk for anything, we all retired to bed, I sleeping with the Countess’s sons, while Edith went to bed with her aunt and the two pages.

The next day we were told we need not get up till lunch-time, but after breakfast Edith came to share my bed with her cousins, her aunt wishing to rest herself, and brought with her a lovely book which the Countess had lent her especially for my benefit.

The book is an account of a Society “mother,” who has a son born, after the father’s death; and, having a great objection to boys, she makes up her mind to bring up the child as a girl. This goes on until the child becomes a Society young lady of seventeen, whose long glossy hair and lovely face make “her” quite a reigning beauty, with whom all the young men are madly in love.

Meanwhile the mother encourages “her”
to think of nothing but dress and amuse-
ments, and while "she" revels in the
luxury of the most expensive corsets and
delicate underclothing, "her" one trouble
is "that" she cannot have "her" evening
dresses cut fashionably low, as in spite of
the use of massage, etc., the bust refuses to
become as full as "she" desires.

With this as a starting-point you can
easily see that all sorts of risky and vo-
luptuous scenes are bound sooner or later
to arise. It begins by the lady's maid, who
dresses "Mademoiselle," conceiving a vio-
lent desire for this pretty boy, the sight of
whose rapidly-growing "prick," fringed
with dark curling hair, causes her to thrill
with sensuality when she sees it every
morning and evening in dressing her
charge, or still more, in rendering assistance
during the bath.

"Mademoiselle" herself is astonished to
find that the sight of other girls, to whose
bed-rooms "she" is of course freely ad-
mitted, when in a state of undress and semi-
nudity, causes her "prick" to throb and
stiffen, in a way "she" cannot understand.
This naturally ends in the lady's-maid revealing to "her" the use for which the pretty little "rammer" is intended; and after experimenting with the maid, it is not hard to guess that "she" very soon tries playing the same game with some of "her" girl friends. These naturally find something deliciously spicy in the contrast between the daintily feminine appearance of this elegant "girl," who nevertheless possesses the "one thing needful" to enable "her" to play the part of a man.

There are also some charmingly suggestive scenes in which the young men, with whom "she" is always coquettishly flirting, try to persuade her to let them come to "her" bed-room and "poke" her, an offer which "she" always laughingly declines.

It is certainly, to my idea, a delightfully "upside-down" conception to have a man, who believes himself to be a girl, dressed always in the height of feminine fashion, and wearing the daintiest chemises, corsets, gloves and stockings that Paris can produce.

The climax comes when one day one of
the lovers, growing bolder than the rest, forces his way into "her" bedroom, and there finds "his sweetheart" on top of his own sister, "poking" her in the heartiest way imaginable. At first he is horrified, as he fancies that it is case of "Lesbianism," but when he sees that the dainty little "prick" is a real one and not a dildo, he is more and more astonished, and cannot make it out at all.

Then follows an explanation which ends in the "lover" promising to keep the secret, and offering to take this feminine boy round Paris, to enjoy some of the numerous lascivious pleasures, which are easily to be found by those who know how to enjoy them.

The "boy" remains far too feminine in all his tastes to give up wearing his female dress, especially as it causes him the spiciest enjoyment to find himself still made ardent love to by men who still imagine him to be a girl.

He next forms, what is supposed to be a "literary society," among his girl friends,
who arrange to meet once a week at one
another's houses. The real object of the
Society however is "fucking," to use rather
a coarse, but descriptive word; and he soon
proves to them that if he is a girl in dress
and tastes, his manly instrument is at any
rate a most substantial one which it would
need to be, to satisfy the eager lusts of a
dozen or more eager girls, who had just
reached the age when the gratification of
their sensual desires is almost a matter of
necessity; for a girl of that age is like a
bitch "on heat," and if she cannot have a
man or a dildo to satisfy the clamouring of
her fleshly lusts, it is very apt seriously to
affect her health.

The "Literary Society" soon formed
itself into a Club, and took comfortable
premises, most luxuriously furnished, with
a library of the bawdiest and most immoral
books in several languages, while the walls
were covered with paintings of the most
lascivious scenes imaginable. And among
these was a whole series dealing with
"bestiality," many of which, my dear
Ethel, were reproduced in the book itself. There was one of a lovely girl being crammed by the “cock” of a huge St. Bernard dog; while another girl, lying on a very narrow couch, had a donkey standing over her, “poking” her with a gigantic instrument as big as a rolling-pin.

This has been a very long letter, my dear Ethel, and I hope I have not shocked you too much in describing to you so many lascivious scenes.

By the way, when you try tickling yourself, be sure and take up a position in front of a big looking-glass, so that you can watch the action of the fingers in the “cunt,” as well as the motions of the body. You will find this add greatly to the spiciness of a solitary “frig” and if you can read a naughty book at the same time, so much the better, as it will make you feel nice and “randy” and will ensure your “coming” properly.

Ever your loving
Blanche.
LETTER VI

My dearest Ethel,

I am afraid it is a long time since I written you one of my long letters, which is all the more disgraceful of me, as I know there are several jolly letters of yours unanswered. In a very little while now, however, I shall be back for the holidays, and then we can have a really good time together.

I was very much interested in your account of your first attempts to "tickle" yourself, and I am not at all surprised that you describe your sensations as "perfectly lovely" as you say that you had no difficulty in finding the "little button" in your pussie, the fondling of which causes such
exquisite pleasure, and that it stood up firm and stiff under the touch of your fingers, almost like the point of one of your "tiddies." That is good news, dearest, for it means that you have a disposition specially inclined to all the pleasures of sensuality, and I am certain that, when I am there to teach you all about it, you will get the same heavenly enjoyment that I have been experiencing ever since my first "initiation."

Do you remember my telling you of the little thirteen-year-old girl, who was so delighted at my promise to let her sleep with me one night? Her name is Suzette, and she is the dearest little girl imaginable. When she is in bed with one, her soft kisses and tiny tickling fingers go all over ones body in the most delicious way, and when her dear little right hand at last finds the centre of delight, the effect is perfectly indescribable, for she has such a baby hand, that all four fingers go in at once, and she knows how to cause a separate and special pleasure with each one of them. Her own
little nest is so small, that I have to return the compliment with my little finger, and even that is rather a tight fit. I am hoping that I shall be allowed by her parents to bring her to England to spend part, at any rate, of the holiday with me.

It is a funny thing how different girls are! Suzette is as naughty as ever she can be in act, and yet in word, she is the most perfectly modest and innocent child imaginable! Edith—the Countess's niece—on the other hand, is just the opposite, and at the last "Lesbian" meeting, she kept us all in fits of laughter with some of her droll stories, which are not exactly smutty, but are generally awfully suggestive, which for my part I think much nicer. I can only remember one or two of them, but these I may as well try and tell you.

Some people were trying table-turning, but were only able to find a rather heavy, clumsy table, with several drawers in it, which is not of course a very suitable one for the purpose.
One of the party, who was a spiritualist, stood by, interpreting the meaning of the table's movements.

At last one of the table-turners put the question to the table: "What is my wife doing at the present moment?"

At this the table gave a tremendous heave and finally tumbled right over on the floor, dragging some of the party with it.

"And what is the interpretation of that?" asked the husband, picking himself up from the floor.

The spiritualist looked very embarrassed, and said nothing. The question was repeated, and then he said, pointing to the table: "I really must leave you to judge of the meaning for yourself."

The table was lying on its back, with its drawers open, and one of the men was lying right on top of it, in between its legs.

As this fact dawned upon the company, it can easily be imagined that they were soon in fits of laughter, with the exception of the husband, who seemed to fail to see the joke.

Another story of hers is of a pretty girl,
who, for the sake of a very good-looking curate, was won't to fulfill the office of Sunday-school teacher, in spite of the risk of damage to her beautiful Sunday clothes. One day she found herself in the middle of the story Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Taking for granted that the children did not understand it, she rashly asked one of the boys what he would have done, if he had been in Joseph's place?

"Please, Teacher, I'd have been hupper like a knife" was the unexpected reply; whereupon the whole class rose, and began to sing the following hymn:

"Father's got the cricket-ball
And mother's got the wicket;
And when they go to bed at night
They play a game of cricket."

Since then she has attended Sunday-school no more, but prefers to spoon the curate at afternoon tea.

And now I want to tell you about rather a curious thing that has happened, only you are so delightfully innocent that I
scarcely know how to explain it to you. You know that it is quite a common thing for a man to "keep" a girl as a "mistress" or "cocotte," on whom he lavishes money and presents, while she in return ministers in every possible way to his sensual desires! Even in pious London this goes on, and in St. John's Wood, and at Richmond many a dainty little house with an exquisitely dressed mistress bears witness to the genuine piety of the London County Councillors! In Paris, on the other hand, every man without exception, who can afford it, keeps one or more "cocottes" and these are to be seen driving every day in the most splendid carriages, or displaying their beautiful busts and shoulders in the most gorgeous costumes at the Theatre or Opera.

Their photos are in every shop-window, their doings are freely discussed in the papers, some of which make a speciality of giving full accounts of their midnight supper-parties, which start with all the guests most correctly and beautifully dressed, and end with their all being still
more beautifully undressed. Ladies of fashion discuss them quite freely pointing out to one another the frail beauties kept by their respective husbands, and imitating them not only in dress and manner, but as far as they know how, in their lascivious behaviour in the privacy of their bed-room. And now, I suppose, you will exclaim: "What is the girl driving at?"

Why just at this, my dear Ethel, which I could not very well explain without leading up to it rather gently. In Paris it is getting almost as common for a beautiful girl to be "kept" by some leading society woman as by a man! Does that take your breath away, dearest? Because if so, prepare for another gasp. The fact is that the Countess has fallen completely in love with me; and though she cannot have me altogether to live with her, as she would like, Madame allows me to spend a day and a night with her every week, during which she lavishes on me the "economies of love" that she has been saving up all the week. She has had a lovely bed-room fitted up in her house
especially for me, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with mirrors, interspersed with the most suggestive and voluptuous pictures. The floor is so thickly carpeted that one might sleep on it without discomfort, and is strewn everywhere with the softest and most luxurious satin cushions. The bed itself is a triumph of voluptuous elegance, and the room is filled continually with the most delicious and intoxicating perfumes. The large hanging-cupboards and chest of drawers are filled with the most lovely improper costumes—transparent chemises, openwork tights, lace drawers, satin-corsets, etc., in which we array ourselves when we retire there for an evening’s pleasure. When I tell you that she has taken into her service the two naughty children whose performance I described in my last letter, and that their special duty is to wait on me when I am there, you can imagine that we have a most delightfully naughty time, when we are together.

I generally go to her on Friday evening,
and stay with her till saturday night. When I arrive I find the two children wait-ing for me dressed as pages in "tights," and low satin bodices, with their long hair hanging almost to the waist.

They conduct me to my bed-room and undress me—a task which pleases them both immensely, but especially the boy, whose tights instantly betray the move-ments of his precociously developed "flute."

When I am quite undressed, they conduct me to the splendid bath-room that opens out of the bed-room, and there the Countess's own maid helps me to enjoy the delicious sensations of a hot and heavily perfumed bath. After this I am dried and massaged, by the clever maid, and my hair is care-fully done up in the latest fashionable style. I then select the costume that I am going to wear, and to give you some idea of the way we dress at these select little dinners, I will describe to you what I wore the last time I went there.

The colours I decided on were pink and black, and accordingly a chemise of the
thinnest black chiffon was brought me, with big bows of pink ribbon to act as shoulder-straps, and with a trimming of the same round the "decolletage" of the neck. Black openwork silk stockings, with pink and black satin garters were finished off with very pointed shoes of pink kid with immense Louis XV heels. A pair of pink kid gloves sewn with black and reaching to the elbow completed a costume, which sounds perhaps rather gloomy, because, there seems to be a good deal more black than pink in it; but, if you ever try wearing a thin black chiffon chemise, you will find that your body supplies the pink, which the faint black of the chiffon only serves to heighten.

When I was thus arrayed the pages ran off to fetch their mistress, who was impatiently waiting in her own room. She arrived in similar costume, only the colours she wore were light-blue and a very pale shade of café-au-lait.

In a moment we are clasped in one another's arms, the contact of our naked
bodies—for chiffon is as good as nothing—causing the most delightful shivers of pleasure to run all over us as we imprint long and lascivious kisses on one another’s lips.

We do not however take any further liberties with each other, as the dinner is served almost immediately, at which we are waited on by the two pages, though the boy finds the sight of our beauties so entrancing that he can scarcely walk owing to the pressure of his "dolly" against the tights.

Meanwhile we excite ourselves with the highly-seasoned viands, washed down with liberal draughts of champagne, in which the pages share, until we are all in such a state of fire that we rush into each others arms in an absolute fury of sexual desire. Then follow a series of the most voluptuous scenes that can possibly be imagined, the Countess continually discovering some new means of heightening the pleasure.

On the saturday morning the Countess generally drives me out in her carriage, and
we make a tour of the shops, in the course of which she is only too delighted to buy me anything and everything that I may take a fancy to. The result is that I have now a large collection of the loveliest hats, stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., that you can possibly imagine, and I am sure you will be perfectly enraptured when you see them. The other girls in the Lesbian Club were at first quite mad with envy of me on account of my good fortune, but as I often pass on some of the Countess's presents to them, they are beginning to get reconciled to my intimacy with her.

Thanks to her various introductions, I have been going into Society a good deal, and I am gradually learning what an immense amount of sensuality there is underlying almost every Society function. At a ball, for instance, everything that can possibly excite the passions is carefully provided. The soft, but brilliant lights, the heavy perfume of the flowers and the slow languorous strains of the waltz music, all tend to arouse the sexual portion of the
brain. The costly dresses of the women, leaving the bust and shoulders naked, so that the maddening perfume of her very body rises to the nostrils of her partner tend to excite the men to the utmost pitch; while the soft touch of their delicate kid gloves and the thrill of the warm body inside the tightly-laced corset, as his arm encircles her waist, still further heightens the lascivious effect.

One lovely evening gown which the Countess gave me is really shockingly low cut and so thin that when I waltz the movement of the air holds it against my body in such a way that the outline of the legs and "ventre" show as plainly as if they were in tights. The Countess's favourite amusement is to watch me dancing in this dress with some young and susceptible partner whose trousers soon begin to assume a more and more distorted appearance, until by a slight turn of the body I let him see the rosy points of my "tiddies," erect and firm at the thought of the effect I am producing. This generally fetches out his
"dolly" so far that I can feel its head against my leg, and at that stage I generally think it safer to let him conduct me into a quiet corner, where his conversation, as a rule, soon betrays the hot and passionate lust that is consuming him.

All this is great fun, both in exciting the men oneself and also in watching the intrigues and flirtations of other naughty couples. One thing, by the way, that I have learnt from the Countess is that, when you sit out with a man on the stairs, you should always sit a step or two below him, for then a dexterous bend or two will open your corsage in such a way that he can see not only your tiddies, but far down below them—a sight which is certain to cause him keen enjoyment. On the other hand, if you are entertaining a man in your boudoir, you should lie on a sofa or on a long chair, and let him sit in a low chair at your feet, when by a little thoughtless lifting of the knees, etc., you will give him a view of quite a different, but no less enchanting, portion of your person.
Another thing the Countess has taught me is, in dressing for a ball, to wear plenty of soft frothy petticoats, but no drawers; for when a man’s hands begin to wander gently up your leg towards the garters and higher—as often happens to me when I am at a ball and am sitting out a dance with some nice fellow in a quiet corner—he loves to come in contact with the delicate texture of luxurious petticoats, but is sadly disappointed if his fingers cannot at last find the cave of delight for which they are seeking. If he does this when you are lying on a sofa or long chair I need not warn you that you must protest most vigorously, and entreat him to desist, while at the same time a few cunning movements will serve to lift your petticoats higher and higher, so has to give him a better view of the treasures concealed within, thereby inflaming him to a more vigorous attack upon your “virtuous” scruples.

In fact, as you may imagine, I am now doing every thing to induce men to take improper liberties with me and try to be
"poked" by as many different "pricks" as possible, and I must now describe to you a delightful scene which took place one day when I reached the Countess's house a good deal earlier in the afternoon than I was expected.

The pages conducted me to my bed-room, and there I lay down upon a most luxurious couch, to read the "Don Juan" a very wicked paper, until the Countess came in from her drive. Presently the door was opened by the wicked pages to admit a very pretty boy between fifteen and sixteen years old, who I learned was a cousin of the Countess, paying her a brief visit from school. The pages shut the door and left him all alone with me, blushing very charmingly with embarrassment at his unexpected situation.

I had only thrown off my hat, which lay on a chair, and was otherwise dressed just as I had come in from the street. My tiny arched shoes with their sharp points and tall slender heels were thrust negligently out a frou-frou of white petticoats, which
were pulled up high enough to disclose the skin of a dainty pink ankle, peeping through the windows of a black open-work stocking.

I saw his gaze wander gradually up from there to my very tightly corseted waist, above which my bust stood out most voluptuously, being lifted up by one of the cushions on which I lay, in such a manner that not only the big round globes but also the sturdy little "pricks" showed plainly and attractively beneath the thin well-fitting-corsage. My hands were gloved to the elbow in spotless lavender kid that fitted without a wrinkle, and the slight disorder of my hair did not, I fancy, serve to make it look any less attractive.

From his increasing blushes I saw that he was somewhat troubled in the seat of his emotions, and so I asked him to sit down, and chatted with him on various topics, leading them gradually round to the paper I held in my hand, the illustrations of which, being mainly of pretty girls, all in attractive forms of undress or no dress at all, were calculated to increase rather than diminish
the vague desires with which he was beginning to burn. When I could see from the flash in his lovely eyes that he was beginning to feel really naughty, a fact which my sly glances at his trousers fully confirmed, I suggested that he should help me to take off my gloves, as it was rather hot.

The voluptuous feeling of the soft kid, warm with the glow of the femine hand it had so tightly clasped, caused him such exquisite thrills of pleasure and desire, that he lingered a long time over this evidently delightful task.

I laughingly complimented him on being so excellent a lady’s maid, and suggested that perhaps he would like to take off my shoes as well. His sensuality was now so thoroughly aroused that he took the tiny slipper in his hand, and having gently and caressingly drawn it off, he imprinted a long lascivious kiss upon the rosy instep, which stood arched up beneath its flimsy covering.

In doing this to the second foot, he lifted
it so high to his lips that he caught a glimpse of the pink and black satin garters clasping my leg above the knee. "May I not take off those as well?" he asked with a still more violent blush; to which I of course replied: "Certainly not, you dreadfully naughty boy." But as I smiled at him while I said it, and at the same time gently pulled up my skirts so as to give him a full view of these dainty circlets, being a youth of sense, in spite of his innocence and shyness, he took this as being the permission it was meant to be, and in a few minutes the garters were off, and, having kissed them, he placed one upon his head as a sort of crown, while he continued from time to time to caress the legs from which he had taken them.

Now, it is a whim of my protectress that I should always wear very long opera-stockings, reaching right up to my—ahem (as I have become a shameless "Society whore," I was going to say my "arse," but remembering you are so delightfully inno-
cent yet, I have been afraid to shock you, dear!) So, when I had tantalized my pretty boy a little longer I said: "Well, aren't you going to finish the job and take off the stockings too?"

He looked about quite bewildered as to how to begin, so at last I said: "Well, don't you know how to take off a pair of stockings yet?"

"I—I know how to take off my own" he stammered,

"How do you do it?" I enquired.

"Peel them downwards from the top" he answered in a very low voice.

"Quite right," I said, "Why don't you do it?"

His look of puzzled modesty at this was most amusing, and I don't think that I ever in my life felt anything so delicious as my sensations during those next few minutes. Very slowly and cautiously his hands stole up my thighs, expecting every moment to find the stockings come to an end, and going slower and slower, the nearer they got to my love-nest, which was by this time
getting so hot that the scent of Rhine violets, with which I always perfume it in accordance with the Countess's wishes—and by no means against my own,—was wafted so strongly in his face as to almost overpower him with voluptuous and lustful feelings, which it excited in his innocent and inexperienced mind. For my part, his modesty and blushing awkwardness made the pleasure caused by the soft tickling of his fingers, as they gradually approached my burning grotto, a thousand times greater than if he had been the most knowing expert of vice in existence.

At last, just at the warm spot where the body meets the thighs, his fingers touched the top of the stocking, while at the same moment his hand came in contact with the curves of my over-hanging "ventre," and brushed against the soft tufts of down that fringe the entrance to my "pussie." The start which he gave at this quite unexpected discovery showed clearly enough that this was his first introduction to the mysteries of the mechanism of the feminine person,
while the shivers of pleasure that ran all over his body showed how strongly they affected him.

As he pulled gently at the rim of the stocking I pressed my thighs close together to prevent his being able to draw the stocking down, and in so doing I imprisoned his little finger, thereby obliging his hand to remain in its soft warm resting place, his faint struggles to get free causing me the most exquisite tickling that can possibly be imagined.

Glancing coquettishly at him, I said:
"Why don't you pull my stockings down?"
"Because I can't" he answered, blushing more than ever.

"Perhaps something has caught them and you better look and see what it is" I said and, gently lifting up the skirt and petticoats and releasing at the same time his naughty hand, I opened my legs wide apart and gave him a full view of the beauty spot where it had been imprisoned.

I remained like that with my clothes up for a few minutes, fully exposing myself,
and noticed with delight he sudden bound
given by his boyish "ramrod" inside the
trousers, which now stood out in so frank
and undisguised a fashion, that I could not
refrain from putting out my hand and feel-
ing its sturdy head, the throbbing of which
was plainly felt through his trousers. Then,
with a hasty movement of assumed modesty,
I pulled down my skirt, and said: "I am
afraid you are a dreadfully naughty boy!—
I hope you did not look right up under my
petticoats!"

For a moment he did not know what to
do, but at last, seeing my smiling face and
outstretched arms, he embraced me, return-
ing with all the ardour of which he was
capable the burning kiss that I imprinted,
with all the lascivious sensuality that the
scene had aroused in my breast, on his
panting lips.

"And now you must go, Baby," I said
to him "for I am really going to undress
in earnest." And saying this, I rose from
the couch and began unbuttoning my cor-
sage.
“Mayn’t I help you?” he asked wistfully, as he perceived that a few moments would serve to set free the two great globes, which were already straining to get free from the restraint of the corset.

“Certainly not” I answered, throwing open the bodice, so that the beginning of the bust showed plainly under the lace of the chemise. On this he greedily fixed his eyes, and another moment or two served to unfasten the skirt, so that I stood before him in corset and petticoats—both peing of the most exquisite and voluptuous kind that Paris can produce.

“What? Still there?” I said, as I noticed that he showed no signs of departing.

“Very well; then you must sit down and turn your head the other way, because it would never do for a boy like you to know what a girl looks like when she is undressed.” Saying this I turned him round and, after giving him a voluptuous kiss on his rosy lips, sat him down in a chair straight opposite a mirror in which I had been all the time contemplating myself.
Unfastening now the petticoats, I held them up with my hands for a few moments, telling him that he must not look in the glass, as I could not allow him to see me in my drawers. As I intended, this had the effect of making him glue his eyes to my reflection in the glass and as I let the dainty underwear sink to the ground: "Oh dear!" I exclaimed "I quite forgot that I had no drawers on!" but he had, I fancy, discovered the fact in his previous explorations.

I was now clad in a pink satin corset, clasping my tiny waist over a perfectly transparent chemise of black gauze, through which my long stockings were perfectly visible, while the tinted marble of my ventre showed up in voluptuous contrast to the curly home of Venus between my thighs.

Feasting his eyes on the reflection of this in the mirror, he remained absolutely entranced by the sight of this to him quite novel spectacle of female nudity.

My efforts to unlace my very tight corset were of course quite fruitless, and so I had to ask my youthful companion whether he
was good at untiring knots. At this he turned round, and positively staggered when he came near enough to perceive the intoxicating perfume, half natural, half artificial that exhaled from my warm body.

Presenting my back to him, I could see in the glass his eyes fall lovingly upon my two plump cheeks, while his hands fumbled, not so clumsily as I expected, at the stay lace. Presently it was really undone, and as the pressure on my body slowly relaxed, I unfastened the front hooks, and was left in the most naked of all states of nudity—a transparent chemise.

Luckily for me I knew I had nothing to fear from the loss of the corset, for my breasts stand up as high and firm, and my waist is almost as slender without them, as with them. And as I looked in the mirror I could not help thinking that this lucky school boy was decidedly to be envied in making his first discoveries of sexual mysteries under such unusually voluptuous circumstances. At every movement my plump nudities stood out in such a way as
almost to brush against him, while the feelings which his modesty excited in me brought it about that I looked far prettier at that moment than I had ever looked before.

I an ecstasy of excited passion, he flung himself at my feet, and began once more to kiss them through the stockings with hot burning kisses. Lifting him up and seeing the pitiable state of his "staff of manhood," I—yes, dear, with my own hands!—gently began to unfasten his trousers, which soon fell off, and were quickly followed by everything else except a coquettish little "jersey" scarcely reaching to his hips, below which, his pretty instrument stood up very shy and embarrassed, and yet apparently bent upon doing its duty manfully, whenever it should be called upon.

Standing hand in hand before the mirror, I bade him notice the difference between us though I observed that his eyes were so busy looking at my private domain, that he had no eyes for his own sturdy little
"trunk" with its sprouting undergrowth.

In a short time both our eyes were so flashing with amorous desire that it seemed a shame to make him wait any longer.

"Get into bed, Baby," I said, "and I will join you in a minute."

He did not require much pressing, and in another moment he was nestling in the luxurious down cushions of the most voluptuous bed that money could buy.

Without delay I crept in beside him, and lifting up the chemise to the height of my loins, I clasped him in my arms, so that the point of his "dolly" was gently kissing my thighs close to the pussie.

In this position we kissed and cuddled for some time, until I plainly perceived that he did not know how to fulfil his share of the task. Thereupon I slid my hand down and gently clasping his "dolly," I tickled and caressed it, until it was nearly double its former size. Then, guiding it to the lips of my glowing nest, I clasped my arms round him, very gently drawing him towards me, thereby causing his bow-sprit to slide very
slowly onwards into its haven. Never shall I forget the look of pleasure which now began to overspread his pretty face, when he at last found his manly spade digging in its proper soil. To prolong his pleasure as much as possible, I made him work very slowly at first, softly tickling his spine, and kissing his lips in the most lascivious manner possible. Soon however the frenzy of love began to overtake him, and his movements quickened, as my eager pussie sucked him further and further in, our bodies twisting and writhing in our exquisite, and to him hitherto unsuspected, contest of delight.

You cannot imagine how delicious it was to feel his firm white boyish limbs pressing against mine, while the plumpness of my breasts, thighs and ventre evidently caused him the most voluptuous sensations.

Just as we were reaching the supreme moment, the door opened, and in walked the Countess, much to my horror, for I knew that she was very jealous of my allowing anyone to have the enjoyment of my charms except herself.
Our look of ecstasy at the delightful sensations we were experiencing, however caused her sensuality to get the better of her jealousy, and tearing the bed-clothes off us, she was just in time to see us in the full transports of "coming" together—an experience so novel for the boy that he could at first hardly realise the full rapture of it.

She was so delighted with this spectacle, and her sensuality was so much aroused, that she quite forgive us, and after kissing us both and ordering the pages to bring in several bottles of champagne, she got her maid to undress her and soon joined us in bed, my young lover being placed between her and myself, so that we might both cuddle him.

Meanwhile the pages had brought the champagne, so, kissing and caressing the pretty boy, we began to prime him with it, while the Countess and myself took good care to have our full share of the wine, and soon we became most lively and in the proper mood to enjoy anything most licentious.
We now began to initiate the boy to all the mysteries and most refined practices of love. But soon the wine made us mad with lust and I will not relate to you, dear, all that took place, for it would shock you too much! Suffice it to say that we took a sensual delight in corrupting this boy—only a child yet!—and that we both showed ourselves as expert in all the forms of vice as if we had been professional "prostitutes" instead of being only "Society whores." As for "our" lover, he was called upon to perform prodigies of lustful valour, of which, considering he was only a beginner, he acquitted himself most nobly; but at last he was quite done up and, as the Countess was "gammerouging" him for the third time, while I was "frigging" his bottom-hole with two of my fingers, which I had inserted as far as they would go, he fainted right off.

And now, dear, I must really bring this letter to an end, as I shall be seeing you soon and shall be able to give you some practical illustrations, which are far better than any amount of description. And as
among other lovely presents which the Countess has given me is a marocco case containing a set of four beautiful dildoes—the most perfect that Paris can produce and varying in size—with the smallest one I am intending, if you are willing, to initiate you into the mysteries of "poking," while the largest, which I have not yet dared to use, I am saving up, in the hope that you will help me to summon up the courage to allow you to put it into me. Besides this she has given me a whole box of beautifully-bound books on the most erotic and voluptuous subjects, which you will certainly read with interest and the lecture of which is sure to increase your sensuality; and as to naughty clothes, I have got simply dozens of open-work tights, stockings and transparent chemises, and some of these, I hope, you will condescend to wear.

In fact I intend to make you as lascivious as I am myself and hope that we shall soon find some nice boys to "poke" us both. And don’t be afraid, dear, that, by showing yourself rather loose and by allowing men to take the fullest liberties with your person,
you might compromise your future and will not be able later to find a husband, for on the contrary a girl who is very fast attracts men like honey draws flies, and by becoming a little "Society whore" like me, you are sure to have all the more men to propose to you. For my part I have had, since I got into Society here in Paris, lots of proposals, and some of them came from men who had "had" me and who knew that other men had "poked" me as well; some men went even so far as to tell me that if I married them they would leave me the fullest liberty to enjoy myself and "poke" with whoever I should take a fancy to. This, I know, will seem quite incredible to you, but I assure you it is the perfect truth, and there are many such husbands in Paris who not only wink at their wives open misconduct, but even do everything to induce them to go in for the greatest excesses and to give way altogether to their sexual passions; and this, which of course seems a very extraordinary way for a husband to act towards his wife, is done in the hope of depraving the wife completely and of mak-
ing her better "fit" to satisfy her husband's vices! And by the way, after you have read all the other books given to me by the Countess, I shall lend you a one called "My married Life," in which you will read the history of a woman whose husband takes a delight in depraving: The more shameless, the more wicked and the more cruel she becomes, the more attached he gets to her! It is a most awfull book, even more abominable than de Sade's's works in French, and some parts I find rather disgusting, but for all that it is most interesting, first because it is not like any other English erotic book, but principally on account of the strange philosophy pervading the work.

And now, dearest, I hope you do not leave my letters lying about, as I fancy they are scarcely the style of correspondence that young ladies of my age are supposed to indulge in, though I believe lots of other girls are just as bad, only they are afraid of being found out.

Ever your loving

Blanche.