

THE BOUDOIR

Anonymous

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Time, 11 p.m.

ON A LADY'S WEDDING ON THE
21st OF DECEMBER

KITTY'S DREAM

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THE WITTY WIFE

A gentleman of very ancient family and considerable estate was married to a lady of beauty, wit, virtue, and good humour. But though he knew and acknowledged the merits of his wife, yet he was a man of so depraved a taste that the dirtiest creature he could pick up frequently provided him carnal pleasure.

It happened when they were at their country home that riding one morning, as was his usual custom, he met a ragged country wench with a pair of wallets, or coarse linen bags, thrown over her shoulder. He stopped his horse and asked what she had there? She replied, with a low curtsy that exposed the plenitude of her breasts, that it was leftovers; that her mother and she had no sustenance but what they got from the charity of the cooks at the landowners' homes. She was now going home with what they had given her.

"You need not be in haste, I suppose," he said. "If you will step with me into yonder field, I will give you something to buy you a new gown."

The poor girl didn't need much persuasion to bring her to consent. The gentleman alighted from his horse and threw the bridle over a hedge stake. The girl at the same time hung her bags on the pommel of the saddle to prevent their coming to any harm, then followed the gentleman a little way from the road.

Upon their arrival at a grassy meadow out of sight of the thoroughfare, the "gentleman" immediately fell upon the girl and fairly tore her garments from her. He bore her to the ground, her

thin blouse and peasant's skirt flapping in frayed strips around her. This was truly more than she'd bargained for, but as she was already in receipt of the money the gentleman had promised to pay, she didn't see how she could suddenly refuse him.

His hands were all over her, ravaging, tearing, sweeping her undergarments and the tatters of her outer clothes from her. He sighed when her breasts sprang free of their confinement, and dove at them with his mouth, worrying them as a dog would a bone. The girl's nipples were large and fully engorged and filled his mouth. He licked and sucked them until he felt his passion overwhelm him and he could delay no longer. Immediately he lowered his breeches and revealed his throbbing weapon, erect and capped with a thick helmet that turned a darker hue before the eyes of the hapless maid. He thrust her legs apart with his knees, devouring the sight of her creamy thighs and the thatch of luxurious moss that grew at their juncture. He brought the head of his bobbing cock to her slit and thrust within, driving to the very core until his belly slapped hers. She wrapped her legs around his back as he began the motion of love, rocking back and forth and shuttling his impressive tool in and out of her willing sheath. At the same time, he grasped her jiggling boobs and used them to support his body as he continued his frenzied fucking. Already his sperm boiled within him, and without concern for the desires of the girl, he thrust home until the flood reached the tip of his spout, whereupon it overflowed in unrestrained fury.

The horse, not liking his situation, found means to get loose and ran directly home. The lady by chance was at the window when he came galloping into the courtyard. She was at first a little frightened to see him without his rider. Perceiving the bags on the pommel, she called to have them brought to her, and on their being so was not long at a loss to guess the meaning of this adventure. She ordered the cook to empty the wallets and put

whatever food she found in them onto a clean dish and send it up in the first course that day at dinner-which accordingly was done.

The husband, on missing his horse, walked home, and brought with him two neighbouring gentlemen whom he accidentally met along the way. But these guests did not prevent the lady from prosecuting her intention. The beggar's provision was set upon the table-remnants of stale fowls, bones half-picked, pieces of beef, mutton, lamb, veal, with several lumps of coarse bread huddled together. It made a very sorry appearance.

All eyes were upon this dish, and the husband, not knowing what to make of it, cried out pretty hastily, "What is this? What have we got here?"

The lady, with the greatest gaiety, replied, "Why, it is a hodgepodge, my dear! It wants no variety; I think there is a little of everything, and I hope you will eat heartily of it, as it is a dish of your own providing."

The significant smile which accompanied these last words, as well as the tone of voice in which they were spoken, made him remember where the beggar girl had hung her wallets. This threw him into a good deal of confusion. Perceiving this, the lady ordered the dish to be taken away and said, "I see you do not like it, my dear. Therefore, when next you go to market, pray be a better caterer."

"Forgive this," he cried, "and I promise never to go to any such market again."

The gentlemen who had been invited to sup found there was some mystery in all this, but would not be so free as to ask for an explanation. When dinner was over, however, and the lady, after

behaving the whole time with all the cheerfulness imaginable, had retired to leave them to their bottle, the husband made no scruple of relating to them by what means his table had been furnished with so bedraggled a dish. They laughed very heartily, and would have done so much more if their admiration of the lady's wit and good humour had not almost entirely engrossed their attention.

AN AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINAIRE, AND THE HUMOROUS MISTAKES OF A COUNTRY WELCOMING PARTY

During the last century an ambassador from Persia was received in France, which was a circumstance entirely new. The arrival of a splendid delegation from any power so distant as that had never occurred before.

The Persian ambassador knew nothing of the French language, and in consequence made a number of mistakes. For instance, on coming to Paris, he was offered the use of the king's coach, but refused it, under the idea that he didn't want to be shut up in a box. Besides this, he was of so fiery a temper, and had so high an opinion of his dignity, that he would often clap his hand to his sabre and threaten punishment where the least offence was by no means intended.

In a country so polite as France, it is not to be supposed but that the ambassador met with more indulgence than he could reasonably expect. Occasions for these considerations were not few. One time, when some ladies of quality came to see his mode of eating, which was to sit cross-legged upon a carpet on the ground, he ordered his people to detain them for the purpose of gratifying his amorous inclinations. Indeed, he nearly had his trousers down for just that purpose, and seemed much chagrined at being told that in France it was to no purpose to throw a handkerchief to such as did not choose to take it up. Of course, throwing a handkerchief in the East is a signal to the lady to whom it is directed, indicating that she must immediately attend to every need and carnal desire of her lord, or the Sultan.

In any event, Mehemet Rezeh Beg, having refused to make his entry into Paris in a coach, rode on horseback. He appeared like one of the legendary heroes of ancient Persia. His bearing was

regal and his black eyes absorbed everything without the least tincture of levity.

His turban, corresponding with the other parts of his dress, glittered with jewels. Unfortunately, these were in a great measure obscured when he was received at the court of the French King. His Majesty had on a velvet habit entirely covered with diamonds, and with all the appendages of royalty, sat upon a throne elevated for the purpose of displaying his magnificence to the greatest advantage. The Dauphin sat near His Majesty; the Duke of Orleans sat on the other side, and the princes of the blood according to their different ranks. The princesses appeared upon the right and left, arrayed in a manner so rich and brilliant as no doubt to form one of the first spectacles in the world. The ambassador and his entourage had to pass through a lane of courtiers hardly less showy, and, though he was received in the most gracious manner imaginable, he insisted upon kissing the Dauphin. With his sabre in his hand he effected it by main force, much to the consternation of His Majesty. Just as insulting, though perhaps more excusable, though His Majesty every day sent him three sheep, a lamb, forty pounds of rice, butter, and milk, the ambassador ate nothing that was not prepared by his own servants.

But the cream of his proceedings was in the reception he met with in Provence, previous to his arrival at Paris. The officials of one of the principal towns there, hearing that a deputation had been sent from Marseilles to greet the ambassador on his entry into that place, were resolved to imitate them. There was, however, a problem, for they were in need of an orator to express their sentiments in the Persian language. After a strenuous search, they found a sailor who had been a long time at Bassora and was just such a person as they wanted.

An oration was drawn up and translated by the new spokesman, who, being dressed for the purpose, was put at the head of the welcoming party to address the ambassador on his entrance into the town. But in the delivery of this address, the excellence of the sailor proved his misfortune. His language appeared so perfect to the ambassador that the visitor from Persia could suppose him no other than a renegade disciple of Mahomet, a description which all true believers hold in the utmost contempt, and never fail to chastise to the farthest extent of their abilities.

Because of this misconception, instead of the gracious answer expected by the orator, the ambassador began to upbraid him in the most opprobrious terms. "Wretch!" he said, drawing his scimitar. "Confess the truth, or thou this instant loosest thy head! Art thou not an apostate from the true faith of the circumcised?"

Not expert enough to give a direct answer to a charge of this kind, the sailor used every gesticulation that fear could suggest to appease the other. And as he had previously instructed the town officials and members of the party to imitate him in all the compliments he made use of, the rage of the Persian was for some time diverted in seeing the ridiculous positions of the sailor-orator scrupulously followed by his attendants.

This humorous episode continued for several minutes; but, as necessity is the mother of invention, it occurred to the trembling orator that nothing could convince the Persian that he was no apostate so much as a practical demonstration, as this would infallibly prove to him that he had not been circumcised. Accordingly, unbuttoning his doublet, he instantly produced his rather lengthy tool—a proof convincing enough. But this was not all; the corporation, fearing the danger that threatened them, immediately did the same! A spectacle of this nature may more easily be imagined than described—for to have seen a number of

grave magistrates and others in a situation this ludicrous, could only be done justice by the hand of a master painter. It is sufficient to say that the reproach occasioned by this circumstance has become perpetual upon the place, insomuch that it is now proverbial in that part of France to say, "If you ask a Provençal a question which he cannot answer, he will immediately show you his prick."

THE COQUETTE AND THE BRAGGART

A pretty widow in France had been followed by a young man of high station who had boasted among his companions of some favours he had never received. Determined to be revenged on him, she sent for him one evening and told him it was in his power to do her a very particular service. The braggart, overflowing in his readiness to obey her commands, begged to hear in what manner she designed to employ him.

"You know my friend Belinda," said the widow, "and must often have heard of the jealousy of that impotent wretch, her husband. Now, it is absolutely necessary for the carrying on of a certain affair that Belinda and I should be together for a whole night. Her husband would not allow it, should she tell him of her plans. What I have to ask of you is to dress yourself in her nightclothes and lie by him a whole night in her place, that he may not miss her while she is with me."

The young man, though of a very lively and undertaking nature, was startled at the proposal.

"Oh," said the widow, "if you haven't the courage to do what I ask of you, I'll find somebody else who does."

"M-Madam," stuttered the braggart, "I will kill him for you if you desire. But as for sleeping with him, how is it possible to do it without being discovered?"

"You will be safe enough," assured the widow, "for he is past all curiosity. He comes in at night while she is asleep, goes out in the morning before she wakes, and wants nothing but to know that she's there."

"Madam," replied the crafty fellow, "how can you possibly reward me for passing a night with this old fellow?"

The widow answered with a laugh, "Perhaps by admitting you to pass a night with one you think more agreeable."

He took the hint, eager to sheathe his throbbing weapon in her warm receptacle. He put on his nightclothes upon their arrival at a nearby apartment, and had not been in bed more than hour before he heard a knocking at the door and the footsteps of one who approached the other side of the bed. Without question it was the good man of the house. (I do not know whether the story would be the better by telling you in this place, or at the end of it, that the person who went to bed to him was our young coquette widow.)

The braggart was in a terrible fright every time she moved in the bed, or turned towards him, and did not fail to shrink from her until he had conveyed himself to the very edge of the bed. I will not dwell upon the perplexity he was in the whole night, which was augmented when he observed that it was now broad day, and that the husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his business. All that the young fool could do was to keep his face turned from him and feign himself asleep. Suddenly, to his utter confusion, he felt a hard prodding at his buttocks. The figure behind him rolled over and put an arm around his waist. The braggart was, of course, horrified, even more so when he felt his "husband's" other hand fumbling at his nightclothes. He bit his lip as his gown was raised from the back. He shivered and pulled away as if still enshrouded by sleep. The summons, however, was insistent. He remained still, horrified at the feel of the hands lifting his nightshirt and now caressing his naked bottom. He didn't dare cry out in rage and shame, yet he experienced a sinking feeling that there remained greater indignities to come.

While he pondered what to do, he felt the questing hands separate the hemispheres of his cheeks. Another moment and a hard object insinuated itself between them. He practically screamed as the rock-hard whatever-it-was began to penetrate his bottom hole. His eyes widened. Indeed he was well aware of what it was! He closed his eyes tightly and grit his teeth as his "husband" forced more and more of his surprisingly long weapon into his ass. There were no endearments, no caresses; instead, the length of cock was simply jammed into the unresisting butt hole until it was nearly fully buried.

The braggart lay immobile, hardly able to breathe from the shock and the indescribable pain of the violation. His bottom felt as though it were going to split apart. Suddenly the sausage in him began to move, back and forth, seeking the culmination of its pleasure. The braggart moaned and buried his face in the pillows, deriving nothing except humiliation and discomfort from the passionate strokes.

Suddenly there was unrestrained laughter.

The widow at last put out her arm and pulled the bell at the head of the bed. In came her friend, and two or three companions to whom the young man had boasted of her favours. The widow jumped into a wrapping gown and joined the rest at laughing at the man of intrigue while he huddled shamefaced on the mattress, the inhuman device still protruding from between the mounds of his buttocks.

STABLE DUTY

Let any man, possessed of health and ability, with strong natural desires, contemplate for one moment what would be his feelings if he slept whole nights, or even whole weeks, in the same bed with a woman who, either having excited his passions, refuses him, or with a woman who, having no passions of her own, is incapable of exciting them in others. Is it not like lying and rotting in cold oblivion? Would anyone, even the most scrupulous champion of chastity, blame the fellow for seeking a more congenial association? Certainly not. Let us reverse this statement, and we must admit that it turns just as much in favour of the fair sex. Men neglect the objects of their former admiration and enjoyment because they can with impunity have recourse to others. Fear of disgrace is not a viable concern for these rogues. Yet this privilege is not yet extended to the fair sex. And thereon hangs the tale...

The gentleman of whom we speak is one of three sons of a certain titled lady who are all remarkable for bearing different names, though we believe the children of the same father, and remarkable for as great a share of amiability as in general falls to the lot of one man. About eleven years ago he decided to marry a young lady whose name for the sake of her family we must not at present reveal, though a very little time will in all probability make it public in the regions of Doctor's Commons. Nature seemed to have been profuse to her in all its favourite endowments-mildness, delicacy, sweetness of manners, and beauty, all united to inspire admiration.

Ten years they trod the flowery paths of love, of rapture, and of domestic bliss. In the course of that period they were blessed with eight lovely children, in each of whom were united all the fine qualities so conspicuous of their parents. Unfortunately, however, the next child produced effects which blighted all the

fruits and flowers of Paradise, and left it a deserted wilderness. Yet, the gentleman remained devoted and did not stray.

Mr. M.-for such is the first letter of this gentleman's name-who had ever been in the habit of giving his wife proof of his continued tenderness, in the beginning of this year made her a present of a very beautiful horse for her own riding. It was, indeed, in every respect, in his fond imagination, worthy of so inestimable a burden, and in their frequent excursions through the country, on hill and in valley, upon the borders of the restless ocean, and on the flowery downs, seemed always conscious and proud of its mistress.

It happened sometimes that Mr. M. could not attend his wife each time she went riding. At her settled time of life, and with her established character, it was not at all thought indelicate to allow her an exercise of which she now became every day fonder and fonder, attended only by a single groom. In some time her rides were observed to be much longer than usual, but, except when she kept dinner waiting, the period of her absence was not observed. Her hair was frequently remarked to be very dishevelled, and on one occasion the skirt of her riding habit was perceived to be greatly crumpled and very dusty-but still such was the confidence of her fidelity that suspicion never so much as glanced against her virtue.

John, the groom, the hero of our narrative, was a stout, dirty, vulgar lump of a country bumpkin, about twenty years of age, with short docked hair, a ruddy complexion, and a pair of fists as hard and ill-coloured as labour and the sunbeams could make them. His mental powers were comparable to his social skills. He could neither read nor write, nor even speak, except when repeating what he had often occasion to say to his horses, or his fellows of the stable. Yet, notwithstanding all this, such were the effects of his personal charms in the eyes of our heroine, such

were the music and persuasive eloquence of his voice and conversation in her ears, that after a long struggle between virtue and desire, the latter became the conqueror, and nothing short of enjoying the superior delights of his person could content her.

Whether she made her first advances in a shady grove, or on the sunny bank of a retired river, whether she allured him by progressive soft seduction, or urged by the impetuosity of uncontrolled passion she secured her object, is not certain. It is sure, however, that the shady grove and sunny bank have often been the theatres of her delights, and that the lovers and zephyrs have, in those selected places, smiled upon her transports.

The season for external recreation began now to decline, and winter, rough and rainy, set in to prevent the full enjoyment of her wishes. Her tender affection for the athletic groom knew, however, no abatement. In order to support it, she affected the most unremitting solicitude for her horse, the present of her still-unsuspecting husband. She would frequently leave her own table to have proof that Silver foot was not neglected. In short, her anxiety for that favourite animal became so remarkable as to make her the subject of whispered comment, and at length to surprise her family.

It happened one evening between tea and supper, after a stable visit, that she returned to the drawing room in some degree of disorder. Mr. M., with surprise, perceived something like horse-dung stains and straws sticking to the back part of her dress. This appearance produced for the first time extraordinary and unaccountable sensations—a thousand flashes of thought crossed the imagination of Mr. M. Jealousy, for the first time, seized upon his tormented feelings. He had, however, discretion and temper enough to suppress his suspicions, and to resolve upon proving whether they were well or ill founded.

When, the very next evening, he saw by the uneasiness and agitation of our heroine that she was preparing for a visit to the stable, he pretended indisposition. Declaring that a short repose would render him service, he retired, as if to rest upon a sofa in his study. Instead, he stole to the stable where, concealing himself completely in the loft, he remained snug until he heard his lady and the groom enter. Heaven and earth, and great and little stars! What were his emotions when he heard the former, in the strongest terms of love, excuse herself for being so long beyond her time, and the rustic brute of her regard upbraid her in terms of the lowest and most indecent language for delaying his enjoyment. She soon soothed him, however, and his impatience superseded his anger. Without further ceremony, he locked the door. Having spread a truss of straw on the pavement, he threw her thereon, and with rapidity, and in full view of his enraged master, began the operation of disgrace. He raised the dresses of his mistress, thereby exposing the extent of her nudity underneath. Mr. M. was horrified and enraged to see that his wife had deliberately failed to clothe herself as a proper wife should, so as to better entice the brutish lout whose cock now stood menacing and on the verge of the assault.

There was little additional delay. The rustic threw apart the legs of his mistress and drew them over his shoulders. He bent and put the engorged head of his massive weapon to her slit and pushed it inside with one swift thrust of his hips. Then he reared back and rammed the full length of his tool in up to the balls. Their mounts cracked together with the force of the impact. The lout began a steady pumping motion, drawing his prick out nearly to the head, then driving it all the way in again until the balls flopped against the upturned buttocks. This continued for several minutes, while Mr. M. remained hidden in shocked silence.

The act in itself was sufficiently provoking, but it was all the time attended with even more infuriating exclamations. It was—"Oh! Oh! Dearest John-what a difference ... between you and your master. Charming, John! I love you better than the whole world!" and a variety of other expressions, every one of which went like a barbed arrow into the heart of the listening, beholding husband.

Rage now getting the better of every consideration, Mr. M. called out, "Abandoned woman, I've caught you!" A violent shriek from the detected matron ensued. John, without finishing his business, started up and, running out of the stable with his prick bobbing before him, effected his escape. When the husband descended, he found his terrified wife extended in the very position of the act, her legs spread wide, her womanhood dripping with the juice of her passion, and in a state of insensibility from which it appeared impossible to arouse her.

However enraged at her degenerate infidelity, however astonished at a discovery that in his judgment, exceeded every boundary of female infamy, a recollection of his children and the many days and nights of joy which he had experienced in her company prevented him from violence. He adjusted her clothes, and, having by great exertions brought her to her senses, would have even concealed her shame, but Johnny, in his flight, disclosed the whole secret. Upon returning to the house, Mr. M. found the episode was well known to all the servants.

It was not the intention of Mr. M. ever more to cohabit with our heroine, but without divulging the cause to separate. In this, however, he was disappointed by John's flight and discovery, and now means to proceed in a legal way for a divorce.

HOW MARIA GOT A NEW PAIR OF GARTERS

I was just eighteen and had been in Paris a week. Paris! To me it was a strange and delightful place-with manners and customs free, easy, and uncontrolled, so unlike what I had experienced in Birmingham, where I had passed nearly all my life. I lived in a little avenue branching from the Rue Saint-Honoré-a street resembling the Strand in London. Here a friend had taken a lodging for me and I went in and out just as I liked. The apartments at public hotels are generally kept in order by the *garçon*, but mine was tended by the maid, the niece of the landlady, whom I will call Maria. As I had nothing particular to do, I passed my time in sauntering about nearly all day, seeing what was to be seen in the city. When I came in at night I found the bed made and the room tidied up. The house-although three stories-was comparatively empty. The lower part was occupied by my landlady; I was alone on the first floor, and on the upper portion lived an old Italian artist and a little French woman, a widow.

One afternoon, while walking along the Champs-Elysées, a woman accosted me in broken English and asked me if I wanted to purchase some "funny pictures." As I felt rather curious to know what she had to dispose of, I asked her to show them to me. I can safely affirm that I had never seen such things before or since. The cool attitude with which she exhibited them I shall never forget. Of course, the reader will understand that they were not precisely the style of engravings you would cover your office screen with, or paste inside your sister's prayer book. I purchased from the old hag a small book filled with these plates for two francs, being glad to get rid of her, and then hurried home. Rushing upstairs I was about to enter my apartment, intending there to examine my purchase. The room, however, was all in a disturbance, and I paused at the door, for I heard someone inside muttering "*Sacre-diable-peste.*" Peeping through

the crack of the door I saw the little French girl, Maria, who, with her back towards me, was busily hunting in her clothes for one of those essentials to a French lodging-house-a flea.

What a hunt-and what a rummage there was. Never shall I forget that little French girl, how she tossed her clothes up, around, and about her. Finally, the villainous insect was caught, and a snapping, cracking sound, with the finger and thumb upon the edge of the table, proclaimed that the rude little vagabond had hopped out of this world.

With her back still towards me, I found that Maria's troubles were not over, for her garter had become untied. Unconscious of my presence, she gave herself plenty of room to fasten it comfortably. The view to me was pleasing-for what is more pleasing than a shapely bottom, a rounded thigh, and pretty foot. If the reader thinks I acted wrong, I am sure he will forgive me when he remembers that I was only eighteen, and the girl about my own age. There she stood, with her tiny foot upon a chair, her small ankle, well-rounded calf and thigh, neat white stocking, and her garter-a ragged one, by the way-plainly shown in the large mirror that faced her. Pulling down the stocking, she commenced scratching her calf, the red mark left by the nasty flea showing plainly upon her white skin. I don't know how long I would have stood looking, but the confounded door (reader, whenever you go upon a love excursion, always oil the door) creaked on its hinges. Maria turned around, and seeing me, blushed, as I believe any and every woman would have done, English, French, German, or American. Before she could say one word, I seized her around the waist and kissed her two or three times on the lips. In the confusion, the little picture book I had purchased fell upon the ground. In stooping to pick it up, Maria broke away from me; not, however, before she had seen a portion of its scandalous contents. Evidently annoyed, she rushed out of the room.

The next day I bought a very beautifully made pair of garters, intending to present them to Maria, but it was nearly a week before I again caught her in my room. Upon my doing so, I told her that I thought she wore very unbecoming garters, and produced those I had purchased. I told her the new garters deserved no less than such a pretty leg as she had, and that she could have them provided I was permitted to put them on her. In reality, I could think of little more than putting her on her back once I'd removed her garments, and plunging my youthful prick-inexperienced as it was-into her warm love nest.

She looked very mysterious, then laughed and snatched one of them out of my hands. I was advancing towards her when there was a slight tap at the door. Before I could recover from my confusion, she seized the other garter, and laughing, rushed out of the room upstairs to her own apartment. Her room being immediately over mine, I could hear her rapping upon the floor and laughing at having conquered me. To add to my mortification, I could not find who it was had disturbed me by knocking at the door.

Two or three times in the course of the day I saw Maria, and upon each occasion she laughed at me. Once, while talking to her aunt, she, unseen by her, shook her lovely little bottom at me as if to accentuate the fact that she was wearing my garters. At supper time she inquired, to the surprise of her aunt, if she knew where Monsieur Larpour, the name of the maker of the garters, lived, as a person of that name had been inquiring in the neighbourhood about some goods, which had wrongly been delivered. It needed not this last piece of mockery to instil in me a determination to have my revenge, which I executed in the following fashion.

I mentioned that Maria's room was immediately over mine, and that in the afternoon she went upstairs to change her dress. The door of this room I knew remained unlocked during the day. Accordingly, watching my opportunity when the house was quiet, I took off my shoes, coat and vest and slipped upstairs. I thought I was unseen, and concealed myself in a closet in Maria's room. After about half an hour's suspense, I heard her upon the stairs, and almost immediately after, she entered the room. Unconscious of there being anyone in the apartment, she commenced removing her clothes. She had taken off her gown and drawers-standing in full view resplendently naked-when suddenly she recollected something she had left in the closet.

Her astonishment may be better imagined than described when I jumped from the closet upon her. I bore her onto the bed, running my hands over her pert breasts, squeezing her nipples and delving into the lightly-mossed valley between her thighs. I was going to fuck her, though I scarcely knew what I was about. She struggled violently and in the confusion, the chair fell down.

"For heaven's sake," she exclaimed, "leave the room. My aunt will be here directly, and should she find you here, I am ruined."

The words had scarcely escaped her when I heard footsteps outside the door, and someone trying to open it. I rushed to it for the purpose of preventing their entrance, whoever it might be, but before I could do so it was opened and a female attempted to come into the apartment. It was not Maria's aunt, but the lodger in the apartment above. So plucking up my courage, I forced her from the door; Maria crouched behind it so as not to be seen. At the same time I said, "You cannot come in, madam. A gentleman-a friend of mine-is here dressing."

"It's no gentleman you've in the room," she said sharply, "but a woman, and I know who it is."

The conversation had been in French, but I answered instantly in good English, "I'm damned if you do." Before she could prevent me, I seized her around the waist, carried her upstairs, and deposited her upon her own bed, laughing all the while.

I was leaving the room when she called out, "If you go away in that manner I'll tell Maria's aunt all about the garters ... and what you were about to do!"

Here was a pretty dilemma! What was I to do? A few more sentences convinced me that Madame Dufour had been an eavesdropper and knew all about the garters. As I looked at her, the idea struck me that *she* would not have been very unwilling to receive such a present. She was a pretty little French woman, apparently about thirty years of age with a pleasing countenance and lush body I had failed to notice.

"So you'll tell Maria's aunt?" I said, advancing towards her and laughing.

"Yes," she replied, with a roguish leer, "unless you give me something that will keep me quiet."

"A pair of garters, for instance," I continued.

"This for your garters! Give them to your silly girls. A woman like me wants something much better than garters," she answered.

"Perhaps," I replied, "I cannot satisfy you. You must know I am only eighteen, and while I have been here I have been rather extravagant. I haven't much money."

"I will not put you to much expense," she answered. "I would like something of genuine English manufacture. Something that I can be certain came from that country. As you are an Englishman, you might oblige me."

I told her I felt flattered by her respect for my country.

"I have taken a great interest in you," she continued, "and if you will stay here a short time, I will give you some instructions that will be useful to you as long as you live. If you pursue the path I put you on, you can never miss the road to true happiness."

When she put her hand on the stiffening lump in my trousers, I knew right away what thing of English manufacture she desired. I was only too happy to oblige her, though there was little doubt who was the instructor and who the pupil.

While I stood by shy and unsure of myself in front of this experienced dark-eyed beauty, she undid my trousers and drew them down to the floor. I stepped out of them. She had me totally naked in a few moments more, and stood back, admiring what I had to offer. She seemed to like the length and thickness of my cock, for she smiled and kneeled in front of me and took it in her mouth.

This I had not anticipated. I trembled and practically lost the strength in my legs as she sucked my rod the way a baby would suckle at its mother's breast. She licked the swollen head and teased the slit in its tip with her tongue, then swept downward and laved the length of my shaft. When she reached my balls, I shuddered again, for she took them in her mouth and rolled them around like marbles.

When she released me, she bade me lie on the bed. I did so, my excited tool sticking in the air like a flagpole. While I watched,

she removed her dress, then her undergarments, until she was as naked as I. My cock stiffened still further at the sight of her large, rounded boobs capped with dark protruding nipples. She was shapely and still seemed to enjoy the bloom of youth. Her belly was taut and her thighs smooth. A downy patch of dark hair nestled between her legs and covered her glorious mount.

She grinned, cognizant of my undisguised admiration, and walked slowly over to where I lay. She mounted the bed and straddled my hips, raising herself over my up thrusting spike. She took it in hand and guided the head to her pink gash beneath the ebony fleece. Then she lowered herself upon it, effectively impaling herself. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the full length disappeared inside her. She was now seated on my belly.

I could already feel the stirrings in my loins as she slowly rocked her hips. My God, she was milking me with her delightful pussy! She thrust forward and back, faster and faster, my cock entombed in her cavern. The tingling spread through my entire body; I felt as though I were on fire.

Madame Dufour seemed to take no notice of me, but she certainly took notice of my tool. She used it as she wished, raising and lowering herself on it, squeezing it with the practiced muscles in her quim, milking it by simply shuttling back and forth on top of me. It was exquisite, and far better than I'd anticipated.

Finally, her breath began to come in staccato gasps, and mine matched hers. She writhed and bucked as she drove my cock home, and a wonderful flush spread across her bosom and neck. As for me, I would have erupted just from watching her. Instead, she wrung every drop of sperm from me in a spouting geyser that threatened to overwhelm my every sense and leave me a husk devoid of moisture.

I found the widow as good as her word. I believe, sincerely, that all she preached she practiced, for a better instructress no man could wish for. She never told about the garters. And before I left Paris, I was so pleased with what she'd taught me that I thought it my duty to impart a portion of the information I had learned to my landlady's niece, who, I trust, enjoyed it.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBURY, THE MERRY MILLINER, AND THE FRENCH LETTER

The Duke of Queensbury, celebrated in the latter part of his life by the cognomen of "Old Q," and famed for his amatory propensities, was in the habit of parading the streets of London, very plainly attired, in search of adventures.

One day, in passing through Cranbourn Alley, he was struck all of a sudden by the budding beauty and modest demeanour of a young girl, apparently about eighteen, who sat over her work in a milliner's shop. After walking to and fro for almost two hours, to his great joy he saw her put on her bonnet with the intention of going out. His lordship followed, and at length succeeded in forcing her into a conversation; and if he was at first charmed with her beauty, he was now no less delighted with her witty, though modest and reserved replies.

On arriving at her place of destination, he with much difficulty prevailed on her to grant him a meeting on the succeeding evening, at the same time declaring that he had long been enamoured of her, but had never till this moment had an opportunity of declaring his passion. He assured her that his family was of the utmost respectability, and that his designs were perfectly honourable. Of course, his intentions were exactly the opposite.

The next meeting paved the way for another, and that for another, until at last she blushingly acknowledged that his attentions were not disagreeable. Finally, his love was met with equal warmth. Thus having gained her heart by cautious degrees, he began to solicit other favours. He stated as a reason for not immediately making her his wife that he was entirely dependent on an old uncle with whom he then resided, who would entirely withdraw his protection and support should he marry without

his consent. Of course, this would be useless to attempt, as money was his only deity, but, the uncle being near ninety years of age, the period of his death would be the commencement of their happy union. But all of Old Q's arguments were in vain; the fair milliner's virtue was impregnable.

One evening, after much persuasion, he prevailed on her to accompany him to the theatre. Once it was over, he urged her to take some refreshment at a neighbouring tavern. With much difficulty he conquered her repugnance, and she consented to take a glass of wine. Eventually he prevailed upon her to take several glasses. Triumphant inwardly at this minor success, he immediately conducted her to a house kept by one of his servants, and by whom his lordly and depraved views were perfectly understood. Being alone, and assisted by the soul-inspiring wine, he fell upon his knees and begged her then and there to make him happy. Indeed, he was loosening his trousers as he made his plea, and was preparing to reveal his magnificent tool. But vain were his vows, sighs, tears, and protestations. The lady was inflexible.

"Light of my soul!" he said. "Why thus obstinate? You admit that you love me, and you likewise know the barrier imposed by my uncle that keeps me from the heaven of your arms. Once it is removed, the church shall give its sanction to our love. And so it is unnecessary for us to restrain ourselves any longer. Our flesh at least should be joined together without further delay. But shall I guess the reason of your obstinate resistance? That blush informs me that I am right-you dread the probable result-you fear a living witness may be the consequence of our raptures."

He pressed her hand to his heart and whispered, "Speak, love; confess. Have I rightly read your thoughts?"

At length, warmed with kisses and overcome by his entreaties, she acknowledged that could she be convinced no danger would ensue, she might, in order to ensure his happiness, consent.

The delighted duke, immediately reaching into his purse, exclaimed, "Convinced you shall be, and that without the shadow of a doubt."

Thus saying, he produced one of those very useful and ingenious inventions, known by the name of "French Letters," or as they are called by the vulgar in England, condoms, generally used by married gentlemen to escape infection when they go astray. He explained to her its use, and, all objections overruled, the duke was on the verge of happiness! He immediately raised her skirts and petticoats and seemed blissful upon observation of the girl's charms. He was effusive in his praise of her jutting mount, her mossy growth, and the inviting slit that awaited his entrance.

Old Q lowered his trousers and drawers and withdrew a somewhat weathered sausage that nevertheless stiffened quite readily. Then he moved between her legs and, out of her line of sight, fumbled with the application of the French Letter. A moment more, and his tool was safely ensconced in her box and hammering happily away. He thrust with the energy of a much younger man, and indeed the girl had to admit his cock felt strong and youthful as it plunged in and out of her willing cunt. The duke fucked her for several minutes, then could restrain the flood of his passion no longer. His body trembled mightily as he shot a load of fiery sperm into her pussy.

The blissful struggle over, Old Q arose from the sofa, the scene of his conquest, and to the great surprise of his fair partner, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

On demanding the cause of such untimely mirth, so immediately after the sacrifice she had just made, he exclaimed, "I cannot help it. See how the most cautious may be deceived."

He opened his hand and she beheld crumpled within it the safeguard, which she imagined to still be on a very different part of him.

"I slipped it off, my love, before I commenced. But do not grieve," he said, seeing her eyes bedewed with tears, "you shall never regret your indiscretion."

"Alas, Your Grace, it is more for you than for myself that I grieve."

"Grace indeed. Am I then known to you?" cried the astonished duke.

"You are, indeed. I would have made you happy long before, but I feared my secret would be known."

"What do you mean? To what secret do you allude?"

"Why, if you really did remove the safeguard, on which alone I placed my whole dependence, you will soon have the most inveterate infection that ever tormented a venturous lover."

The tables were completely turned, and venting a curse upon his late-loved fair one, Old Q, completely crestfallen, left the house.

THE ORIGIN OF HOKEY-POKEY

Once upon a time a facetious fellow for a wager undertook to sell shit for sweet stuff in the street. Pushing his confection along in a small cart, he called out, "Here you are, Hokey-Pokey, a penny a spoonful, the most delicious thing in the world, and sure to make you speak the truth if you never did before!"

"Give us a spoonful!" said a curious man, opening his mouth. The penny was exchanged and the mixture promptly deposited in the man's mouth. "Ah! Damn! It's shit, by God!" he exclaimed as he spat it out.

"I told you you'd speak the truth. Don't make a fuss, or you'll drive away my customers!" replied the hawker.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SHOULDER-KNOT AND THE DAME OF GENTLENESS

Priscilla Meadows was the daughter and sole heiress of Anthony Meadows, a rich baronet of Somersetshire whose elegant mansion lay in that delightful expanse which divides the cities of Bath and Bristol. Priscilla was what might be called the epitome of feminine perfection. She was tall, slender, and finely proportioned; her eyes were black and alluring; her teeth were like a string of lustrous pearls; the roses of Sharon bloomed upon each cheek, the coral of Euphrates composed her lips, and the lilies of Lebanon were diffused over the remainder of her beauteous body. Her disposition was so mild and her delicacy so refined that she would appear alarmed and sensitive at the approach of a man.

With such singularly exquisite endowments, it may naturally be supposed that our charming little heroine soon became an object of admiration with the opposite sex. Such was her timidity, however, that for a long time she steadfastly avoided the dangers of matrimony. At length, however, she was persuaded, and Mr. Henry Ayrton, who, though many years older than she, and of a somewhat broken constitution, was able to secure her fair hand, and her soft bosom also.

Having enjoyed a lengthy honeymoon in the country, the couple repaired to the capital and commenced a life of that gaiety and fashion to which their fortune and birth entitled them. Their mansion was the frequent gathering-place of the cream of society, and, as might be naturally expected in an age of so much gallantry, the lovely mistress soon became an object of admiration and love. Many men sighed in secret, and some few ventured to disclose their passion, but in vain; our connubial heroine remained inflexible and her vows seemed to bind, not only her fidelity, but her passions as well.

In the midst of this ideal existence an accident occurred, which not only put an end to all its enjoyments, but commanded an immediate return to Somersetshire. Priscilla's venerable father had suddenly taken ill, had closed his accounts with mortality, and the presence of both his daughter and her husband became necessary. Many of the town servants were discharged, but among those retained and taken into the country with the couple was a favourite footman, whose particular avocation it was to attend to the needs of our heroine. He was one of those tall, handsome, well-made, strong, well-dressed domestics whom married men commonly (but with what propriety we do not pretend to say) permit to serve their wives, and who thereby not uncommonly become great favourites in the families to which they are appendages. His duties were shared by Deborah, the house serving girl, though she generally left him to attend to their mistress.

So it was with our hero, William, whom we have distinguished by the title, Knight of the Shoulder-knot. Mrs. Ayrton being now, as married women frequently are, often indisposed, often accustomed herself to breakfast in her own apartment, and now and then, when particularly indisposed, in bed. Strange and inconsistent as it may appear, William, the young, the athletic, the masculine William, constantly attended her upon those occasions. Attended her indeed! Had Mr. Ayrton but seen into the room during the serving of the "breakfast," he would have observed his devoted and gentle wife receiving a serving-again and again-of other sustenance. There was apparently nothing more pleasing to Mrs. M's palate than the meat William had to offer, for she often had it in her mouth, as well as in that nook that so satisfies the appetites of young men.

Her father being properly disposed of in the country, the grief of our heroine was excessive. As her constitution seemed to grow

more critical, she was ordered to the restorative waters of Bath, and by the same medical authority, her amorous and fond husband was proscribed from the soft enjoyment of her bed and person, a proscription which, however painful, he agreed to. Her health took precedence over every other consideration, and he flattered himself that by a moderate abstinence from her embraces she would shortly have strength sufficient to embrace him with a greater degree of vigour and passion.

Mr. Ayrton's presence at Bath being not altogether so important, he made frequent excursions to his estate, which was but a few miles westward of Ely. Here it was that one morning he found a letter lying on his writing table, with a London postmark on it. It was written in a vulgar hand with which he was totally unacquainted. Having opened it, he read the following words:

Sur,

That villin Willim has forsaken a poor young woman, after robbin hur of hur virginity, and gettin her with child, which she is now lying in off, and all for love of his mistress.

If you watch them in the morning at breakfast, you will find them out to a sartainty.

So no more at present, from your honour's humble servant,

Some one in the secret..

Nothing could possibly exceed the surprise excited by this extraordinary letter. The slightest suspicion of his wife's unchastity had never once entered the mind of Mr. Ayrton. On the contrary, he conceived her to be as chaste as the goddess Diana. Yet, in one moment, the devotion of William rushed

upon him with ineffable sensibility, and jealousy with all his poisons and daggers stood aghast before him. In the next moment, the letter appeared to be the invention of malice, and his wife's exquisite little form arrayed in the pure robes of exquisite innocence stood all chaste and justified before him. But again he indulged a thousand fleeting terrors. He contemplated the probable superior sexual prowess of his rival, and the opportunities which his own absence afforded a libidinous woman. He now began to suspect his own abilities, and to condemn himself. But after a variety of thoughts and suggestions, the entire affair was consolidated into curiosity, and he resolved to assure himself by being an eye-witness, if possible, to his wife's strict propriety of conduct.

For this purpose he returned to Bath that very day and was received as usual by his wife, that is to say with apparent affection. But Priscilla, as usual, declined the amorous conflict, alleging her ill health, and gained a respite by promising future passionate episodes that he would never forget.

Having spent the day in mutual tenderness, the fond couple now retired, "each to their downy couch," but not before the husband declared his intention of going the next morning again to his country residence, where he said he had engaged to meet some of his clients upon special business.

The house which this fond couple occupied in Bath was at the corner of a street and had two doors. There also was a third entrance, which led through a stable. Mr. Ayrton always kept a key to this door, as he very frequently rode out and in and put up his horse without trouble. It was a whim, not very common among men of large fortune, but it pleased him, and he indulged his wish.

Early the next morning, after a night of very indifferent rest, he arose, took his horse as usual, and rode about a mile towards his country seat. Pretending some occasion to return, he stopped at a small inn and, leaving his mount there, walked back to Bath without being observed.

It was still little more than dawn, when letting himself in at the third door, he ascended softly by a back staircase to the door of his wife's apartment. He listened attentively, and finding all profoundly silent, stole into the closet in his wife's bedroom. She lay asleep, blissfully unaware. Had he been discovered, the plan was to affect an amorous impatience and to force his gentle wife into a compliance with his passionate wishes. But having escaped detection, he sat silently and waited with as much patience as his philosophy could afford him.

Two tedious hours elapsed before Priscilla began to stir, but at length a tremulous sigh announced returning animation. The bell was rung, and Deborah, who slept in the next chamber, soon attended the summons.

"Dear Deborah," murmured Priscilla, "I am very thirsty and hungry. Please have William bring breakfast as soon as possible. I don't think I shall rise for some time, but order the tea immediately."

"Yes, Madam," responded Deborah, who fidgeted out of the room with all possible dispatch.

In about ten minutes, William, with tea urn and tray, made his appearance. Now the spirit of Mr. Ayrton's curiosity ascended to the regions of the uncontrollable, for William disposed of the urn and approached the bed! The curtains were rudely drawn, and William threw his lusty body over that of his gentle mistress,

proceeding to such a volley of kisses as penetrated the very soul and vitals of our enraged and astonished husband.

William, having made his preparatory assault, arose, and began to prepare for the work itself. But Priscilla, with real respect to modesty, begged him to refrain until he returned the breakfast things and had seen that Deborah was about her business in the laundry. After a few more hearty kisses, this was complied with, and an interval of at least ten minutes more ensued.

During this period Priscilla started from the bed with all the agility of sound health and spirits, sponged herself clean, and having removed all her clothes sprang into bed again with the same sprightliness and vigour with which she left it.

William now returned, and after locking the door for fear, he said, of accident, proceeded to divest himself of every shred of clothing that might impede the fullness of his joys. In short, he stood like a naked gladiator, his weapon thrust out long and terrible before him.

Thus prepared for action, he next proceeded to throw off all the bedclothes, and move between the creamy thighs of his mistress. Mr. Ayrton could scarcely contain himself as William brought his mighty tool to the threshold of pleasure. The poor husband watched with widening eyes as the head of William's cock entered Priscilla's sacred valley, followed by an astounding length of shaft, which buried itself with a single thrust. Yet he couldn't tear his eyes away as the ritual began, and the couple began to move as one in the throes of ecstasy. William thrust into Priscilla with expert skill and precision, bringing her to the precipice of excruciating satisfaction before slowly denying her the ultimate release. He would commence again until Priscilla was fairly screaming to be fucked. Only then did William increase the force and frequency of his ramming thrusts. He banged Priscilla

heartily, lifting her by the buttocks as he did so. This enabled him to drive his prick in even deeper and heightened the exquisite sensations both experienced. When the moment was upon them, he leaned forward and took hold of his lover's generous breasts, squeezing and pinching as the spasms overcame them both.

Poor Ayrton took a full view of what was passing, heard all the sighings and oh's! and ah's! and in short, was witness to such a scene as gave him but a melancholy picture of his own manhood.

It may appear a little extraordinary, but certain it is that, having seen the finale of this encounter, our mortified husband shrank into his shell once more and remained there until his powerful and exhausted rival retired from his luscious position. He waited as well until Priscilla arose and left the apartment. Seeing a proper opportunity, he again stole from the house and returned later in the afternoon.

To most men this systematic forbearance will seem improbable, yet Ayrton went through the whole affair with the fortitude described. He actually dined and drank wine with his wife before he disclosed his discovery, which, however, he did in such a complete manner as to leave her no room of doubting her detection.

Upon being thus discovered and upbraided, instead of whining and begging forgiveness, Priscilla, with a degree of candour not usually seen, honestly confessed her frailty, which she avowed was irresistible. She declared above board that Ayrton never did much more than raise passions in her which he could not sufficiently gratify. However the world might condemn or censure her upon the matter being disclosed, she said, he only was to blame, for if he had been what he ought to be, she would have remained virtuous.

If this declaration was vexatious, it was at the same time, as before observed, honest. Ayrton could not deny the charge. Therefore, making allowances for all things, he agreed to let the matter not only remain a secret, but to indulge his wife in a continuance of her affair ... upon two conditions: first, that she would allow him to be a constant witness to her pleasures; and, second, that she would later as constantly, consent to his less vigorous caresses. And the fact is that to this day the scene, unknown to any but the three performers, is carried on without intermission.

Deborah, who from jealousy wrote the anonymous letter, fortunately took her flight to Scotland, of which country she was a native. There, for her own sake, she will be silent upon a subject which she could only have known from an intimacy that involved her own shame.

VERY AGGRAVATING

St. Stroakum's Hall was by no means one of the most celebrated among the colleges of the University of Camford; indeed, properly speaking, it was not a college. There were three matters, however, on which it prided itself reasonably enough—the strength of the ale, the high character maintained by its men, both on the river and in the saddle, and the leniency almost universally displayed by the principal, Dr. Seebright. This leniency was, however, sometimes sorely tried.

Two young gentlemen, Flewker and Bowles, went out on horseback for the good of their health. The object, of course, was to relieve their brains from the pressure of intense study, or perhaps from the fumes arising from the wine party of the preceding night. As a matter of course they did not slavishly confine themselves to the road. As Camford riders are expected to jump anything and everything, they had got pretty far into the middle of farmer Goodlot's land, when they found themselves in a field with a high banked fence and a locked gate. To smash the padlock took a little time, and when it was happily accomplished, up came the farmer, accompanied by an aide-de-camp with a pitchfork and a bulldog. How they conducted themselves in this emergency, and the valuable information the worthy agriculturist received respecting their names and college, may be judged from the scene which took place in Dr. Seebright's study the next day. It appeared that the farmer, who was by no means such a fool as he looked, knew where their horses came from, and ascertained our gentlemen's names from the stable keeper, who was a "pal" of his. Consequently Messrs. Flewker and Bowles were surprised and considerably disgusted on being informed that the principal wanted to speak to them in his study, where, sure enough, they found farmer Goodlot in a highly excited state.

"Are these the two young gentlemen you were complaining about?" asked Dr. Seebright, eyeing the culprits sternly.

"Aye, aye," replied the farmer, "them's them, sure enough. When I asked them for their names and colleges, that 'un," pointing to Bowles, "just said his name was 'Testiculous Pendages,' or sommat like that. And when I told 'un that I didn't believe 'un, he said he was Dr. Seebright. Of certain I knew, Sir, as 'ow you was principal of St. Stroakum 'All, and not likely to be up to such games."

"I should think not indeed," said the horrified dignitary.

"And the other gen'lman," continued the farmer, "said his name was 'P'sterior Horrifus,' or something like that, which I knew was a loy. Well they smashed me gate, and they thrashed me bulldog, and they offered me man Ben half-a-crown to stick a pitchfork into me. They swore and cust and they wanted to know if I had any good-looking daughters, because if I had, these'uns wanted to stick-"

"There, that will do, Mr. Goodlot," interrupted the principal, who didn't know what might be coming out next.

"Yes, your reverence," was the reply, "but the aggravatingest thing was, that there gen'lman," pointing to Flewker, "would keep on saying his name was 'P'sterior Horrifis!' even when he says wot he wants to do to me girls. 'P'sterior Horrifis!' he keeps bawlin' out-very aggrawatin' that was-very!"

MY FRENCH FRIEND: A STORY OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

It was Goldsmith, the simple-hearted, that uttered the words, "What is friendship but a name." I think the story I shall relate will justify the bitterness of the sentence.

I was sent to Paris on business. There, in the course of my commercial transactions, I made the acquaintance of Monsieur Julien, a round, good-humoured little Frenchman, with a charming vivacious wife, several years his junior. They seemed a happy couple, and I enjoyed many pleasant hours in their pretty Parisian suburban residence.

One thing I regretted was that my imperfect French and my French friends' imperfect English made our conversation somewhat limited. Another thing was the absence of my friend Johnson-the jolliest pal a fellow could have. He it was who during a former visit taught me to learn French from what he called the "living grammar." I conjugated the nouns, and learned the tenses with one of the prettiest little coquettes that could be found in the *Quartier Latin*.

My devotion to the study was intense. It was "I cuddle, you cuddle, we cuddle," from night till morning; and I can say fairly that we "spent" in teaching each other our respective languages no little energy. Before, during, and after our lovemaking we would test each other until we had gained a fairly good understanding of both languages. After all, when one whispers "*Je t'aime*" into the ear of a lover and then proceeds to demonstrate how and why, understanding is sure to come so much easier. So it was with me. I learned the intricacies of the French while buried to the hilt in the luscious pussy of my little paramour, and she acquired her English when her delicate mouth

wasn't occupied ... well, let us simply say she sucked the knowledge from me.

Johnson was indeed a jolly fellow. He would knock down a gendarme, bilk a *garçon*, or rumple the linen of a laundress with equal equanimity. He raised his prick and so many bellies in gay Paris that the registrar of births had to increase his staff, owing to the way Johnson had exercised his. He infused so much English life into French female nature that he might fairly claim to have brought about international relations.

A great traveller was Johnson. I remember one night when he came home more than muddled, in fact positively tight. He sat by his bedside, and looking at his manly cock, which stood up and stared him saucily in the face, he thus addressed it: "My f'l'ow trav'ler, you served me a sorry trick, just because I was drunk. Is that any reason you sh'd'nt do your duty? Havn't you tasted the choice juice of Jew and Gentile? Havn't you revelled between the thighs of the lovely Circassian, penetrated the busy forest of a Spanish woman, parted the fair curls of a German frau, touched the hot interior of a New Orleans Negress, penetrated the musk-smelling secret corner of a Mandarin's wife, and driven into the vitals of a Scotch fishwife? And now tonight, when you had a nice little bit of French pussy, warm as toast, soft as a new kid glove, sweet as one of Madam Finette's bonbons, you turn up your nose, or rather you don't turn up at all, but sulk like an infernal child. Confound you, sir; play another trick like that and I'll ram you up to the hilt in the tight, brown, and unsavoury bum hole of the concierge."

This is a digression, but I only introduce it to show what a jolly fellow Johnson was, and how sorry I was that he, an accomplished French scholar also, did not share with me the charming company of Monsieur and Madame Julien.

During my stay with the Juliens I could not help noticing that Madame was somewhat free in her manner. In fact, I fancied that once or twice she gave me a look which seemed to indicate that she would like to see if English "*ros bif*" enabled me to do her the justice, which I fear her elder and somewhat corpulent partner denied her.

I, however, took no advantage of her subtle invitations. I already had a mistress in Ninette, the daughter of my concierge, a pretty little morsel, ripe and melting as a plum, acquiescent and charming, ready to play the game of 69, to exercise the delicate manipulations of her soft fingers, or do the lollypop trick with her ripe lips at a moment's notice. In fact, she demonstrated not the slightest hesitation taking me in her mouth at any time of day or in any setting. This presented little difficulty when we were alone in my rooms and she could satisfy her youthful passions as she wished. But her willingness to make a public display was quite disconcerting and I was often called upon to postpone her attentions. For instance, upon accompanying her to the market one day-for I had business in the area-she proceeded to drag me into a deserted alleyway and unbutton my trousers. Of course, the fact that this space between two buildings was unoccupied didn't mean that the streets had emptied; we were in full view of anyone who might have happened to cast a sideward glance. This, however, may have been what excited Ninette to such a degree. Despite my protestations, she shucked my trousers down and withdrew my not-very-eager cock from its place of shelter. She thrust it into her mouth and began tugging at it until it acknowledged her attentions and started to stir. Once it began to stiffen, she licked and sucked it, cramming it entirely in her mouth and taking it down her throat. She would fuck me by exercising the muscles in her gullet, until very little resistance remained in me. When I seemed well up, she withdrew it a little and pumped it with her hand, always keeping the head well inside her mouth. Of course no man can

resist such treatment, and I was not long in geysering a stream of hot love juice down her throat.

This sort of behaviour was repeated everywhere-in the city, in the country, in every vacant room of the place where I boarded, even in the back of a carriage. This is not to say I didn't enjoy every moment of it. I mention it only to point up that the girl was insatiable. She would take my prick into any orifice and demand more when we were finished. She more than satisfied my desires.

After seeing the sights of Paris, and spending a very pleasant time, I at last left. I gave Ninette a parting fuck, which was intended to comfort her, but no doubt made her regret my absence more keenly. Then I bade farewell to the Juliens, inviting them to come and see me when they meant to come to London. I offered to put them up at my pleasant though modest lodgings in the Brompton Road. With many presses of the hand, with tears and embraces, I parted from my French friends and came to London, looking happily forward to the time when I should see them again.

To a busy man, time soon slips by. Before I had found a suitable successor to my pretty Ninette, the Juliens were in London.

By an evil fate and peculiar circumstances, I could not accommodate them, but my friend Johnson, the accomplished French scholar, was introduced. With that ready wit which marked all his doings, he found them a pretty and cheap place, and there he was a constant visitor, teaching them English and chaperoning them over the sights of London.

Business is a hard master; it called me from London, and I had to go to Coventry. There, unlike Mr. Tennyson, I did not associate with grooms and porters on the bridge. Instead, I found my little

dark-eyed chambermaid, and hung onto her with all the tenacity I was capable of.

How I first got hold of this delicious morsel is a story worth telling. When the little charmer showed me to my room, I could not help noticing her pretty legs as she tripped up the stairs before me. I saw also that she did not particularly mind showing them. This fired me. I could feel a certain part of my anatomy grow stiff and poke up its saucy head, as if it sniffed the tussle not very far off.

Arriving in the bedroom, it did not take me long to enter into a conversation about Coventry, then Lady Godiva, and I even asked what Peeping Tom expected to see. Gradually I conducted the discourse until, to cut matters short, I enjoyed a gentle ride on a steed that would not have suffered in comparison with gentle Godiva herself. My darling girl had long golden hair that reached to the middle of her back, and a face that should have graced the canvas of a master painter. Her form was lithe and not too developed, so that her breasts were of sufficient roundness to fit in the palms of my hands without overflowing wastefully. Her legs were long and slim; the moss that adorned her mount was a fine-spun gold that did little to conceal the pink threshold of joy lying beneath.

We made love often and in every conceivable way, though we best enjoyed it in the usual fashion, with my cock entering her from above so that I could lie atop her as I thrust gently in and out.

I brought this gentle amble to a full stop in due time and dismounted, but not until I had revelled in the bliss of as delightful an affair as a man could have.

On my return, I thought of my old friend Julien, and walked in the direction of his house, anticipating a pleasant time with him, Madame, and my friend Johnson. As I neared the house, who should I meet but Julien himself. Heavens, what a change! The dapper little man looked pale, shrunk, unshaved, and shabby. His eye had lost its brightness; he looked as if he had been on the booze. He trembled and looked as used up as a man who had spent a week in the tender arms of a Billingsgate fishwife.

"My dear friend," said I, "how are you? How is Madame? How is Johnson?"

"Sacre-damn Madame; damn Johnson. Perfide," was his savage return. "Pardon, my fren, I have a story to tell you, but we cannot talk here. Come, there is a café. Let us go and, as Shakespeare says, 'unfold my tale.'"

We went into the café, I called for some refreshment, and poor old Julien unfolded his tale.

"Ven you left me, my fren," said he, "I was ver' sorry. I could not myself contain. I shed the tear, but Madame she try and comfort me. Johnson, sacre! perfide! he made me vot you call jolly! We mix punch so dat I sip it and tink it a trink for de gods. He tell de funny story until I larf like one damn fool, and he tell de story vot you call smutty until I blush. But I larf and my cock him stand up so much as bring back de days of my youthfulness. Madame love his company, ve have pleasant time altogether, he chaperon us to every place where ve get amusement, and all go happy and merry as you say as de bells of one marriage. Den, sacre! I get a letter from Paris; it tell me there is some pisiness of importance. I must go to Boulogne to see my agent, or I have one great loss. I feel my heart break, but I must go. I say to myself I vill not take my wife away just as she enjoy herself. I go. I vill settle my pisiness, I vill soon come pack, and in the meantime I

leave my friend Johnson to amuse my wife. I have all trust; I have no fear; I have in my eyes no green, no jealousy, no suspicion. I bed my wife goodbye. I tell her I shall not be long. I go away and start for Boulogne. In the evening of that same day I call, before I take the boat, at my London agent. A letter there from my agent tell me that all is arranged, I need not put an end to my holidays. Joy! I go home, and I am just going to knock at ze door ven I have what yo call von happy thought. I vill go in through the back garden, catch my wife unawares, and give her von pleasant surprise. I go in, I reach the parlour, my wife not there; I go to the drawing room, my wife not there. I feel the tear come in my eye. Poor ting, I say. She so upset at my going away, she be overcome and go to her room. I go quietly to my room, and I knock at the door. You English are more rude; you would enter you vife's room at once. I hear a funny sound. I cannot help myself, I look through the keyhole. Sacre! I see Monsieur Johnson there on the bed, top of Madame Julien! I wait. Sacre! I look again. I see Madame Julien top of Monsieur Johnson! She bounces. She thrusts ze hips. She arches ze back and pushes out ze teets so zat ze nipples stand out for him to squeeze. I see his damned prick dodging in and out of Madame Julien's cunt ... My cunt! She is in ze very heat of ecstasy! He fucks again and again, ramming ze damnable thing into her, all ze while feeling the jiggling teets. At last I shout-you perfide Anglais. Come here; open the door; unlock the door. Sacre! I vill have your blood. He no open the door. I look again, and that damn rascal Monsieur Johnson he come to the keyhole and pee in my eye!"

No need to tell the rest of the story. Johnson and Madame Julien no doubt had many a good fuck after that. Julien behaved generously to his unfaithful spouse, but he never saw her again.

Poor Johnson is dead now. His life was a short and a merry one. He wrote a letter expressing his regret for his breach of

hospitality. His flesh was weak, and I think his heart was in the right place, though his cock was too often in the wrong hole.

THE BREECHES or ST. THOMAS à BECKET'S RELIC

Father Girard was a celebrated preacher in one of the most noted cities of France; a man of ready elocution, handsome person, and a lively eye, which was generally roving among the female part of his audience. As he was one day preaching and searching after hearts instead of God, and striving by wanton ogle to make converts to love instead of religion, he happened to fix his eyes on a beautiful young lady named Agatha, wife to a physician called Bernard. He was immediately enamoured with her. The lady was so very devout that she had her eyes constantly fixed on those of the preacher; but notwithstanding the zeal of her devotion, she could not help perceiving that he was handsome, and secretly wished Monsieur Bernard, her husband, as much so.

When the sermon was ended, Agatha addressed Father Girard to give her confession. He, of course, was not a little pleased at having so favourable an opportunity to be alone and speak with this beautiful member of his flock. Girard, sitting in the confessional chair, heard a short detail of her own sins. Then she began a long account of those of her husband-neglect, inability to please her, and jealousy, were reckoned up as cardinal vices.

The father confessor, with an amorous grin, replied, "Jealousy, madam, is a passion which can scarce be avoided by that happy person who possesses so divine a creature as yourself."

Agatha smiled, and, thinking it time to return to some female friends who were waiting for her, desired absolution.

The confessor sighed and leered on her with another languishing look. "My fair daughter," he cried, "who can free her who is bound himself? I am captivated with the irresistible power of

your beauty, and, without your assistance, can neither absolve myself nor you."

Agatha was young, and not well versed in such intrigues. Yet, by assistance of a good natural apprehension, she was not at a loss to unravel the meaning of these words; she had also been strictly guarded and not overused by Dr. Bernard. Therefore she had not many scruples of conscience, especially where it concerned her physical pleasure. She soon let Father Girard perceive that she was not so dull as to mistake his meaning, nor was of so nice a virtue as to be displeased at his declaration. She also indicated she was happy to find, notwithstanding the sanctity of his character, that he was made of flesh and blood.

The business of the absolution was forgotten. Girard began to be very amorous, and openly professed his passion, so the lady undertook to find some method to have another, more intimate, interview. After some consideration, she told him that she was often troubled with fits, and that all the medicines her husband could administer procured her no ease. Therefore, said she, the next time he is sent for into the country, I'll feign myself ill of those fits and send for you to bring with you some relic for my relief. "I suppose, Father, you'll not refuse my summons, and my confident maid shall conduct you to my chamber."

Girard applauded her wit, embraced her with some rapture, during which time his hands took firm hold of her generous breasts, and then they parted.

Dr. Bernard, who apprehended no ill consequence from his wife's religious zeal, was sent for the very next morning to attend a country patient. Scarcely was he gone than Agatha was seized with one of her fits, and in the midst of her attendants called frequently for some holy relic—some holy relic of Thomas à Becket. The maid, who was privy to the whole affair, pressed

someone to fetch some of that saint's relics from the next convent, and that Father Girard, famous for his sanctity, should bring it. They obeyed, told Father Girard of the accident, and he, like the holy and pious man that he was, cheerfully accompanied with the utmost expedition.

Girard arrived, entered the room where the afflicted lady lay, and with a becoming gravity and well-acted sanctimony approached the bedside. Agatha prayed for help from Thomas à Becket. Girard promised his own assistance, and that of the saint also, but said it was necessary before the relic could have the desired effect that she should make her confession. This made everyone depart the room and left our religious lovers to their private ejaculations. And what ejaculations! When Father Girard raised his robe, Agatha feigned shock at seeing him naked underneath. His rod bobbed up and down, as if administering a blessing that had been begged of it. And this would not be far wrong. For no sooner was the robe discarded and the holy rod revealed, than Agatha cast her chemise aside and spread her thighs for the laying on of the instrument. Father Girard applied it with sanctity, thrusting gently until Agatha declared she felt the miracle working within her. Girard blessed her yet again and again, and with greater intensity, telling her that if she were truly to be cured of that which ailed her, she must accept as much of the holy instrument as she could bear. Indeed, that didn't appear to be a problem. Agatha now thrust aside all pretence of decorum and grabbed Father Girard by the hips, pulling him to her so that his throbbing rod was embedded more deeply. He pumped into her feverishly until the colour rose in her cheeks and the juice of passion rose to the lips of her womanhood. He matched her devotion by suddenly pouring a torrent of holy water into her eager receptacle and then collapsing across her voluptuous body.

The pious father had not long applied the sacred relic of Thomas à Becket, before Dr. Bernard, unfortunately returning, was heard coming upstairs. Girard leaped from the bed, threw on his robe, but unhappily forgot his breeches, which he had thought to bring with him so that he might fully dress upon ministering to Agatha, and which now lay as a useless garment at the bed's head.

The maid, positioned at the top of the stairs, bawled out her thanks to heaven that her lady was recovered. Dr. Bernard entered the room and frowned to see that a priest had found the way into his house, and began to suspect something from his wife's sudden illness. Agatha, with a cheerful smile, and with religious thanks to heaven, told her husband of her dangerous fit, and of her miraculous recovery by Thomas à Becket's relic. The good doctor, deceived by the sham innocence of Agatha, began to correct his jealous thoughts, and Father Girard, after some pious advice and a few scriptural texts, wisely withdrew.

Father Girard had not gone far before he recovered from his fright and suddenly missed his breeches. This put him into another fright fully as bad. What could he do? He dared not go back. Instead, on consideration, he hoped for the best: that Agatha and the maid would convey them secretly away.

In the meantime, Monsieur Bernard was rejoicing at his wife's recovery. Saying a thousand things to her in the midst of his fondling, he flung himself on the bed by her, and putting his hand back to take her in his arms found the breeches. Surprised at the presence of the trousers, the known appurtenance of the priest, he fell into a worse fit than that his wife would have made him believe she had been in. He stormed, he swore, he raved. Amid this distraction, Agatha, with a ready wit and an innocent face, the peculiar attributes of a woman, replied without the least hesitation, that it was those breeches which

had saved her life. "It is to them," she said, "that I owe my cure. Thou miraculous vestment of the divine Thomas à Becket, which has shed a pleasing influence on thy adorer, still may thou be the aid of a weak woman! These," she added, "the holy father left with me to strengthen me and prevent the return of my fit; in the evening he is to come for them."

The readiness of this excuse, and the well-feigned religion of his wife, either deluded honest Monsieur Bernard, or else, not knowing how to act, he seemed to believe her, and so it passed off. Agatha's confidante, in the evening, was sent to tell Father Girard that her mistress was entirely recovered, and therefore he should come to fetch away his sacred relics. She acquainted her mistress's confessor with all that had passed. Father Girard knew now how to act, but, pressed by the necessity of the thing and fearful of discovery by Dr. Bernard, he went to the warden of the convent, the person who presided over them, and acquainted him with the whole affair.

The warden reproved him for his negligence. For, said he, "*fi non caste, tamen caute; if not chastely, yet cautiously*, is the maxim of our convent. However, some expedient must be found to save the reputation of the order." After some pauses, he ordered the chapel bell to ring and convened all the brothers of the convent. When they were assembled, he told them of a miracle wrought in the house of Dr. Bernard by the power of Thomas à Becket's breeches. He acquainted them with the particulars, and advised that they be fetched back to the convent in solemn procession. The whole convent immediately marched out in great order to Dr. Bernard's house. The doctor met them at the door and desired to know the meaning of so solemn a visit. The warden, who was at the head of them, answered they were obliged by the rules of their order to send their relics in a private manner to distressed people who desired them, and to fetch them back in a like manner. If through the heinous sins of the person the relic

had no effect, or if there was a manifest miracle, they went to bring the relic home again with solemnity, and to record the whole in the archives of the convent.

Dr. Bernard conducted the warden and Father Girard up to his wife's bedchamber. The good lady held out the breeches wrapped up in a clean napkin, which the warden opened. He kissed the sacred relic with a personal reverence, then going down, each brother passed by in his turn and paid it the same honour. It was then placed on a long pole, like a military standard, and the fraternity returned in greater solemnity, singing an anthem, and followed by vast numbers of people. When they came to their convent, it was placed on their altar as an object of devotion, and Dr. Bernard, ostentatious of his wife's piety, told everybody of the astonishing miracle wrought on his wife by St. Thomas à Becket's breeches.

ADVENTURES AND AMOURS OF A BARMAID

Polly Denningham was the daughter of an innkeeper in a small market town. From the earliest infancy she was not less remarkable for the vivacity of her temper than the beauty of her person. Her father contemplated with the greatest delight the growing charms of his youthful daughter, which, with a proper education, he thought would be a most captivating ornament for the decoration of his bar when she arrived at maturity.

Accordingly, at the age of twelve, Miss Polly was sent to a boarding school a short distance from her native home for the purpose of learning a few fashionable embellishments. After staying at this seminary a competent time, the lovely girl was returned to the longing eyes of her fond father, replete with every accomplishment that is in the power of those elegant receptacles of female education to bestow.

For a few months after Polly's arrival at her home, her father gratified every wish of her heart. He soon began to perceive, however, with inexpressible regret, the taste his fair daughter had acquired for expensive dress, and every other extravagance which young ladies who have had the benefit of a boarding school education generally learn. He then lamented with the greatest concern the sums which he had lavished in the vain hope of making his beloved child a perfect mistress of the business of keeping an inn. Polly now had an utter contempt for everything that was low and vulgar. Even the admiration of the country squires could not but be disgusting to her.

During the time of our heroine's being barmaid, a company of strolling players arrived in the town in order to exhibit their talents for the amusement of the country folks. Miss Polly was greatly pleased at this, for she had been once or twice indulged with a play while at school, and had a taste for theatrical

performances. The King's Head being the principal inn in the town, it cannot be supposed but the merry performers made it a house of constant resort; nor is it surprising that in their frequent visits the greatest notice should be taken of the captivating Polly. Indeed, the manager, who was a very polite man, soon made himself intimate with her, and all the hours that he appropriated to the drowning of care were spent in the company of our heroine. There was little they left undone. She learned to take his raging tool in her mouth once she overcame her initial reluctance. Swallowing the passion cream of her lover soon became her most ardent pursuit. She surrendered her virginity to him as well, losing it in the throes of passion during a dark and stormy night when their entwined bodies were lit by the streaks of lightning that crossed the sky. Polly's screams of pain and ecstasy went unheard as the manager's long pole pierced her to the core and stretched the taut lips that had never before endured the harsh passage of a man's pride. She had been long a stranger to adulation, and it is not to be wondered at if the insinuating eloquence of the leader of the acting tribe had not great influence over the heart of this lively and beautiful girl. In short, he prevailed upon Polly when the company was about to quit the town to accompany him. She was delighted with the thought of exhibiting her person on the stage before a country audience, so the manager had not much difficulty in gaining her consent, especially upon promising that her first appearance would be in the character of Desdemona.

Mr. Denningham, being as tired of his daughter's extravagance as she was of the business of retailing, did not give himself any sort of trouble on her being supposed to have gone off with the player folks. On the contrary, to use his own words, he "was very glad she had taken herself off."

The personal charms of our heroine, which were universally acclaimed to be inexpressibly beautiful, attracted the merited

admiration of every lover of female excellence. Her manifest deficiency in every acting part she undertook, however, could not escape observation. Indeed, the manager well knew this, but it was the desire of enjoying the person of the fair Polly that prompted him to decoy the unsuspecting maid from her father's house. Yet, now that she had effected her escape from her home and what she took to be her drab existence, she was not quite as willing to give of herself. The manager tried every art in vain to once again sample her charms; and when he was fairly convinced the port was impregnable, he sincerely began to hate the poor girl as much as he had formerly loved her.

Our heroine could not but perceive this. This, together with the thought of owing a considerable sum to her landlady for board and lodging, and for which she had been more than once solicited, gave her some unpleasant moments which even the natural liveliness of her temper could not at all times dissipate.

As she sat one morning ruminating upon these matters, a note was brought to her in the following words: "Colonel Hardeson's compliments to Miss Denningham. He would be exceedingly happy if she will grant him an hour's conversation this evening, after the play is over." Our heroine, seeing a servant in fine dress waiting for an answer, imagined this note could come from no person of mean circumstances. As she was now really destitute of money, and her landlady had become very troublesome, she began to think that the best way to solve her financial difficulties would be to market that commodity which had been so much wished for by more than one. Of course, no price, in her own estimation, offered any way equal to the value of the purchase. With these thoughts in her head she answered that she should be happy to see the colonel at the time appointed.

During the whole time of that evening's performance our heroine's eyes were cast round the whole theatre in hopes of

seeing her admirer. Her lovely bosom heaved with thoughts of a different kind from what she had ever before experienced, but yet could not fix upon any particular person in the house to whom she might ascribe the note sent her in the morning. Her curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch; in short, she never spent so disagreeable an evening.

At last the time came. The fair one hurried home, threw off her theatrical dress and attired herself in the most engaging nightgown. Her lovely blue eyes languishing with desire, and her snowy bosom half exposed to view so that the nipples were just hidden from sight, could not, she thought, fail to captivate any beholder. Anticipating the arrival of a charming, youthful lover, she planned to set herself off to the best advantage.

At length the wished-for hour arrived. A knock at the door was heard and she ran herself to open it. How great was her disappointment when, instead of an amorous, impatient, lovely youth ready to spring into her arms-the fond idea she had cherished-she beheld coming into the room a decrepit old man, who, as soon as he was seated, began to open his business in the following manner: "Your condescension, madam, in permitting me the honour of this visit, has made me infinitely happy!"

Polly was not sufficiently recovered from her astonishment to make him any answer. The antiquated lover pursued his discourse: "From the first moment I saw you, loveliest of women, I found I passionately loved." It would tire the reader to repeat the conversation that ensued.

The colonel said that he knew of her situation and very gallantly offered to extract her, on the simple condition that she would reside at Hardeson Hall where she would be her own mistress. To avoid the insinuations of a malicious world, she would pass for the housekeeper's niece. At the same time he frankly

confessed that he was not physically able to pay his tribute to her properly at the altar of Venus, therefore he hoped the lovely maid would have no objection to his proposal if it were accompanied with a weighty purse. This last argument had more effect on the mind of our heroine than anything Hardeson had hitherto said.

After juggling in her mind the difference between starving as an actress and living in a house, though with a debilitated old lover, and under the character of his mistress, though he rarely would be able to stir the pot, so to speak, she determined to choose the last. She therefore consented to his urgent entreaties, and it was agreed that the colonel's coach would come for her the following day.

We will pass over in silence the consternation of the actors and actresses when they heard of the departure of their lovely and beautiful companion. In a short time Polly was an inmate of Hardeson Hall, in which situation she was mightily contented for a little while. It might be here thought necessary to inform the reader why the colonel, who so readily confessed to our fair one that it was not for the sake of sacrificing at the altar of love that he wished to persuade her to go to his home. It was more on this account-the colonel was ambitious that the world should think he was not so debilitated as was generally supposed, and that it should be said he had one of the finest girls in the kingdom then in keeping and whom he was pleasing on a regular basis.

In a few months after her arrival at Hardeson Hall, Polly began to wish for a change in situation. She had been glad that the old fellow had not touched her. Yet, her young blood required more than the simple adulation paid by the colonel. She had heard much praise of London, and imagined, with a great deal of truth, that her lovely person would not long remain in that gay metropolis unnoticed. Being naturally of a warm constitution,

Miss Polly, in reality, sighed to taste of those joys of which she had sampled only once before with the manager.

The colonel had not been at all stingy with his mistress, but what he had bestowed upon her was chiefly for the decoration of her lovely person. The money, the first present he had made her, was now almost exhausted. This made our heroine determine that at the first opportunity every possible means should be taken to fill her purse again, or to get more from someone else, and then to set out for London.

One night when the dessert was taken away after supper, the colonel and Polly began to talk as they usually did at such time. She thought it a splendid moment to begin her manoeuvres, as she well knew her old lover had that day received a great quantity of money, some of which she hoped to obtain.

"My dear one, you seem a little fatigued; your tenants were so troublesome to you this morning!"

"Indeed, my love, I am; but I have not forgotten you. That parcel on the table is yours, my charming girl; so are these stockings. Do, my dear, permit me to draw a pair on those charming limbs. Come, put your pretty foot upon my knee."

Polly did as she was directed. The colonel placed the candle on the floor so that his tired eyes might be more capable of seeing his way. He could not help placing his withered hand above her knee and working his way up. The touch was ecstatic-the stocking was forgotten. His pulse beat quick and his whole frame shook. His withered claw slowly advanced along her thigh, trembling, sweating, then dared to brush the mossy patch between her legs. While his rude hand dawdled there Polly grasped the purse, which the colonel in his agitation had left upon the table.

"Put it in your pocket, angelic woman!" were now the only words the trembling colonel could articulate.

As Polly removed her foot from the colonel's knee, one of her snowy breasts came in contact with his face. She had bent over so that its fullness was apparent and one nipple had sprung loose from its confines. "Oh, heaven!" He said no more and absolutely fainted. Polly was frightened, but her fears were soon dissipated when she saw her lover open his eyes.

"My charmer, I feel new vigour; suffer me to come to your chamber tonight."

At a reasonable time the impatient lover approached to what he hoped would be the chamber of bliss. Polly was a most irresistible figure, shrouded only in her chemise. The curves of her delectable body showed through the filmy material. The colonel had used the most stimulating provocatives, and it must be confessed that he had acquired a greater share of vigour than he had possessed for many years before, and was, with a little assistance, able to wage war with a willing victim. But our heroine was fully determined that her body should not be given to so feeble a lover; having determined very shortly to bestow it on some more worthy example of male flesh.

So did our old hero in one moment find himself robbed of all that store of manhood which had been accumulating for years. Polly simply removed her garment while the old fellow stood watching, his body shaking as with the ague as she slowly removed the cloth from her shoulders and let it drop to the floor. She was sure he was going to collapse at the sight of her firm young breasts and their dusky nipples; and if that was sufficient to make him flee consciousness, then he surely was on the verge of death as he absorbed the spectacle of her strong

limbs and lightly mossed pussy. The spittle fairly flew from his lips as she lifted his shirt and laid her hand on the half-erect cock that wasn't quite so unattractive as she might have expected. She was not to see how vigorous his tool could become, however, for no sooner did she touch it and give it one or two gentle tugs than a sadly diminished stream of sperm dribbled from the tip and splattered onto the floor. Often since did this charming girl, when her spirits were enlivened with the juice of the exhilarating grape, relate to her enraptured lovers the particulars of this entertaining scene.

Our heroine had now, by the recent bounty of the colonel, sufficient money to defray her expenses to town, as well as something to subsist on while there. She therefore determined to engage a place in the coach that passed by Hardeson Hall every day. This being done, and having conveyed as many of her clothes as she conveniently could to a cottage bordering on the high road, she fixed a time for her departure. We will not relate the means taken to get away from the colonel unobserved, or the consternation that ensued when it was discovered that the housekeeper's niece had eloped. Suffice it to say that by the time her absence was noted she was with a gay young barrister, the only other passenger in the coach, on the direct road to the great metropolis.

It cannot be supposed that this limb of the law could coolly observe the exquisite loveliness of his companion. He soon entered into conversation with her, and if he before admired the beauties of her person, he was now not less charmed with the brilliancy of her wit. Finding she was not averse to love, he plied her with the kind of language that a man who is long acquainted with the world knows how to use with success. Our heroine was quite captivated with him, and as the night wore on suffered him to take a few liberties, which might have alarmed the delicacy of a more modest woman, but Miss Polly thought no

harm in granting. In no time at all his hand rested on her bosom, and then it insinuated itself within her garment and found one of the warm, ripe mounds of flesh, which seemed to melt beneath his hand. His other hand worked its way up along her thigh while Polly gazed out the window. She continued to take no notice while he kneaded her nipple and at the same time found the moist boundary of her cleft. His fingers explored the delicious slit and were encouraged when Polly subtly moved her thighs apart just enough to allow them greater freedom of access. When he brushed against the engorged nub of flesh that promised pleasures to come, she shuddered and thrust her hips forward. The young barrister immediately buried a finger in her crevice and worked it around until Polly began to writhe against him. The natural warmth of our heroine's constitution could not long resist the ecstatic dalliance that ensued without discovering those palpitations which to the feelings of a lover and a seducer are so delightful. Her watchful companion soon perceived that the wished-for moment had arrived, and without any further ceremony daringly advanced to the centre of joy. Modesty, or rather mock modesty, caused Polly to gently resist.

It is well-known that in love resistance, instead of allaying, inflames the passions to a greater degree. This was the case with our successful pleader. All that had gone before encouraged him to drop his breeches without further delay. Polly looked over casually as he withdrew a long, thick cock with a purpling head that was destined to be submerged in her muff. She looked away just as casually as he pried her legs apart and moved between them, stretching her out on the carriage bench. Taking his cock in hand he brought the head to the entrance and nudged it inside. Then, while Polly groaned as if he were taking unpermitted liberties with her, he thrust his length in and began to shuttle in and out as best he could in the cramped quarters. He began to become comfortable as he increased the pace of his fucking and the pussy in which he was entrenched became well

oiled. His presumption had no sooner thrown his fellow-traveller wholly in his power than a large stone in the road upset his most devout intentions. Had he been on horseback, it might have been said that he was fairly tossed out of the saddle.

This sad discomfiture induced the barrister to make a speech on the inconveniences of coaches, which led him to move that the ultimate trial should be put off until their arrival in London.

London was not speedily reached in those days, and singularly fortunate were the individuals who could gain the metropolis without some little adventure. It was not the lucky fate of our heroine to miss a little affair which served at least to break the monotony of the journey.

Soon after the incident with the barrister, a party of Gypsies were encountered, who encamped by the roadside and presented a most picturesque appearance. Over sparkling fires pots were hung, and anyone near enough could sniff the fragrant odour which rose from them, none the less pleasing to the olfactory organ because the chickens which were cooking were stolen.

"Of all things in the world," said Polly, "I have dearly longed to spend a night in a Gypsy camp."

"Don't talk of spending," said her companion. "It brings to my mind too keenly my disappointment. But it is a strange whim of yours, and stranger still that I have for years entertained the same notion. It shall be done! Gypsies are strange people; there may be some fun to be had with them. I don't know about stopping the entire night. We will at least make their acquaintance."

It has already been stated that our fair heroine and the barrister were the only occupants of the coach-no other passengers then could be inconvenienced by delay. A present to the coachman

soon overcame his scruples; his ready wit could easily invent some lie to account for the delay to their masters, and so the matter was quickly arranged. The coach was stopped, and young Capias (for so the barrister was called) and Polly approached the Gypsies.

For a moment the natural timidity of her sex made Polly shrink from the swarthy figures they were approaching. The next moment she was reassured, for a young girl, with eyes black as night, hair dark and glossy as a raven's wing, and a scarlet shawl showing off her lithe figure, approached her.

"Tell your fortune, fair lady?" said she. "The Gypsy girl will tell truly what the stars foretell."

"You have just hit it, my girl," said Capias. "Tell the lady her fortune. Show us into one of your tents, and as bright a guinea as ever carried King George's head shall be yours."

Thrusting aside the curtain of a tent, Mildred, the dark-eyed girl, led them into the interior. A great fire smouldered in the centre, the air of the tent was warmed and even perfumed by its smoke. A bed of soft moss was in one corner of the tent, and being spread over with a rich scarlet shawl it looked a couch which a Gypsy queen would not disdain to employ as the scene of a sacrifice to love.

It is needless to repeat the pretty phrases which Mildred poured into Polly's willing ears. She promised her all sorts of good things in the future, and then, with a meaningful look at Capias, slipped out of the tent, so taking care that Polly should have good things in the present.

Before many minutes had elapsed, the coy lady was spread upon the mossy couch and Capias was duly "entering an appearance"

in a court in which he had not practiced before. But as there was no "bar" to his "pleading," he contrived to make a very sensible impression. His few "motions" were rewarded with a verdict of approval; his "attachment" was pronounced a valid one. In short, his argument was "penetrating" and "drove home" the points he wished to make. All of which is to say he fucked her well. This time he was not thrown from his steed as he had been in the carriage. His cock, once buried deeply in Polly's quim, remained there, though in varying lengths depending on the stroke of the moment. He lay atop her, belly to belly, her thighs close together, his lance working in and out of her excruciatingly tight sheath. While he worked thus he kneaded her breasts and rolled her nipples between his fingers, revelling in the way they swelled to his touch. His strokes were long and steady and seemed to extend deep into her dripping grotto. They reached the supreme moment at the same time and began to writhe upon their bed of moss-Polly wrapping her legs around Capias's back and he driving into her as the great shuddering spasms overtook him.

It did not take long to remove from their flushed cheeks and disordered dress the evidence of the encounter, and Polly and Capias issued into the open air to meet Mildred and reward her for her considerate attention.

The sounds of singing and revelry from a large tent well lit next attracted our lawyer's attention, and thereto he went. Around a large fire was seated a group which might well have tempted the brush of Murillo or Rembrandt. The luscious leer on the faces of the men and women showed how keenly they were enjoying a highly spiced song of one of the company. The right hands of most of the men, being hid in the folds of the drapery of the women, gave evidence of a desire to realize some of the stanzas.

A bold-looking, bronze-faced youth was singing, and the following verses give a fair example of his song:

Oh merry it is when the moon is high
 To chase the red, red, deer;
And merry it is when no keeper's nigh
 To trap and to snare without fear.
But better I ween is a night with my queen,
 To lie in the arms of my love;
And to spend my sighs on those breasts I prize,
 For a joy all others above.
Then here's to the things that each woman doth wear,
 Though we cover it up with our hand;
 Its forest is hair, but still I swear,
 'Tis better than acres of land.
I've sipped red wine from the golden cup,
 I've handled the guineas bright,
But a sweeter draught from my Chloe I'll sup,
 Her eyes give such a bright light.
I'd sooner taste the nectar sweet,
 That flows from her ripe red quim,
Then I'd put to my lip that beaker's tip,
 Though with Burgundy filled to the brim.
Then while I've a soul I'll go for that hole,
 It gives me the greatest joy;
 My pulses beat with a fevered heat
 Whilst I my cock employ.
And when I'm dead lay under my head
 A tuft of her fragrant hair,
In the silent land it will make me stand
 As if my true love were there.
Then shout and sing for that glorious thing,
 That each one loves so well;
Keep me out of my meat, then heaven's no treat,
 I'd rather have Chloe in hell.

Capias listened, so did Polly, with mixed feelings to this very irreverent song, but the night was wearing on and they had some thought of the long journey before them.

Mildred approached Capias with a smile, and said, "The gentleman will not stop long in the Gypsies tent. Only let the gentleman be generous, and Mildred will show him and the lady a rare sight."

Capias was generous indeed, and Mildred quietly led the way to a tent some little distance off.

"Step lightly," said she. "These are two of our people; they have eaten bread and salt today-they are now man and wife. Would you like to see the joys of their wedding night?"

Of course an affirmative answer was soon given, and Capias and Polly were led to a hole in the canvas wall.

At first only the dim outlines of two figures could be discerned in the interior of the tent.

"Wait a moment," Mildred whispered to Polly. "Gypsies always have a good light; no one would have his bride in the dark on his wedding night."

The peepers kept very still, and presently Mildred whispered again, "Zach is going to light up; you'll see him look Miriam all over before he really has her for better or worse, as your marriage service says."

The obscure figures now released themselves for a long embrace, the female giving an audible sigh, which seemed to give expression both to her amorous desires and timidity as to what was coming. Striking a match, the swarthy bridegroom lit three

candles stuck in a common tin triangle suspended from the centre of the tent, which was a rather large one set apart for the use of various members of the tribe on such special occasions.

"Now strip thee, lass, and gie us a sight of thy juicy koont afore I fook thee!" said Zach imperatively. "Thou's now all mine or now't, as I find thee."

Setting her a good example, he threw off jacket, vest, and breeks till he stood a dingy-looking Hercules in shirt and stockings, the former of which seemed anything but a clean wedding garment, looking a fair match in its unwashed tints to his olive-coloured skin. She, too, was too dark for it to be seen if her blushes betrayed the shock to her modesty from the sight of his tremendous prick, the purple head of which jutted out beneath the dingy shirt.

"Tak't in thee hond, gal, and feel how randy 'tis!" he said, lifting up her smock the moment she stepped out of her skirts. The pair could then be seen standing side by side in the full light of the candles, their lips glued together in a sucking kiss, whilst each one's hands were busy caressing the other's privates. She was a fine young woman of about eighteen, with a mass of black hair falling loose over her shoulders. Her lovely eyes were hidden by the closing lids, as if she were afraid to look in her husband's face, or see her fate in any way.

"Oh! you hurt me, Zach; did you think I'd lost my maidenhead?" she said, flinching from the insertion of his big middle finger.

"Thou'll do; thou's right, my gal. Now kiss my cock and swear to be true to it, and never take another as long as you have me," he said.

She knelt down before him and almost reverently imprinted two or three ardent kisses on the object of her desires, swearing the required oath in a peculiar kind of lingo quite impossible for Capias and Polly to understand. They could see he was tremendously excited. Suddenly she took him in her mouth. The entire massive length disappeared with such speed Polly could scarcely believe her eyes, yet the girl surely had the thick pole down her throat. She began to bob her head up and down; the shaft glistened as it emerged into the light on the upstroke. Her mouth and throat were filled with the monstrous prick, yet she continued her ministrations without difficulty and seemed to take great pleasure in it. For just a moment she let it slip free so that she could lick around the swollen head and flick at the slit with the tip of her tongue. Then she again consumed the entire thing like a choice morsel and seriously began to pump it with the muscles in her throat until the man put a sudden halt to the activity. Lifting the fine girl in his brawny arms, he carried her to a heap of blankets laid over a soft bed of ferns and heather, and falling upon it with her by his side, his hands opened her willing thighs, giving a delicious view of a black bushy mount with just a discernible vermilion slit at the bottom of the swarthy belly. He was between those plump thighs quicker than it takes to say so, and throwing his body over her, began to kiss her face and neck in the most passionate manner, being too long in the body to do so to her heaving bosom, which he caressed and kneaded with one hand. The girl seemed instinctively to open her thighs yet wider as he put the head of his tremendous cock to the small-looking slit, opening the lips with his fingers until the head got in about an inch. Her hands pressed his buttocks down with all her force and his shaft was jammed into her. Both seemed to quiver with emotion and spend at this moment, as they then lay motionless for a few seconds. She gave his bottom a rare slap with one hand, and loudly whispered, "Try again, Zach, my love. You did make me feel nice and I shan't be so tight now! Go on-go on-Oh! Oh! Oh, oh, oh!" He gave a hard push, sending his

rammer in three or four inches, and then, before she could recover from the agonizing pain, thrust again and again. He clasped her fainting body with his muscular arms, grinding his teeth in erotic rage and behaving like an anaconda enfolding its victim, until his prick was sheathed to the roots of its hair and dripping with her virgin blood at every withdrawal.

Polly and Capias were deliciously groping each other as they looked through the peepholes. At this moment a loud burst of tambourines and rough music arose from the campfire, followed by a jolly chorus-

Hurrah, hurrah, for the bloody strife,
That ends by making man and wife;
Hurray, hurray, she's a maid no more,
But a fucking wife forever more!

This startled Polly and Capias from their total distraction.

"Ha! Is it like that with you two?" whispered Mildred. "I thought it would stir your blood!" as she glided off into the gloom and left them to peep and enjoy themselves all alone.

The noise and Zach's throbbing instrument in her tight sheath had now roused Miriam to life, as well as action. In response to his movements, she heaved up her rump and writhed in a perfect state of erotic frenzy, calling him to fuck her well, to shove all, all-balls and all-into her cunt, even biting his shoulder as she used all the bawdy expressions possible to think of. She was a demon at the game now, once thoroughly aroused, and to judge by her sighs and screams of delight, was spending almost every few seconds. For his part, Zach continued to plunge his rod into her dripping crevice, drawing it out almost to the tip before driving it in again to its full length. Miriam demanded more and more of it as he filled her with his creamy flood, till she fairly

exhausted her husband, who rolled off her body in spite of all endeavours to keep him on the go. He lay fairly vanquished beneath his rampant bride, who at once in triumph, straddled over him and transfixed his still-stiff cock in her insatiable chink, riding him with all her might, till with an oath at her randiness, he threw her off and declined any more of it for a while.

Thus ended the episode of the Gypsy camp, and our heroine with her friend returned to their coach and continued the journey to town, while he related to her a tale of the seduction of two sisters, which by the assistance of a reading lamp he read from a piece of paper taken out of his jacket pocket.

"In a retired part of Devon lived Mr. Firman, a widower, a man of a calm and settled disposition, fond of study, and, having experienced much of adversity, rather at discord than union with the world. He had been a Bristol merchant, and was growing rich when it happened that his slave ships, together with most of their several living cargoes, were all destroyed within twelve months. Their owner in consequence declared a bankrupt.

"One ship was burned by a cask of spirits taking fire; another was wrecked; a third foundered; and a fourth fell a sacrifice to no less than three hundred slaves, who in a frantic effort for freedom set fire to the magazine, and blew themselves and the whole crew up. What became of the other two was never rightly understood. We mention the reason of Mr. Firman's failure merely because he used afterwards to confess his misfortune as just punishment for being concerned in such infamous traffic.

"As companions of his retirement, as consolation to his solitude, Mr. Firman had two daughters, Sophia and Eliza, and a son, Frederick. The former were twins, about eighteen years of age and very beautiful. Though young, their bodies were those of mature, well-endowed women. Frederick, who had been left a

small fortune by a maiden aunt, was also a very amiable youth, and intended for the profession of the law. He was about seventeen and studied under the classical care of a clergyman at Exeter.

"Mr. Firman, though fond of his girls, was determined to send them to some respectable seminary of industry. Seeing an advertisement in a London newspaper that two young ladies were wanted by a milliner at the west end of the town, he immediately wrote to a friend, desiring him to make inquiries as to the terms, situation, and character of the advertisement. The friend, without much attention to duty, made the business as easy as possible. He saw a large house in a grand neighbourhood and was received by an attractive woman; to his shallow capacity that appeared sufficient.

"Mr. Firman received a satisfactory answer. The terms being reasonable, and the report being thus satisfactory, Mr. Firman immediately wrote to his friend, desiring him to conclude the business. His hopes were that his daughters would not only be companions to each other during their apprenticeship, but they would commence business together. And that as they had some very near relations in the fashion world, he hoped they would make a flourishing fortune in a short time.

"As it would be tedious and melancholy to relate the preparations, and the separation of a fond father and his darling children, we shall pass over those events and set the sisters down in Jermyn Street, at the house of Mrs. Tiffany, where one hundred and twenty guineas were paid as apprentice fees.

"The correspondence between Mr. Firman and his two daughters was for some time regular and reciprocally affectionate; but by degrees both punctuality and tenderness upon the part of the latter declined. They were hurried with

business, they were indisposed, they were in the dull season of the year, or they were upon visits to Mrs. Tiffany's friends in the country. In short, filial duty soon fell off entirely, and the poor old man at length wrote until he was tired to no purpose. They never corresponded except for when they drew upon him for money to purchase fine clothes, and that they did oftener than his circumstances conveniently admitted of.

"It now became the time when the son was to leave Devonshire in pursuit of his professional studies. He was made apprentice to a very eminent attorney in Gray's Inn, and had letters of recommendation to several persons highly respected in the law.

"Being settled, his first business was a visit to his sisters. The good lady of the house received him with much kindness, but the Miss Firmans being a little way out of town, and not expected for some days, he was invited to call again. He particularly noticed three young ladies in the house, highly dressed out and made up more like toy-shop dolls than females connected with the humble and respectable occupation of business.

"Frederick, though but nineteen years of age, and only just come from the most retired part of Devonshire, then formed conclusions not very favourable to these girls. And from the appearance of the place he entertained as well very strong forebodings of his sisters' safety.

"Young Firman took his leave very much dissatisfied, but, concealing his suspicions, promised to return in a few days, expressing a hope that by that time his sisters would be arrived from the country.

"Among other letters it happened that young Firman had one recommending him strongly to the son of a west country

baronet, who, to qualify him for the bar, or perhaps the bench at Westminster Hall, was studying Paphian theology in Lincoln's Inn. Frederick lost no time in delivering his packet, and as he was a very comely youth, and had a fashionable-though innocent-appearance, young Mr. Thornback, the student, concluded Frederick would not disgrace him. He also thought Frederick's ignorance would afford him and, in short, condescended to ask him on the next day, which was Sunday, to accompany him in his carriage to Windsor.

"On the road they became more intimate, and young Thornback opened to Frederick the intention of his journey, which was to see a damned fine girl that he had in keeping in the neighbourhood, who unluckily he had got with child. Young Firman was too much of a greenhorn to relish this sort of visit, and Thornback tried to cheer him by assuring him that his favourite had a sister, another damned fine girl, with whom he could sleep if he pleased that night, as she was then upon a visit at his lodgings.

"This did not, however, dispel the gloom of young Firman. A thousand thoughts of home, and of the new scenes into which he was entering made him appear more and more embarrassed. They stopped at the gateway of a very handsome house in the outskirts of Windsor before he could recover sufficiently to make any coherent reply.

"They had no sooner alighted than a female servant, with a melancholy face, informed the Squire that her mistress was brought to bed with a fine boy, but added, with a flood of tears, that its mother was no more! Thornback, though an aristocratic snob of little feeling, was greatly shocked at the information, and a tear was seen to steal down his cheek. On entering the parlour he threw himself in a fit of grief on the sofa. At that moment the ears of the young Firman were assailed and his soul rent by the

loud lamentations proceeding from a female voice to which he had been somewhat accustomed. "Where is he? Where is he?" repeated the now well-known tongue. The door burst open, and the only surviving daughter of the unhappy Firman, with hands extended, dishevelled hair, and distracted features, threw herself upon the neck of young Thornback.

"Surprise, shame, grief, and distraction, all united in the soul of the wretched brother. His emotions became too strong for his nature and he sank senseless on the carpet. The servants, who were the only persons in possession of themselves, assisted to raise him up and seat him in a chair. The noise and confusion occasioned by his situation in a few moments roused the sister-her transition was from grief to agony-from agony to despair-especially upon beholding in the person of a supposed stranger, whom she had not before noticed, that of a beloved brother!

"From that moment she became insensible to everything around her-she became positively mad-and nothing less than the strength of three servants prevented her from putting an end to her existence.

"A few words regarding Mrs. Tiffany. She had been seduced at an early age by the assistance of a French milliner. After several changes she was kept by a West India merchant from whom she obtained sufficient monies to take the house in Jermyn Street. She affected the business of a milliner that she might the more unsuspected carry on that of bawd and seducer.

"The two lovely Firmans were but six months in her house and just eighteen years old when they were prostituted-one to a gambler for two hundred pounds, and the other for five hundred pounds to an old debilitated viscount. From that point on they were much in demand and were fucked from morning to night."

As Mr. Capias finished the account of the seduction of the milliner's girls, they were already entering London, and were soon set down at the noted La Belle Sauvage Inn, Ludgate Hill. A hackney coach was called and Capias easily persuaded Polly to go with him to his chambers. It was yet early in the day, so after a good breakfast provided by the housekeeper, they lay down to rest on his bed until the evening, when he expected a friend to supper.

"Now darling," exclaimed the young barrister, throwing aside his clothes, "undress yourself, and let us enjoy without restraint those delicious pleasures which the accident in the coach interrupted, and of which afterwards in the gypsy tent we had only a rough taste." He eyed her breasts with undisguised lust. "What exciting charms; let me caress those swelling orbs of snowy flesh, which I see peeping from your loosened dress. What a difference there is in titties. Some girls have next to nothing, others are so full they hang down like the udder of a cow; and then again some of the finest barely have nipples to set them off. Yours my love, are perfection. Let me kiss them, suck them, knead them in my hands!"

This attack upon her bosom almost drove Polly wild with desire. Her blood tingled to the tips of the toes as she heaved with emotion. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

He gradually pushed her towards the bed, and presently, when her back rested on its edge, one of his hands found its way under her clothes to the very seat of bliss.

"What a lovely notch. I had scarcely time to feel what a beautiful fanny you had when I was so hot from watching the bliss in the gypsy tent. Now, darling, we can enjoy everything in perfection, and increase the delights of fucking by such preliminary caresses as these, which will warm our blood, until

you beg me to let you have it at once and my excited prick revels in your juicy gap."

She was nearly spending just at the touch of his hands, and begged with sighs of delight for him to satisfy her irresistible longings.

"Not with your things on, dear. Off with them, quick-see what a glorious erection I have got. There, caress it, press it in your hand."

He had taken off everything and helped her to do the same. Then he tossed her on the bed and was between her open legs as they stretched wide to receive him. But he toyed with her yet for a minute or two, letting the head of his prick just touch between the warm juicy lips so anxious to take him in.

"Ah, you tease! Do let me have it!" she almost screamed, heaving up her bottom to try and get him further in. "Oh, do; don't tease me so. I'm coming again! Oh! Oh!"

He awfully enjoyed this dalliance, but at length took pity on her languishing looks and slowly drove in up to the hilt, until his balls flapped against the velvet cheeks of her rump.

"I like to begin slowly," he whispered, "and draw out the pleasure till we both get positively wild with lustful frenzy. That is the only way to get the very acme of real enjoyment. A young fellow who rams in like a stallion or a rabbit, and spends in a moment, scarcely makes the girl feel any pleasure before he finishes and is off.

"Many married women have stupid husbands of that sort, who never fuck them properly. Is it to be wondered that women get

awfully taken with a man who introduces them to the real delight of love?"

"Yes-yes-you darling-but push it in faster now. Ah, I feel its head poking the entrance to my womb at every thrust; that's so delicious. Are you coming? I'm simply swimming in my juices. Oh, there it is, it's like warm lightning shooting into me. Oh, oh; don't stop-go on a few more strokes. I'm coming again. Ah, you darling. Ah-more! Oh!"

To comply with Polly's wishes, he drove into her long and hard, banging against her pelvis from the force of the strokes. He raised himself on his knees and took her legs in his hands, lifting them so that her pussy was more widely opened. His prick was still lodged inside her, only now he could better see it as it slid in and out on its mission of pleasure. He jiggled his hips and thrust forward, enjoying the way Polly's breasts bounced in response. He did this more and more, alternating short thrusts with long until she was squirming and screaming from the unrelenting pleasure of it.

Capias smiled grimly and continued, relishing the way his prick felt rock-hard and indestructible as it plumbed her depths. He liked to see her this way, pinned beneath him, spread open, a slave to every movement of his cock. When she began to beg him to fuck her harder he did so until it seemed she would swoon from the continuing spendings she was experiencing. At much the same time he began to spurt his thick sperm into her in bubbling gouts that left him trembling and exhausted.

After this they had a sound sleep till seven o'clock, when the housekeeper knocked to say Mr. Verney had come. Thus awakened, Polly was delighted to find the young barrister's prick still tightly encased in her tightly contracted sheath.

She wanted another stirring up, but Capias declined the invitation, and promised to make up for it at night.

"You're so lucky, my boy!" said Verney, as his friend Capias introduced him to Polly. "No other fellow ever has such luck as you have in love."

"Her action is better than her looks," replied Capias, making Polly blush up to her eyes while he threw off the covers and exposed her glorious nakedness to Verney's hungry gaze. "Nothing to be ashamed of, my darling. I always tell Verney all about my love affairs. He's a devil for the girls himself, and one to please them, too. Now for supper; she's taken all the strength out of me, and I want refreshing."

"Nothing like a refresher after a good fuck, is there, Capias? Ah! I wish I was you; the very sight of Miss Polly will make me uncomfortable all night, unless my landlady's daughter takes pity on me and slips into my bed when I get home!"

At supper and during the evening Verney scarcely took his eyes off our heroine, who could easily see how she had influenced him. Capias seemed anything but jealous, and paid far more attention to the bottle than to his new love, which rather chagrined her. Verney was a brilliant pianist, playing and singing with great feeling, and casting his eye on Polly when there was any suggestive point in the song.

It was a dreadful night out of doors, so the housekeeper was asked to make up a bed for Verney on the sofa. He gave Polly a significant glance as this arrangement was made, and also looked at the liquor stand, to give her a hint of his plans. Capias when in convivial company was too much given to whiskey and water, which he drank like a fish, giving no heed to the pleasures Polly would expect from him when they retired to bed. At length she

said she felt tired, and bidding Verney good night asked Capias not to sit up too long, then went into the bedroom. Verney mixed his friend an awfully stiff glass for the last, and as Capias swallowed it, wished him pleasant dreams and plenty of fucking, adding, "I shall have a hard-on all night myself thinking of you."

The sot scrambled into bed to be received in Polly's longing embrace.

"Now, sir, you're almost drunk and sleepy. Keep awake till I'm satisfied, or my name's not Polly if I don't leave you and ask your friend to do your duty for you. You haven't taken a bit of notice of me all evening. Ah! You can't even get hard," as she groped with her hand and found only a limp noodle for her trouble.

He was not so stupid, but he knew his deficiency. Taking one of her nipples in his mouth he tried to raise the requisite desire. Her fingers did their best to second the feeble effort while his fingers on her clitoris aroused her amorous flame in all its intensity. At last he dropped into a sound drunkard's sleep, just as she was becoming fanatic with baffled desire.

"You brute, you sot!" she angrily exclaimed, pushing him away from her. "You're sodden with Irish whiskey. See if I don't keep my threat. Verney is a fine fellow who only wants a chance to have his way."

Springing from the bed, with nothing but her chemise on, she rushed into the other room and threw herself into a chair, sobbing as if her heart would break as she covered her face with her hands.

"By Jove, damn it, what's the matter?" exclaimed Verney as he awoke from a real sleep. He could just make her out by the light

of the fire, so, throwing off the bedclothes, he got off the sofa and knelt at her feet on the hearthrug.

"What's he done, to turn you out of the room, my dear? Do tell me; I'd kick him into the street for your sake, Polly!"

"It's what he hasn't done!" she replied, sobbing. He continued to ask the cause, and had put his arm round her waist, till her head rested on his manly shoulder.

"Oh, oh, I couldn't bear to lie all night in bed with a drunken man. I'll get my clothes and leave this place!"

His hand was now up between her thighs, and his lips imprinted hot kisses on her burning cheeks. Higher and higher crept that insinuating hand, till he got fair possession of her slit, all moistened as it was with warm creamy emissions. She still sobbed on his shoulder as her legs slightly parted, while a perceptible shudder of suppressed emotion told him too surely that his success would soon be complete. Withdrawing his hand for a moment from that burning spot, he shifted her naked foot till it rested on his rampant tool, as still and hard as iron, and it throbbed under that caressing foot which his hand directed.

From her face his lips found their way to her bosom, and her sighs too plainly spoke her feelings. Taking her boldly in his arms, he carried Polly to the sofa. Stretching himself by her side, with his tremendous truncheon stiff against her belly, he placed her hand upon it. Opening her legs she directed it herself to her cunt. The head of his cock sank into her pussy as he pushed against her. They commenced a delightful side fuck, their lips glued together. This made him come in a moment, but rolling her over on her back, he kept up the stroke, until she also spent in an agony of delight. Resting for a few moments, he went on again, her legs entwined over his loins as she heaved and writhed

in all the voluptuous ecstasy of her lascivious nature. She spent every few minutes a perfect flood of warm joy juice, to the intense delight of his prick, which fairly revelled in the delicious moisture, exciting him more and more every moment.

Their bounding strokes made the sofa fairly creak, and anyone not in such a drunken sleep as Capias must have been awakened.

"Ah!" sighed Polly, scarcely able to catch her breath. "You beat him fairly, and I thought no man could possibly have given me more pleasure than he did. Drive on, push it in, balls and all-oh, fuck, fuck me. Oh! I'm coming again. How you shoot it into me, you dear fellow."

After this he promised to take care of her, and gave her an address where she could get two nice rooms. Then he persuaded her to lie down by the side of Capias again, saying, "And when he wakes in the morning, dearest, don't let him touch you-say 'no! You couldn't fuck me last night, and now you shan't again!' That will be a good excuse to leave him."

She followed this advice and got clear of Capias in a few hours, without the barrister suspecting his friend Verney had had a finger in the pie.

Polly drove to the address, where Mrs. Swipes, the landlady, said she was always glad to welcome any friend of Mr. Verney's, who was such a very kind gentleman.

Her new lover called in the evening to renew his fucking, much to the ever-randy Polly's delight, and left her several bawdy books to read, including large and especially interesting volumes full of coloured plates. These, of course, were for her later perusal and pleasure, for he wished to occupy their time together with passionate fucking. This they did with increasing

frenzy. Varney seemed insatiable as he took her in every position they were capable of assuming. He particularly liked placing Polly on her belly and entering her from behind. He said there was little to match the pressure that was put upon the cock in this position as it worked in and out of the pussy. He also enjoyed the sensations as he drove into Polly's receptive quim and his belly slapped her soft buttocks with each stroke.

When he'd finished in this fashion, he turned her on her side and lifted one of her legs, again entering from behind. Only this time he was able to shift her onto his lap when the moment was right so that the pace of the fuck was regulated by her. Polly happily complied and impaled herself again and again on his upstanding rod, raising and lowering herself so that she could feel every inch of his meat penetrating her. In this way they spent the night, eventually losing count of the number of times they each came.

On taking leave after breakfast next morning, Verney particularly advised her to be guided by Mrs. Swipe's advice in everything. "And you can easily be the best of friends with the old woman by indulging her love of gin every day; half a pint doesn't cost much and I'll pay all your expenses. Be agreeable to the other girls in the house and you'll be as happy as a queen. I'm not a jealous sort and I guarantee you'll get plenty of the staff of life!"

By this Polly guessed she was in a bawdy house, but felt pretty confident of taking care of herself. She picked up a purse of gold he left for her on the table.

"My dear," said Mrs. Swipes shortly thereafter as she lapped her Old Tom, "gin gives one such an appetite. I can always eat well, but it's too depressing for men, takes all the starch out of their pricks you know. So never offer anything so vulgar to gentlemen

friends; let them send out for champagne or brandy ... whiskey, even, is not bad. You know the saying, 'Whiskey makes the love hot, and brandy makes it long.' For my part, dear, give me a man who can keep his place well and go on with his fucking, getting stiffer and bigger inside my cunt, till he stirs my blood and raises all my passions to a fever pitch. When at length both come together, it is really the melting of two souls into one, and leaves you to fall into that blissful ecstasy which only true and experienced lovers really understand."

Wetting her mouth with the gin, she again went on. "Fellows who are so hot that they no sooner get into a girl than it is all over don't give a bit of pleasure. Even some old men are so warm that they only require the sight of a naked tit to make them come in their breeches. My dear, you can't imagine what a nasty lot of fellows there are in London, both old and young, who go about in crowds, or ride in coaches, where they can feel girls' bottoms, or tread on their toes, which is all they need to bring on a spend, instead of having a straightforward honest fuck. Never notice such fellows; always slap their faces. Now, my dear, if you would like to meet a real nice gentleman, a handsome fellow, a real lord, lots of money, plenty of fizz, and everything jolly-why, my love, he likes to fuck me, old as I am. Sometimes, as he says, plenty of good soup can be made in an old pot. Bessie Jones is awfully crazy about him, and he is coming to supper with us tonight if you'd like to be one of the party. What do you say, dear?"

"But how will Bessie like it if you introduce me?" asked Polly.

"Do you think I'd have a jealous fool in my house? Why, his lordship always expects me to introduce him to every new lady who comes into my house. Bessie and you will be the best of friends."

Here there was a tap at the door of Polly's apartment.

"Come in," exclaimed Mrs. Swipes. "Oh, it's you, Bessie. Let me introduce you to your new lady, Miss Polly-ahem, what's your name, my dear?"

"Never mind that. What will Miss Bessie take to cement the introduction?" said Polly.

"I know what I should like to give her, and that's a good birch rod on her fat bum, for disturbing our quiet little confab," said Mrs. Swipes.

"Would you indeed, you dear old girl," said Bessie. "You do like to see a rosy bottom getting redder under your strokes till the blood fairly trickles down at last. Let us have a bottle and I won't even mind lending you my ass for a few minutes; it leads up to such pleasant sensations and may be a novelty for our new friend Miss Polly. I must apologize for my intrusion; the fact is I heard your voice in the room as I was going downstairs to ask if Lord Rodney is coming to supper this evening."

"Fudge!" exclaimed Mrs. Swipes. "Why don't you honestly say you guessed we'd got a drop of drink. I'll soon fetch the liquor and take the price out of your arse, my impudent, cheeky beauty, although I know you enjoy the touch of the twigs as much as I do using them. The sight will give Miss Polly here a new sensation, or I'm not a judge of character. She looks ready enough for anything!"

"Thank you for the compliment," replied our heroine. "I admit I'm not a lump of ice, and I'm curious to see the birching."

The landlady went to the cellar in person and soon reappeared with a bottle of true Widow Cliquot, in which the three ladies pledged each other "long life and plenty of fucking."

Mrs. Swipes had also brought with her, from the lower regions of the house, a long brown paper parcel, from which she unrolled a beautiful little tickle-tail, composed of a few fine strips of birch handsomely tied up with blue velvet and red silk ribbons at the handle end. The tips of the twigs were so arranged as to spread out and cover a considerable area of any devoted bum they might be applied to.

"Lay me over the end of the sofa, and Miss Polly must hold my hands," said Bessie, slipping off her dressing gown. This at once revealed that she had only her corset, chemise, and drawers to hide her person, which was set off to the best advantage by pink silk stockings, pretty gold garters, and elegant high-heeled French slippers.

"As hard as you like, Swipes, dear, but you know I expect your tongue for a wind-up at the finish."

"I'll be there when the tingling cuts make you spend, my darling. I wouldn't miss sucking up every drop for the world," replied Mrs. Swipes, taking up the switch. Bessie kneeled over the sofa and gave Polly her hands to hold.

The landlady now quickly unbuttoned the band of Bessie's drawers, pulling them down to her knees. She tucked the tail of the thin cambric chemise out of the way under her corset, both before and behind, so as to give a full view of a truly magnificent white rump, and as much of a handsome and pretty young whore as one could wish to see.

"No use delaying," said Mrs. Swipes, giving a very spiteful swish across Bessie's buttocks to commence with. "I'll just lay them on heartily and we'll see what pleasure Bessie derives from it. "How do they feel, dear?" She followed up with a succession of sharp cuts, which fairly reddened the flesh of Bessie's posteriors and made her writhe under the stinging sensation.

Polly could see as she held the victim's hands how her face flushed at the first smart of the rod, then how Bessie squirmed at each cut, getting ever more and more flushed as she bit her lips to prevent crying out.

Polly could also very well see the reddening surface and rising weals as they appeared under the ruthless and stinging switches of the landlady, whose face flushed with delight as the flagellation proceeded.

This made the blood tingle in the veins of our heroine, who quite shivered with emotion and was nearly overcome by an indescribable feeling of voluptuous desire.

In about five minutes Miss Jones gave most evident signs of the approaching climax of her passions. She closed her eyes and hung her head over the end of the sofa. Her bottom and thighs fairly quivered with the excess of her emotions till Mrs. Swipes, throwing aside the now useless birch rod, rushed on her victim with all the energy of an excited lesbian. She turned the girl over on her back and buried her face between Bessie's thighs. She licked and sucked up every drop of moisture from her victim's quivering quim, to the great delight and excitement of Miss Polly, who sat down, shoved her fingers into the waistband of her drawers and began massaging her aching pussy. While Bessie continued to have her slit lathered, Polly leaned back and kneaded her folds of sensitive flesh. She watched as Mrs. Swipes kept her mouth glued to Bessie's pussy; Polly could occasionally

see her tongue darting past the threshold into the membrane-lined interior. The voluptuous sight set her blood on fire and she slipped a finger into her own quim in an effort to find release. She worked it around and in and out, then added another digit. With her thumb she found her engorged love button and teased it gently until she began to shudder from the feelings that coalesced inside her. She thrust her fingers harder and faster, burying them to the second knuckle and watching as they emerged wet with the juice of her passion. She neared her orgasm as Mrs. Swipes finished off Bessie with several slashes of her tongue; both girls came in a rush that left them faint and gasping at the intensity of the emotions that washed over them.

About ten o'clock, Lord Rodney was announced and shown into the drawing room where Polly, Bessie, and their landlady awaited his arrival.

"Strangers first," said his lordship, kissing Polly in the most amorous fashion, tipping the velvet tip of his lascivious tongue into her mouth as he did so.

"Look at the man! What a whoremonger he is. I can't have a modest girl in my house but he takes the most impudent liberties with her," exclaimed Mrs. Swipes. "How dare you, sir, thrust your wicked tongue into Miss Polly's mouth like that?"

"Mind your own business, you old bitch," retorted his lordship, a handsome young fellow of about twenty-eight, "or I won't lend Bessie my dildo to fuck you with presently."

Supper was pleasant but soon over, and his lordship, who had sat beside Polly all the while, encouraging her to caress his prick under the table, arose from his seat with a yawn.

"So who'll take the care of this hard-on for me?" he exclaimed. "Will you give way to Miss Polly?" he asked Bessie.

"With the greatest of pleasure," she answered, "only I mean to prepare you for it with the rod, so as to make you truly excited and not tease her with one of your lazy fucks."

All three helped to disrobe Polly, who was soon as naked as Eve when first presented to Adam. They opened the folding doors into a bedroom, where she was laid down on a quilt, blushing and quivering with excitement as Lord Rodney, equally reduced to a state of nudity, got between her legs and lay over her with his stiff cock throbbing against her belly. It was long and thick and capped with an engorged helmet that darkened as they watched.

"Look at his laziness," said Bessie. "He isn't even going to get into her when he knows she is dying for a good fucking. Wait a moment till I get my things off."

This was quickly done, and taking up a good thick bunch of birch twigs, she let him have it hard on his brawny rump. It took a good many cuts before he would begin to do his duty, but the effects were plainly visible on his cock, which stiffened still more and swelled immensely. Polly, impatient for him to begin, took hold of it herself, and directing the fiery head to her burning slit, began to slip it in.

Miss Jones handled her bum-tickler with vigour, carefully applying the twigs so that they not only cut well into Lord Rodney's buttocks, but every now and then caught him well in between the tender inner surface of his thighs, licking the back part of his balls and even inflicting little stinging touches on the lips of Polly's fanny. This made the two of them writhe and fuck away with perfect abandon until the sheets were saturated by

the profusion of mingled love juice that oozed from Polly's cunt at every thrust of the rampaging prick buried inside her.

Bessie dropped the birch and, taking a huge dildo from a drawer in the dressing table, fitted it onto herself and proceeded to fuck Mrs. Swipes. That lady threw up her clothes and took in the big rubber instrument with the greatest of pleasure as she reclined backwards on a sofa.

"Look, Rodney," exclaimed Bessie, "you can fuck me dog fashion as I give the old bitch the pleasure she is so fond of!"

Rodney immediately withdrew his throbbing prick from Polly's quim, and told her to pay his backside for the insult. Then, getting behind Bessie, he clasped his arms around her loins, until he could frig her in front by getting his fingers under the straps of the dildo, his well-oiled cock slipping into her longing cunt from behind.

As for Polly, her unsatisfied desires made her so randy, that she clasped his ass in the same way he had Bessie, rubbing her dripping cunt on his backside and stroking his prick in front with her hands as it poked in and out of Bessie.

The chain of throbbing human flesh moved together as each member sought release from the mounting passions that threatened to overwhelm them. Bessie continued to pump Mrs. Swipes with the enormous dildo-ramming it in and out of her unmercifully-while Rodney fucked her from the rear. He slammed against her bottom with a jarring crack, so forceful were his strokes, which only served to increase the force with which the rubber cock invaded Mrs. Swipes. Polly, meanwhile, continued to thrust her mound against his bottom while she pumped his tool on the upstrokes.

All this lasciviousness had its effect on the participants, for within a very few moments all of them began to shudder and shake and release such a torrent of honey and sperm as had rarely been seen in that house.

After this bout, his lordship confessed himself quite used up, but fortunately for Polly, whom the scene had left in a state of raging unsatisfied desire, a late visitor to the house-a real prince from the west coast of Africa-was prepared to have her for the night. He was indeed a real prince, and a champion of love between the sheets. Polly accepted him willingly, though she blanched when she first saw the black enormity of his tool. She thought he would never be able to get it into her without splitting her apart. Never had she seen its like. It was fully a foot long and as thick around as her fist. The head was a massive helmet that leered at her darkly as the prince greeted her in the shadows of her room. He, however, thought nothing of the difficulties that his size might impose and immediately moved between her legs.

Polly shrugged and spread her thighs as wide as possible. It was possible that she would get to enjoy a cock of this size only once in this world, so she resolved to accept whatever came. The prince brought the head to her slit and slowly worked it past the folds. Polly grimaced as the first needles of pain assailed her. The enormous helmet wormed its way past her entry. It wasn't quite as uncomfortable as she'd thought; her pussy had stretched seemingly beyond itself to accommodate the intruder. Reassured by Polly's moans of pleasure, the prince reared back and began to thrust into her. Suddenly her eyes started from her head and she was racked with pain. Apparently she'd spoken too soon. Yet she grimaced and indicated to her lover that he should continue. He withdrew a bit and then pushed forward again, burying nearly half his length in Polly's cunt. She groaned in combined pain and ecstasy; never before had she felt so stuffed with cock. She could

feel every inch of this enormous tool scraping her pussy walls. The prince began an abbreviated pumping motion, attempting to oil the passage so that more of his rod could fit within. As Polly's juices began to flow, he worked more and more of his meat into the receptacle. Finally he simply lunged forward and buried the remainder to the balls.

Polly squirmed and writhed on the mattress; she felt like a butterfly pinned to a board. She was impaled on this enormous black hook that was starting to stir the most lascivious and intense feelings in her. As the thick pole shuttled in and out of her, she began to thrust her hips to meet the strokes, never allowing too much of the lance to leave her pussy.

The prince rammed into her two or three more times, then stiffened as he began to pour a massive quantity of boiling sperm into her cunt. Polly had long since come a multiplicity of times and was almost relieved when the prince's spasms ended.

"Well," he said, smiling down at her, "now that you are accustomed to the size of my weapon, are you ready to go again?"

Polly simply rolled her eyes and nodded. It was going to be a long night.

His tremendous tool was so untiring in its exertions that next morning at breakfast where they all met again, the landlady asked Polly, who looked a little blasé, "if she still wanted more fucking."

"Good God, no!" ejaculated poor Polly. "His monster of a salami hasn't left a drop of love juice in me. He came again and again throughout the night, and even just now would have done it again, had I let him, to give him an appetite for breakfast."

Mrs. Swipes, expressing her desire to just for once feel such a champion cock in her, begged Prince Motumbo to jam it in her as soon as possible. He was only too glad to oblige her, and Bessie afterwards, when he saw how her eyes glistened at the sight of his coal-black battering ram.

Lord Rodney and the recently arrived Verney very much enjoyed the scene as the ladies removed their garments. They handled the prince's enormous prick, putting it up against one moist slit, and then the other. His lordship made some very learned remarks on the capability of the female organ to accommodate itself to the biggest pricks, as he saw how easily the women managed to take in all Motumbo could give, notwithstanding its enormous size.

The fucking proceeded apace, with Polly watching from a safe distance. Prince Motumbo had both women lie side by side, their legs well spread, and then proceeded to screw himself into first one, then the other. He would drive into Mrs. Swipes, give her two or three vigorous strokes, then pull and jam his meat into Bessie's eager cunt. This continued for a surprising length of time. Prince Motumbo's endurance was unbelievable and the subject of commendation among the men. He fucked and fucked while the women moaned and screamed and begged him to return to them immediately upon his withdrawal. He also had more than enough sperm for them both, as he filled those pussies equally when his volcano finally erupted.

Mr. Verney did not appear a bit jealous after finding that Polly had been the eager recipient of that same meat pole. Realizing that Polly was so well supplied with gallants, his visits gradually became more and more rare, until at length, finding she was quite capable of taking care of herself, he kept away altogether.

She was such a favourite that in a few months she saved enough money to furnish a house for herself. She became so clever in her profession, as well as select in her circle, that she became one of the most fashionable and expensive bits about town. Noted for the extraordinary versatility of her sexual ideas, every visitor to her cosmopolitan boudoir went away delighted.

An incident in the experience of the one-time barmaid will fitly conclude this tale of her amorous adventures.

Taking a walk early one summer's morning she entered Kensington Gardens and sat down by herself on a chair in a rather secluded spot. She closed her eyes as various pleasant reveries overcame her.

"What a lovely leg! Alas! Get thee hence, Satan!" she heard ejaculated in low trembling tones. Opening her eyes, she fixed them on an elderly gentleman, whom she at once recognized as a particularly pious earl of great repute.

"Excuse me, young lady, I really thought you were asleep. May I present you with a little tract? It will show what dangerous temptations we men are subject to from the attitudes or coquettish dress of the pretty girls of the present day. Please do read it!"

She held out her hand and glanced over its contents. It read as follows:

Young women, your dress is often the creator of your thoughts and feelings. When modesty has presided at your toilette, the looks of men have neither the boldness nor the fire of desire. Kept within the limits of discretion and respect, they do not offer to your imagination the always-tempting image of pleasure-and your sensibility remains favourable to your virtue. A dress calculated to

inflame the passions of men produces a contrary effect. Their countenances tell you soon what you ought not to be told. Why do you blush if you do not understand their language? How could you blush if that language did not force in your heart a sentiment it is not decent for you to indulge? When you are in a dishabille that half conceals and half reveals your charms, you generally avoid the company of men. Is it virtue or fear that makes you so cautious? It is fear! You are conscious that, in those circumstances, men have over your virtue an advantage, of which all your prudence might not deprive them. Should Nature happen to be silent, vanity would speak, and bring the same rapturous confusion into your heads. The transports of a lover are so flattering-his admiration is so eloquent a praise of your charms-there is such a life in his looks and actions-we are, in our hearts, so inclined to let him praise and admire. Young women, I say it again, sip not in the intoxicating cup, turn your sight from it, in flight only can you find your safety.

Her face flushed with indignation.

"Now, sir, where's one of the park officers? I intend to lodge a complaint for an indecent assault, you whore mongering, religious hypocrite. Now, which will you do, be locked up, or come with me to my house, where for a 20 note you shall have such pleasure as you seem quite unacquainted with?"

His face turned white and red, and his knees fairly shook under him as he stammered, "The sight of your leg quite upset me. I am so sorry if that tract has offended you. You must excuse me, I mustn't be seen in your company; my reputation would be blasted forever."

He turned to go, but Polly seized him by the arm and hissed in his ear, "Where you go, I go! Is it to be the police station or my house? Expect no pity or respect for a hypocrite's reputation! I care nothing for that after your gratuitous insult!"

The poor old man was lost, and making the best of a bad situation, elected, as a sensible man would do, to go along with the beautiful whore.

So finding him submissive, she told him he could hold his handkerchief to his face if he was ashamed to be seen walking with her.

They walked out of the park. Hailing a cab they were soon driven to her pretty little house, but not before the pressure of her electric fingers had already raised an erection for the mortified old man, who sighed and protested in vain against such wickedness.

Earl Goodman sensibly recovered himself as soon as the retreat of love was reached and he felt safe from observation in Polly's elegant and luxurious boudoir. It was amusing to her to watch the variations of his face as, picking up a decidedly naughty book, he eagerly scanned its contents. At first his withered face flushed a little, then his eyes fairly started from his head, and she could actually see his old cock stiffening in his trousers.

"That is the kind of book to warm up your blood," said Polly. "You relish that kind of literature, my lord?"

"Humph! Awfully disgusting! How such ideas could be evoked from the human brain I can't understand. It's ruin to body and soul to read such suggestive filth!"

"You know as well as I do, bawdy books don't drive religious people mad, or out of their minds in any way," Polly sniffed. "Used properly they act as a stimulant to the natural pleasures of love!"

She tugged twice on the bell cord by the bed, and presently a young lady entered, perhaps eighteen years of age, as naked as the day she was born, carrying a bottle of alcohol and glasses on a tray. Her full-nippled breasts jiggled with each step, and her lithe buttocks quivered as she set down the tray. Earl Goodman couldn't tear his eyes from her luscious mounds, or from the mossing of golden hair on her mount.

"Oh! Satan! God help me! I must not see this! And not a drop. Let me get out of this den of temptation. I'll write a check for the 20-do let me go!" he pleaded as he noticed a stern smile on Polly's face.

"Another insult, my lord! Call Saunders and Ruth," said Polly, turning to the girl, "they will know what is wanted."

Earl Goodman trembled with fright as the cook and housemaid, entering their mistress's apartment, seized him like a child, and tearing down his trousers, fairly spread-eagled him on a sofa.

"What are you going to do? Oh, heavens, she's going to birch me."

"That I am, and two paying gentlemen will see it all from behind a screen. When your impudent backside has smarted enough I will accept your apologies and the check-but not for a paltry 20, mind you-I don't birch such as you for less than half-a-hundred."

He whined and begged for mercy as the blows began to fall across his buttocks, fairly screaming every now and then as the twigs cut into his tough flesh. Polly enjoyed her profitable joke so much that she fairly wealed his rump, till the small drops of blood stood like beads on the broken skin. She even varied her strokes by birching up along the crack between his bony

hemispheres, or administering whistling undercuts that nipped at his sensitive sac and made him howl. Meanwhile, one of the girls was frigging him all the time until he came under the extraordinary excitements he was so unused to.

At length Polly made him kneel in front of her, kiss the frayed rod, and promise never to offend a lady again by offering objectionable tracts, and also to call and see her now and then on the quiet.

"My balance is awfully low; the late May meetings at Exeter Hall have quite drained my resources," he groaned as Polly made him write her a check.

"Thanks," said Polly, "I'll take a cab and cash it as soon as you're gone."

"Please don't go for it yourself! You might be known. Send in some friend to the bank while you wait outside."

"Well," said Polly, with a smile, "you are a dear old man in your way, and I will humour you about that. But I must say you have made miserable use of a long life with good health never to have enjoyed as you ought to have done the pleasures of love. You shall have such a taste of it now as I am sure will bring you back here before long.

"Since your other 'resources' were already drained, my girl shall see what she can do for you. He's in his second childhood, Sissey, so give him some titty, while Ruth sucks him until he's hard."

His lordship had arranged his clothes before writing the check, but made no resistance as Ruth and Sissey drew off his trousers again until he was left in nothing but his shirt and stockings.

Sissey was still naked, so she reclined on the sofa and, taking his head in her arms, presented to his eager mouth one of her lovely round boobies, the firm strawberry nipple of which was indeed a morsel to tempt a hermit. She made him raise his shirt so that her warm belly pressed against his hairy chest as he lay between her legs, which were amorously entwined around his body.

This position left her bottom a little above his cock, which Ruth, kneeling down by the side of the sofa, took in her mouth and titillated with the tip of her lascivious tongue.

This attack on his virtue overcame him at once, so yielding himself up to the excitement he could not avoid, he clasped and pressed the young, firm, warm flesh of Sissey's bum, or groped a finger into her lightly mossed slit, while the other pressed and stroked the head of pretty Ruth as she was giving him such exquisite pleasure with her tongue. He sucked frantically at Sissey's tits, his mouth watering, his teeth raking the engorged buds of her nipples. His cock gradually swelled till in a few minutes it rose proudly and Ruth showed it in triumph to her mistress. She continued to softly pump it with her hand, while her tongue continued to tease the slit in the swollen head. She lapped at it back and forth, then swirled around and over the entire cap.

"Don't you think his cock too big for Sissey? Shall I let him have me?" asked Ruth of Polly, evidently longing to enjoy the fruits of her labours.

"No," said her mistress, "she'll manage it. Instead, take my ivory dildo out of the warm water and fuck yourself with it as you sit in front of his face."

No sooner did Ruth lead Goodman's tool to Sissey's box than the lecherous little whore slipped herself down upon it. Assisted

by his eager fingers she succeeded in wriggling it all into herself as she managed to slip under him and get him fairly on top in the orthodox position.

He began to pump into her, assisted by her upthrustings that were designed to drive his cock more deeply into her tight quim. The excitement of being buried in such a young, grasping, willing cunt drove him near to ecstasy even before he'd made more than two or three strokes. Sissey, however, was skilled in keeping a man's tool hard inside her and worked him cleverly so as not to get him too worked up before she'd derived some measure of enjoyment from the episode. She thrust up at him with alternating slow and fast spasms of her hips, the slow ones allowing the tide of rising liquid in his shaft to subside before being churned to a state of overflow again.

The old man was fairly carried away by his lustful feelings. Aided by the sight of Ruth working the ivory dildo in front of him, and Polly's hands behind, as they handled his buttocks and fondled his balls-he groaned with ecstatic anguish. He had never been in such a tight little cunt before, or felt such warm nippings on his prick, which seemed to grow larger and larger every moment.

It was too much for the old man when the final crisis came on him once more, and he spurted his flood into Sissey's pussy in three great gouts. He fainted from the excess of his enjoyment, and it almost took them all they knew to bring him around.

As a finish to this tale of Miss Polly's amours, it may be said that Earl Goodman, although very careful to preserve his reputation, often called to give her a check for the "Midnight Mission," and she actually got a little taken with his grand old prick, which she said was a delightful fuck once it was put in working order.

CHOICE LETTERS FROM THE GREEK

I

EYRTION TO DICTUS

Distracted between joy and grief, I write the following lines to you. I was yesterday at my old recreation of fishing by the seaside, and as I was drawing a thundering fish out of the water, so very large that it made my rod crack, behold, there comes up to me a pretty girl with a lovely mixture of roses and lilies in her cheeks, tall and straight as a cedar that likes the ground it grows in, and breasts like pomegranates at the time of harvest.

I thought to myself, I am a lucky dog today; fortune favours me in both elements. I am going to get a better prize on land than I drew just now out of the water.

"Honest friend," cried she, "I conjure you by Neptune to look after my clothes a little, while I wash myself in the sea."

This request, you may imagine, was not unwelcome to me, because it would give me an opportunity to see something delightful. She had no sooner thrown off her garments than, by the heavens, there was a sight enough to have spoiled the most virtuous resolutions of the severest philosopher. Her hair, which was of a lovely black, flowed down her shoulders in great quantity. I discovered a pair of rosy cheeks and an ivory neck that possessed me with admiration and surprise. Both these colours were in the highest perfection, but they derived no little agreement from the blackness of her hair. Her breasts were indeed glorious, full and round and capped with wine-dark nipples. Her hips were wide and her thighs shapely. Between them nestled the mossy vale I so wished to explore.

She had no sooner undressed than she plunged into the waves. The sea was as smooth and bright as a mirror and when she

appeared above the water, had I not seen her before, I would have sworn she had been one of the water nymphs of whom the poets tell us so many stories. When she had washed as long as she thought fit, out she came, and from such a sight as this our painters, I suppose, were instructed how to draw Venus rising out of the sea. I immediately ran to my lovely damsel to deliver her clothes, and when she was so near me I could not avoid touching her boobs and bottom. But ill fate attended me. The young gypsy blushed and frowned at me. But even her very anger became her; it gave a fresh lustre to her beauty, and her eyes darted lightning at me. Then, in her indignation, she broke my fishing rod, flung my fish into the sea, and ran away from me as fast as her legs could carry her. Imagine in what a confusion she left me. I lamented the loss of the fish I had taken with so much pain. The loss of her, however, whom I had as it were in my hands, afflicted me infinitely more. This disappointment in short so mortifies me that I can no longer trust it to myself alone and so relate it to you.

II PHILOCHORUS TO POLYENUS

Last week Hippias and I were taking a turn in the park, when suddenly he thus accosted me: "Friend," he said, "look at that lady yonder that leans upon her maid's arm. How tall! How straight! How well-featured she is! By heavens, she is a miracle of a woman! Let us cross the walk and speak to her."

"Why," I replied to him, "you are mad, I think. Unless I am mistaken, by all appearances she is a woman of virtue, and consequently no game for such as you and I. But if you are resolved to proceed, let us view her a little more distinctly before we board her, for I love to look about me before I leap."

My companion began laughing as if he had been distracted, and striking me gently on the shoulder said, "You're such a novice in these affairs. Take it from me, all the women in the world are made of sinful materials; one may have more hypocrisy than another, but if you put it home to her, I'll bet you'll find her true flesh and blood. But, alas, you are a perfect stranger to the town intrigues. Could you imagine that any woman of honour would be walking here at this time of the day, and dart her glances so artfully on everyone she meets? Observe how she plays with her necklace, how shyly she steals her pretty hand out of her glove. This lady will not let a man sigh at her feet in vain. What is more convincing, I winked at her, and she as kindly returned it. Therefore let us go and board the vessel, for I dare say she will make no resistance."

No sooner had he spoken these words than he made directly for the prize. Finding her receptive, he thus made his addresses to her: "I swear by your beauty, the most sacred oath to me that can be, you have made yourself in a moment the absolute sovereign of my heart. If you please to order that eavesdropping maid of yours to retire to some distance, I have something to communicate to you which perhaps you will not be displeased to hear."

She accordingly commanded her attendant to wander off, whereupon Hippias in this manner pursued his discourse: "I am not so unreasonable as to demand any favours of you without charge. On the other hand, madam, I am sure that you are too conscientious to put too high a price on them. Gold, you know, may be too dearly bought, but I hope you will comply with the running market price. I have, madam, two things to plead for me—vigour and wealth. Come, give me your answer."

The lady's eyes sufficiently declared the consent of her heart. She stood still and blushed, and such a beautiful red streaked her

cheeks as we find in the heavens when the sun is just setting. When my friend found the bargain as good as struck, he turned to me and said, "What do you think now of my skill in these affairs? You would have dissuaded me from this expedition, but now you see how I have succeeded, for at the expense of a few words and a little time I have brought the nymph to surrender. You, alas, are such a heretic as to believe there are women in the world above flattery, corruption, and bribery, but you are wrong. Follow me and I will show you some passionate sport. But in the meantime take this for granted, that there is no garrison so strong, and no woman so obstinately virtuous, but that by one practice or another both may be brought to take a new master."

III LAMPRIAS TO PHILIPPIDES

You remember that I was troubled with all the symptoms of love, and desired to know how I got cured of it.

One day it happened that after I had amused myself with contemplations of how to make a declaration of my passion, I found I had resolution enough to venture on an interview with the object of my desire. I went accordingly to her home and had a long conversation with her, wherein I found the beauties of her mind to be not at all inferior to those of her face. Her looks wore all the bewitching marks of the most agreeable innocence. I admired her hand, the whitest and softest in the world. I viewed, with sacred horror, those killing eyes that penetrate quicker and deeper than lightning. To complete my ruin, she showed me a delicious pair of breasts, as it were by accident when she bent over to retrieve a bit of lace, on which the god of love himself would be proud to recline his head. All this while my tongue was tied with a religious awe, and I had not assurance enough to acquaint her with my pain. However, I was very intent upon my

mental devotion and prayed to Cupid that since he knew my imbecility so well, he would as effectually touch my mistress's heart, that she of her own accord would admit some affection for me.

I had no sooner concluded these pious ejaculations than I found the god had heard my prayers. My mistress, who looked so coy and demure at my first coming into the room, on the sudden smiled very graciously upon me and gently squeezed me by the hand. Then, no longer able to conceal the vehemence of her desires, she impressed so warm a kiss upon my lips that I was in good hopes the seal would never part from the wax.

Yet even there she did not stop. She simply smiled at me as she proceeded to unbutton my trousers and withdraw the object that I never dared hope she would see, let alone fondle. Without hesitation she took the lengthening shaft in her hand and gently stroked it, then, when it had assumed a state of utter hardness, she bent her angelic head and took it in her mouth. The raptures I experienced are beyond telling! She licked and sucked me until I thought she would extract the very essence of my love through that very organ. But here I will stop my narration, for what need I trouble myself to send every particular to you, who are old enough to imagine them for yourself? Only this I will add, that we strove all night long to express our love in the most emphatical manner, and that sleep found us too well employed to offer to interrupt us.

IV PHILOMATIA TO EUMUSUS

This comes to let you know, my would-be lover, that women are not so bewitched by music as you imagine, and that the best

lute and guitar in the world will make but little progress unless it comes attended with the more powerful harmony of money.

Why then do you give yourself and me the unnecessary trouble of so many serenades? Why must you employ your hands to show the passion of your heart? Why do you prosecute me with your sonnets, and sing under my windows?

You are old enough, one would think, to know that money atones for all defects with us women, and that beauty and vigour have no merit with us if they have no gold to recommend them. You must think me an easy, foolish, good-natured creature, who am to be imposed upon by wheedling stories. You fancy, I suppose, that I have never been initiated into the mysteries of our profession, and that I will immediately surrender to you upon the first stroke of your violin and first touch of your lute. But to undeceive you, know that I was brought up under the most experienced mistress of her time, who formed my tender mind with wholesome precepts, telling me that nothing under the sun was sincere or desirable but money. She taught me to despise everything but that. Under her instructions, and by her virtuous example, I have profited so much that I now measure love not by vain empty compliments that signify nothing, but by the presents that are made me and by the almighty rhetoric of gold. These will endure, my friend, when a thousand such fluttering weathercocks as you have left me in the lurch.

V

TERPSION TO POLYCLES

A young country girl fell desperately in love with her mistress's lover. Being obliged to keep watch upon the stairs, lest the passionate duo should be surprised, she could not but often hear their murmuring and struggles. She also sometimes saw them folded in one another's embraces, performing the ceremony of

love. Her mind and heart were taken with the sight of the muscular male body atop her mistress-the smooth buttocks, broad back, and especially the long, thick rod that gave so much pleasure. Thus, through the eyes and ears of this tender girl, the god of love, with his torch and arrows, plunged himself in her panting breast. She bewailed the unhappiness of her condition. She accused her destiny for giving her a mind susceptible to the most tender impressions, yet denying her the means of satisfying them.

"Why should not I," said she, "participate in such pleasure with my mistress, since I have a soul as tender and impressionable as hers? Why should love, that tramples over all the distinctions of rank and quality, show himself faint of heart only in my situation?"

She did not long afflict herself with these unprofitable complaints. Being sent one afternoon to fetch the unsuspecting youth, without any preamble or preface she accosted him in this manner:

"Sir," she said, "I believe you to be a gentleman. Surely you must be willing to ease the longings of a young virgin. If my face pleases you, that, and the rest of my body, are at your service. You know well enough what it is to love, and therefore will have a compassion, I hope, on one that languishes under that affliction."

The gentleman, without further ado, took her at her word and was more than willing to play the priest, since she was so willing to be the sacrifice. He stripped her of her simple garments and, admiring the youthful beauty that she possessed-the upturned breasts, the rosy nipples, the gently swelling buttocks, the thin moss that adorned her mount-he laid her on her back. She watched with fear and interest as he divested himself of his

clothes, revealing to her a strong chest, thick legs, and a handsome prick that sprang to life immediately upon its release.

Without further ado he placed himself between her legs and brought the head of his tool to her entrance. He placed it against her virgin flesh and thrust gently. At the first penetration the girl started and moaned at the surprising pain. When next her lover thrust, burying half his rod inside her, she cried out, though the odd feelings that coursed through her distracted her enough to make the discomfort endurable. The gentleman reared back once again and this time shoved forward with all his strength, rooting himself to the balls inside her and carrying away her maidenhead in his headlong rush. The girl yelped in pain and felt the tears pour from her eyes, but she was soon overwhelmed by the pleasurable sensations that rose in her belly and between her thighs as her lover sawed back and forth. Soon she was eager to learn and experience more, and began thrusting her hips upward to meet his strokes.

The kisses of married women are generally insipid; the kisses of mercenary harlots are fallacious and deceitful; but those of an innocent, uninstructed virgin are sincere, and consequently the most delicious.

The golden minutes passed away in this fashion until the mistress, who was seized with a fit of jealousy over the delay, followed the servant girl and stole softly into the room, surprising them in very compromising circumstances. The unhappy maid suffered the first effects of her indignation, being thumped and beaten, and dragged by the hair. But the poor wench begged her to consider that though an ill fate had sent her a slave into the world, which was none of her fault, she had as strong inclinations as the best of her sex. Love was an imperious deity, she told her mistress, and when he had once forced

entrance into a heart, would not surrender his possession, as she herself could not but know by experience.

"Wherefore, Madame," she said, "in consideration of love, who is our common master, be pleased to forgive this indiscretion in me. It was only the effect of a foolish curiosity, from which the best of women are not exempt."

These complaints, so innocently delivered, soon appeased her mistress's fury, who, taking her lover by the hand, thus castigated him:

"I find," she cried, "you are of the humour of some people, who had rather gather sour grapes and stay till they are ripe. What could make you so foolishly trifle your time with a silly piece of baggage that is so far from knowing how to perform her part in the chorus of love that she does not yet understand how to level her kisses properly. A virgin is dull and unacquainted with the true management of passion; whereas such a woman as I am needs not the instruction of anyone, but gives the utmost satisfaction. In short, a woman gives, but a virgin only receives kisses, which makes a sensible difference between them. This," she continued, "you know well enough. But if you want to have your memory refreshed, come to me tonight and I will prove that I am right."

What happened upon this, I cannot tell, neither am I desirous to know, because all men affect to govern themselves by their own peculiar palates, but especially in the business of love.

VI POLYPHIDES TO EPISTOTLE

How cunning women are! The other day a certain woman of my acquaintance, walking in the marketplace with her husband by

her side, and a train of servants at her heels, saw a former lover of hers some distance away. She had a mighty longing to whisper something in his ear, and if possible to steal a kiss from him before her husband's face. So to bring the matter about, she pretended to fall upon her knee, and her paramour, who, as it seemed, understood her design, charitably lent her his hand to help her up. Then down she tumbled again, and the gentleman was forced a second time to give her his assistance.

"Oh! my poor wife," cried the cuckold, "I hope you haven't hurt yourself."

"I am troubled with such cruel fits!" she cried, and then made a third stumble.

The lover on one side, and the husband on the other, did what they could to set her on her feet again, but as her fits still increased, the husband, with the help of the kind gentleman, was obliged to carry her to a nearby tavern. The paramour chafed her hand and rubbed her face, and all the while the foolish husband thanked him for the great pains he took with his wife. Finding her indisposition still increased, he ran downstairs to fetch a physician of his acquaintance, not daring to trust his servants with so important a message. In the meantime, the lovers were quick to administer mutual consolation to each other. The lover had his trousers down and her skirts up in no time at all. His cock thrust out proud and fierce and sought the inviting haven that she offered. He was between her legs in a trice and pumping merrily away, sure that the "medicine" he was administering would do the trick. So great was the excitement both felt, and so great was their fear of discovery, that three strokes or four of that burning lash were all that was required to put the blush back in the cheek of the wife.

By the time the husband came back with the doctor, his wife was exceedingly refreshed. The lover was complimented a thousand times for his civilities on this occasion.

"Sir," said the man, "I heartily beg your pardon for the trouble my wife has given you."

"Lord, sir," answered he, "if I were needed to do it ten times again, it would be no trouble."

"But indeed it was too much, sir."

"Well," cried the other, "I don't think I can ever do too much for her."

"I swear but you have," said the husband, "I find she has put you into a sweat with helping her."

In short, they drained a glass together. The wife pretended she was better than when she had set out in the morning; the gallant was highly satisfied with what he had done; and the husband, the merriest man alive, was thrilled to see his wife so miraculously recovered.

VOLUPTUOUS CONFESSIONS

PART I

The chateau of my grandfather was situated outside the city in a delightful country setting. The grounds, shaded by scattered trees, mostly splendid oaks, or chestnuts, was of great extent and enclosed by walls. The grounds immediately around the house itself were laid out in splendid patterns of the finest flowers, and watered by a little river, which became lost in the country by capacious meanderings.

My old grandmother, mostly confined to the house, never went much further than the beautiful nearby lake fed by the river. As for me, my greatest happiness was to wander alone in the most uncultivated parts of the property, and indulge in the reveries of my eighteenth year. These reveries, I ought to confess, were always of the same nature. A strange feeling invaded my soul, my young imagination revelled in unknown regions and presented before my eyes images of tenderness and devotion in which a young man was always the hero. Although profoundly ignorant as to the differences between the sexes, my already awakened feelings moved the whole of my body and spirit. A secret fire circulated in my veins; often a dimness came over my eyes, my limbs trembled, and I was obliged to sit down, a prey to a weakness which combined both pleasure and pain.

It was the month of June and the weather was magnificent. My walks were mostly in the morning when I was sure to be alone.

We received a letter from Madam Terlot, my aunt, who, replying to my grandmother's invitation, announced her imminent arrival.

Madame Terlot was about twenty-six or twenty-seven and had been married at the age of twenty to an old man who had left

her a widow two years since, mistress of a great fortune, and without children. She was a delightful person. She had hair black as ebony, contrasted with the whiteness of her complexion, which was lighted up by her beautiful deep blue eyes. Her mouth, small and pleasing, was set off by adorable teeth, as white as the purest ivory. She had a fine figure, perfectly formed and graceful, with medium-sized breasts and shapely hips. She dressed with taste and elegance.

I loved her very much. Her lively and playful disposition had long captivated me. Accustomed to living with my grandmother, whose age prevented her from affording me any amusement, deprived of companions, I was very happy at the arrival of a youthful relation who would be a friend to me.

A marriage arrangement had been spoken of between my aunt and Monsieur Bonbier, which my grandmother immediately approved. Aunt Bertha wrote at once to him, with an invitation to pass some time at the chateau, and in consequence he arrived a few days after her.

What I am going to relate now is very delicate and difficult. I have hesitated a long time! But the chances are nobody will read it; these lines are for my own perusal, after all. The pictures which I am going to draw are very lively, but they will be true. What lovers-real lovers-in each other's arms have not experienced the same? I will add that, even though now I am past kissing, I feel a veritable pleasure in recalling the soft enjoyment.

One morning very early, according to my custom, I had gone a long way in the park and sat down at the foot of a tree, plunged in my usual reveries.

I saw my aunt, whom I thought in bed, some distance off, evidently coming to the little eminence where I was. She was dressed in a fresh peignoir of white and blue. Monsieur Bonbier was with her, dressed in a suit and a straw hat. They seemed to be having a lively conversation.

I do not know what secret instinct impelled me to avoid their presence. I hid behind a big tree which completely shielded me from their sight.

They soon arrived at the spot I had just vacated, and stopping for a moment, Monsieur Bonbier looked all around and, convinced that at this hour no one could see them, threw his arms around my aunt. He drew her to him and pressed her to his breast, their lips so joined that I heard a long kiss, which struck to the bottom of my heart.

"My dear Bertha; my angel; my sweet darling! I love you. I adore you. What a frightful time I have passed without you; but soon it will be over! Stop, that I may embrace you again! Give me your beautiful eyes, your lovely teeth, your divine neck! How I could eat them!" he exclaimed.

My aunt, far from resisting, gave herself up to him, returned kiss for kiss, caress for caress. Her colour heightened; her eyes sparkled.

"My Alfred," said she, "I love only you. I am all yours."

One may judge the effect such caresses had upon me. I felt as though I had been struck by an electric spark. I seemed unable to move, and almost lost the use of my senses. I recovered myself promptly, however, and continued to be all eyes and ears. Alfred wanted something which I did not understand, and seemed to insist on it.

"No, no, my love," replied Bertha. "No! Not here, I beg you. My God, I would never dare! If anyone should surprise us, I should die!"

"My dear, who can see us at this hour?"

"I don't know, but I'm afraid! I couldn't. I would have no pleasure. We will find a way of doing it; have patience."

"How can you speak of patience in the state I am in? Give me your hand; feel it yourself!"

He then took the hand of my aunt and placed it in such a curious place that it was impossible for me to understand the reason. But it was worse when I saw this hand disappear in a certain slit in his trousers which she had presently unbuttoned and she seized an object which I could not see.

"Ahh," said she, "I see very well how much you want me. How beautiful it is, and I like it so big and hard. If we had only some privacy, I would soon put you to the proof."

And her hand moved softly up and down, to the apparent pleasure of Monsieur Bonbier, who stood immovably erect, his leg a little open.

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed my aunt. "What an idea! Come, Alfred, I recollect there is near here a small pavilion, you know. It is a curious place for our love, but no one will see us, and I can be all yours. Come on."

I must explain that the pavilion of which my aunt spoke was simply a poor gazebo constructed like a thatched cottage.

Protected by some big brambles, I could approach them without fear of being seen. This I did with infinite precautions, and got to the back of the pavilion at the moment when Bertha had already entered and Monsieur Bonbier, after looking all around, also came in. I sought out a convenient hole and soon found one, as the planks and beams were badly joined, sufficiently large to enable me to see everything. I applied my eye and held my breath, and was witness to what I am going to relate.

Bertha, hanging on the neck of her lover, devoured him with kisses.

"My darling, I was very unhappy to refuse you, but I was afraid. Here, at least, I am assured. This beautiful rod, what pleasure I am going to give him. I come already in thinking of it! But how shall we place ourselves?"

"It is all right," he said. "Let me see again your mossy valley. It is such a long time I have wanted it."

You may guess what my thoughts were at this moment. But what were they going to do? I was not left long in suspense.

Monsieur Bonbier, going down on one knee, raised Bertha's skirts. What charms he exposed! Under that fine cambric chemise were legs worthy of Venus, encased in silk stockings, secured above the knee by garters the colour of fire. Above that were two creamy thighs, round and firm, surmounted by a fleece of black and lustrous curls. The abundance and length of them were a great surprise to me, compared to the light chestnut moss which covered my own mount.

"How I love it," said Alfred. "How beautiful and fresh your pussy is! Open yourself a little, my angel, that I may kiss those adorable lips!"

Bertha did as he demanded. Her thighs, in opening, made me see a rosy slit, upon which her lover glued his lips. Bertha seemed in ecstasy! Shutting her eyes and speaking broken words, she seemed transported by this curious caress. I could see Alfred's tongue moving over her flesh, licking and darting like that of a snake.

"Ah, you kill me ... go on! I ... I ... I'm coming! Ah, ah!"

What was she doing? Good God! I had never supposed that any pleasure pertained to that part. Yet, at that moment I began to feel myself in the same spot some particular titillations, which made me almost understand it.

Alfred got up, supporting Bertha, who appeared to have lost all strength. She soon recovered herself and embraced him with passion.

"Come, let me put it in," she said. "But how are we going to do it?"

"Turn yourself, my dear, and incline against this unworthy wall."

Then, to my great surprise, Bertha, by rapid and excited movements, undid the trousers of Alfred. Lifting his shirt above his navel, she exposed to my view such an extraordinary object that I was almost surprised into a scream. What could be this unknown thing, the head of which was so rosy and exalted, its length and thickness threatening to make me dizzy?

Bertha evidently did not share my fears, for she took this frightful instrument in her hand, caressed it a moment, and said, "Let us begin." She pulled Alfred to her by this organ. "Come into your little companion, and be sure not to go away too soon."

She lifted up her clothes behind and exposed to the light of day two bottom globes of dazzling whiteness, separated by a crack of which I could only see a slight trace. She then inclined herself, and placing her hands against the wall, presented her adorable bottom to her lover.

Alfred just behind her took his enormous pole in hand, and wetting it with a little saliva, commenced to introduce it between the two rosy lips which I had perceived. Bertha did not flinch, and opened as much as possible the part which she presented. It almost seemed to open itself, and at length absorbed this long and thick piston, which appeared monstrous to me. It penetrated so well, however, that it disappeared entirely, and the belly of its happy possessor came to be glued to the buttocks of my aunt.

There was then a conjunction of combined movements-Alfred pushing against her, Bertha falling back on him-followed by broken words: "Ah! ... I feel it ... it is getting into me," said Bertha. "Push it all well into me ... softly ... let me come first. Ah! ... I feel it ... I'm coming! Quicker! I come ... stop ... there you are! I die ... I ... I ... Ah!"

As to Alfred, his eyes half closed, his hands holding the hips of my aunt, he seemed inexpressibly happy.

"Oh," he said, "my angel, my all, ah! How fine it is! Push well! Do you feel my prick in you? Yes! Yes! Do come! There! You're coming, aren't you? Go on ... go on ... I feel you're coming ... push well, my darling!"

Both stopped a moment. My aunt appeared exhausted, but did not change her position. At length she lightly turned her head to give her lover a kiss, saying, "Now, both together! Let me know when you're ready."

The scene recommenced. After several minutes during which Alfred virtually slammed his belly against Bertha's bottom, he in turn, cried out, "Ah, I feel it coming. Are you ready, my love? Yes, yes, there I am ... push ... again ... go on ... I'm coming, I'm yours. I ... I ... Ah! What pleasure! I ... I'm coming!"

A long silence followed. Alfred seemed to have lost his strength, and practically fell over Bertha, who was obliged to put her arms straight to bear him. Alfred recovered himself, and I again saw the marvellous instrument coming out of Bertha's slit, where it had been so well treated. But how changed it was. Its size diminished to half, red and damp, and I saw something like a white and viscous liquid come from it and drop to the floor.

Alfred began to put his clothes in order, during which my aunt, who had straightened up, put her arms around his neck and covered him with kisses.

What had I been doing during this time? My imagination, excited to the highest degree, made me repeat one part of the pleasures which transported the actors.

At the critical moment I lifted petticoat and chemise, and my inexperienced hand contented itself by exploring my tender slit. I thus assured myself that I was made the same as Bertha, but I knew not yet what use or consolation that hand could give. This very morning was to enlighten me.

After plenty of kissing, Bertha said to Monsieur Bonbier, "Listen, my dear, I have been thinking. You know that my apartment is quite isolated. Since my chambermaid sleeps in the anteroom, no one would know if we rendezvous, and we could pass some adorable nights together.

"Under a pretext of wanting something for my toilette, I will send Julie to Paris tomorrow afternoon, and after dinner we can join each other. Be on the lookout; you can give me a sign during the day of the hour when you can slip away to me. I beg you to take the most minute precautions."

It was then decided that Monsieur Bonbier should go first. He was to take a walk out of the park, and during that time my aunt would regain her room by the private staircase. Alfred went out, and I remained hidden in my brambles until he was sufficiently far off not to have any fear of being perceived by him. Observing that my aunt had not yet come out, I stopped and looked again. I saw Bertha stoop right in front of me, so nothing could escape my view. As she did this her slit opened; it seemed to me a much more lively hue than before. The interior and the edges, even up to the fleecy mound which surrounded it, seemed inundated with the same liquor which I had seen come from Monsieur Bonbier's rod.

I was going to leave my place as softly as possible when I was drawn back by what I now saw. The hand of my aunt refreshed with care all the parts which had been so well worked. All at once I saw her stop, then a finger fixed upon a little eminence which showed itself prominently. This finger rubbed lightly at first, then with a kind of fury, sometimes slipping into the same slit that had been occupied by Alfred's pole. At length Bertha gave the same symptoms of pleasure which I had seen before.

I had seen enough of it! I understood it all! I retired and made haste to take a long path which brought me back to the chateau. My head was on fire, my bosom palpitated, and my steps tottered, but I was determined at once to play myself the last act I had seen, and which required no partner.

I arrived in my room in a state of near madness, threw my hat on the floor, shut and locked the door, and put myself on the bed. I turned up my clothes to the waist, and recollecting to the minutest details what Bertha had done with her hand, I placed mine between my legs. My efforts were at first fruitless, but I found at length the point I searched for. The rest was easy; I had too well observed to deceive myself. I moved my fingers back and forth over the nub of flesh. By varying the speed with which I manipulated it, I could alter the intensity of the feelings that began deep in my belly. A delicious sensation seized me; I continued with fury and soon fell into such an ecstasy that I lost consciousness.

When I came to myself I was in the same position, my hand all moistened by an unknown dew.

I sat up quite confused, and it was a long time before I entirely came to myself. It was nearly time for lunch, so I made haste to dress and went down.

My aunt was already in the salon with my grandmother. I looked at her on entering; she was beautiful and fresh, her colour in repose, her eyes brilliant, so that one would have sworn she had just risen from an excellent morning's sleep. Her dress, in exquisite and simple taste, set off her charming figure. As to me, I cast down my eyes and felt myself blush.

My grandmother noticed my agitation and told me so. I replied that I had overslept, and contrary to habit had not taken my morning walk.

My aunt embraced me, and as she talked of one thing and another, I recovered myself completely.

Monsieur Bonbier arrived soon, telling us of an excursion to a neighbouring village, and we sat down to table.

I took care, without being seen, to notice everything that passed between Alfred and my aunt. I must acknowledge I was disappointed and greatly surprised. Not a look showed there was anything whatever between them.

About the middle of the repast my aunt carelessly remarked to my grandmother, "Mother, I was so forgetful on leaving Paris that I am missing several necessaries. Have I your permission to send my chambermaid tomorrow to fetch them? I can attend to myself, and it will only be a short absence."

The day passed quietly. Monsieur Bonbier took a long ride on horseback. Bertha and I sat by the water, amusing ourselves by needlework. Some neighbours came to visit my grandmother, and she invited them to dinner.

In the evening we had music, and I sang a duet with my aunt. Although already a good musician, and having a fine voice, I was not equal to my aunt, who gave me some excellent lessons in taste and feeling.

Monsieur Bonbier played whist with my grandmother, and was completely reserved.

I retired about eleven o'clock. I was impatient to be alone with my thoughts, so I went to bed quickly and dismissed my maid. I had no doubt that the next evening would be the time for a serious meeting between Monsieur Bonbier and my aunt. I burned to assist at the delicious scenes which would be enacted. I contemplated how to be there.

Knowing all the ways of the house, I thought over the plan of Auntie's apartment. It was situated on the second floor, the same as mine, but at the opposite extremity. A corridor gave communication to all the rooms on this floor. Monsieur Bonbier was also lodged on the same flight, in a turning off the principal corridor.

My aunt had at her disposition a little room in which a bed was made up for her chambermaid, a beautiful bedroom and a dressing room. I recollected that this dressing cabinet, which occupied about one-third of the side of the room, used to be contiguous to an alcove, now closed by a strong partition. I also remembered a small hole in the upper part of the alcove, only stopped up by a small and very indifferent oil painting of a pastoral scene. A door in an unoccupied room gave access to this dark closet.

It was on these recollections I arranged my plan, then went to sleep, full of resolution and hope for the following day.

Julie, the servant, started for Paris, as had been arranged. Alfred and my aunt were more reserved than ever. However, I found out what I wanted to know as the day wore on.

After dinner Monsieur Bonbier leaned negligently on the mantelpiece, pretending to admire the pendulum of a superb ormolu clock. He placed his finger for a moment on the figure XI, then on the figure VI; it was easy to understand that he

intended to say half-past eleven. My aunt responded by a slight movement of her eyes. I knew then all I wanted; it only remained to make my preparations.

When we were seated in the garden Alfred offered to read to us, which was accepted.

I soon slipped away under some pretext, and, sure of being unobserved on the second floor, went to the little door of the dark closet.

Everything was in the same state as I have described, but a ladder was necessary, and I knew that there was one to be found in a passage near a linen cupboard. The wooden steps were very heavy, but the burning fire of curiosity that animated my movements doubled my strength. I dragged them into the alcove, found the hole and the canvas that was stretched in front of it, and with a pair of scissors I cut a small piece out of the picture. To my satisfaction, I found I could thus have a good view of the entire room, and above all-of the bed. I came downstairs quickly, shut the door, took the key, and returned to the garden. Everything had been executed so quickly that no one had noticed the strange fact of my absence. The whole of the day and the evening seemed to me to be mortally long.

At last, about half-past ten, my grandmother retired to rest, and we all followed suit. Alfred off to his room; my aunt remained with me for an instant and saw me safely into my bed chamber. I kissed her and said, "Good evening."

I undressed without delay and dismissed the maid. Then I drew on my stockings again, put on a pair of velvet slippers and a nightgown of dark colour, and waited.

At about a quarter after eleven, I slid like a shadow into the corridor, reached the little door without interruption, opened it, and locked myself in, noiselessly and without difficulty. Then I mounted the ladder, settled myself down as comfortably as possible, and looked through my peephole.

My success was complete; I could see distinctly. The clean white bed seemed like an altar decked out for a sacrifice. A lamp placed on the night table inundated the brilliant linen with an intense flood of light. Bertha was in the adjoining room, where I heard her performing her ablutions.

She came back into the room at last, with nothing on but her nightgown. Going to the bed, she turned it down, arranged the pillows, and placed the lamp so as to throw a still greater light upon it. Then she took a delicate cambric chemise, trimmed with lace, and advanced towards the full-length mirror of the wardrobe. She looked in the glass for a minute or two, and by a graceful movement of her shoulders let slip the chemise she had on, which was arrested in its downward course for a second by the welling of her hips, though it soon fell twisted at her feet. She had already put off her gown and now appeared completely naked before my startled eyes.

No one could dream of anything finer! Her breasts, firm and high, stuck out boldly and were surmounted by two strawberry nipples of a bright rose-pink; the fall of her back and her backside were both admirable.

At the bottom of her white and polished belly, her luxurious ebony fleece, the thickness of which constituted a true rarity, could be plainly seen. The contrast of this enormous black spot upon a body so white gave to Bertha a peculiar appearance of strange voluptuousness.

She drew her lace shift over her head, put on her nightie again, and then walked into her parlour, holding the door ajar. A moment afterwards I heard cautious footsteps. The door was shut and double locked, and Bertha and Alfred appeared in the bedroom. He had slippers on his feet and was dressed in a summer smoking jacket, under which was only his shirt. Bertha made him sit upon a sofa and she took her place on his left knee. Their mouths met in a lingering kiss.

"My dear angel," said he, "how I thank you for having had sufficient confidence in me so as not to have made me languish and wait for your precious favours! You lavish them on your true spouse, who will reward you by his everlasting love."

As he spoke he opened the top of Bertha's dressing gown and alternately kissed the two firm globes, while my aunt, reclining backwards, shuddered beneath the caresses that seemingly caused her to shiver voluptuously in every vein. He moved to her nipples, licking, biting. Then, taking advantage of Bertha's position, he once more opened the gown, but this time at the bottom. Lifting up her chemise, he toyed a moment with the lovely black hairs, of which he appeared dotingly fond. Then I noticed his finger slip upwards a little and renew the playful friction that I had seen my aunt practice herself, and the imitation of which had procured for me such great enjoyment.

As for Bertha, she had seized upon and displayed the splendid pole. I could not take my eyes off it. It appeared to me to be longer and bigger than the first time I had seen it. It was fully eight or nine inches long, and as big around as my wrist.

My aunt opened her thighs and therefore stretched her slit, which did not appear longer than my little finger. How is it possible, I said to myself, that an instrument of that size can penetrate entirely into such a little place? I concluded that my

aunt, by the position she was in the first time, had doubtless received that great rod not in her body, but between her thighs, and that it must have been its rubbing against her that had rendered her so happy. My error was soon rectified, as during my reflections the two lovers had continued their sweet dance in silence with Alfred's mouth still teasing the spot between her legs.

"Ah," said Bertha, "my husband ... my darling ... go on ... I am so happy! How lovely your cock is! Oh, how I shall come! I'm coming already! Do it a little longer! Ah! I die!"

There was a long and silent pause while Bertha seemed quite overcome, her body arched back, her head hidden on her sweetheart's shoulder, her glorious thighs still wide apart. Monsieur Bonbier gazed at her intently, ravished at the sight.

"Come, now, come!" cried Bertha, rising. "Come and put it into me. I must have it all. I want it all! Come, I'm on fire. I'm burning up! Flood me with your bounteous liquor."

Bertha threw off her dressing gown and stretched herself upon the bed. Alfred did the same, but before putting himself near Bertha, he lifted his shirt and rolled it under his armpits. How beautiful he was, built like Hercules and Apollo; his proud pole stood up stiffly growing out of a thick bush that showed it off splendidly.

Bertha was lying on her back, her legs parted and lifted a little. Alfred got between, on his knees, and lifted his darling's chemise right up to her neck, again exposing her naked form to my gaze. I expected to see her get up and turn her backside to her lover as before, as I thought that was the only way it could be done, but to my great astonishment I found it was not so. Alfred stretched himself upon her; Bertha lifted her legs and crossed them on his

back in such a manner that nothing escaped me. I could distinctly see Bertha's hand capture the pole, and direct its head to the centre of the little slit that opened to receive it. Alfred gave a vigorous stroke of the loins, to which Bertha answered, and at least half of the rod penetrated into the little hole, which dilated and began to engulf it. A few more moments completed the insertion, and I saw their two growths of hair mingle together. At last I knew all about it.

Now there was nothing but movements, sighs, inarticulate words and maddening shivers. I could see that he was pushing what Bertha had called his "cock" into and out of her grasping slit. When the shaft emerged, it was shiny with her juices.

"Let me have it all ... Ah! How fine it is ... go gently ... let us come slowly ... hold me tight."

"My sweet darling! Lift up your thighs so that it can get right in. There! Do you feel it? Ah! how delightful!"

"It's wonderful! Are you ready? My Alfred, I'm going to come. I-I-make haste!"

"I'm ready. It's coming. There, it comes. Come now. I'm coming! I'm coming!"

Both remained quiet for a moment, then Alfred rose and I saw the dear sausage as before, coming out little, red, and dropping a tear.

Bertha remained a little longer without giving signs of life, but she got up at last, and after smothering Alfred with kisses, went for an instant into her dressing room.

I thought it was all over and began to arrange my retreat, but a secret presentiment made me stop.

Bertha went to bed again, embraced by her lover in her arms, and they engaged in sweet conversation.

"I have been so happy, dear! It is so much better when we are quite at our ease, and you do it so well."

"My darling, there is not a more perfect woman than you in the whole world! I want to eat you up bodily!"

Once more pushing up Bertha's chemise, Alfred covered with kisses the whole of the beautiful body that trembled beneath his caresses. When he arrived at the centre of bliss, he opened it, bit it gently, and kissed it passionately.

"Stop, dear," said Bertha. "Stop! You will fatigue yourself. Rest, rest!"

"No, darling, look! See? My prick once more asks permission to go into its little companion. You won't refuse me?"

"Let me see. So you've come back to your splendid state? Yes indeed. Well, well, I'll allow you in once more. There, place yourself like that, and don't move!"

"What are you going to do?"

"You know, dear, how I like a change. Remain on your back and I'll do it to you!"

So saying, my aunt straddled Alfred's hips, and taking his rod in her hand, plunged it into her up to the hilt. Then gently moving, she pushed on, stopping a little, and remained thus spitted by the

enormous spindle. She teased Alfred, blew him kisses and showed him her adorable titties, smiling and pouting to him all the time.

"I have *you* now," she said. "You are my little wife. See how well I do it!" She bobbed up and down on his pole, raising herself so that the swollen head almost was withdrawn, then impaling herself fully once again. She thrust and ground her hips while sitting against his belly, rotating his staff within her while he lay her helpless prisoner.

After a few minutes of this dalliance, it was easy to see that the supreme moment was reached. She fell upon her lover, who received her in his arms and pressed her to him, as he took hold of the white cheeks of her bottom one in each hand. Pleasure seized them together in great spasms, then Bertha left his embrace and again lazily stretched her at her lover's side.

It was late. I was crushed with fatigue, emotion, and the cramped position I occupied, yet I would not go before I knew if the amorous couple meant to arrange another appointment. I had the satisfaction to hear them fix a rendezvous for the next evening at the same hour.

I regained my room and went to bed tired out, but I slept soundly. I woke about seven o'clock perfectly refreshed. I ruminated over all I had seen and heard the day before; my imagination became inflamed, my bosom panted, an active fire coursed through my veins. Mechanically, I took up a position on my back, as I had seen my aunt do, then I drew up my chemise, as Alfred had done to her. I alternatively touched each breast, and thrilled as the nipples swelled up. Feeling my body, I reached the delicate spot and rummaged there with great curiosity. It seemed to me that a slight change had taken place. The lips of the little nook were plumper; I sought the place that

in my aunt's case had greedily swallowed up the monstrous sausage, but I only found a little hole that my finger could not penetrate without pain. I pushed up my finger a little and shuddered when an indescribable sensation invaded my entire being. I rubbed softly first, then quicker, afterward slower, and again with more activity as I repeated my aunt's words: "I'm coming! I'm coming ... Ah!"

At length a nervous spasm overtook me. I felt transported with immense pleasure that I could fully appreciate, as I did not faint this time. When I had gathered my scattered senses, I drew away my wet hand. I rose and dressed myself and went downstairs, fresh and happy at having enjoyed such a sweet morning's diversion.

I shall not speak of the events of the day, which was an uninteresting one, as I am in haste to come to the scene of the evening. I took the same precautions, and had safely reached my observatory when Bertha and her lover met once more.

The preliminaries were much the same, but instead of going to bed afterwards, Bertha said, "I have a whim, dear. Let us do it like the other morning in the closet. We are more comfortable here and it will be nicer still!"

With these words she divested herself of her gown and pulled up her shift behind. She placed a big cushion in front of the mirror of the wardrobe and knelt upon it, her head and arms much lower than her buttocks, which, thrown out and accentuated by this ravishing position, presented the path of pleasure well in view and largely open.

Alfred, far from idle, had made his preparation. He had taken off his jacket and placed the lamp on the floor, so as to light up perfectly the delicious picture that the mirror reflected in every

detail. Then he placed himself behind her, and began to get into her with the pole that bobbed forth from his belly.

"Oh, you can see too much of me!" said my aunt.

"How can I see too much of such beauty? Look in the glass!" He began to thrust into her with even strokes.

"No, it's too bad! Ah! It's going into me! Stop a little. What a fine fellow you are!"

"My adored one, how lovely you are! What admirable hips. What an adorable-ASS!"

"Oh! Alfred! What is that naughty word?"

"Don't be frightened, darling; lovers can say anything. Those words, out of place in calmer moments, add fresh relish to the sweet mystery of love. You will soon say them too, and understand their charm."

While he spoke, he continued his movements. Bertha, in silent enjoyment, said nothing, but devoured with eager eyes the scene in the mirror. I was stupefied to hear her say to him a minute later, "Do you love it so very much?"

"What?"

"Why ... my..."

"Your what?"

"Well ... my ... ASS!"

"Ah, Bertha, how sweet you are to me. Oh, yes, I love it. Your beautiful ass I adore it!"

"Feel it then. It's yours-yours alone. My ass-ass-ass."

As she concluded her broken utterances, she let herself go until she reached complete enjoyment. Alfred, who was rapidly arriving at the height of sovereign pleasure, reached the desired goal with her and fell upon her completely overcome.

They went no further than that delicious encounter; they could not fix a fresh meeting as they feared the return of the maid. Instead, they arranged certain signals, and, if the worst should come to the worst, they made up their minds to fall back upon the pavilion in the park. I went to my room. Julie returned the next day, so that the nocturnal assignations came to an end, but I sought to discover the signs that were to have been exchanged between the lovers. Much to my disappointment, I discovered nothing.

Four days went by in like manner. I was vexed and had once again renewed my morning walks, directing my steps always to the gazebo in the grounds.

During the afternoon of the fourth day, I had gone there and I was surprised to find a garden chair that had evidently been brought from the house. I concluded therefore, and rightly too, that something would take place the next day, and I was at my post long before the arrival of the actors in the drama of love.

They approached with caution, one after the other, and shut themselves in. Bertha sat upon the chair, saying, "You did well to think of this piece of furniture; my position of the other day was somewhat uncomfortable. But what are you doing on your knees?"

"You know I must greet your lovely cleft, my dear."

"Very well then, give him a kiss quickly and let us do it. It is late. You shall sit on the chair, and I'll ride upon you!"

Alfred undid his trousers after planting a lingering kiss on Bertha's muff, then sat upon the chair. Bertha pulled up all her petticoats and got on top of her lover. She then seized his vigorous pole and commenced the introduction by pushing down her bottom as it slowly entered. The chair was so placed that I could enjoy the sight from behind, and consequently could not miss the slightest detail. The enormous tool soon disappeared completely. Bertha lifted up her legs, placed her heels on the bars of the chair, and began to rise and fall in turn.

The accustomed sighs and words rose to their lips; their souls melted in mutual enjoyment. I had intended, this time, not to rest content with the part of simple spectator. I had made arrangements in advance and chose the most comfortable position under the circumstances.

I began to do it to myself at the precise moment that Bertha introduced the cock into her slit, and then, regulating my movements with theirs, operating slowly or quickly, I came at the same moment as they did, and my sighs of pleasure mingled with those of the happy couple.

When all was over, Bertha left the lap of her lover, and during her movement I saw Alfred's cock drop out of its retreat. A large quantity of the milky liquid, the cause of which I as yet ignored, trickled along her thighs and fell to the ground. The lovers readjusted their dress.

Monsieur Bonbier communicated to Bertha that in three days' time he would make the official demand for her hand, and should then leave to make all requisite preparation. They further arranged to meet at the pavilion for the last time two days later, in the morning. I went away, sadly, to the house. I was to fall back once more into the dead calm of my life, but still, the hope of being soon married and tasting in my turn the divine pleasures I had witnessed sustained my spirits.

On the third day I was in my hiding place; Alfred came first, and Bertha a minute later. There seemed a slight cloud on her beautiful countenance, yet she threw herself into her lover's arms, and he, after a few caresses, tried to put his hand up her clothes. This time she prevented him.

"No, dear. Today is impossible! I am sorry, I assure you, but there are womanly obstacles in the way. We must put it off till you return."

"How unlucky for me."

"And how about me?"

"Take hold of it. Look how it throbs for your touch!"

Alfred drew his splendid instrument out of his trousers. Bertha fondled it, saying, "No, no, not without me!"

"But I beg you."

"You insist? Well, I suppose I must not be selfish. But I assure you that I am grieved to see such good cock wasted. And you must not get into the habit of doing it without your companion."

With these words, Bertha had turned up the sleeve of her dressing gown. Alfred had dropped his trousers and lifted the tail of his shirt as he stood up.

"No!" said Bertha. "Take your trousers right off. Since I am to have nothing, I will at least enjoy a good view."

Alfred did as she desired and gave himself up to her. She placed herself a little behind him, put her left arm around her lover's waist, and with the right began a soft movement of the wrist that seemed to procure extraordinary pleasure to Monsieur Bonbier. She pumped up and down, uncovering and covering by turn the head of Alfred's tool.

"Ah! How finely you do it!" said he. "Gently, my angel. Uncover it well. Now, quicker ... stop ... go on again! Ah! I feel it coming! Quicker ... I ... I ... I'm going to come!"

He gave two or three strokes of the loins, and Bertha, who had carefully followed his instructions, pressed the instrument higher in her hand. Suddenly, to my great stupefaction, I saw a stream of white liquid spring out in jets and fall full three paces off, the emission seeming to drive Alfred mad with joy.

After a few moments Bertha wiped the rod herself with her embroidered handkerchief. Then she thrust the diminishing organ away, saying, "You are a naughty boy to have spent without me. You owe me one for this, and you shall pay for it at the first opportunity."

I let them both depart, and when they were far off, I entered the pavilion and closely examined the fresh traces of the ejaculation I had witnessed. The sight inflamed my imagination. I pulled up my clothes and got astride the chair, placing my hand on the seat, my middle finger upraised. I pressed myself down

upon it, found the little orifice, and imitating Bertha's movements stretched myself as widely apart as possible. Working my bottom up and down, I imagined I was taking in the coveted instrument.

A lively sense of pain did not stop me; I redoubled my efforts and got in nearly half of my finger.

Then I repeated Bertha's words: "I'm coming ... I come ... my ass!" until suddenly the spasm seized me and I twisted my body about in an agony of pleasure.

My hand and the chair bore the marks of my enjoyment. I hastily wiped them away and returned to the house.

In the course of the day Alfred had an interview with my grandmother and formally asked for my aunt's hand. All was arranged and he left for Paris to press on with the preliminaries. It was decided that Bertha should remain with us for a few days. I was to assist at her marriage as bridesmaid, so she took me away with her.

The ceremony was celebrated with pomp, and, for the first time in my life, I attended a grand ball, where I may say without vanity that I attracted a pleasing degree of attention. I should have liked to have been present when the bride and bridegroom were put to bed, but my observatory was far away and I had to put up with solitary pleasures.

Three days afterwards, Monsieur Bonbier took me back to my grandmother's, and went off to Italy with his wife.

PART II

I was returned once more to the monotony and dullness of my early life, only with my senses now quickened and the knowledge, that my temperament required perhaps much more than many women. I dreamed of nothing but marriage, and Monsieur Bonbier remained my ideal of a husband.

I often made visits to the pavilion in the park and became engulfed in the recollections that hovered thickly there. I had left there the chair used by Bertha and Alfred, which often became my throne of solitary pleasure.

This means of relief was not only necessary, but I may say indispensable, as raging fits of love would sometimes come over me. My eyes would grow dim, there would be a ringing in my ears, my legs would totter beneath me, and simply by pressing my thighs together I would feel that charming part that makes women get wet and palpitating.

In those moments no resistance was possible; I was obliged to give way! My finger was my master; when I came fully once, I experienced a wholesome calm, and a delicious languor overwhelmed me. I am convinced that without this practice I would have fallen dangerously ill, though I did not do it too often.

Thus I attained my twentieth year. I was truly beautiful, and I will here trace my portrait. It shall be an exact resemblance, without false shame or ridiculous self-praise. My stature was a little above medium height; my hair was abundant and of a fine, dark-chestnut colour. My eyes, with long lashes, were hazel, brilliant, and swimming with voluptuous moisture. My mouth, rather large and very sensual, was furnished with fine teeth; a black mole, on the right side of my upper lip, gave piquancy to

my physiognomy. I had an admirable bust, the breasts apart, firm and well-placed; my figure was neat and supple with shapely buttocks that were perfectly handsome; and my mount of Venus, very much pronounced, protected a nook that it appears was a rare and pure pattern, both in form and exceptional voluptuous quality. While not possessing the rare bush of my aunt, I was well provided in that way with a pretty pelt of silky fur.

How often, dear Stefan, you have placed me so as to enjoy the view of that mossy growth! What caresses! What kisses! But let me not get ahead of myself.

My grandmother felt her end approaching, and fearing for my future, tried to get me a husband without letting me know. An old friend of hers made her a proposition one day that seemed to suit her hopes and my dearest wishes.

Monsieur de Cocteau was introduced to us. He was twenty-eight years old, of medium stature, very genteel in manner, with a graceful bearing and regular features. His family was a good one, and his fortune satisfactory. He did not present such a manly appearance as Monsieur Bonbier, but as he was, he pleased me and I secretly gave him my heart from the first moment.

As for his heart, he was dazzled by my beauty and his mind was made up as soon as he saw me, so that we were all agreed. The marriage being decided, we were to be united two months afterwards. We resolved to pass a short time with my grandmother, and then depart for Nice, where my husband was employed.

Bertha came to assist at my wedding with her husband. She was as pretty as ever, and quite as happy. I told her my little secrets,

and how I felt inclined to love my husband with all my heart and soul. A single thing vexed me, however, and that was that I found him rather cold and reserved, although always affectionate and gallant. Bertha burst out laughing and assured me that all would soon change.

The important day arrived; she acted as my mother and dressed me herself. I felt the day get shorter and shorter with unspeakable desire and fear. The act that I was about to accomplish, although well-known to me in theory, filled me with terrible apprehension.

The ceremony proceeded without mishap, and when the evening came to an end at last, Bertha led me to the nuptial chamber. It was her room, and on the bed where I had seen her so bountifully treated I was to be made a woman.

Bertha put me to bed and sat by my side to instruct me with what in her idea I was profoundly ignorant of. She went through her lesson with tact, but left nothing unexplained, kissed me, recommended obedience, and went away.

A minute afterwards my new husband came in clothed only in a dressing gown. He drew near to me, kissed me heartily, said some very affectionate things, took off his garment, and got into bed. I barely had a glimpse of his manhood, so quickly did he jump beneath the covers.

Charles, for that was his name, pressed me in his arms; the contact of his naked flesh against mine made me jump! He kissed me softly, telling me to fear not, and drew still closer. I trembled all over; I didn't dare speak, and yet I desired to. He whispered: "Would you like to have a little baby?" and at the same time his right knee insinuated itself between my thighs, so as to separate them. I resisted at first, then little by little I gave

way. Soon Charles was on top of me, and I felt the head of the much-coveted object.

This first contact acted upon me like a spark upon gun-powder. All the warmth of my being was concentrated in the besieged nook-I almost came! Charles was awkward, either too high or too low. I couldn't move; I couldn't help him! I was panting and on fire! At last I felt him in the right place. He pushed on vigorously; I felt a sharp pain, started violently and drew back, on the point of shrieking.

Charles, bewildered, asked my pardon, supplicated me to have a little courage, and took up his post once more. I remained still and was artful enough to creep into a better position. He pushed again and the pain came back. I resisted it, and shoved my body up to meet the blows, so as to finish quicker. It seemed to me that Charles did not act very vigorously, and that there was a great difference in size between the instrument that perforated me and that of Monsieur Bonbier. Moreover, Charles did not speak, he did not utter one of the words I had heard, which I believed were part and parcel of the operation.

Charles, at last, seemed to gather a little strength. He gave a solid stroke of the loins and I did the same, stiffening my body. The pain was so great that I cried out, but I had the satisfaction to feel myself penetrated, for the whole instrument-thin as it was-was sheathed within me! My husband continued his backward and forward movement a moment, then shivered, sighed several times, and stopped short. I felt a hot liquid inundate me and diminish the smarting to a slight degree.

Charles got off and lay down by my side, visibly fatigued.

In spite of my desires and my imagination, I had felt no pleasure. That did not astonish me, as I had been taught so by Bertha.

Charles kissed me, and wishing me good night, turned his back and fell asleep.

I was very much surprised and quite embarrassed. I fully expected we should begin again, and in spite of the pain was quite ready to do so. At last I resigned myself to the inevitable, and slumbered too.

I awoke the next morning very late-I was alone. On hearing the sudden movement I made in sitting up, Charles came out of the neighbouring room and approached me. He was completely dressed already, and he kissed me on the forehead, uttered a few kind words, and asked me if I had slept well. But all this was cold and distant. My heart, ready to spring towards him, stopped in its flight. It seemed to me that he should have waited until I awoke, to take me in his arms and speak of love and happiness, and then recommence the caresses of the night. A doubt for my future flashed across me; this was not what I had dreamed! Charles went out, saying that he left me to dress, but I had no thought of doing so. I busied myself in sad thoughts. The next moment, a well-known voice called me, and Bertha ran to embrace me.

I put my arms around her neck, held her tightly, and began to cry.

"Gracious me! What is the matter, dear child?" she said.

I didn't know how to answer her, as I had no complaint to make. I only felt that I was not loved as I had hoped to be and that my ardent furnace would never be able to burn freely.

Bertha thought that I was simply hysterical, and calmed me by gentle joking.

My natural gaiety soon got the upper hand; I rose and took a bath that my maid had already prepared.

The day passed slowly. Everybody was happy around me; my husband seemed enchanted, acting as tender and gallant as his nature would permit. I was pleased with him and timidly responded to his distant caresses. Night came; he led me away at an early hour and we went to bed. Less timid than the night before, he took me in his arms, said that he loved me, and kissed me tenderly. I was bold enough to tell him that I also loved him, and gave him a kiss that electrified him. Already I felt on my naked thigh something hard that promised much.

As on the preceding evening, he placed his lips to my ear and said, "Shall we do like last night?"

I could not answer, but I also could not help opening my thighs and lifting my nightgown in secret. He got over me and I held him fast in my embrace, waiting and impatiently desiring the supreme moment.

I soon felt the head of his cock. A shivering fit seized me, during which I took care to introduce it as far in as possible. I still felt a tolerably severe pain, but that did not stop me; the happy fire that circulated through my veins made me support all. Already I felt the advance symptoms of enjoyment. I could not to speak; I wanted to cry out and tell all I felt. I now perfectly understood my aunt's words, but the silence of Charles, who seemed wrapped up in himself, prevented me from giving vent to my feelings.

He continued his movements and kissed me, but he did not seem overwhelmed with passion, as I would have wished. I could not resist the impulse to push up my bottom and cry out!

Then I remained perfectly still. I was coming, so intensely that I almost lost my senses.

Charles stopped for a second, and seemed astonished at my response. I curbed myself, and he resumed his pleasures.

He was a long while performing his sweet duty, though machine-like, and I poured out the sweet dew four times! At last I felt him shudder and sigh, and a fiery, flaming jet inundated my entrails.

We both remained quiet. I was exalted, in a fever, but ready to begin again; he was broken down, and only required rest. So we fell asleep.

The next morning, on awakening, I found myself once more alone. I was not sorry, and my brain replayed the scene of the night till I felt a curiosity that impelled me to examine my body. I sat up on the pillows, my legs well apart, and with my hands opened the lips of my crack. I found a great change-the interior was much more rosy, the opening was wider, and my entire finger easily plunged within it. This examination amused me, and would have produced certain consequences, but a discreet rap at my door made me cover myself up hastily and take a natural position in bed.

It was Bertha, who found me fresh and gay, and when I smiled she kissed me. We gossiped like sisters as I dressed. I was a real woman now, and my pretty aunt treated me as one. She gently drew certain secrets from me that seemed to interest her. I told her what took place. She seemed much surprised when I said that I had felt great pleasure four times, while Charles had only done it to me once. Evidently the slight amount of my husband's virile strength, compared to the vigour of hers, surprised her greatly.

The day passed away, and, as my husband was a great sportsman, he went out shooting. I took a walk with Bertha. We all met at dinner and passed the evening with a little music.

Night arrived, but how different from the two preceding ones. Charles popped an ugly silk handkerchief on his head, chatted about our early departure, about our new house, and so on, but never mentioned a word about love. He simply embraced me coldly and slept.

I awoke on the morrow before he did, and a terrible longing seized me to look at the instrument that I had only felt twice, and which did not much resemble Monsieur Bonbier's in size or strength. I was favoured by circumstances. It was warm, and Charles had thrown off the sheet that only just hid the particular part. Luckily, his shirt had been pulled up; I had only to draw down the sheet a little, with infinite prudence, before I caught sight of the sad tool which was to be my only consolation.

What a difference, indeed, to that of Alfred! Small, wrinkled, and in a shrivelled skin, one could hardly guess at the presence of its limp head. Henceforward, I believe, my destiny was fixed.

Charles stirred. I made haste to turn around and pretended to sleep, and he left the bed first, as was his habit.

The limit fixed for our sojourn at my granny's house drew near. I was far from being unhappy, as my husband was good to me and loved me as heartily as his cold nature allowed him. He was proud of my beauty and refused me nothing, but all this did not suffice. It was not what I had so much desired—namely, a voluptuous, lascivious, ardent love, for which I would have sacrificed everything, for which I was capable of real devotion! I could see laid out before me a monotonous life, probably

without the birth of a child, but too difficult to support for a temperament like mine.

Charles did it to me once or twice a week, and always in the same despairingly reserved style. He only kissed my cheeks or my forehead—my firm young breasts received no caresses. His hand seemed to flee those charming places that would have so gladly welcomed its touch. In turn I felt that I dare not try to feel him, as instinctively I knew he would have repulsed me.

After two years of marriage, my temperament was in full blast and had increased in passion, instead of growing calmer! My husband did it less and less, and as I feared, I had no child. A baby would have changed my one fixed idea.

My grandmother had been dead a year. We had a lovely home in Nice, where Charles occupied an exalted position that obliged him to be frequently absent. These little journeys suited his taste for hunting and shooting. Therefore I was often alone, and in spite of music, which I continued to love and successfully cultivate, my brain was always at work picturing scenes of delirious love. What fearful nights I used to pass alone, writhing between the sheets in lascivious positions that I instinctively invented!

My finger was powerless to satisfy me now. I would take my pillow and embrace it with twisted legs and twining arms, as if it could realize my desires. I would rub against it and reach a degree of comparative enjoyment that drove me still madder. I would change my position and get astride it, rubbing myself, till the sluices of pleasure, swollen to the utmost by this stimulant, burst open and procured me some relief.

These nervous fits brought on hallucinations that manifested themselves by an inconceivable state of hysteria. My calm and

gay temper became unequal and capricious. I resisted as well as I could, but at last I avowed myself vanquished. Was I very, very guilty?

I was very friendly with Madame Dumond, wife of the principal magistrate, a slight blonde who may have been pretty once, but who was already beginning to fade. I thought that she must have had many intrigues when young.

One day, when visiting her, she informed me that Monsieur Fanon had come to take command of the garrison. He was a young officer who had been much talked about. He had fought with rare courage on the battlefield, and had rapidly earned the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was about thirty-six and unmarried.

Madame Dumond told me that she had invited him to dinner and that my husband and I were to meet him. Was it a presentiment? I knew not, but I returned home quite pensive and slightly jealous of Madame Dumond.

I must confess, I prepared what I thought was a most ravishing dress, and three days afterwards the dinner came off. When we entered the drawing room, Monsieur Fanon was already there. In a moment, I had examined him. He was tall, vigorous, and well-built, his countenance frank and open, and his manner well-bred. He was introduced and his sweet persuasive voice charmed me. My heart grew cold, and then all the blood in my veins rushed to my face. Oh! I was a captive caught in the toils at last, and I did not even seek to combat the influence that invaded my soul.

The dinner was served and it turned out a very gay affair. Monsieur Fanon was able to show his brilliant and cultivated wit. He sat at Madame Dumond's right hand. I could have killed her!

After dinner, he approached me, asking if he might be allowed to pay me a visit, and talked to my husband, whom he pleased vastly. Madame Dumond sat down at the piano and played a lively waltz; Monsieur Dumond said that I was a good partner and asked me to take a turn with him, but he was old and soon fatigued, so Monsieur Fanon offered to take his place.

As I felt his arm encircle my waist I was taken with a nervous tremor that evidently did not escape him.

I gave myself up to the charm of the hour. Monsieur Fanon boldly profited by the embrace in which he held me, in spite of the spectators. As he turned a corner of the drawing room, he was able to press me so tightly to him that I felt for a second against my belly a certain object so hard and stiff that I nearly fainted.

That waltz was the signal of my defeat!

The happy evening was too soon over. Once more at home, I undressed quickly, and pretending fatigue said goodnight to my husband and jumped into bed, not to sleep, but to dream.

I was placed on my left side, my bottom turned to Charles. A caprice seized him; I felt him softly lift my linen, and then pressing against me, he tried to get into me from behind. I was vexed at first, but, my temperament overpowering me, I gave way to his designs. Unfortunately, he could not manage it, and he did not get in.

I lost all patience and rapidly threw off the sheet by a sudden movement. I passed my hand behind me, seized the tool, which was useless without a guide, and stuffed it into my slit to the last inch. I was thinking of Monsieur Fanon the whole time. I

imagined that he was behind me, and that he was doing it to me. Under my breath I addressed to him all that I was burning to say at such a moment. I pushed back against Charles, pretending it was another belly that slapped my buttocks. I rolled my hips passionately, imagining it was a different pole stretching my crack.

Three times the dew of love gushed out for him, for him alone! My husband, profiting unwittingly by the result of my thoughts, did his duty a little better than usual, and refreshed me with a copious ejaculation.

When he had finished, I feared that, with his habitual ridiculous reserve, he was going to make a fuss about the spontaneous movement that made me seize and imprison his cock myself. But he seemed, on the contrary, grateful to me. I made a note thereof for the future.

The next day, Monsieur Fanon came to pay us a visit, but we were out and I was really grieved when I found his card. He returned on the third day, and his persistence pleased me greatly. My husband was at home; we received him as cordially as possible and pressed him to come often.

I fancied that he treated me with particular warmth of feeling, and I was happy at the thought!

A gentle intimacy quickly sprang up between us, my love grew greater each day, and I already saw that my adored Stefan reciprocated the feeling. Although he had said nothing as yet, I was sure of it-what woman ever makes such a mistake?

We had, as yet, never been alone together. I ardently desired and yet feared that moment. I did not wish to abandon myself entirely at the first opportunity, though I felt that it would be

impossible for me to resist one single instance! I resolved to know more of him, to try him ... but all my strength of will melted away as soon as I saw him. In such a state of mind, how could I resist his attack?

That was quickly proved! One day he came at three o'clock. My husband was away, but I had a visitor-a wearisome female who had no idea of getting up and going. I could see my dear Stefan waiting and suffering, but at least, not being decently able to remain any longer, he took his leave, giving me a supplicating look that I was powerless to resist.

I said to him, "Has not my husband promised you a certain book?"

"Yes, madam, and I had hoped to be able to take it with me today."

"I will give it you. Pardon me, madam," I said to my eternal bore, "and permit me to leave you for an instant."

We were in a small reception room that served as my boudoir. Stefan, who understood me, went out and waited for me in the big drawing room where I rejoined him with an odd volume in my hand.

In an instant he declared his passion. What he said, what I answered, I do not know. I remember nothing.

I led him towards the hall for fear we should be overheard. There was a double door between the drawing room and a little vestibule where I would be able to hear an approaching servant. As we reached there, Monsieur Fanon, beside himself, seized me in his arms. A lingering kiss, a kiss of fire, a kiss that penetrated

to my soul, arrested a shriek that I would not have been able to stifle.

At the same time, his prompt hand had lifted my petticoats and was caressing my burning slit that quick as lightning poured out upon his fingers palpable traces of the love potion that filled it to overflowing.

"Begone ... begone ... away," I said, with stifled breath. "Go ... tomorrow ... three o'clock." Then I fled in a state I cannot describe.

Happily, the lady who was waiting was not very clever and did not notice my disordered state.

I shall not undertake to narrate my feelings till the next day. All that I can remember is that I firmly resolved to satisfy my erotic longings.

My husband intended to absent himself for two or three days on business matters, and I arranged so as to send my servants on different errands. I dressed myself carefully and waited.

My dear Stefan arrived. I opened the door to him myself and led him to my boudoir.

We sat down, much embarrassed. He was very respectful and asked my pardon for what he had done the day before, saying that he was unable to master the delirious rage that had seized him, and that his love for me was such that he would die if he was unable to enjoy me.

I knew not how to answer. Both our hearts were too full. He took my hand and kissed it. Shuddering, I rose. Our mouths met.

I confess I made no more attempts at resistance. I had not the strength to do so.

I fully enjoyed this intense happiness. I felt that he was carrying me along-but to where? What were we to do? In my boudoir there were only a very narrow low sofa, some armchairs, and ordinary seats without arms.

Stefan, still holding me in his arms, sat on a chair, so that I found myself in front of him, leaning over his head and face. I felt one of his arms at my waist; soon my clothes were all up in front and Stefan tried to pass his knees between my legs.

"Oh, no," I said, between two sobs. "No, please, have pity. I am a married woman."

Stefan made efforts to pull me down, so as to straddle across him; but on instinctive feeling, although I longed for it, I still resisted, and stiffened myself against him. We soon became exhausted. At last, having dropped my eyes a little, I saw something that put an end to the struggle.

He had taken out his prick for the fray. Its ruby, haughty head stood up proudly. In length and thickness it was truly uncommon; it vied even with that of Monsieur Bonbier. I had no strength to resist such a sight; my thighs opened by themselves. I slid down, hiding my face on my lover's shoulder, and I gave myself up to him, opening myself as much as possible, desiring, and yet fearing, the entrance of such an imposing guest.

I soon felt the head between the lips of my grotto, which the thin tool of my husband had not accustomed to such a bountiful measure. I made a movement to help him, and had hardly introduced the head when I felt myself flooded by a flaming jet of loving liquor that covered my thighs and belly.

The prolonged wait, and his own passion, had made the precious dew pump up too quickly, and I had not been able to enjoy it as I should.

I could not help showing a little disappointment, but my lover, covering me with kisses, told me that I need wait but a brief period of repose, and that I should soon be more satisfied with him.

We sat on the sofa, entwined in each other's arms, telling one another of our love and happiness. We had fallen in love at first sight, and both had given way to irresistible passion.

In a few moments I saw that my lover was ready to begin again, and I asked myself how we were going to do it. I did not wish to try again that posture that had turned out so badly for me, and I could see Stefan also looking about him.

An idea struck me. I rose, smiling, teasing him. When he rose too, I retreated, and he eagerly pursued me till at last I went and leaned with nonchalance upon the mantelpiece, presenting my bottom, that I wriggled like a cat, and at the same time turning my head and throwing him a provocative glance.

Ah, how he understood me. Stefan rushed upon me and kissed me, saying, "Thank you."

Then he got behind me and threw my petticoats over my back. When he saw the beautiful shape of my bottom, he gave a loud cry of admiration. I expected as much, but did not dream of the homage he paid to it.

He threw himself onto his knees, and after having covered my backside with kisses, he drew the globes apart, just at the top of

the thighs, and I could feel his lips, even his tongue. I shrieked and was overcome.

Stefan rose up and began to put it in. His enormous instrument could not easily penetrate, in spite of our mutual efforts, so he drew it out, put a little saliva on the head and shaft, and soon stabbed me to the very vitals. I was filled and plugged up, and in a state of unspeakable ecstasy.

My lover, leaning over me, glued his lips to mine, that I offered to him by turning my head; his tongue dallied with mine. I was beside myself. I felt myself going mad. He plunged his tool into me again and again, drawing it out nearly to the tip before driving it in to the balls. I felt those twin plums slap my buttocks with each stroke and so great became my excitement that I reached down and began to massage the throbbing nub of my clit. I could feel my juices running down my thighs as that great prick continued to ravage me. The supreme moment arrived. I writhed about, uttering inarticulate sounds.

Stefan, who was reserving himself, was delighted at my joy; he let me calm down, and then I felt his sweet movement again.

Ah, how he knew to distil pleasure, and double it by a thousand delicate, subtle shades. That first lesson; I can feel it, as I write, between my thighs.

"Dear angel," he said, "tell me what you feel. It's so nice to enjoy each other's soft confidence when we form but one body, as at this moment."

Oh, how his speech made me happy. I, who had always wished to hear and say those words that had almost driven me wild when my aunt was at work! I did not hesitate an instant longer.

"I must do it again," I said, "It's coming-push in-again-right in-finish me-ah! I'm coming!"

"My adored one, I'm coming too-it's bubbling up-Oh! Oh! I'm going to explode!"

Stefan gave a final push and fell against me. I felt his ejaculation and nearly fainted under the force of the jet.

How was it that I did not die during that embrace? Nothing that I had imagined at the sight of my aunt's sweet struggles could approach this reality! I remained overwhelmed, my head in my arms, my bosom heaving, incapable of movement.

Stefan drew out. I still spent. I kept on spending. I stood as I was, without sense of shame, naked below the waist, trembling, mechanically continuing the movement of my bottom and causing the overflow of liquid to fall to the ground.

Stefan took pity on me. After rapidly adjusting himself, he pulled down my petticoats and, taking me in his arms, sat by my side on the sofa. I was delirious for a second. He calmed me; his sweet voice was a song. I begged him to leave me to myself, and he went away.

I at last regained full consciousness, though my heart still pounded and threatened to burst. I was in an extraordinary state of disorder and was obliged to change my linen. My chemise and stockings were not only stained by loving liquid, but by numerous spots of blood. My womanhood could not accept such a full-sized cock with impunity.

When I had set in order my toilette and my ideas, I went to bed and slept soundly, my husband not intending to return till late in

the evening. I awoke about seven, happy, fresh as a lark, and stronger than I had felt for many a day.

I will not restate all the thoughts that crowded in upon my brain, as I have already said that I had been drawn on by my irresistible feelings, and above all by a natural absolute craving for the sexual act. It was as necessary for my life as simple food.

Yet, I was far from depraved! I loved my husband as a sure friend, as the companion of my existence, and if he had possessed the manly vigour that was necessary for me, or if even he had known how to answer my clever caresses, I should never have dreamt of being unfaithful to him! I resolved to spare him all sorrow, and I have fully succeeded, as he has never had the least suspicion!

This torrid affair demanded much care, trouble, and discretion. The community was much inclined to scandal, and it was very difficult for me to hide my connection, so I had to take endless precautions.

I warned my lover, who, wishing above all to save my reputation, promised to do all in his power not to excite suspicion. I knew I could rely on his honour.

A few days went by without our meeting; I suffered greatly, and he as much as I! A sign, a look during our walks was our only consolation for eight long days!

At last, Stefan could bear it no longer and came to pay us a visit. We chatted in an ordinary way. A business associate arrived and Stefan decided to leave; my husband showed him out and returned to the room. I don't know what instinct warned me that Stefan had not left the house! I got up, with some excuse that seemed all the more reasonable as the visitor was keeping

up a technical conversation with my husband, and went into the vestibule. I was not mistaken. Stefan, seeing no servants about, was waiting by the side door.

As soon as he saw me, he threw himself upon me, clasped me in his arms and with violent passion exclaimed, "Darling angel, how I suffer!"

"No less than I."

We were once again between the double doors. Before I knew where I was, our mouths were glued together, my petticoats were up to my navel, and his finger pushed itself into my burning slit that opened beneath its pressure. My hand had seized the darling object between his thighs.

What more can I say? In a second or two-after a few movements of our hands took place-I nearly swooned with joy. I drew away my own hand, bathed now with an abundance of Stefan's warm liquid.

Yet a few more days went by without our being able to meet, till at last a happy moment of liberty was granted to us. A whole hour was ours.

Ah, how we profited by it! My lover came into my boudoir. I rushed to receive him and I devoured him with caresses.

"Let us do it quickly," we both exclaimed together. "Let us enjoy to the utmost our secret happiness."

I tore myself from him, removed my clothes, and getting onto the sofa on my knees, presented my bottom.

He put his throbbing cock in at once. There was little in the way of reservation or prolongation. We had been apart so long our passion would permit no delay. Stefan simply rammed his wonderful cock into me and pistoned it in and out until I thought it must emerge from my belly. His balls slapped my bottom and his hands reached around to crush my trembling breasts as he continued his shattering strokes. I very soon swooned beneath his copious discharge. We then sat down, but my lover was not satisfied. Despite my fears, I could not refuse. He went on his knees between my legs, then made me stretch wide apart. I took his vigorous firebrand in my hand; it was already as hard as ever. I stroked it a second, then pushed it gradually into my slit while I savoured slowly the delightful pleasure.

When the arrow had completely disappeared in its quiver, Stefan leaned over me and, lifting my two legs over his arms, threw me backwards. He went to work so lustily, ramming and pumping, that soon a second ejaculation became added to the first, with which I seemed to be already filled.

I do not intend to retrace day by day all our delicious meetings. I will limit myself to a description of the most striking facts of this adorable liaison that I wished would last out my life! My lover knew how to vary our pleasures without ever reaching satiety, he felt a singular pleasure in teaching the art of enjoyment, and he found in me a most docile and willing pupil.

He taught me the names of everything, sometimes making me say them, but only in the whirl of passion; he used them himself in supreme moments of bliss, proclaiming that such spice should never be too overused or it would lose its flavour!

What cunning caresses! What lascivious postures he taught me! What whims, infantile play, and even prolonging on both sides!

What refinements of pleasure we realized as soon as we'd thought of them! I made such progress, under such a good master, that often I surpassed him.

I used to vastly like to change the way of doing it. For instance, sometimes when plugged from behind, one of my favourite positions, I would unhorse my rider, turn around quickly, give a kiss to my still-erect conqueror, wet with my passion cream, and escape to the other end of the room. I would place myself in an easy chair, my legs upraised and my pussy quite open, while I gave it a provoking twitching movement. My lover would be hardly in me again when by a fresh whim I would draw it out, make him sit on a chair, get on his knees, my back turned towards him, and taking his tool, plunge it in my body to the very hilt.

His cock, the splendid instrument of my joy, became my passion, the object of real worship. I never tired of admiring its thickness, its stiffness, and its length, all equally marvellous. I would dandle it, suck it, pump it, caress it in a thousand different ways, rub it between my titties, holding it there by pressing them with both my hands. Often when captive in this voluptuous passage it would throw out its thick offering of sperm.

My lover returned all my caresses with interest. My pussy was his goddess, his idol. He assured me that no woman had ever possessed a more perfect one. He would open it and frig it in every conceivable way. His greatest delight was to apply his lips thereto, and extract, so to speak, the quintessence of voluptuousness by titillations of his tongue. It almost drove me mad.

I got so fond of this delicious method of procuring orgasm that hardly one of our meetings took place without Stefan making me enjoy it.

I had adopted for this joy a favourite position. I would recline in a large easy chair that I had purposely placed in my boudoir. I would sit on it with my thighs open and thrown over the arms of the piece of furniture; my lover, on his knees before me, would lick and suck and tease my pleasure bud with his teeth. When I wriggled and twisted in the paroxysm of pleasure, pressing his head to my belly, gently pulling his hair and ears, and slapping his cheeks, he would drag himself from my grasp, plunge his cock into my cunny, and, enlaced together as one, we would come till we almost lost our reason.

Other times, I would kneel on the sofa and receive his tongue from behind, my lover clamping his face between the cheeks of my bottom and finding the delicate spot that received him with joy.

One day, after a rather long separation, my dear Stefan was able to find me alone. Alas! my monthly obstacle rendered our usual pleasure impossible. I could see he was suffering and looking at my hand in a supplicating way. I was quite disposed to accord him this means of relief, when a mad idea crossed my brain! I remembered the last scene between my aunt and Monsieur Bonbier in the pavilion in the park. The situation was identical. I wished to reproduce it in every detail and easily induced Stefan to humour me. I made him get up, placed him in the same position as Alfred had been, and proceeded to do exactly the same as Bertha. I fisted him tightly, drawing the skin of his tool up and down and running my palm over the engorged head. With my other hand I dandled his balls where they hung pendulous and full. I jerked him faster and faster until I could see

the colour rise in his chest and face. He spurted out his dew afar, and I gathered the last few pearls in my handkerchief.

When he had done, I could not help laughing.

He asked me the cause of my merriment.

"Nothing," I answered thoughtlessly, "it reminded me of something.

I saw his face change, and quickly guessed the mistake I had just made and what suspicions were gathering in the mind of my lover. Not wishing to cause him the least shade of vexation, I made him sit close to me and, sure of his discretion, I told him all that had happened to me before marriage. The story amused him greatly; he made me enter into the most minute details. When I told him how I was led on to procure sweet pleasure for myself, he exclaimed, "Ah, darling! What I would have given to see you frig your delicious little cunt!"

He asked me more questions about my solitary habits, and I went so far as to tell him that on the day of our meeting at Madame Dumond's, I was so full of thought of him that I had done it that very evening.

"Why," he answered, "this is truly curious! Confidence in return for confidence, dear angel. Know that the same night and probably at the same hour, we were exchanging our souls in mutual spending!"

"What do you mean?"

"Listen. I went home, madly in love with you. I wanted you as soon as I had seen you. I could not yet believe that I would be lucky enough to possess you, but all my efforts tended to that

desired end. I went to bed and thought only of you! I was in a fearful state. I put out my light and, conjuring up your image, covered your face with imaginary kisses. Then I did what you were doing, and the pleasure was so great that I am sure we came at one and the same time."

"What? Can men frig themselves as we do?"

"Certainly. Why should this natural means of relief be denied to them? What your pretty hand has just done for me, my ugly paw provides for my solitary gratification."

"Really? Well, I should like to see that!"

"Nonsense! You don't want me to..."

"Yes. You must show me how you do it!"

"But you know very well how. I do it like you..."

"Oh, please! Grant me this little pleasure!"

So saying, I gathered up his meat pole, which, excited by our conversation, had once more shot up to its most splendid proportions. I took his hand and placed it upon it.

"No, really, this is rank folly!"

"No, sir!"

"But I would sooner have your fingers, or your beautiful tits, if you will only use them instead."

"But me no buts! I command you to make haste and do it to the very end, or I will no longer love you."

My dear lover could refuse me nothing, and after a little more hesitation he said, "I consent, but on condition that you in your turn shall give me as soon as feasible a representation of your own pleasures."

"To that I consent, but do what I want at once!"

He began, and leaning over him, I followed his convulsive shaking with a singular feeling of pleasurable curiosity. I was fascinated by the way he manipulated his own tool. He used his thumb and three fingers on the shaft, rather than his entire fist. He moved the skin up and down slowly, maintaining a steady rhythm. His breathing was increasing in tempo as his pole twitched in his gentle grip. It hardened still more and was now enormous. I soon took pity on him, however, and unlacing my stays, I knelt down before him and made him finish between my breasts.

Shortly after this caprice of mine, my dear Stefan had his revenge upon me. He reminded me of the promise I had made, and despite a certain amount of shame, I stretched myself on the sofa and prepared to satisfy him.

"No, not like that," he said. "You placed me as you liked; let me do the same."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall soon see. Get astride of that chair!"

I obeyed.

"Yes, that will do nicely. Now show me your little cunt, and frig yourself with your left hand."

Again I obeyed, wondering greatly.

During this exercise Stefan unhooked my dress and stripped me to the waist. I now wanted to spend fearfully. My lascivious instincts began to blaze. The operation that I had begun jokingly to perform, only to please him, had become serious in the extreme. Suddenly I felt that Stefan was behind me, with his trousers down, and pressing the upper part of my nude body to him. He had insinuated his organ under my right arm. The originality of this fantastical idea inflamed my imagination more than ever. I bent my head and avidly contemplated the beautiful tool, the head of which appeared and disappeared at each stroke of my dear lover, who kept his eyes fixed on my left hand that was massaging my dripping cunt.

Soon we warned each other that the end was near and our double discharge took place simultaneously!

A few delicious months went by in like manner!

Our love increased daily, instead of becoming feeble or worn out by the frequency, the subtlety and the complete liberty of our connection! The precautions we so carefully took assured us perfect secrecy, and once only were we almost caught in the act.

We thought that we were certain not to be interrupted, as my husband was away from home and all the servants out.

That time, after a chat and a few caresses, I had, by a well-known sign, made my lover aware of what I wanted. He placed me as he desired, my body reclining in the large chair, my legs stretched asunder, and he had begun his adorable, lecherous licking.

I was about to come in his mouth! My eyes were closed and I was wrapped up in my enjoyment, tasting every one of the thousand delicious sensations that his tongue conjured up, when suddenly we heard footsteps and voices in the adjoining room. Quick as lightning, we were on our feet, our clothes arranged, and seated at proper distance.

My maid, who had returned without my knowledge, opened the door and announced the visit of a lady of our town.

I felt terribly giddy, but the cool presence of my lover, who knew the lady, gave me time to collect my scattered senses.

We were saved!

PART III

It was summer. It had been planned that I would vacation at a seaside village a little distant from my residence. I was not looking forward to it, for it would momentarily separate me from Stefan.

My lover was in despair, but this journey was arranged, and Charles wished me to go. He could not accompany me, as business kept him at Nice, but he was to visit me frequently and come to me as soon as possible. It would have been too imprudent to receive Stefan when alone there.

I went off very downcast and passed the first moments at my new dwelling in absolute privacy.

My husband came to see me at the end of a week, and told me that he would bring with him next time Stefan and two other friends to spend a day. That hope sustained me; I awaited the blessed moment with feverish anxiety.

At last, ten days later, I received a letter announcing that the journey was arranged.

The gentlemen arrived at four o'clock in the morning, and my husband came at once and got into bed with me.

I soon saw that absence had awakened a rare longing in Charles, and although I expected to be bountifully feasted by my adored Stefan, I must here confess that I willingly lent myself to these desires.

I clasped Charles to my arms, slipped my hand under his nightshirt, and taking hold of his member, gently pumped it for a

few minutes. When I had encouraged it into a most glorious state of erection, I popped it into my slit.

Charles did it better than usual, fucking me with unusual energy, and confessed that the caresses of my hand had afforded him the most vivacious sensations of pleasure. I have often used the manual exercise with him since and whenever he asked me.

We slept till eight o'clock.

We breakfasted at a restaurant in the town with the gentlemen; the meal was good and we were all very happy, my dear Stefan brimming over with wit and good spirits. Our eyes only spoke, but how we understood their language! His seemed to say, "When can we meet?"

My husband, involuntarily, fixed our assignation.

He proposed a picnic in the woods when the heat of the day should abate, and said that after having seen me home he would go to sleep and so work off the fatigue of the preceding night's journey.

Stefan said that during that time he would make a few visits to some old friends, and the other gentlemen went off to bathe in the sea.

A glance at my lover and all was understood.

At one o'clock in the afternoon my husband was snoring downstairs and Stefan had slipped into my room. Knowing his taste, my hair was carefully arranged; I had put on pink silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. I only had a slight dressing gown thrown over my shoulders, and I awaited his coming with

delirious impatience. As soon as he appeared I hung myself around his neck and kissed and bit him.

"At last, I've got you, my angel, my love! How I wanted you! Let me devour you!" I said, as I locked the door and drew him towards me.

"Come to my arms! Fifteen days without you. I shall die, I'm sure. How I've suffered!"

"And I've been just as badly off, darling. We have but little time to spare, so let us make the most of it. Suppose we are interrupted?"

"He will sleep for hours. I am yours. Do with me as you will."

As I finished speaking, my gown was already on the ground. My lover, undressed, sat me on the edge of the bed and put two pillows behind me. He uncovered my titties, felt and sucked them for some time, then pulled up my chemise. He went on his knees and applied his burning lips to the fiery nook that welcomed the caress with a spasm of happiness.

"Ah, darling," I said. "Ah ... I'm coming already ... I'm coming ... again ... Oh, what delight ... enough ... you'll kill me ... give me your beautiful cock now! I want to feel your prick inside me. Come into my cunt. Come and fuck me!"

Stefan then rose, lifting my legs over his arms, and brought the head of his cock to my slit. Softly, reposing, I looked down at the sweet introduction with languishing eyes. He pushed his enormous tool in and began shuttling in and out, varying the motion by rotating his hips and alternating short strokes with long ones.

"Do it slowly," I said. "Make it last. Ah, it is so nice! I can feel it penetrating me. It fills me ... Ah ... ah ... I'm dying ... stop a little ... ah ... I'm coming ... I'm coming!"

"And so do I! Ah! I can't keep up ... any longer ... my darling ... my fucktress ... I ... I spend ... take it all ... take all my sperm!"

I almost fainted as he shot off into my cavern, but I was not yet satisfied. My love had sunk down upon me. I encircled his head with my arms and glued my mouth to his.

"Ah," said I in a whisper, "you spent too quickly."

"I could not help it; but don't move now!"

"What are you going to do?"

"You see, I'm still inside."

"But I'm all wet!"

"No matter, I mean to fuck you again without withdrawing."

"That isn't possible!"

"You'll see. What adorable tits you've got, darling. Give me your tongue. That's right. Move your dear ass up and down gently. I'm waking up again. Do you feel it?"

"Yes. It's getting stiff again. Ah! I can't bear it; I just have to come again. Push on once more. Quicker. Ah. I'm going mad. I'm so giddy. I'm coming again. I'm fucking. I'm still spending. Are you ready?"

"Yes. It's coming ... there! Oh, God!"

A second discharge mingled itself with the first flood. For some time we both remained helpless, and at last Stefan, dropping his hold of my legs, drew out. A veritable deluge of the extract of love came pattering down on the floor.

I rose and took my lover to my heart.

"My adored one," I said, "what a splendid fuck! How happy you make me! I've never come so much in my life! I was coming all the time without a second of interruption."

We were obliged to remove all trace of our prodigious struggles. My thighs and belly were literally covered with gobs of sperm. I had no dressing room, but dared not remain in such a state. I got my wash basin, and making Stefan turn his back, began my ablutions.

My love, far from obeying, did not miss a movement. He took hold of me, with my petticoats still pulled up, and kissed me as he said, "I must fuck you again."

"Oh, no, please. You'll be ill!"

"But see, it's up again."

The sight completed my madness. I fell on my knees, seized the beautiful head between my lips, engulfed it in my mouth and sucked it with raging delirium. I took it down my throat, pulling and attempting to draw the juice from it. I licked around the head and down the shaft, even taking his balls one at a time into my mouth.

Suddenly, I heard a noise in the passage. I rose with a bound, rushed to the door, and looked through the keyhole. If it was my

husband, we were lost. Happily, I was mistaken. It was just the house cat.

I sighed to Stefan that there was nothing to fear. In this position, with my eye fixed to the door lock, my buttocks were exposed, and my shift was all tucked up. In a twinkling, my lover was behind me, and before I had time to collect myself I was penetrated again, filled up by that adorable instrument that seemed to know no rest. Ah! How I helped him by opening and shutting the cheeks of my backside. I writhed, twisted, and swooned with joy.

Our time had passed quickly. In haste, I sent Stefan away, made the bed afresh and arranged a neat toilette for the promenade. I was scarcely ready when the carriage drove up and Charles came to fetch me. He found me flushed and lively. I told him that overcome by the heat, I had fallen asleep.

We went downstairs and I was joyfully saluted by the gentlemen, who complimented me on the good taste of my dress. On the sly, I looked at Stefan, but nothing betrayed that anything extraordinary had taken place. We started off.

The forest we were exploring was deliciously cool and picturesque. We went to the lodge of a gamekeeper where a rustic repast had been prepared. Our picnic was merrily enjoyed; I was forced to drink several glasses of champagne, although I did not require that to stimulate me.

After the meal we set out walking again, my husband gossiping with Stefan. I was with them. The two other guests had strolled onto another path when we arrived at a wild spot, studded with rocks and shaded with large trees.

At this moment one of the gentlemen, who were now far off, called out to my husband, "Come, quick, come and see!"

Charles waved his acknowledgement and left us. No sooner had he disappeared from view than Stefan glued his mouth to mine.

"Angel," he said, "let us profit by this moment!"

"You are mad!"

"No, I love you! Let me do as I will."

"My God, we shall be discovered! I am lost!"

"Not if you hurry. Stoop!"

"I did so immediately, lifting my skirts. Are you in?"

"Here I am. It's going in!"

"Ah! Make haste."

He thrust furiously, driving his rock in and out so fast that little pleasure could truly be gained in this fashion.

"There, darling ... spend ... spend again!"

"Ah! I've come! There! Now go away."

Only just in time. My petticoats, all up behind, were barely readjusted when I heard the rest of the party returning.

I went to meet them and we found they had fetched us to see a swarm of bees at the top of a tree.

We got into our carriages and returned to the town. We danced the night away and then said farewell to the gentlemen, who went away early the next morning.

It is easy to guess my thoughts when at home once more, as I began to undress for the night. I was brushing my hair in front of my mirror when Charles, delighted with the day's outing, came up behind me.

I was in my shift, which clung tightly to my figure and showed the seductive shape of my backside. I could see in the glass that Charles was looking at it, and that his eyes sparkled.

Aha! I thought. Can it be possible that for once he will be able to do it to me twice in the same day?

I wanted him to fuck me, and coquettishly struck an attitude that threw out into still greater relief what I knew was one of my greatest beauties. Then, negligently putting one foot on a chair, I took care that my chemise would be more raised than was absolutely necessary. I undid my garter.

This ruse succeeded. Charles, also in his shirt, got up, and coming near me, kissed me on the neck, then put his hand between the cheeks of my bottom.

"Oh! Oh!" I said, turning round and returning his kiss. "Whatever ails you tonight?"

"My dear wife, I find that you are extremely beautiful!"

"Am I not the same every day?"

"Oh, yes, but this evening still more so!"

"Well, what are you driving at? Come on!"

So saying, I put my hand on his cock. It stood a little, although it was far from being in a proper state of erection.

"You see that you can't do anything!"

"Yes, I can! Caress it a little bit!"

"What makes you excited?"

"Why..."

"Well now-what?"

"Your beautiful bottom!"

"Indeed, sir. Well, you shan't see any more of it unless you respond quickly!"

As supple as a kitten, I trussed up my linen with one hand, so that my buttocks were naked, while my front parts were reflected in the mirror. At the same time my other hand had not loosened its grasp, and cleverly excited what it held. I soon had the satisfaction of feeling it get hard. Wishing to profit by his momentary desire, I made Charles sit and got over him, but I soon found that such a position stretched me too much and, widening my slit, was quite unsuited for his thin tool.

I got up and had to begin all over again. I was too excited to be daunted now, and once more started the caress of my agile hand. I resolved to do my best, and he helped, so that soon I was pleased to see it once more in its most splendid state! Then I drew a chair to the glass, placed one foot upon it and the other on the ground, and put his prick in from behind.

Charles, led on by me till he was almost beside himself, did it in such a manner that I spent three times. He thrust up into me feverishly, poking and stroking, using the entire length of his thin rod. He was a long while in coming, but nevertheless finished by discharging, thanks to the clever movements of my buttocks and the talent I had acquired in pressing and pinching his wretched little tool.

Both very much fatigued, we retired to rest. Thus, in this memorable day, I had been fucked six times! I do not exaggerate in saying that I had come more than twenty times!

But such was the force of my temperament and my aptitude for amorous encounters that I rose the next day from my couch as fresh and as well as if nothing had occurred.

I went back to Nice, and Stefan and I relapsed into our sweet habits once more, which, though frequently interrupted, grew more ardent after each successive deprivation.

My husband now rarely went away for more than one day at a time, so that our pleasures only lasted during the short instants snatched during an occasional afternoon. Nevertheless, a few exciting encounters took place, and we profited by them.

One evening, happy in a few hours of security, we determined to completely enjoy our happiness. My love proposed that we should undress and get on my bed. I accepted with avidity. He was soon stripped and laid on his back, while I unlaced my stays. I joined him clad in nothing save that with which I had been born. He seized me in his arms and we were clasped together in an instant!

He contemplated my nakedness with ecstasy, then covered my entire body with burning kisses without omitting one single spot!

I was mad, delirious! In turn I wished to reproduce for him the pleasure I had felt. I kissed with ardour every part of that body, so manly and so handsome. When I arrived between his legs and found that darling jewel that proudly, stiffly stood, I stopped and kissed it, I sucked it, I would have liked to have eaten it!

In this position my buttocks were turned towards my lover's face. I could feel that he had seized my left thigh and was trying to pass it over him.

"What do you want?" I said, turning my head a little.

"Put your legs over me."

"But how? Why?"

"I'll soon tell you. There, that will do!"

I found myself astride his breast, my head still in the same place!

"Now," he said, "bend down, push out your lovely ass ... there ... now place your cunt on my mouth."

"Here I am!"

"Good. Now let us both use our tongues. Tell me in time, and we'll come together!"

Although rather puzzled at this new method, I gracefully gave way to him, and soon I felt his clever and delicate tongue travel over my cleft. I went off into a mad rage. I once more took hold

of his instrument that I had let go for a moment, got the entire head into my mouth, and pumped at it with frenzy! An electric current seemed to envelope my entire frame. Each stroke of Stefan's tongue was answered by my mouth!

What delirious joy! I had already spent thrice, and when feeling that the fourth time was near, and that my lover, shuddering and palpitating, was also nearing the supreme moment, I exclaimed, "I'm ready! Come, darling, come in my mouth!"

What happened then? I don't know! I lost consciousness as Stefan's flood of passion exploded down my throat.

* * * *

My lover's adorable lessons had rendered me very knowledgeable, and I thought I had no more to learn. I was mistaken; there was one supreme lesson left for me to learn.

I have often repeated that my buttocks, or rather my ass, was of rare beauty. The furrow that divided the oval had already received thousands and thousands of my lover's kisses, whose greatest delight was to place me so as to enjoy this spectacle thoroughly. He would then open the lips of the gap of love, caress it, kiss it, and worship it in every manner. Sometimes his finger would wander higher up, and I could feel a strange titillation at the opening of the dark orifice above! Sometimes, even when plugged up to the roots by his magnificent tool, fainting beneath the divine dew that was spouted into me, I felt the finger penetrate far up the narrow path!

That singular caress caused me quite a peculiar erotic joy that I had not sought to analyse.

On one of the rare evenings when we were able to get between the sheets, after having felt each other all over for some time, my lover took off my chemise and looked lovingly at my nakedness.

Knowing his passionate love for my ass, I presented it to him, stretching myself as wide open as I could. Stefan got up behind me, but instead of getting into my cunt as usual, he contented himself with rubbing the head of his prick against my bottom.

"Put it in!" I cried, "You are teasing me dreadfully!"

"Wait a bit!"

"What are you doing? You hurt me. Not there!"

And indeed, I felt the head trying to penetrate the singular aperture I have just mentioned.

"Let me do as I please, my adored one! I entreat you. A delicious woman is cunt all over; no single part of her beautiful body must remain virgin."

"But it's impossible! It can never go in!"

"I can get it entirely in if you will let me."

"But you'll kill me. I'll suffer. I'll scream. I won't come at all."

"Yes you will, and afterwards you'll say how nice it was. I'll wager that you will often ask me to do it."

"No, it's impossible. Come, darling, put it in lower down, it's just as nice for you!"

"But I supplicate you to let me do it. It's the greatest proof of love that a woman can give. I demand that proof."

"Oh, heaven! I can't refuse you. Go along then and do it. How funny all the same." Of course I didn't know what to expect.

I said no more and remained passive, presenting as well as I could what was required of me. My lover went to the toilet-table and lubricated his tool with a stick of cosmetic, then, taking up his position again, he once more knocked at the narrow gate. His first attempts did not succeed; I suffered horribly and felt no pleasure at all. Still I loved him so much that I would have suffered greater agonies. And, besides, my curiosity and a desire for the unknown sustained me. My lover ceased his efforts for an instant, and, passing his hand between my thighs, began to massage my cunt. Symptoms of pleasure now arose and I myself begged for a second trial, but my lover's leaning posture was too uncomfortable. He took my hand and placed it where his had stroked me. I understood him and rubbed away myself. Again I felt the terrible point, though the pleasure in front helped to neutralize the agony that my poor bottom still felt.

At last, I felt as if an enormous ring was dilated within me, and suddenly the monstrous cylinder slipped in entirely. I quickened the movement of my hand. An immense, twofold, sharp, extraordinary spasm overpowered me. I almost fainted and fell forward in an indescribable fit.

My lover, luckily, had not been unseated. He followed my movement and laid his full length upon me. He gave a few more strokes in the snug passage and filled his strange shelter with a hot ejaculation that he spurted forth with many groans and sighs.

We remained some time in this position without speaking. I felt a certain shame that I could not explain, and was almost vexed

at having spent so well by the ravishing of that unusual nook. On the other hand, I could not prevent myself being delighted by the opening of this new source of pleasure.

Stefan kissed me and whispered, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I hardly know."

"Did you come?"

"Well, yes!"

"Are you vexed at having submitted to my whim?"

"No."

"Will you ever ask me to do it again?"

"I think I shall, but not often. It is too exciting, too awfully good, and too painful!"

During our chat, the position remained unchanged; my lover's peg was still planted in my tiny hole. I felt it diminishing as he tried to withdraw. I pinched in my buttocks, so that I kept him trapped at his post.

"You wanted to get in," I said, "and there you shall stay!"

I relied on his well-tried strength, and while I waited for it to return to its former state I teased him, using all the words he had taught me.

"What do you call this style of fucking?" I asked. "You haven't touched the poor little cunt that has had nothing this time."

"It's called ... well ... butt-fucking."

"Well, darling, butt-fuck me again, I begin to like it. Ah! I can feel your nice prick reviving. Treat kindly this ass you love so much. Don't go away yet, I beg of you. I want your sperm once more."

As I rattled out all these little bawdy words that I knew electrified my lover, I loosened the tightness of my buttocks gradually, so as to leave him full liberty of action.

I began to feel again the advance symptoms of that double pleasure I had just felt. Stefan was not yet quite ready. In fact, I seemed to feel him get weak, so I told him not to leave me as we rose again with infinite care to our first posture.

"Now, my darling," I said, "don't move. I'll do it all myself!"

I began to wriggle my rump carefully backwards and forwards. My lover, on his knees, as still as a statue, was passionately contemplating this libidinous sight. He could see, as he told me afterwards, his cock, held as though in a vice, appear almost entirely, and then be completely lost to view in its narrow sheath.

After a few minutes of this delicious fun, my lover had recovered his pristine vigour. I could tell that by the growing thickness and stiffness of the member that bound our bodies together. I soon felt him shiver; broken utterances issued from his lips. I let him know that I was ready, and a fresh jet of passion potion caused us both to swoon away with joy.

* * * *

My well-beloved Stefan was right. I grew to like it indeed! How many times since has he not said with his soft voice, as he leans over me, "Where will you have it?"

And how often I have pointed to my bottom, with my finger, and answered, "THERE!"

II THE POET'S TALES

WHAT I SAW IN A GARRET

As on a warm and genial day,
Upon my bedroom couch I lay,
My thoughts, for I was dreaming half,
Were broken by a silvery laugh,
Which fell upon my startled ear,
Loud, distinct, and very near.
I rose, and followed up the sound,
When very soon a hole I found,
To which I clapp'd my crying eye,
To see if there I aught could spy,
And was rewarded by a sight
Which thrilled and filled me with delight.
A youth and maid were in the room,
And both in youth and beauty's bloom;
She seemed in age but just eighteen,
Whilst he two summers more had seen;
And by the way they kissed and squeezed
Seemed with each other highly pleased.
Their dress was very scant, for she
Was simply robed in a chemise,
Whilst the fair youth did also lack
All but one garment on his back.
But when his free hand wandered o'er
The charms which 'neath her dress she wore,
He got quite warm, and bade her lift
Up to her slender waist her shift;
Which soon she did, and there displayed
The finest limbs that ever maid
To lover's kindling eye presented,
But he, alas! was not contented.
And then he bade her throw aside

The garb which did her beauty hide,
And she, responsive to the call,
Soon let the flimsy garment fall,
And stood like fairest statue she
That mortal eyes did ever see,
Who now with unveiled nakedness,
Stood forth in radiant loveliness.
There was the pure and snowy skin,
Revealing currents warm within,
The graceful peak where beauty sits,
The swelling globes, the panting tits,
The fair abdomen, and the loins,
Where each fair thigh its fellow joins.
He saw all these, but fixed his eyes
Most on the spot where, 'twixt the thighs,
The rosy entrance to her heart
Lay like a rosebud rent apart;
For it, unlike most older girls
Was yet unhid by clustering curls,
Save such a down as one might find
Upon a peach's luscious rind;
But still its coral lips displayed,
Undimmed by such a clustered shade,
A tempting thing! yet which to name,
Your sweetheart may say, "Oh, for shame!"
But to my tale; the youth we left
Still gazing on the rosy cleft.
He placed his garment on a chair,
And stood as naked as the fair;
Then with one arm around her twined,
He felt each part, before, behind,
And let his roving fingers glide
O'er her plump breast and smooth backside.
Nor was she idle, for her hand
Held something that she scarcely spann'd;

And as it rose she took the part
Which oft had nearly touched her heart;
But afore her grasp she did resign,
She placed it in Love's panting shrine,
In which, her feebleness unbent,
The uncapp'd pilgrim nobly went,
Though at the rosy gate he lingers,
Detain'd by her encircling fingers;
Then, by a motion known to wives,
Deep in the orifice he dives;
And as the luscious goal he nears,
With one quick movement disappears.
She hugs the owner, kisses, squeezes,
Her actions telling how it pleases;
Till with one convulsive throe,
She feels her lover's lava flow;
And on her back supinely laid,
This to her panting love she said-
"Oh, love, I'm gone, spent, tired, done,
And never had a better one!
Not even when you first did steal
Your hand beneath my shift to feel.
Then I felt yours, and, to my surprise,
Encountered a thing of such a size,
That I was frightened at its look
Ere it in my hand I took;
And when at least upon this bed
You gently took my maidenhead,
With all its length beneath my belt,
No more of girlish fears I felt."
And thus they did their friendship seal,
In such a way as I do tell.
Just then I heard a voice below,
And ne'er did voice displease me so;
'Twas my cousin who thus called to me,

"Harry dear, come down to tea!"
I left the crevice with a frown,
And sulkily to my tea went down.

AFFAIRS IN GREECE

Affairs in Greece have caused some ire,
And fat's been thrown into the fire.
To sing my song I will begin,
For remember, mine's not a case of tin.
In fashion's great Belgravia
Lived a voluptuous cookey dear;
Amongst her beaus who were the don,
Were Butler James and footman John;
Now John meant marriage, that be sure,
But James meant stuff, and nothing more.
The cook knew this, and tho' sweet upon the butler,
She gammoned the modest with the other.
To the pantry every day 'tis clear,
Voluptuous cookey used to repair,
Tho' a novel place for such a treat,
'Twas there James used to spit cook's meat.
One day the footman, wanting cook,
About the house in vain did look;
Altho' he no suspicion bore,
At length he knocked at the pantry door,
The cook let in the flunkey dear,
The butler hid in the pantry near.
John grew quite bold, he'd had some lush,
And began to finger cookey's plush,
The cook resisted all she could-
She'd acquaint her mistress, that she would.
John heeded her not, but slackened his smalls,
And gave her a taste of his forced meat balls.

"Oh, don't," says she, "Oh, don't, oh lor'!
You're going where no one's been afore!"
When the butler roars with lungs of brass-
"Then I'm damn'd if he ain't gone up your ass!"

THE DREAM

She lay all naked in her bed,
And I myself lay by;
No veil, but curtains there were spread,
No covering but I.
Her head upon her shoulder seeks
To lean in careless wise;
All full of blushes were her cheeks,
And wishes in her eyes.
The blood still flushing in her face,
As on a message came;
To show that in another place,
It meant another game.
Her cheery lips, soft, sweet, and fair,
Millions of kisses crown;
Which, ripe and uncrop't, dangled there,
And weigh'd the branches down.
Her breast that lay full swell'd and high,
Bred pleasant pain in me;
For all the world I did defy,
For that felicity.
Her thighs and belly white and neat,
To me were only shown;
To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
Would've anger'd any stone.
Her thighs lay up, but gently bent,
And all was hollow under;
As if, on easy terms, they meant
To fall unforc'd asunder.

Just so the Cyprian queen did lie,
Expecting in her bow'r;
When too long time the boy did stay
Beyond his promis'd hour.

"Dull clown," said she, "dost thou delay
This proffer'd bliss to take;
Can'st thou not find some other way,
Similitude to make?"
Mad with delight, I thundered in,
And threw my arms about her;
But pox take it, it prov'd a dream,
I wak'd and-without her.

RAPTURES OF A NIGHT

Ye Gods! The raptures of that night!
What fierce convulsions of delight!
How in each other's arms involv'd,
We lay confounded, and dissolv'd!
Bodies mingling, sexes blending,
Which should most be lost contending;
Daring fierce, and flaming hisses,
Plunging into boundless blisses;
Our bodies and our souls on fire,
Tossed by a tempest of desire;
'Till with the utmost fury driven,
Down, at once, we sunk to heaven.

THE HOBGOBLIN

A young man lately in our town,
He went to bed one night,

He had no sooner laid him down,
But was troubled with a sprite;
So vigorously the spirit stood,
Let him do what he can,
"Sure then," he said,
"It must be laid,
By woman, not by man."
A handsome maid did undertake,
And into the bed she leap's,
And to allay the spirit's power,
Full close to him she crept;
She having such a guardian care
Her office to discharge,
She open's wide her conjuring book,

And laid her leaves at large.
Her office she did well perform,
Within a little space,
Then up she rose, and down he lay,
And durst not show his face;
She took her leave, and away she went,
When she had done the deed,
Saying, "If it chance to come again,
Then send for me with speed."

A RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure;
Two or three oaths, how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from a play;

Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

THE LONGING WOMAN

I very oft have thought why women
Vexed with green sickness, or when teeming
Should long for pilaster, coals, or chalk,
And pine if we their fancies balk.
Yet these things are not amiss,
Nay, we should humour them in this.
But women, when they are with child,
Have sometimes longings far more wild,
As I shall show you bye and bye,
If you'll with patience cast an eye
On what I write. A Yorkshire squire,
When years had left him little fire,
Did with a youthful wife engage,
To be the comfort of his age;
For he had threescore winters told.
But see th' almighty power of gold.
He saw a neighbour's charming daughter,
And of her greedy parents sought her.
Her parents, by his riches blinded,
Their daughter's pleasure little minded;
But Jenny view'd him with disdain,
And wept, but all her tears were vain.
They gravely told her it was folly
To whine and be thus melancholy;
They own'd, indeed, the Squire was old,

But he was bless'd with stores of gold,
And they'd take care he should appoint her
 A very comfortable jointure,
That would (when he lay in his tomb)
 Soon bring a younger husband home.
 At last poor Jenny gave consent
 To do what she could not prevent,
 So to the church they gravely went.
 The parson ty'd them fast for life,
 And Jenny was an old man's wife;
The squire had all the joy he wanted,
 And all he ask'd his Jenny granted;
 She answered all his bills at sight,
Whether at morning, noon, or night;
 And very few demands he made,
 And Jenny had but little trade;
 But being young, and likewise fair,
 She thought it folly to despair.
Fox-hunting was the squire's delight,
 He seldom did return till night;
 But while he thus his sport enjoy'd;
 Tho' what she did I cannot tell,
 At last the dame began to swell.
This to her spouse she did declare,
 Who hoping strongly for an heir,
 With tears of joy embrac'd the fair.
"My dear," said he, "my charming wife,
 Thou joy, thou comfort of my life,
 My heart is overwhelm'd with joy,
 Pray heav'n the child may be a boy;
 Be what it will, I here declare,
 That it shall be my only heir;
 At least, I'll have no other wife,
 Tho' you should die, my dearest life,

Which heaven forbid; you're young, my dear,
And may live many and many a year."
Jenny, who was at first afraid,
She had so oft the squire betray'd,
Was highly pleas'd with what he said;
For she, who never thought amiss,
Knew well the child was none of his.
And now came on her longing fits;
She long'd at first for dainty bits;
The husband all things got with care,
In hopes to see the wish'd-for heir.
At last her longings grew so high,
She told her spouse she'd surely die,
Unless the parson would bestow
On her an inch of what you know.
"My dear," her husband did reply,
"Why this is flat adultery."
"I know not what it is," said she,
"But if you won't with this agree,
I'm sure I'll die this very night,
And never bring the babe to light;
If you had lov'd me at this pinch,
You had not grudg'd a single inch."
Away the doting husband went;
The pious parson was content,
And proud the ladies, in their grief,
Should send to him to bring relief,
The loving husband was at care,
In managing this nice affair;
And coming in, said to his wife,
"The parson's come to save your life."
"'Tis very well," said she, "my dear;"
But when she saw the inch appear,
She cursed and swore that she was wrong'd;

"It was not for that inch I long'd,
You stupid blockhead let me tell ye,
It was the inch that's next his belly."

THE LADY AND PHYSICIAN

Fair Urfly, in a merry mood,
Consulted her physician,
What time was best to stir the blood,
And spirits, by coition.
Quoth Woodward, if my judgment's right,
An answer worth returning;
You'll find it pleasantest o'er night,
Most wholesome in the morning.
Quoth Urfly, then, for pleasure's sake,
Each evening will I take it;
And ev'ry morning when I wake,
My constant physics make it.

A DEVILISH GOOD STORY

A farmer once lived in the land of Pope Figs,
On whom Satan thought proper to play off some rigs;
But then Satan was green, you must know,
For a bargain he made; that when harvest came round,
The farmer should have all the grain above ground,
And the Devil should have all below.
So the farm it was sown, and in due time it was reaped,
The farmer disposed of his crop, and he leaped
With joy, as he counted the tin;
Then the devil he grubbed up the seed in the soil,
And he found them all rotten-his share of the spoil

Had been dear at a quartern of gin!
 Enraged, quoth Dan Satan, "Next year, my old love,
 "You shall have all below, and I'll have all above;"
 Quoth the farmer-"Agreed"-(mighty civil)
 So he sowed all his fields full of carrots, not grain,
 And at harvest he booked all the profits again,
 And took a long "sight" at the Devil.
 Then his Highness began to look blacker than black,
 And, said he, "though I'm off, in a week I'll be back,
 "And then, farmer, we'll have a 'set-to,'
 "When, if claws are worth twopence, just look to your hide."
 "I'll be happy to see you," the farmer replied;
 And touching his castor-withdrew.
 But, in spite of big words, he was frightened, because
 He knew that his nails were no match for long claws,
 Hoofs, horns, and a breath of blue flame;
 So, in utter dismay, he fell scratching his crown;
 When, scratching his horns reminded the clown,
 To seek the advice of his dame.
 The case being stated, the wife answered, "Pooh!
 "I'll manage it for you; I'll soon get you through;
 "Be cheered, my dear husband; be bold."
 He felt cheered, and he gave her a kiss, chaste and kind,
 If he did nothing more, you will please bear in mind,
 That the dame was some sixty years old.
 On the morning appointed Old Beelzebub came;
 His heart full of wrath, and his mouth full of flame,
 And he stamped and he roared like a brick.
 So the dame popped her spouse through a little back door,
 And laid herself down full length on the floor,
 And so waited, to welcome Old Nick!
 What a howl she set up at the demon's entrée!
 How she wreathed, and contorted, as prostrate she lay!
 "What's the row?" quoth the Prince of Air.

"Oh! Lord, can you catch him? Which way did he run?
"I'm ruined! I'm killed!-I shall die!-I'm undone!
"Oh! good Sir Devil! I pray you beware!
"Beware of my husband! He told me a match
"Had been made 'twixt you for a battle at scratch,
"And to try his vile talons he prayed
"That I'd just let him touch (here she fiddled her clothes)
"With the least of his fingers between my great toes,
"And, see-what a gash he has made!"
What Miss Adah revealed, I can't venture to guess;
And, whoever the question more closely should press,
Most richly deserves to be colted;
But, 'twas something like something
The dame must have shown,
For he'd scarcely espied it, when-uttering a groan,
"Oh! Lord!" quoth the Devil, and bolted.

THE LOVER'S DESIRE

You hate me, dear girl; say no more you love,
If I must only know what is above;
To kiss your lips and hands, these are but toys,
They're torments unto lovers, and not joys.
I hate the wanton folly of a kiss,
If not a passage to a further bliss.
Men seek treasures in women, and if so,
You must give leave to let them dig below
The barren face of earth; since Nature's art,
Hath hid such pleasures in her secret part.
Why then so coy? Perhaps you would be wed,
Before you'd lose your precious maidenhead;
Then I may claim it as my right and due,
The law then gives it me! It is not you;

If you would have me think't a kindness shown,
Then give it freely whilst it is your own.

A PARLOUR SCENE

Time, 11 p.m.

No, sir, you must not-let me go!
I will not kiss-no! Please sir, no!
The window, too-ah! there's a screen-
What should I do if we were seen?
Keep your hand down. Oh! No, sir-no!
What nonsense sir, to tease me so.
I will not suffer you to see-
You're very rude. Ah!-Oh dear me!
Your finger hurts-take it away!
No, don't-what would my mother say
If she could see you thus employed?
My habit shirt you have destroyed-
Unpin it? There! You mustn't! Oh!
Don't press and pinch my bubbies so!
I'll raise the servants with my cries-
No, no, I won't. What? Part my thighs?
I dare not, sir, I am a maid-
Oh, murder! Do not be afraid;
There's no one in. What did I say?
Don't, love! Oh, don't! You go away.
What means this finger downward pressing?
This toying, kissing, and caressing?
I cannot tell-I'd like to know-
O! go away! No, don't! Ah, no!
Take your hand down, let that suffice-
No, don't! That's it! My God, how nice!
My dress put down! Oh, fie for shame;
I won't take hold of-what's its name?

Take it away! Oh my! How thick!
 No, no! It won't go in the niche!
 What! On the couch? Oh, no, I can't!
 Open my thighs? I won't-I shan't!
 You wrong me sir; you are mistaken;
 I'm not so easily overtaken,
 I will not! There! You'll soil the clothes.
 Take off your shoes-can you suppose
 I'll let you-take that thing away,
 It hurts me! Oh how nice! Oh, pray,
 Don't push it, please sir, any more,
 Or else I'll cry-Oh! lock the door.
 Oh, come now! Thrust!-ah!-oh!-so, so,
 Make haste-you musn't, no sir, no;
 The couch's too soft; a cushion get;
 There, that is nice-oh! sir, you're wet!
 You shall not, why not push it straight-
 Oh, don't; it's not yet in! Oh! wait-
 Now push; now stop a little; so-
 It's in! I die! Oh don't! Oh, do!
 Slow-fast-quick-quicker-so-that's right-
 I feel I'm swimming with delight-
 Push on, dear boy-there-press it steady-
 What! You're withdrawing it already?

ON A LADY'S WEDDING ON THE 21st OF DECEMBER

Return'd from the Op'ra, as lately I sat,
 Indiff'rently chatting of this thing and that,
 My Lady I ask'd, how it enter'd her head,
 To fix on St. Thomas', of all days, to wed?

To which she replied, with reason the strongest,
"Tho' shortest the day is-the night, sir, is longest!"

KITTY'S DREAM

On her couch, one summer's day,
Beauteous, youthful Kitty lay;
Venus saw her from above,
Smiling Venus, Queen of Love;
Amaz'd at each celestial grace,
Her polish'd limbs, her blooming face-
"Come here, my boy," she said, "and see
"One you might have took for me."
Roguish Cupid, laughing, cries,
"O give me leave to quit the skies,
"And make that heav'nly maiden prove,
"The various mysteries of love:
"The close embrace, the juicy kiss,
"The raging, melting, dying bliss."
Venus consented: "Go, my boy,
"Make her know the height of joy."
Away the archer and his train,
Sport along th' ethereal plain.
Now around the sleeping fair
Thousand Cupids fill the air;
In her bosom some inspire
Tender wishes, fond desire;
Some in balmy kisses sip
Nectar from her glowing lip;
Her each heaving snowy breast,
Some with wanton ardour press'd;
Twining round her slender waist,
Some with eager joy embrac'd;

Whilst, at random, others rove
 Through the fragrant groves of love.
 Whilst thus the God his revels keeps,
 Kitty, happy virgin, sleeps:
 A pleasing dream her soul employs,
 Rich with imaginary joys.
 She thinks Sir Charles, upon his knees,
 Beseeching her to give him ease;
 That she, disdainful, looks awhile;
 At length, with a complying smile,
 His fears dispelling, lets him see
 She burns with love as well as he:
 That, folded in his eager arms,
 He boldly rifles all her charms,
 Whilst she returns the warm embrace,
 Breast to breast, and face to face.
 Sighing she wakes: "Ah! love," she cries,
 "How vast must be thy real joys!
 "When thus divinely great they seem,
 "Tho' but imagin'd in a dream?"
 Scarcely this reflection o'er,
 A footman thunders at the door;
 Kitty, disorder'd, leaves her couch,
 And Betty tells the Knight's approach.
 He enters with becoming grace,
 Blushes overspread her face;
 In a soft, persuasive strain,
 He begs her to relieve his pain.
 Nothing she says; but from her eyes
 He learns that nothing she denies.
 Encourag'd thence, her lips, her breast,
 He tries, and wanders o'er the rest:
 The glowing maid, no longer coy,
 Gives an unbounded loose to joy;

Around his folds her snowy arms;
At once bestowing all her charms:
And now this happy couple prove
All the substantial sweets of love;
Till hast'ning to Love's destin'd goal,
True as the needle to the pole,
Raging and stung with keen desire,
In amorous swoonings they expire.
While thousand Cupids laughing by,
Assist their blissful ecstasy.
Loosen'd from his fond embrace,
"My dream," she cries, "is come to pass."
"And did my charmer dream of this?"
Sir Charles replies, and takes a kiss:
"Henceforth whene'er you dream, my dear,
"Let me be your interpreter."

THE DOCTORS

You maidens, and wives, and young widows rejoice,
Declare your thanksgiving with heart and with voice;
Since waters were waters, I boldly dare say,
There ne'er was such cause for a thanksgiving day;
For from London town,
Are lately come down,
Four able physicians that never wore gown:
Their physic is pleasant, their dose it is large,
And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.
No bolus or vomit, no potion or pill,
Which sometimes do cure, but oft'ner do kill,
Your taste or your stomach need never displease,
If you'll be advised but by one of these;
They have a new drug,

Which is called the close-hug,
Which will mend your complexion, and make you look snug,
A sovereign balsam, which once well applied
Though griev'd at the heart, the patient ne'er died.
In the morning you need not be robb'd of your rest,
For in your warm bed your physic works best;
And though in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
The motion's so pleasant, you need not be tir'd;
On your back you must lie,
And raise yourself high,
And one of these Doctors must always be by;
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take cold all physic does harm.
Before they do venture to give their direction,
They always consider the patient's complexion;
If she have a moist palm, or a red head of hair,
She requires more physic than one man can spare;
If she have a long nose,
Scarce anyone knows,
How many large handfuls must go to the dose;
You Ladies that have such ill symptoms as these,
In reason and conscience should pay double fees.

The End



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~~BY COGWOLF~~