

## Vol. 4 Chapter I

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During my amours with Jenny I used to call at times to ask after Fisher, and if Sarah had been heard of. Of Sarah they had heard nothing, and if so, they did not tell me. Louisa was still ill. "Mrs. A\* \* \* \*y has been asking after you," said Hannah, "she wants you to poke her, — she has a lovely leg, — why don't you have her?" She had a Jewish nose, but indeed a lovely leg, and we fucked once or twice for love.

I also had a woman named Betsy Johnson (of whom I have said more further on), and a very fine tall woman with the loveliest eyes I ever saw, with such limbs and backside, and such a thickly-haired cunt. She was salacious also, and kept me fucking her when I was once in the house with her, whether I desired it or not. In fact she fancied me, and wanted to see me daily. But she was not a clean woman, so I ceased having her, — and years after heard she had been sent to prison for robbery.

At last Louisa came back thin and ill, and I began to poke her. Once or twice or so, she had fits of the bauldiest abandonment, at other times was cautious, and would uncut me, and wash her genitals directly I had spent, just as Sarah used. Again she spoke of my keeping her, and the idea of doing so began to take hold of me; for she was pleasant, a good talker, and I loved her lasciviousness, and wanted a woman to settle to, — when the half-formed intention went to the winds, be-cause Sarah Mavis returned.

Although I then only thought of Sarah with a sigh, I used to ask after her. One morning I went to J\*\*\*s Street. As I opened the door Hannah looked out of the parlour-door, smiled, put her head back, then closed the door, again looked out, grinned, again closed the door, then opened it saying, "You may come." In I went, and there leaning with one arm on the mantel-piece in the accustomed attitude stood Sarah Mavis.

"How do you do?" said she in her quiet way, as if I had only seen her the day before. With a cry of delight I rushed at her, my heart nearly bursting. All my love returned as I hugged her to my bosom. "Oh! my darling, my darling Sarah, how glad I am to see you again, — my love, my darling."

After I had kissed her till, as she said, I had nearly worn away her face, I wanted her to come upstairs, for my prick was tingling with desire. She would not. "Impossible, — I'm dirty, — almost in rags, — landed from a steam-boat an hour ago, — have tasted nothing but water for twenty-four hours. Her children were with her, tears ran down her face. "Come upstairs, — come my darling." "No." "Go," said Hannah, "I will lend you stockings, and a chemise, — you go upstairs sir, into the front-room, — she shall be with you in ten minutes." "No I can't, — I will in two hours, if I can get my children something to eat." "Come at once, — I'm dying for you," said I, "Hannah shall cook you something whilst with me." "Go up you," said Hannah, "she will follow." Hannah cried at the scene, in-deed we all cried together.

Up I went. In ten minutes Sarah came up, a chemise and stockings on only, her long black hair hanging down her neck, a great cloak over all, lent by Hannah. I threw her on the bed, kissed her from head to foot, buried my lips in her fresh-washed cunt, and then ouf! ouf! out flooded my spunk

into her, out flooded her cunt-juice to mingle with it. Starved, empty, miser-able as she was, how she fucked with me! How she enjoyed me!

Oh! the Elysium as the last drop of sperm sheds into the quim of the woman you love. What is this? Sarah heaving though we had barely reposed, — my prick is still in her. "Go on dear." On I drove. "Ah! my darling fuck me, — oh! — I — have not — had a fuck — go on — f — for a — mon — month, — my d — darling." My prick was working up into her stiff as ever, her big arse heaving, our tongues meeting, our juices mingling in another spend, and then was a talk after a long voluptuous silence. Its substance was this.

"I've never been poked for a month, — no six weeks, — we have sold all to keep us, — he is in prison." Sarah was careless, care-worn, broken down. Grief and trouble makes any one so. She went downstairs after I had fucked the second time (without washing her cunt), to feed her children. "Don't you come down, — we are none of us fit to look at, — I'll come back when I've got a place to rest in tonight, — oh! how good you are,

— thank God I've met you again, — I feared I should not."

I gave her all the gold I had, Hannah gave food, and she went off. I went away, had luncheon, and four hours afterward we were in bed; and fucked till the poor worn-out wanderer went to sleep with my prick in her cunt, and snored almost whilst I was spending in her. Then laying in semi-nudity afterward, we fucked and slept till ten at night, when she went away. "If I am in the family way now," she said, "there's no doubt who is papa." It is ridiculous the number of women I have got with child (or who have said so.)

I saw her next day, and daily for weeks afterward. Her account of her doings was this. Everything went well at first, — they made money, then some of the troupe got discontented with their share, quarrels arose, and two left, which spoiled the tableaux. Then Mr. Mavis gambled, then was too polite to Sarah's sister. The troupe got right again, but foreign gentlemen wanted to fuck Sarah. He would have allowed it, but she would not permit it. If she was to get her living as a whore she might as well stay in her own country, she said. A great swell paid a heavy sum to see her nearly naked, with boots and stockings on, and in a recumbent bawdy posture. That she allowed, for the money he paid was so great; but her husband was in the room at the time. She insisted on that. The swell frigg'd himself before them both whilst she laid voluptuously for his inspection.

Then a large sum was offered for the whole troupe to perform naked. Some would, some would not, — Sarah would not. Her man should not see her sister naked, she was determined, and one woman would not permit her man to be naked, for he had said jokingly that he should stiffen if he saw Madame W\*\*t\*n naked. It ended in a row. One half of the troupe gave private exhibitions naked. "But," said Sarah, "lots of them don't look so nice naked as they may think." Sarah and her man (who was a splendid animal), were the finest made of the whole lot. Sarah, a model to artists from fourteen years of age, knew pretty well what a fine man and woman were.

She and her husband tried to get up poses again, but could not make up a troupe. He gambled "for the best," she said (she always excused him). They got from bad to worse. Their stage and machinery were then seized, which stopped their exhibitions. He got sent to prison for debt. She waited in hopes of his being set free, pawned and sold all she had, and at length came to England with her two children to see what she could do here, where she had relations. She had landed with the children hungry and wet, without a farthing, and had walked with them from Wapping that very morning, after a stormy twenty hours passage from Antwerp. She was haggard, with sunken eyes, her flesh was flabby, and she had every indication of suffering and misery about her when we first met. Why she never went whoring abroad I can't say. I can't say she did not, but she averred that no one but her husband had done her, and that from the day he went to prison to the day she returned to me, she had not been fucked. "If I must be a whore I'll do it with my own countrymen, and not with those nasty foreigners," she remarked.

We had a honey-moon, and fucked night and day. "I wish I had gone away with you," said she to

me one night, "but it was not to be." I believe (you can't be sure of a woman) that she had no man but myself now. I paid for her lodgings, food, and dresses, got out of pawn from Brussels numerous articles, employed an agent to do it, and even helped with money to set her man free.

In about eight weeks he came to London. Then she changed, and relapsed very much into her old habits immediately. Would not do this, nor that, would only meet me this time, or that, as she pleased. It was of no use grumbling. "You know I can't," she would say, "so why bother me." "He won't let you." "Well he is the father of my children, and I must make him comfortable." "You keep him, surely you may do as you like." It was of no use, she would not, and again I submitted.

So things went on. Meetings of a morning, dinners at the Cafe, just as before. Then, I could not learn why, she would not meet me for a whole fortnight. I got angry, would not see her at all, and by mere chance then met Kitty with the yellow hair. When it was known that I had quarreled with Sarah, Mrs. Fisher, who had ceased seeing me, turned up. I went one day to learn from Hannah if she had seen Sarah. No she had not, "but there is an old friend of yours in the parlour." It was Louisa. She cried. So did I, but it was about Sarah. After Louisa's vowing that she would never let me again have her, — no never, we had a game of tailing which lasted some hours. "Now you will tell Sarah." "No I won't." But Sarah came to know it. Whenever I quarreled with Sarah afterward, I put my prick into Louisa or for a time Jenny, of whom I have already written, and occasionally in a fit of lewdness turned into the first whore I got hold of, out of Regent Street.

Then I saw Sarah again, and we made it up, and she behaved better to me. After a time I found she walked occasionally in Regent Street, began to talk lasciviously, and would drink like a fish. To see her regularly on the streets shocked me. Well, she must get some money, — when she had saved a certain sum she would take a business. Mr. Mavis was by trade a \* \* \* \*, and was determined now to follow it, and open a shop for the sale of his goods, — she would attend to the shop. I gave her much money on condition she would never traipse the streets. If she saw friends, or those who were introduced to her, I could not help it, but I had a horror of the pavement, and of her bringing in any man who took to her. Quiet whoring with me, and a select few if she liked. I agreed to that. So she disappeared from the pave as far as I know.

The shop was opened, and was successful. Poor Sarah was for months in a state of joy, and would scarcely come to me. No, they were getting on, he was steady, they earned a good living, — not as much as she did by her being gay, but enough. It was sweeter and better than money got by wriggling her buttocks. She cooked all the meals, and was always at home, but she came to me occasionally. That for a short time gave a rest both to my pocket and ballocks, and I respected her for her decision, but could not bear the perpetual disappointment at her refusals. At first I used to go home with my heart breaking, and then tried for Louisa Fisher; but she told me once and for all, that she would have nothing more to do with me as long as I knew Sarah; and I saw no more of Louisa for weeks. Jenny was then about to leave her place and marry. I was unhappy, for I was dotingly fond of Sarah, and my misery at home drove me to the company of other women. Cunt certainly saved me from drinking, — but I thought I would go abroad to get clear of all.

I fancy that her man had too much of Sarah's company, or the temptation to let her get money was too strong, for when annoyed in every way, I told Sarah of my determination to go abroad, either what I said, or the fear of losing me affected her; and she said she would see me oftener, and even dine, which she had al-most ceased doing.

Dinners then became frequent. "Come at seven o'clock." "I can't till half-past." "Then stay with me till twelve." "You know I must be in at ten." "Then you won't be an hour with me." "Well you can do all you want in an hour." This began to revolt me, to think that my whole object in seeing her was to fuck, yet I submitted. One night she came late to dinner. "I must be home earlier tonight." "When?" "At half-past nine." "Why it's eight now." "You will have time to have me." "Then I won't go in." We were outside the Café. "Nonsense, — come." "I'll see you damned first, — good night," — and I walked toward the cab stand. She stood still for a moment, then came rapidly after me. "Now don't be angry, — do come dear, — I want a poke so, — I can't bear you going away so, —

let us go to J\*\*\*s Street at once, — I must have you, — you shan't go without our having a kiss together." "Will you stop till ten?" "No." "Damned if I'll be humbugged any longer," said I, hailing a cab. "You are not going away, are you, like that?" I drove off, and so we parted, and I would not call at J\*\*\*s Street for weeks.

While in this state of unhappiness, I was in Regent Street one afternoon when I met an elegantly dressed woman with her veil down. Through it I saw her eyes fixed on mine, and knew her at once. "Kitty!" "Walter!" We stopped. "Don't talk here," said she, walking on till she turned down a by-street, I following her. There we shook hands, glad to see each other. I wanted her to come with me to O\*d\*n Street. No it was impossible, but she would meet me to dine in Leicester Square in about two hours. She would come if she could, — if she did not it would be no fault of hers.

"But it's of no use your asking me if you expect to have me, for you won't." "Nonsense, — not the man whose prick you first had pleasure with?" "No, not even you." "Very well, — I'm miserable, I love a woman who behaves badly to me, — I must dine some-where, come and dine, and let's talk of old times." "I cannot stop late." "Go when you like, but come."

At the Cafe de \* \* \* \* I ordered a room. "No not this, one with a bedroom where we can wash hands." "They are all let today sir, — we have only one bedroom and sitting room for travellers who may arrive tonight." "Well we shall stop all night," — and the rooms were reserved for me.

Kitty came. She had changed her dress, and was in black silk, but most elegant it was, and showed her colour off to perfection. The waiter had gone. "Take off your bonnet, — don't lay it down there, — go into the other room." In she went, I followed. "A kiss." "Yes," — kiss, — a hug. "Oh! Kit how lovely you are, — what a fine woman you have grown, — as plump as ever." "Plumper," said she. "Yes, I can feel it out-side." "Now leave off, — mind what I told you." "Nonsense, — oh! for God's sake Kit only a feel." I put my hand up her clothes, and felt the cunt. She struggled. "Oh! Kit let me, — think how often I have done it." "No, — no, — I have sworn I never would again, — now pray don't, — I've sworn I tell you." "Well only another feel." "Will you promise?" "Yes." She let me grope. "Oh! that cunt, — more hair than ever, — oh! feel me, — do." Out I lugged my prick. "Oh! feel it." "Well there, — there, I have, — now take your hand away."

There stood Kitty and I leaning against the bed, arms round each other, kissing, my fingers on her clitoris, she grasping my prick. "Oh! no, — I've sworn, — I would if I had not, — I dare not, — there, — oh! now I so wish I had not come, — I'll go if you don't leave off, — oh! now don't, — I'll go," — but she didn't. There we stood, silent, lips glued to each other, she sighing, her bum twisting gently. Then I was on the bed, on her, up her, and the sighs which began as we stood at the bedside, frantically rubbing our privates, ended in deep sobs of satisfaction and tranquillity. Suddenly the waiter knocked. "On a servi, Monsieur."

"In a minute," said I, — and to go into the sitting room was the work of half a minute, — Kitty came in directly afterward. "The plates are cold," said I. "They have been up five minutes, sir." Kitty and I looked at each other. "What wine, sir?" I chose it, and he left. "I must go and wash," said Kit. She had come in to save appearances. At length we finished dinner in the delightful gaiety of half-satisfied lust, with the tingling of renewed desire in prick and cunt, as we eat and drank, and chatted.

Kitty got at first pensive. "I swore with the Bible in my hand I never would let another man but him, and it will bring me ill luck." But she brightened as she warmed with food and wine. We talked over old times. What a difference between the shabby ill-dressed girl of four years ago, who grabbed a sausage-roll like a coster-monger, and the lovely elegant woman who eat like a lady! I could scarcely believe my-self. How glad I was when dinner was over, and we dismissed the waiter. Then our talk ran wild. Our kisses, the feel of my prick, the titillation of her quim soon swept away all scruples. She was proud of her-self, delighted to show herself to me who had known her in her poverty, and she stripped to her skin. I found she was beautiful in form, and white as alabaster. I stripped, and both naked we fucked and fucked. My God how we revelled in sensuality, and fucked

till my prick would not stand, and till her clitoris was sore with frigging. I think of it now with exquisite delight.

"I swear," said she, "you were the first man who ever gave me pleasure, —I have often thought of that hot summer's afternoon as we lay on the bed together, —how young I was, — I had never had my poorliness, — ah! that first spend, — I shall recollect it to the last day of my life, — I got fond of you from that day, and never had another man till you left England, — money was of no use to me excepting to buy food, and yours was enough, — so I never had another man till you left. Then I had several, and soon went gay." "You spent often enough then?" "It's true," said she, "for a few months I spent with every man I had, — I did not care what they gave me, — if they wanted it twice I let them, for I was dying for it always, but then I pulled myself together. You are the only man I ever told this to, for although my husband of course knows I was gay, he always thinks I had only been out one or two months, — he never asks me anything, and wants to forget all about my past. — And now excepting you, I swear I have never had another man but him since he has kept me."

We talked about the little Pol whom she brought to me. She told me she had been got in the family way by her own brother, and she did not know what became of her. — Cousin Bob, oh! how we laughed about his frig, — that sight seems to have settled Grace. "It was her ruin," said Kitty. "Grace was always frigging herself, and wishing she could let a man do it to her without fear, of the consequences, and after she had seen Bob frig himself, she got spoony on him. Very soon afterward Bob spent his seed up Grace's receptacle, instead of on the floor, — Grace's belly began to swell, and Bob, instead of helping her, cut her, and got rid of his sperm in some other girl's trap. Then after fretting, Grace took another prick to comfort her, then another, then one for money, and finally went on the town." It was Grace who was walking with Kitty one night when I met her in the Strand, and it turned out that a few weeks afterward she told Kitty that I had had her; but I had no knowledge of having done so. It occurred thus.

Whilst seeing Kitty and Brighton Bessie I had a stray poke from time to time. Grace had seen me speak to Kitty, and recollected me, but I did not know Grace from Eve. I picked her up, however, one night and had her. "Do you recollect," said Kitty, "one night standing during a heavy storm under the pit-entrance to the Lyceum, and taking a lady from there?" I did perfectly. "She stammered a little," said I. "Yes that was Grace." "She was rather thin, straight, blackish hair on her cunt, cunt with biggish lapels." "That's she, — that's she," laughed Kate. The circumstance was an odd one.

Kitty told me her recent history, it seemed probable to me then, and not improbable now. She met a gentle-man, went to a house with him, then saw him again, and again; he offered to keep her and she had been with him ever since. He kept her mother and lived with Kitty, but could not introduce her into society, and was about to sell his commission and take her abroad to marry her. He was an officer, and on talking with her she was certainly well up in army matters. He had made her swear a solemn oath never to have another man whilst he was away, and to avoid her own relations and every one she had known. "Yes," said Kitty, "I see what you are thinking about, but I declare before God that when I came to dine with you, I was determined not to let you have me. I felt curious about you just as you felt curious about me, and I have still a little liking for you, — see what has come of it, — I believe that I have ruined myself through coming here tonight, — I have a presentiment that great harm will come to me through it."

He had been away for a month, wrote to her every day, and she to him. She had a nice little house, — not in Brompton, no — perfectly respectable, and had plenty of money. She saw one or two friends, one of whom was his sister. Her great difficulty that night was how to account for being so late out (for we stopped till one in the morning). I dare say she got over the difficulty, for women are clever liars.

"A whole month, Kitty! — and no poking?" "None." "Then you frig." "Of course, — I write a beautiful handwriting," said she, "look, — every one says so." She took down a wine-list, and

borrowing my pencil wrote her name. I had been asking her her name, and she had refused it. "Read it." "So that is your name." She howled, and scratched it out with the pencil quickly, — she had forgotten her secret in her desire to show me how well she wrote. I forget the name, and she would not give me her address.

"We may never meet again, Kitty." "I don't think we ever shall." Then with one consent we went to the bed. I laid down my head on her thighs, kissing her pretty quim, she frigging me, till with a chuckle as of old, she delicately took the tip of my pego into her mouth, only the tip, just as she used. Up it came at the challenge. We fucked a long hard-working, slow-spending fuck, and then we parted. Kitty's cunt was as tight as when she was young, a sweet-looking cunt between dazzling white thighs, yet I always wished it another colour.

"I don't want you to think me a gay woman any longer, but I have a superstition, — give me a piece of gold, and bring a light." Then I went with her to the water-closet, and she threw the sovereign down it, — that was a charm to ward off evil for having broken her oath. "You have enjoyed me, Kit?" "I have not enjoyed myself so much I think since I last met you in Regent Street," said she. With a kiss in the street we parted, and I never saw her since.

I asked her if she had been in the family way. "Yes, you got me with child before you left England, directly after I had my poorliness, — I never had anyone for a long time after you left, so it must have been you. Grace first said I was with child, and helped me by going with me to a woman who lives in a court in Long-Acre."

She had been so since twice by her protector, and had stopped it; but so soon as they were married he said they would have children. It was one of the reasons why he wished to marry her.

All this time I was in full favour with women, was in the prime of life, kind, sympathetic, thought handsome by women, and manly also. I see clearly now, how I could have had no end of other women without paying, but scarcely saw my opportunities then; and though I may have many instances to show, that my love was all that was wanted by some who threw themselves in my way, I can scarcely tell of them here. This luck ran over full ten years of my life, as nearly as I can recollect. During nearly four years of that, I was in love with Sarah who did not return it, but who used her power with moderation on the whole, though she tyrannized over me.

I would not see nor have Sarah for weeks after my last rupture with her, but could not help calling at J.\*\*\* s Street. I liked the scene of so much pleasure to me, to hear the click of the street-door as it opened, the rustle of petticoats going upstairs, the heavy step after them, the demand for a room, the reply, "First-floor front, sir."

(I add now what on reading over the manuscript I do not find, — it is a needful addition written twenty years later.

(When Sarah knew that I was fully aware of her occupations and habits, she changed, talked with me about artists' models, statuary, and so forth, and about her favourite poses as well, for she liked that work. To get me out of ill temper which her tyranny now often put me in, she would pose naked, all but silk stockings and her lovely little kid boots. It was an exquisite sight which almost directly made me mad to possess her. My prick swelled, stood out, lifting my shirt till I raised it, and rushed to feel her. Then laughing at my excitement she would alter her pose, till off went my shirt, she laid hold of my prick, I her cunt, and getting on to the bed I clasped her in my arms, and fucked her. Posing naked before me made her feel lewed and want me, she confessed, slow as she was at such confessions. "There," said she one day when she saw my stiff prick, "that's what would have happened if we had posed naked in Brussels." Every man in the troupe had at one time or another solicited her favours privately, but she never told her own man that, for fear of a row.

(She generally posed thus after we had dined, and when what lust was in her constitution usually came out; I learned how to test her cunt-cravings in a simple way. Directly we got to the bedroom after dining she always piddled. I pushed my prick (stiffening in anticipation) in her face as she sat

on the pot. If lustful she laid hold of it laughing, and pulled the foreskin backward and forward saying, "ah! — ahah! — look at it, — it's ready"; — if not, and she was thinking only of getting away soon, she pushed it away, saying, "Can't you wait now; — what beasts you men are; what pleasure can it give you to push that ugly thing in my face?" But who can give a reason for any bawdy tricks, — they give pleasure, or they would not be done, by all men and women.

(Sometimes when she was posing I used to peep, trying to see more than the hair of the motte, and the dark shadow in the bum-furrow. Quite toward the end of our acquaintance I got her to pose in a lewdly suggestive attitude, but she never would open her cunt-lips herself, nor let me look well inside. She would leave me angry, rather than permit it. "It's not made to look at, — pray go on swearing," she would say as she dressed herself. "I'm going, — it's ten o'clock."

(Indeed her sexual orifice did not even then seem to me so handsome as those of other women. It was fat, large outside, with nymphae showing from clitoris to the vulva. Perhaps she knew that. It was loose in-side, must have been low down, and there was some-thing about it which I never understood, and therefore can't describe. Scarcely any other woman yet that I can recollect uncunted me in the throes of pleasure as she did, when she enjoyed the prick, and was fucking energetically. "Damn it, it's out, — oh! put it in, I was just coming," were exclamations then made simultaneously by us.

(What made me so madly in love with her therefore, it is difficult to say. It must have been the perfection of her form, which enraptured me directly I saw it, and even to the last when she got too fat. Besides she had a quiet, comfortable, companionable manner, unlike a gay woman's; and at that time though I liked a genial lewdness in a woman, open flagrant bawdiness rather revolted me, and till lust stirred me fully up I was half chaste in my words, even with them. "Let me look at it, — show it me," were more frequently my words than stronger ones. Nothing I said in those days excepting in highly wrought moments was comparable to my lascivious utterances now, when no language I find too plain to express the wants and acts of those organs which give us all the highest pleasure, both physically and mentally. I had not then learnt all the pleasure copulation is capable of, that unrestrained nature in coition is the best. The absurdity of calling any-thing indecent or improper, which men and women may like to say or do together when in private, had not occurred to me. I now believe that it matters not whether what they do be called unnatural, or beastly, or not. So long as both like it and enjoy it, it is natural to them, concerns no one else, is the instincts of their nature, and is to them proper.)

And now to my narrative. Sometimes if Hannah was not in the parlour, I would peep and see the happy couples going upstairs, the women generally first. If late they were often a little noisy, and made a liberal display of leg to the men following. Late at night if women were there, Hannah would then not let me in unless some of my female friends were there. When Hannah would not let me peep, I at times threatened not to make up her accounts. That threat was often successful, I never told any one for many years afterward about the accounts.

"Sarah is anxious to see you," said Hannah one night, "so anxious." I saw her, conquered, and we made it up. Soon after she was in the family way again, she said by her husband; but she would not be plagued with another child. She let it go on for a month or so, and during that time fucked freely, keeping my prick and my sperm up her as long as I wished it. I became fully convinced that sexually she was cold, though a good mother and wife; but I loved her delicious form, and if she would lay in artistically free-and-easy attitudes whilst I talked to her, was content. She never cared about bawdy pictures. After dinner I had poked her, and we were lying half naked together, she would suddenly feel her clitoris for a minute, then say, "Come nearer, dear," — that meant she would feel my prick for minutes, and then fuck, — fuck was the order. After her spend she got cold again, the dinner heated her, and when I had cooled her cunt, she was cool to me.

After a time either they grew tired of the shop or did not make enough money, for they started on a tour in the provinces with a troupe. Hannah said Mavis was too lazy to stick to his trade, and preferred either posing, or living on Sarah's earnings. I was left unhappy again.

Again Mrs. Fisher appeared, and her modest lasciviousness again mastered my senses. I was getting accustomed to her, when Sarah came back. They had money, the shop business had gone, but now they attended to that. Sarah was always there, I used to see her in it, for though its whereabouts was kept secret at first, it was ultimately told me. I never went into it, but used to linger outside it just for the pleasure of looking at her, even though perhaps the same night I was to meet her. Such was my infatuation. She again met me, but only for as long as she liked. She said she met only me, and I believed it to be nearly true. She was certainly never in the streets that I could discover. He never was in the shop. She told me he was always in the workshop. She might have done a little belly-bumping business by introductions, but Hannah, now quite at my service, declared that she never introduced her. Then Sarah was in the family way again. Said she, "I can't tell if it's yours, or his."

Another miscarriage. Then she began to take a great deal too much wine, or anything else. I grudged her not, for she might have swallowed pearls if I had had the money to give them to her; but thought of her health and looks, knowing how liquoring gains on a woman, and how it ruins her. She was annoyed at my remarks. Let her be happy a little when she could. "Aren't you happy?" "How can any one be happy living from hand to mouth as I am?" I began then to think she was unhappy. Now too she began to fuck with fury, when she had a little wine. One night I did not want it but once. "Fuck me again. — you shall," said she. She threw herself into bawdy attitudes, she whom I had usually difficulty in inducing to lasciviousness. At length pulling me on to her, she got another fuck, and directly dressed and went away. "Why Sarah, you have not washed." "No I'm going to carry it home with me tonight," she said with a savage sneering smile, "they'll have a treat at home." I never knew what she meant.

I asked her to leave her man; she was half inclined, — she was sick of life, — would I take her children too? Yes I would. A week afterward: No she must keep to him, however ill he might behave to her, — they were his children, — no one would take care of them but him. "Does he behave ill to you?" "Oh! no, poor man, he has enough to put up with." All this was contradictory.

Then she got so capricious that I quarreled. I was getting ashamed of allowing myself to be made such a fool of, arranging to meet her, waiting at the house, she never appearing, and so on. Hannah used to come and talk with me because I was so miserable. She was quite friendly, and if she wanted to piss she used to sit down and do it without any apology or remark before me now.

"He is a brute," said she, "do you know he has several times been here whilst she has been with you, and she has at once given him the money you have given to her, — what do you think of him? — isn't she a fool? — poor Sarah! — ah! you are both to be pitied."

Hannah's other sister just then came as servant. She was a pretty creature, had a squint in one eye, but it did not seem to disfigure her. She had been a house-maid, and was found talking to a sailor in the house (she told me he was her cousin), and was turned out at once. I rather suspect she was found with the sailor's belly up against hers, and nothing between their skins. I was such a fool that I could not help going to J\*\*\*s Street nightly, asking after Sarah, and crying. This girl seemed to take a fancy to me, and both she and Hannah said I was a goose for troubling myself about Sarah. This was at a time when we had had a quarrel, and I thought I was punishing her; but it punished me awfully.

One night I sent a letter hoping Sarah would come. Word came back she could not, Hannah's sister came in to tell me. I cried. "What a pity to take on so," said she coming near me. I sat her down on the sofa, Hannah had told me she had a beautiful leg (she was about eighteen years old). We talked, I kissed her, she me. "You are plump for your age." "Yes." I felt her breasts. "Hannah says you have a nice leg." "So they say." "Let me see." "No." I began to lift her clothes, she resisted, my cock stiffened, her resistance ceased, she laid her face on my shoulder, I pulled up her clothes to her cunt. She had lovely limbs.

"Let me have you, — let's fuck." "Yes I've been longing for you," she replied, and got up to bolt the door. My feelings then took a sudden turn, a complete revulsion. If Sarah knew it there would be a



row, both of us would be sorry for it, I remarked. She made no reply, but left the room. I never had her, for the next day I got Sarah. The girl saw me many times after-ward, and used to look at me, but never referred to that night, and soon left the house. Hannah said she went back into quiet service, — perhaps a lie, but I tell it, as told to me.

Sarah one day said, "You were an hour and a half in the room with Esther (I think it was her name,) — did you have her?" "No." "I believe you did." "I did not." "You pulled up her clothes?" "Yes." "Did you have her now?" "No." "What, when your hand was on her thighs?" "No." "I don't believe you." "But it's true," said I. Sarah laughed. "Let's do it," said she.

I could write a volume about Sarah, but it would be tiresome, so will finish about her. After months worrying I heard that one or two officers used to fuck her, she admitted it and that she had been to Aldershot. "I must make money somehow," said she. Then I revolted, but kept on with her for a time, and then the following came about.

Walking in the streets one day, she took the fancy of a nobleman who was seventy years old, they sold their shop, put that money, and the savings she had made by letting out her cunt, to open a Casino with poses plastiques, singing, dancing, etc., etc. She told me what they intended to do, — nothing venture, nothing have, — So-and-So had made a fortune that way, why not they? I urged against it, but gave a biggish sum to help. "What is the good? — You will never get enough," said I. Then she told me of the nobleman, and his name. I was staggered, for I knew him and his wife. He had a large family, and had led an irreproachable life, but got so madly in love with Sarah that he wrote her letters, offered to keep her, and actually took her home to see Lady\*\*\*, an aged woman who cried and said she did not blame Sarah, but did her husband for his folly and wickedness. He helped with much money, they started the Casino, after six months they failed, their money was spent, and they were in debt.

I believe that Sarah never knew my name. I was surprised when she told me the name of the nobleman. I never told her I knew him, though she once asked me if I did. Of course I said no.

I used to go to see her in the poses, go behind the scenes, order champagne, and do all I could to help. The poor woman worked like a slave. Then filled with despair, began to drink deeply, drunk she did not get, but she could swallow a pail full, and she got bloated. Unless she had plenty of liquor she was unable to act. She kept telling me all was going on well, when in fact the affair was going to the dogs.

Then I determined to give her up, I had done my best to help, she had not done much for me, so told her that I should go abroad. "Oh! pray don't, — oh! pray don't, — you don't know what trouble I have, what I have done to keep a home over our head, how I have worked, slaved, whored to do it, for the sake of my children, and to keep him, to keep them all," — but I left off seeing her, and prepared to go abroad.

"Sarah wants to see you," said Hannah to me. "When?" "Tomorrow." "I will be here." She came with swollen eyes, slightly in liquor. "Oh! take me with you, take me abroad, out of this cursed place."

Three years before I had offered that first, but had given up the notion, — said so. "It's too late, and yet I could have loved you so, and I loved you, only I dared not show it," said she. "Well I will drown myself, for home I never go again."

Then came a scene. Hannah and her sister were called in whilst Sarah raved about her wrongs. She had kept them all, — all, — all, and now her sister was in the family way, — and by him! he had seduced her, — and when poor Sarah talked about sending her home to her mother, No he said, she should not go, but Sarah might, if she liked, — the sister whom she had kept, to be in the family way by him! Whilst she was walking the streets to get bread for them all, he was putting it into her sister, — for that sister she was to be turned out.

"I have suspected it for a year, have laid traps for them, but never could catch them, then I could not

think after I had got money to set up fresh three times that he could be such a vagabond. — I have ruined my health by miscarriages, I am out of my mind almost with pain sometimes, and all for him, — and the little bitch, whom I have twice nursed through illnesses that the doctor said would kill her, — oh! I wish I were dead! — but I'll take my time, and do for her and her child too, if it comes to one." I gave money, and comfort, but she was in despair and murderous in intention. She was a cool determined woman, but she fell ill which upset her determination. She kept to her home, and under the pressure of the man, her children, her fears and misery, accepted her humiliation, helped her sister in her accouchement, and by harlotting kept them all, but was broken-hearted and ultimately kicked out by her man, and by her sister, who took her place. Her sister I don't think was gay, Hannah said so then. I lost sight of Sarah, and no one knew where to find her. I told Hannah I should like the sister, who resembled Sarah, and was fine-made, but smaller. I had seen her in the poses, but never had her.

Then I saw Sarah again well-dressed, and getting money, but heart-broken. The man had her children, and refused to give them up to her. He had knocked her down. She had threatened a magistrate. He had said that he would tell the magistrate that the reason why he refused them was that she was a whore and a drunkard. She had the misery of seeing her man, her two children, and her sister walking out together, and of her own children telling her she was a whore, and that they would be whipped if they spoke to her. She told me this — Hannah said it was true.

Then she left the quarter, and went to live with her mother somewhere in the extreme north of London, and drank very hard, Hannah said.

I met her a few years afterward in the Euston Road. How she had aged! "You, Sarah!" "My God, you!" She wanted me to go with her. "One kiss for old acquaintance sake, for I loved you more than you thought." "No you did not." "Yes, but my children." I would not go with her, gave some money, and though I yearned toward her, left. (Hannah had left J\*\*\*s Street, and the new keeper knew not my Sarah). Again after a time I saw her. I stopped her, and gave her money unsolicited, and never saw her again. She told me she was living with a man. She looked poor and broken.

A few years afterward the trunk of a young woman was found floating in the Thames, there was a peculiar scar below the bosom. I have often wondered if that was the end of Sarah.

I must mention here that after their Casino failed, they acted in poses plastiques at a tavern in the City Road. I took a friend who will presently be named to see them act. Sarah was then much fagged and dilapidated.

## **Vol. 4 Chapter II**

**Louisa reappears. • Crabs. • My despair. • A friend's advice. • Promiscuous harlotting. • Fucked out. • My friend's little woman. • Lizzie Stanley. • The hole by the back-bone. • The little woman's sister. • Many naked ladies. • Operations in a four-wheeler. • A she on the top. • The cunts in two houses. • Slandered. • A sodomitic offer. • Nonacceptance.**

After calling many times, and not seeing Sarah, Louisa appeared again. We met and poked. She was as lascivious and willing as before, but hurried. She was now kept, and was superbly clothed. Tired of knocking about, I wanted to settle to one woman, and told her so. Said she, "If Sarah Mavis was to come any day, you would throw me over for her, — I would once have lived with you on a pound a week, but you would not have it." That was true. I told her I was going abroad. We met once a week, but I could not reckon on her, and she objected to go to J\*\*\*s Street; so I used to wait for her with a carpetbag, and go to a hotel, take rooms as if for the night, dine, fuck, and leave. To have this was amusing once or twice, but it did not satisfy me.

She liked me I know, and arranged to stop with me all night at an hotel, which was in Gt. P\*\*\*l\*\*d Street, but when she came it was impossible, she said, to stay all night. I was excessively angry, and would not fuck her. After dinner she coaxed me, and of course I did, but was sulky. "Don't be angry, — I would like to sleep with you quite as much as you would, but I dare not tonight, — let us do it again." She was laying on the sofa, I would not. How well I recollect her puffing her whole clothes up to her navel, and laying with her big thighs open. "Do it again, there's a darling." I threw myself on to her afterwards. "Is not my cunt wet? — you always do make me so wet, — I always seem to spend twice as much with you as I do with my friend." She kept my prick in her for a quarter of an hour afterward, kissing me all the time. Then she was obliged to go. She was fond of laying on the bed after I had had her, remarking how wet she was, and then shutting her eyes seemed to be thinking voluptuously of the condition of her cunt.

She went away hurriedly, stooping and kissing my naked prick before she departed. She was going out of town, we were to meet again, but we did not and I never saw her after that night. — Hannah did not either.

(This I note here because it seems to indicate to my-self my erotic phase at this period. I never licked the cunt of Sarah or Louisa, nor, to save recurring to the subject, the cunt of Jenny whose doings with me I have already told.)

One day I had Sarah in the morning, had to meet a man at luncheon, and went off hurriedly without washing. I went back in the afternoon, and found Louisa in the parlour. We talked with my hand on her thighs, Hannah said, "You had better go upstairs," just then the door-bell sounded. Hannah looked out, we heard her say, "Go up sir, she will be here directly I'm sure." Coming in she laughed. "It was Louisa's friend." "Hang him," said Louisa, "let's have a poke." "Go on to my bed," said Hannah, and left the room. On the side of the bed I tailed her in no time. She went up-stairs, and where she washed I don't know. There was a bed hidden by curtains but no washing materials in the parlour. Hannah performed her ablutions in the back room when it was not occupied. I dined at my Club, and going home, called on Jenny. She was in fear about her sister coming, but I fucked her on the sofa, and left instantly, went to bed tired and without washing, and by daybreak was off on a fishing excursion. In fact I did not wash my prick for about three days, except the tip which I never failed to wash. Then I found I had the crabs. How did I get them?

I had given up Sarah, but still loved her, though I felt I was a madman to encourage it, and that nothing but trouble and misery to me could come of my taking to her again. I had confided my trouble to an old friend, who chaffed me and cheered me. "You fool, to keep to a woman who is only playing with you, — and a fat flabby woman like that." He had gone with me to see her in the poses. "Have them younger and fresher, — you'll get plenty to like you, — but directly you find you are taking too closely to any woman in future, cut her, go out of town, go abroad, try fresh women every night, do all you can to forget her, — change of scene, and plenty of change of cunt, is sure to make you forget any woman."

He was a cold-blooded man, and would have turned off a woman who was in his way with but little ceremony. When he knew of my love-matters he disclosed some of his. I had not the least suspicion before of how much he amused himself with women. His idea of them was that they were only made for amusement, not for affection.

I acted on his advice, and swore I would never have a woman twice. When a woman said after I had stroked her, "Shall I see you again?" "No," I replied, "never." What a lot have stared, and asked me why. Then I told them. "All women are not like her," they mostly replied, but I determined to think they were, and went on changing night after night. Black cunts, brown cunts, little bums, big arses, fat and lean, little and big, I took after each other, just as lust seized me; but however much I enjoyed a woman, go again with her I would not. So I guess nearly a hundred women had my doodle up them, yet I went scaithless, for no ailment overtook me.

This did not satisfy me. I longed to settle at least for a time to a woman, to be a friend to her, to

have some one in whom I had some sort of confidence, whom I should always find at home, who would not say she was engaged when I called, would treat me as a friend, and desire again to see me. To feel that I must not have this comfort was doing violence to my best instincts, and I gradually gave up my promiscuous and stern yet lascivious habits. Moreover the variety of cunts had so stimulated my passions that I fucked myself out, and going to a doctor was warned that unlimited indulgence would lead to impotence, and perhaps worse, young even as I was, and not drinking, or doing any-thing else in excess.

My friend disclosed to me that he had a nice little woman, a gay woman whom he visited, and spoke of her as a beautiful little creature. "Come and see her, — I'm going there," said he when we were dining to-gether one night. We went to Upper N\*\*\*n Street, then inhabited almost entirely by gay ladies. I found her a poor, thin, insignificant-faced little thing, but with a fine head of hair, and a very sprightly manner. Though I did not like her I commended his choice. "You won't make any attempt to have her whilst I have her?" "Of course not," I replied, and indeed I had no desire for it.

One night when there with him a little woman came down from an upper floor, named Lizzie Stanley. She introduced me to her. I was still fretting about Sarah, and had told my griefs to my friend's woman. "Here," said she to Lizzie, "is a friend of mine who will just suit you, — he has just lost his woman, you your man, — you're fretting like fools, and are good company to each other." We were both chaffed. I went up to Stanley's rooms and told her about Sarah, she me about a man who had kept her, whom she doted on, and who had gone abroad. We both cried, and then we fucked. She was a very short girl, but plump and exquisitely made, had a lovely face, and the dearest little cunt to look at. Whether it was because she was so anxious to listen to me about Sarah, I know not; but I went to see her again and again, enjoyed her embraces, and she enjoyed mine.

When upon her one night and clasping her back-side, my hand, in its rambles in the vicinity of her buttocks, came on a second sort of hole. I thought my finger had gone into her bum-orifice, and withdrew it quickly, having a great dislike to finger that part even of the nicest lady. But again I felt it, and then it seemed to be at the end of the spine. I got curious, and fumbled with my finger all round there. She resisted, and was annoyed. Then, though she had stood quite naked fronting me, I found she would not turn round. What did I want to stare at? No she would not do it dog-fashion, — if I wanted that I might go to another woman, — she hated to be pulled about.

I did not quarrel, for she was a burning-cunted little woman, not more than twenty, and flicked much to my liking; but this sinking on her back-bone which felt like a navel there annoyed me. I began to think it was some disease.

I slept with her again solely to find out all about it, but all night whenever awake I found she was also. I tried to feel when poking her, but she always managed to shift herself, so that my fingers could not reach the spot for long. At last I caught her asleep on her side, and put my fingers on to the sinking, and was turning down the clothes in order to see it (for it then was day-light and summer), when she awakened. We had a row, she left the room, would not have me again, and in a few days left the lodgings. I never saw her afterward, nor found out what the mark was. My friend's woman said she knew nothing about it. It's a funny incident.

There was a gay lady living on each floor of the house, among them was the sister of my friend's woman, who was gay also. She was a plain, quiet woman, but seemed a strapping, firm-fleshed piece, and older than the little one by two or three years perhaps. She had a very ugly nose. Out of a lot of women I should not have selected her, but yet I had her, — and it came about this way.

I went after dinner with my friend to Upper N\*\*\*\*r n Street one night. His skinny little lady was dressing. My friend was very proud of her, — tastes differ. "I can't come out yet, I'm in my chemise," she cried through the folding-door. "Come out, it's only \*\*\*." Then out she came. He pulled up her chemise to her quim, and asked me what I thought of her. She really was nice for those who like legs about the size of a rolling-pin, so I admired them. Then he made her strip naked, she nothing loth. I humbugged him by extolling her charms out of kindly feeling to him. "Where is

your sister?" said he. "She is dressing." "Tell her, and tell So-and-So, that if they will come down naked, we'll give them a glass of champagne, and pay their cabs to the Argyle." The skinny one went up-stairs, there was some debate, — they were not going to strip for a glass of wine, and so on. But at last down three other women came in their chemises, and stripped them off in the room. A female friend was with one of them dressing there. A woman suggested she might also be asked down. Agreed, and down she came. "You should put yourselves also naked, you two men," said one woman, "then we'd have a dance." We did not see that. "Look at his prick," said one woman pointing at me, "it will be through his trousers directly," — and she came and felt it. I certainly was rising at the sister, whose plain face I had forgotten in admiration of her lovely limbs and body. After lots of pulling up of stockings, adjustment of garters, feeling of cunts, and smutty talk, they scampered upstairs naked, I after the sister, whilst my friend remained with his thin damsel. I was up the big sister's cunt in no time, waited till she was dressed, and going that way, drove her to the Argyle. Before I reached it the spirit again moved us, and to avoid deranging her dress she pulled up her clothes, and turning her arse toward me, impaled herself on my pego as I sat. Then she went into the Argyle with my sperm in her cunt, and carried it with her all the evening, unless there were means of purifying it there, — and I don't think there then was.

I had her once or twice afterward, and one night when my friend was sleeping with his woman, I had just gone to bed with the big sister, when the thin one came into the room. She began to talk just as we had been thinking of operating. In a frisky way she pulled down the bed clothes, and discovered my pego in full-blooded erection. "Let's see what sort of a prick he's got," said she, "Oh! isn't it a nice one!" We all laughed. "I'll tell your friend." "Oh! no don't," said she, "he is so jealous, and such a bad temper, — there will be a row if you do." Then she whispered something to her sister, and went away, but not till I had asked her to let me see as much as I had shown her. She pulled up her chemise, rolled over the foot of the bed, opened her thighs wide, and then departed to my friend, who was awaiting her in her bedroom.

I had her sister a few times after that, and one night had just gone to bed with her intending to pass the night there, when the thin one who was in her room with some man, appeared again in her night-gown in our room, and laughing said, "Oh! I can't bear him, — I shall sleep here." "Has he had you?" "No, and I don't mean to have him." She got into bed with us, laid hold of my prick after pulling down the clothes to look at it, and getting on the top of me said, "I'm going to be the man, and do it to you." The sister laughed, I resisted, but the little agile devil squeezed her quim somehow on to my tool, and excited by the novelty and by the fresh cunt, I was soon spending up her. She sank satisfied on me. Her sister who had looked on laughing, gave her a loud slap on her buttocks. I think the affair had been arranged between them. My friend did not know of these pranks.

"She has cheated you," said I. No she had not, for she just came on poorly. "I'll come up again soon," said the thin one, — and she did, and I fucked her whilst her sister laid by the side of me. "My sister is fond of you," said the big one, "and she don't like your friend, though he is kind to her." But I did not like the skinny one, and did not like cheating my friend, so never fucked her afterward. Nor had I the chance, for in a week or so he took her into keeping. That lasted some months, until finding her writing to some other man, he kicked her out and had done with her.

They were at Brighton at the time that took place. He discovered a note of hers in a blotting-book. The very same minute he called up the landlady, paid the bills, and in an hour he had left the young lady with twenty pounds, and never saw her afterward. He told me all this. The sister told me the same, and that the little thin one cared nothing about it, that she did not like him, that he was ill-tempered, and exacting, had a very little prick, and was a bad poke.

I lost sight of the sister and went with other women, but not until I had fucked every woman in that house. And finding that the girl who had been dressing, and whom I had also seen naked, resided next door, I went to see her, and fucked every woman in that house as well. My price was twenty shillings, and though they were all what is called swell women, I never had my sovereign refused. I

think I may say that I fucked in every room excepting the basement in those two houses.

The young woman in the adjoining house was skittish in manner. I neither recollect her name nor her face well, but only that she was a good-sized woman, not too stout, with a very small waist, and an exceedingly large backside. I turned her on to her belly at the bed-side, so as to contemplate the beauties of her backside more conveniently. She objected, laughed, said, "Now you shan't do that," but turned round at last, and wriggled her backside about in an unusual manner to me, then she asked me if I liked a tight fit. When I stood up to her backside and rubbed my prick against it, she said it would be a fiver. I was a little ashamed, and said I did not give more than a sovereign. "If you want what Lizzie Stanley would not let you do, I must have a fiver, and you won't tell any other woman, will you?" A light broke in on me. I questioned her, and found that the little bitch Stanley had given out that she had quarrelled with me because I wanted to bugger her. All the women in both houses knew it. My friend's thin woman knew it. I was much annoyed, fearing my friend might have had the lie told him. I swore and cursed at Stanley, — did she (the girl I was with) believe it? She did not know, — some gentlemen had queer fancies. Oh dear no! she had never done it, but she was hard up and would try for a five-pound note, — she heard it gave some women pleasure. I declined the invitation, having not a suspicion of a taste for such a tight fit, so we fucked and parted, nor do I recollect having her again. I told my friend what I had heard at the house some time afterward. He had then parted with his woman, but he seemed never to have heard of the lie Lizzie Stanley had circulated about me. Al-together that girl Stanley was, and is a mystery to me still.

## **Vol. 4 Chapter III**

**A sailor, a whore, and a garden-wall. • The newly-made road. • Windy and rainy. • Bargaining overheard. • Offer to pay. • Against a garden-wall. • A feel from behind. • A wet handful. • Blind lust. • Into the sperm. • The policeman. • A lost umbrella. • A new sort of washing-basin. • Fears of ailment.**

Amidst all this saturnalia of cunt, I don't believe I ever did anything with one, excepting to feel and fuck it, though in attitudes varied. Recherché erotic pleasures were not in my custom, and not even in my thoughts. Amusements with a man would have shocked me, had they been suggested. His spunk would have up-set my stomach to look at. To put into a cunt which an-other man had just quitted, would have revolted me; yet I was doomed to do all this, unpremeditatedly, on the spur of the moment and opportunity.

I lived then on the western outskirts of London where they were building on what had been and were still largely pleasant fields. About five minutes' walk from my house was a street made not five years before, and leading out from it a new road, a sixth of a mile long, connecting two main roads, and made to enable the fields on either side to be built upon. There were gas-lights at long intervals, just enough to encourage people to use it at night. The carriage and foot-ways were of coarse gravel, and quite newly made.

Under wheel and foot these roads crunched as people went across them. At one end of the road was a new row of houses, the garden back-walls of which abutted on the open fields, and the side-walls of two formed the entrance to the road, — both houses just then were empty.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, windy and rainy at intervals, and there was a small moon hidden by thick clouds scudding across it. Sometimes there was a gleam of light, at other times all was dark. It was very windy as I came through the road for a short cut, after thinking whether it was safe or not, and just then I met a policeman at the further end, and bid him good night. The crunching of my footsteps on the newly-laid gravel annoyed me, both by its fatigue and noise, so I stepped on to the meadow-land which lay alongside it, and walked quite quietly. As I neared the street into which it led, I could distinguish what looked like a man and woman standing on the

footpath close up against the garden side-wall of the empty house, and well away from lamps. Thought I, "They are fucking or finger-stinking," so walked further from the footpath to pre-vent noise, and more slowly to see the fun. It excited me lewedly, for I wanted a woman.

As I got near them I was under cover of the back garden-walls. The idea of catching a couple fucking made me more randy. "I won't, unless you give me the money first," said a female voice. I stopped, but heard no male reply. "I shan't then, — what have you got?" the shrill voice said. No audible reply, but I saw a struggle as if a man was trying to lift a woman's clothes, and heard a laugh. Then I stepped on to the path, and walked on. "I shan't then, — if you have no money what did you come here for?" came clearly on my ear, though said in a somewhat lower tone. Just as I came to the angle of the wall I saw plainly a fair-sized woman with her back against the wall and a shortish man in front of her, pulling her about as if he was trying to feel her, or lift her clothes. The amatory scuffling prevented them noticing my approach. The woman said as I neared them, "I won't without the money," — and then was a hush as I walked on.

What then occurred exactly I can't recollect, but I said as I was close to them, "Let him have you, and I'll give you five shillings." "All right, — give it here then," said the woman, I stopped, and saw by the small light of the distant lamps that the man had the cap and open collar of a sailor. A desire sprung up quicker than I write this, and what I meant for a bawdy joke became the reality of action, — I followed my impulse without thought of consequences.

"I'll give you five shillings if you let me see you do it." "All right," said she — and to him, "Will you?" "I'm right for a bloody spree," said a male voice al-most inarticulate either from drink or cold. "Give me the money first." "Certainly, if you let him do it." "Come round the back of the gardens," said the woman, walking off with the man to the rear, and well out of the line of road, I following. We stopped. "Give me the money." "Won't the policeman catch us?" "He won't be back for half an hour," said the woman, "he has just passed." I knew he had, having met him. We were now away from the lamps, it was dark. "Let's feel your cunt," said I getting into reckless bawdiness. The man close to us kept chuckling to himself, and I thought staggering, but was not sure. He closed on the girl as I did. "Let me feel your cunt," said I.

The girl lifted her petticoats, her back against a wall; I put my hand between her thighs, and met the man's hand on the same errand, — we were both trying at the same spot. "Bloody spree," said a hoarse drunken voice. We both groped together. "One at a time," said she. I withdrew my hand, and it knocked against his prick, I laid hold of it, and believe to this day that the sailor thought it was the girl who was feeling it. I clutched it, and a strange delight crept through me as I drew my hand softly up and down his stiff stander which seemed longer than mine. "Hold hard you bugger," said he.

Excited beyond all thought, I still clutched and glided it through my hand. "Where is your prick?" said the girl. I felt her hand touching my hand. Letting his prick go, "No sham," said I. "There is no sham," said she, "where is your money?" I put my hand in my pocket feeling for the money, took it out, and gave it her. "Come on," said she to the man. Instantly they were close together. "Bloody spree," I heard mumbled again. "Lift up yer clothes, I can't feel yer arse." I felt that her clothes were up. I put my umbrella against the wall, grasped a thigh with my left hand and my right went toward her quim, but was stopped by contact with the man's prick which was against her belly. "I'll put it in," said she. The next instant the to-and-fro movement had begun. I felt the wriggle of her arse-cheeks which I held with my left hand, his hands were now round her arse above mine, and under her clothes. "It's out," said she, "stop, I'll put it in again" — and all was still. His prick had slipped out through his energy. The woman guided it up again, and the backside jogging recommenced. I know what she said, I guessed much what she did from what she said. The buttock movement there was no mistaking.

It was too dark to see. I heard him breathing hard, and felt her thighs quivering and wriggling. Changing sides and stooping, I pushed one arm and hand right round her buttocks, between her thighs from behind, and under her cunt till my fingers passed her arse-hole, felt his prick, and

grasped his balls. I doubt whether he knew it, for his pleasure was making him blow like a man who had run himself out of breath. I felt his prick-stem as he drew back, and that it was wet with the moisture of her cunt. Then with hoarse muttering, of "blood-prick spunk, bloody cunt," I felt him shove and wriggle hard, and then both were stationary and silent. I -kept my hand still groping under her cunt, and feeling his prick-stem from beneath, with my thumb and forefinger.

He did not hurry himself to withdraw. "You've done, — get away." "Let's fuck agin," said he. "You shan't." As she spoke, his prick flopped out right on to my hand, wetting it. She moved away, the man swore. Mad now with lust, "Let's feel your cunt," said I lifting her clothes. She let me. "My God what spunk, — how soft your cunt feels, — let him fuck you again, — I'll give you more money, — feel me, — frig me."

I don't recollect the girl speaking, but she seized my prick whilst I groped up her cunt with fingers saturated with sperm. No disgust now. For the moment I loved it. She stopped frigging. "Put it in me, it's nicer." "No." "Oh! it's all right, — it's nice, — put it in." "No." "Do, — I want a fuck." "You've just been done." "You do it." I yielded, and putting my prick into her reeking cunt fucked her. "Oh! I'm coming." "So am I." "Oh! — ah? — ah!" I spent, and think she did, am not sure; but she shagged hard, and squeezed me up to her. The sailor had taken my place, and was looking on I suppose, standing with his back against the wall, mumbling something.

As my pleasure subsided I could just see the man by the side of us working away, I suppose at his prick, with his fist like a steam engine, I felt the sperm oozing on to my apparatus, all around. "Let's fuck yer agin," said the hoarse man's voice. "I'll give you money to let him," said I. Out came my prick. "All right," said she, "let me piddle first." "Where is your prick?" I said, "does it stand?" "Bloody fine." I put my hand on it, and grasped it. A new desire and curiosity about a male organ came over me. The woman had pissed, and was standing up, she caught hold of my prick which was hanging out, whilst I had hold of his prick. Then I took out money, and gave all the silver I had, — I don't know how much.

"Put it into her," I said, frigging it; it was not stiff, and I was impatient to feel him fucking again. He turned to her front. "Let go my prick," said he. The girl took it. "It's not stiff." "Bloody something," I heard him say. Again I heard the rustle of the frig and of her clothes lifted. "Your cunt's bloody sloppy," said the husky voice, and he chuckled. "Make haste," said the woman.

"Oh! the policeman!" Half-way down the road I saw the bull's-eye of the policeman's lantern. I was now standing feeling my own prick with excitement; but at the same instant a glimpse of moonlight came from between the heavy clouds, and showed me the man pressing his belly up against the woman, and her petticoats bunched up high. The policeman's bull's-eye far off was throwing light across the fields. "The police!" I said. "Come further along," said the woman dropping her clothes, and moving off still further into darkness, I moving off in the direction of the road. My lust went off, — what if the policeman saw and knew me! I got to the road, turned to the left along the crunching gravelled path, walking very quickly, and so soon as I turned the corner took to my heels, and ran hard home, ran as if I had committed a burglary.

Letting myself in with my latch-key I found I had left my umbrella behind me. Then a dread came over me. I had fucked a common street nymph, and in the sperm of a common sailor, both might have a pox, — what more probable? I could feel the sperm wet and sticky round my prick, and on my balls. I had then taken to sleeping in my dressing-room. My wife I thought must have been, according to habit, an hour abed. On entering my room there sat she reading, which was a very unusual thing. I sat down wishing she would leave the room, for I wanted to wash and wondered what she would say if she saw me washing my prick at that time of night, or heard me splashing. But she didn't stir, so taking out the soap unobserved, "I've bad diarrhoea," I said, and down I went to the water-closet. Sitting there I washed my prick well in the pan, and went upstairs again. (How many times in my life has a sham ailment helped me? — how many times yet is it to do so?)

Fear of the pox kept me awake some time. Then the scene I had passed through excited me so



violently, that my prick stood like steel. I could not dismiss it from my mind. I was violently in rut. I thought of frigging, but an irrepressible desire for cunt, cunt, and nothing but it, made me forget my fear, my dislike of my wife, our quarrel, and everything else, — and jumping out of bed I went into her room.

"I shan't let you, — what do you wake me for, and come to me in such a hurry after you have not been near me for a couple of months, — I shan't, — you shan't, - -I dare say you know where to go."

But I jumped into bed, and forcing her on to her back, drove my prick up her. It must have been stiff, and I violent, for she cried out that I hurt her. "Don't do it so hard, — what are you about!" But I felt that I could murder her with my prick, and drove, and drove, and spent up her cursing. While I fucked her I hated her — she was but my spunk-emptier. "Get off, you've done it, — and your language is most revolting." Off I went into my bed-room for the night. What I said whilst furiously fucking her, thinking of the sailor's prick and the spermy quim of the nymph, and almost mad with excitement, I never knew. I dare say it was hot.

For a fortnight I was in a state of anxiety, and twice went to a doctor to examine my prick, but I never took any ailment. I went early next day to see if my umbrella was in the fields, but it was gone, — I wonder who had it. I never saw the woman again that I know of, but had I seen her five minutes after the event I should not have known her, nor the sailor. He seemed to me a young man of about twenty, groggy and hoarse with cold, his prick seemed about the size of my own. She was a full-sized woman with a big arse, but flabby. Though I could not find my umbrella I saw the spot on which it had stuck into the wet turf; and the place where we had played, for a yard or two square was trodden into mud, whilst all around was green.

After I had got over my fears I had a very peculiar feeling about the evening's amusement. There was a certain amount of disgust, yet a bawdy titillation came shooting up my ballocks when I thought of his prick. I should have liked to have felt it longer, to have seen him fuck, to have frigged him till he spent. Then I felt annoyed with myself, and wondered at my thinking of that when I could not bear to be close to a man any-where, I who was drunk with the physical beauty of women. The affair gradually faded from my mind, but a few years after it revived. My imagination in such matters was then becoming more powerful, and giving me desire for variety in pleasures with the sex, and in a degree, with the sexes.

## Vol. 4 Chapter IV

**Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e. • A neglectful husband. • Domestic unhappiness. • At a ball. • Longings for maternity. • The wish expressed. At supper. • Hands under the table-cloth. • On the road home. • The family carriage. • Premonitory touches. • No coach on the stand. • The attempt. • On my knees. • Jolting difficulties. • The trick done.**

Sarah Mavis had gone, Louisa Fisher had disappeared, Jenny was married to her John. I had gone through the lascivious dissipation which relieved me in my despair after my disappointed love; and almost immediately I entered into a liaison of an entirely different character. Its seeds were sown even when I visited Mavis, though I was not conscious of it till I began to write this portion of my narrative, and to reflect.

[How far chance determined my course in this liaison, how far an unoccupied mind and a prick with no regular claims on its exertions (for I had all but totally forsaken the connubial couch) combined to bring it about, I cannot say. Certainly my attention seems to have been led toward the lady instinctively. Perhaps it was because the lady's cunt was yearning for my sperm, a yearning which the owner of that "nest of spicery" was herself at first barely conscious of, and even when she was,

never disclosed it. I believe also that she never had any intention of gratifying it for lustful pleasure alone; but that maternal instinct drove her toward me. I shall always think that some magnetic or odic, or call it what you may, some subtle, semi-ethereal influence, born of her physical wants, communicated itself to me, without either word or look of invitation from her; and generated in me a lust for her. In the end we gratified our wants together. I for sexual pleasure with a beautiful accomplished lady, she for a higher and powerful claim (almost a holy one) of her nature. Nothing in my private career presents such a psychological curiosity as this liaison does. It seems to me as I again read the manuscript, almost like a fable, yet it is as true as fact can make truth.]

We were on somewhat intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e, I had known her in her youth, but her husband only since their marriage of about six years previously. It was a most unlucky union. She was an intellectual, charming, beautiful woman and had married him thinking it a wonderful match, for she was poor, though a born thoroughbred lady. He was a big, handsome man, a manufacturer, and very rich; but within a year after their marriage he had developed a host of vices, among them gambling and drunkenness. He neglected her, though he spoke of her in the highest terms, and kept up a splendid establishment. I knew that he frequented gay women, and that his drunkenness and whorings were driving him toward ruin and imbecility. Things were of course kept as quiet as they could be by the wife, but it became known among friends that he often went to bed drunk, and had even pissed the bed.

His wife took a huge disgust at him. They, I had heard, did not sleep together often, and although they went out together as man and wife, they led an unhappy existence at home. "Poor Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e!" were the terms usually applied to her. She kept up appearances, went much into society, gave splendid dinners and entertainments at which her husband was frequently absent. Chagrin told on her, her face assumed a pensive, sad, and even peevish expression; and then some people said she was ill-tempered, and had driven her husband into evil courses. It was false, for I had heard her husband, — whom I could not bear, — say how good she was, and bewail his own bad habits which he said he could not help, — they conquered him.

I met her out frequently, most frequently at houses where she was without her husband, and I without my curse, though sometimes otherwise. My domestic troubles were known to her, hers to me. There might have been some secret sympathy on this account between us. All I know is that I was sorry for her, and wondered how such a lovely creature got on with a man of such brutal, beastly habits. Her manner to me had always been soft and winning, chance had at dinner-parties often assigned her to me. "I'm so glad to take you in to dinner," said I one night just before the time I am going to speak of. "So am I," said she, "I've more pleasure in talking to you than to any one of our acquaintance." Whenever we had met I had seen her eyes following me, yet not the shadow of voluptuousness had been shown, nor any improper advance had been made by her. Delighted with the hug that the waltz gave an occasion for, and the squeeze of the hand which the dance sometimes permits, yet a lustful idea had never entered my head about her, though unconsciously I always was looking at her whenever we met.

We had a habit of asking after each other, as if mutually conscious that in our homes we had troubled lives; yet we never complained to each other, though often we made slightly bitter remarks. There was a veiled meaning in what we said, but nothing in the slightest degree improper.

The following conversation took place at a dance, it is pretty nearly word for word. Said she with a sigh, "Ah! you men can escape your troubles, we poor women cannot." "How?" "You know how, I expect, — or you are very much belied, — nobody blames you men." "But an unhappy home can never be escaped." "True, but you men can get forgetfulness, and keep out of it as you do." "Who says I do?" "Ah!" "What do they say?" "I must not tell you." "Do." "Well, that you are very fond of the ladies." "So I am." "I knew it." "Is there any harm in that?" "You know what I mean." "I don't know, — do explain." "You are a libertine, I expect." "I should like to hear from your lips exactly what you mean." She laughed. "I dare say you would, — but you won't." "Then I am left in ignorance." "Very ignorant, I dare say." "I like to talk, walk, ride and dance with them, — I love to

embrace them in the waltz." "I know you do, and if you dance with me again don't hold me so close." "I love you to be close to me — does it offend you?" "Not at all - but people may talk." "I should like to be as close to you as man and woman could." "Hush!" "I mean nothing." "Of course not." "I like to feel your breath on my face." "They say you are a rake." "Would you be anything else if you were placed like me?" "No, I would do as you do." "Then you like my being a rake?" "No, — no." "Are you a rake?" "I would be if I dared." "Dear Mrs. Y\*\*\*\*s\*\*\*\*e, let us be rakes together." "Oh! naughty." "You evidently don't understand me." "Too well, and I also often feel quite reckless, for I have nothing to care about, no sister, my mother dead, no child, and such a home-life," — and tears rose in her eyes. "It is sad, — don't cry, — I know also what sadness is, and what you must feel, — I wish you had a child." "Yes, it would make me a home, — and yet a child of his! ah! I thank God we have none." This was said with all the abandonment of an unhappy woman. Then she rose suddenly, and bidding me good-bye, left. I had never before, I think, alluded to her husband when conversing with her.

I met her at a dinner-party soon afterward, and took her down to table, — she I suppose was then thirty years old. She had a lovely neck, fine hazel eyes, and dark wavy hair. I pitied her. The conversation took this turn. "How strange things happen, some have such flocks of children which they don't want, rich people who want them none." "People without children should change partners," said I. (This was in the drawing-room after dinner.) "Hush!" said she, looking me full in the face. Her own face flushed, she stared at me, her breast gave violent heaves and her mouth slightly opened. I thought I had gone too far, had offended her, and was about to say I hoped I had not done so, when the hostess asked her to play. "Turn over the music-leaves," said she to me, — and I did. She sang divinely, looking up at me as she sang; but although I saw she was agitated, I did not notice anything else, nor did I think about anything but what I said.

I knew that involuntarily I had been guilty of a breach of good manners by those words, was mad with my-self, and hoped she would attribute it to wine. Her husband was of the party, but did not come upstairs after dinner. When her carriage was announced I offered to see her to it, but she took the arm of the host, and went off looking at me very kindly. "She has for-gotten it," thought I. The husband, who was groggy, was in the hall and went home with her.

Conversation when we met next was about children, but I was unconscious of the tendency of her remarks, nor had I a glimmering of what was in her mind. "Yes, children are a bond of union they say." "How can they be, if husband and wife are apart in taste, habits, and feeling?" "They say however bad a husband may be that a woman loves him if he be the father of her child," I remarked. "I don't believe it," she replied, and became quite agitated.

I met her soon after at a ball, I was there alone and her husband was not with her. We danced together, she was a lovely waltzer. "No baby yet?" whispered I, as I whirled her round in my arms. "No," she laughed. "It's your fault." "It's not." "Should you not like a dear little child?" she asked. This was later on at night, she had had champagne, and the excitement of the scene had told on her. The sweet strains of music, the flushed and happy faces of the women, their white breasts and arms, the ankles and limbs ex-posed as they circled round, for dresses were then worn which allowed the calf to be seen as a woman waltzed, had excited me; yet up to that moment I had never had a lascivious thought about her. I could smell her sweet flesh as she waltzed, and was suddenly enervated by desire. "Yes," I whispered, "if you were the mother." "Oh! fie!" "Would not you like one?" "Yes, if I liked the father, — but that cannot be." I hugged her to me. "Let us try." She stopped short saying, "I'm tired, — I'm giddy, — let me sit down, — I'm faint." "Come to the dining-room," I said. She came. I gave her wine. "Leave me, — I can't, — I'm better, — leave me." "But I must see you back to the ball-room," I said. "Pray leave me, — I can't speak with you." I left her, and soon after she came back to the ball-room by herself.

Then she danced with others. When I asked her again to dance, her card was full. "At least let me take you to supper, or I shall think you are offended. with me." "Very well."

Until supper I looked at her from various parts of the room. Wherever I happened to be, her eyes

met mine. The attraction between the man and the woman was complete, both thought of nothing else but, "Yes, if it was by you," — "Yes, if I liked the father." It meant fucking. Was she a loose fish, she who was thought so chaste? — was she in love with me? — was she like her husband, giving way to drinking? Was I in love with her? All this kept running through my brain, and with it a burning, fresh, yet never thought of till that evening, intense desire to have her. "She is married, — never mind, he is a beast, — it's adultery, — never mind, we like each other." In that form of mind I took her to supper, feeling sure that she liked me, even if she did not love me, — but until that night no such idea had ever entered my head.

We talked about different subjects for a minute or two, looking into each other's eyes as we conversed. The champagne flowed. "Don't be offended," I said in a low tone. "What is it" "My love to you." "Be quiet." "Change glasses." "Why?" "That my lips may touch the glass which your lips have touched, — how I long to touch the lips themselves." "Be quiet pray, — you will be heard." The supper went on, the clink of glasses increased, the pop of champagne-corks, the clatter of knives and forks, the pull of crackers, the peals of laughter drowned all slighter sounds. "An-other glass, and look at me." She took a glass. Looking into her eyes, "My love to you, Mamma," I whispered. "It's too bad," said she turning away. "Not if I was the father." "For Heaven's sake, cease." "Let me feel your hand — do pray." Just then some lady next to us let fall a lump of jelly into her lap, a lovely dress was spoiled. There was a scuffle, and regrets, and laughter, and "No never mind it," — and the flap of the table-cloth was pulled up over the lady's lap.

Though there were table-napkins, I raised the table-cloth also, so as to keep her dress from the chance of food falling, and spoiling it. I pushed my hand which was nearest to hers under the cloth toward hers. They met, and I gave hers a firm but gentle clasp. What a shiver ran through me as I felt her return the squeeze. I drew it toward me, and pressed it against me just where my prick (which had risen rampant) was shut up. She must have known what I was doing, for turning her face toward me with a wild expression, she with-drew her hand. It had pressed against me for an instant only before she drew it away. She declared afterward she had no idea for the moment of what I was doing. She got up hastily. "Take me back to the ball-room," she said.

Later on we had a wild tearing gallop, all were excited in the room, and I much with wine and desire. I was holding her to me, whirling her about. "Let's be rakes together, — we shall have a dear little baby," I interjected as the rapid dance went on. "Oh! fie! — oh!" she repeated, "oh! no now, — oh! no, — oh! let me sit down." I danced on with her. "I can't bear this,

— I'm getting mad I think, — you are losing all respect for me, — for God's sake, cease."

The dance was getting over. "Good night, I'm going,

— my carriage is here." "Let me go with you." "Oh no, not after your talk, besides I am going to take Mr. and Mrs. \*\*\*" "But there's room for four." "No I dare not, — don't come down with me, for God's sake." Her eyes looked wild, but they beamed on me through their wildness.

The carriage (one of the huge comfortable family-carriages of those days, room in it for four large people and six small ones) drew up. I was determined to go home with her, though she had prayed me not. It was a long drive, and on my way home, — and she knew it. It rained, and was past two o'clock in the morning. I handed her in. The lady and her husband whom she was going to drop on her road home, were in the hall. In got the lady. "Would you mind giving me a lift," I said, "for there is no cab to be had, and alas! my carriage is not here." The gentleman was at the back of me, but I stood in the doorway barring his entrance to the carriage. It was impossible to refuse me without rudeness before the other lady. "I shall have great pleasure," said she in an agitated manner. In I got, the gentleman followed, — had I let him in first he would have sat opposite to her, not I. Off we drove.

I was now burning with lust for her, and felt a conviction that she was equally filled with desire for me. For a few minutes I behaved myself, but getting hotter and hotter became at last quite reckless. First I pressed my leg against hers, she moved them away. I followed them till she could move them

no further, and still kept pressing my leg against her. I wore pumps and silk stockings, and slipping one foot out of my shoe, and pushing it under her petticoats, rubbed it up against her calf. We were all talking with excitement, she more than any of us, as if she wished to divert attention from what I was doing. "What a lovely ball, — I never enjoyed myself so much, — did you?" "No, nor I." So we all talked and laughed. It was pitch dark, but as we passed the gas-lamps I could see an almost painful excitement on her face. Up went my foot till I touched the under side of her thigh by her knees. She gave a suppressed shriek.

"What's the matter?" said her friend. "Oh! I've got the cramp." "Ah! you have got your satin shoe wet getting into the carriage," said her friend. "No I've not." I had taken away my foot at her cry, but soon impelled by lust again raised it up her clothes. Again she started. "Cramp again? — let me pull your shoe off." "Oh! no." The couple were near home. "Had you not better take a coach, we are near the last coach-stand," said Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e, "it's more than a mile from our house to yours." This before her friends. I could not say no, but with anger in my heart said yes, and thanked her for the lift she had given me home-ward. She pulled the checkstring, the carriage stopped, I told the footman what to do. Oh! joy there was no coach on the stand. "Never mind," I said, "when you are home, perhaps you won't mind your man driving me back, it is only a mile, — how good of you to let me ride so far with you."

Soon after her friends were set down, and we were alone.

There was not more than ten minutes' drive before me. I knew that well. Though only in the suburbs, we were past gas-lamps. Occasional oil-lamps gave a feeble light. It had now become a slightly foggy night. In a delirium of desire, no sooner was the footman on the box than I placed myself beside her. She was trembling with expectation of what was to come. I hugged her waist and hips, and thrust my hand up her clothes. "Now don't forget yourself, or me, — for God's sake. — what have I done! — what have I said! — it serves me right, — now pray, — if you are a gentleman you won't, — oh! now — don't forget your honour, or mine, — I won't consent, — no never, — never, — oh! this is indecent, — for God's sake don't now, — you sh-a-n-t, — I'll pull the check-string."

"Kiss me my darling, we are both unhappy, — it is no fault of ours, — let me now, — we love each other, — let us, — how smooth your flesh is, — oh! God let me feel your cunt, — open your thighs, — let me fuck you, — I will, — I swear I will." "What language, — I won't, — no, — no, — no, — I say, — you are taking a shameful advantage of me, — oh! if the footman should look down, — oh! don't — o — ho! — o — ho!" She thrilled under my titillation of her cunt, her breath came short, her head sunk on my shoulder, and she was speechless. Then her thighs opened quite wide, my lust and passion had entered her, conquered her, she was helpless, defenceless, and abandoned herself to me. Furious to have her at once, I said no more, nor she.

I pulled out my prick, and put her hand to it, — there she left it. A strange idea passed through my brain. "What if I fuck her, and she gets with child!" This whilst I moved her off my shoulder, and leant her back in the corner of the carriage. Rapidly I freed my prick and testicles from my trousers, and dropped down on my knees between the carriage-seats, threw up her clothes, and kissed her thighs and cunt. The perfume overwhelmed me. I felt its moisture. But she was too far back on the seat for my prick to reach her. Then Heaven knows how I managed it, but I did. Kissing her cunt, I slid both hands round her bum, and pulled her forward. She let me do it all without a struggle, without a word. Her cunt was soon at the edge of the seat, her thighs wide open. I pushed my prick to-ward it, and touched it. It was so stiff, I could not bend it, to get it up her. It slipped away as the carriage jolted, and knocked against my own belly. Then I half raised myself, how I can't describe, I don't know, but I was leaning partly over her, and raising one of her thighs whilst I guided my prick right up her lovely orifice, to have it jolted out the next instant by the roll of the carriage. Again I put it in, again it came nearly out, I holding one thigh, my other hand resting on the seat, and half supporting me, my legs cramped, and both of us in such a position as to make fucking as difficult as possible, indeed almost impossible.

But a prick will get itself into a willing cunt, be the difficulty ever so great. Somehow I got her more for-ward, myself at a better slope. I felt her clitoris, and pressing down my prick so as to move under my fin-gers, it slid toward her bum-furrow, then back, then forward again as the carriage moved. She let me do what I liked, but did nothing to help me. She was a lifeless log, thighs wide apart, cunt gaping and reeking with the sweat of the dance and lewdness; her passions fully roused, faint with desire, bashfulness, and fear, she yielded herself up, but did not help. At length my prick with one thrust went full up her cunt, I clasped her somewhere like a vice to keep our genitals joined, the movement of the carriage did nearly the rest. It was a rapid wriggle, my only fear that my prick would be dislodged again. "Oh! God I'm spending my d — ar — h — ling." My prick moved vigorously up and down her cunt, she gave one loud pro-longed cry, half sigh of pleasure, and with a grip of her cunt, and a heave of her haunches, I knew she had spent with me — and just then an infernal jolt of the coach dislodged my prick almost before I had quite finished spending.

"You've spent my darling, — I've fucked you, — you are delicious, — haven't you spent!" I sat by her side holding my reeking prick, feeling her gluey, sperm-slabbered cunt, and pushed my mouth against hers, my tongue into it. Oh! the exquisite delight of those few minutes. My brain had whirled from the moment her friends had left us alone; it whirled still with subdued delight now that I had had her. I could not forget it, and for a minute went on talking.

I pulled down her clothes, she did not attempt to do so herself. "My darling why did you not help me?" No reply. "You'll forgive me, won't you, — I love you so, — I could not help it." Not a word. She lay with her eyes closed back in the carriage, breathing hard, violently, but speechless, exhausted by excitement, fear, and a medley of sensations which deprived her of movement or utterance.

"We are just home, — for God's sake rouse yourself." With a start she pulled a lace shawl over her head, but made no reply. The carriage stopped, I got out, and saw her to the door. "Can I offer you anything?" said she. "No thank you, — may your man drive me home?" "Certainly." "Good night." "Is Mr. Y\*\*s-\* \* \*e at home?" "Yes Ma'am, and abed," said the footman. Off I went desiring politely to be remembered to Mr. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e, not forgetting the habits of a gentleman, nor she those of a lady, for she desired her compliments to my wife, and to say she was so sorry she had not seen her at the ball.

The footman closed the door. I had folded the cloak I then wore over my trowsers, which in the hurry were not properly closed. I buttoned them up in the carriage as I was driven home.

That night she slept by herself, her husband had been lifted into bed too drunk to undress himself. He had not fucked her for three months, and had had the clap in the interim; — is it to be wondered that she succumbed to me! I knew this afterward from her.

## Vol. 4 Chapter V

**The boudoir next day. • On the sofa. • A dull dinner. • Assignations. • The linendraper's shop with two fronts. • The house in T\*\*\*f\*\*\*d Street with two entrances. • Consummation. • A chaste-minded adultress. • The consequences.**

I passed a restless night wondering at all that had occurred so unpremeditated, so successful, and yet half a failure at the last moment; for my spend was scarcely finished in her. The next day I called. She was unwell, and could see no one. Had she taken cold? Yes, the servant thought so, she had been ill all night, and could see no one. It was a maid that opened the door who said this, and not a footman. Was Mr. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e at home? No. I did not desire to disturb her, but I had a pressing message from my wife, and should much like to give it instead of my wife writing it, if she would but see me for a minute only, — it was a matter of some importance. "Mistress has seen no one sir, she has been so ill, — she has not been long up, — but I will ask."

I waited in a small morning-room. Half an hour passed, the maid at length appeared, and showed me into the drawing-room. My heart was beating. Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e was seated in an easy-chair, the fire was burning with a red heat, dusk was coming on. I offered my hand, she put hers out coldly. "I am ill — what is the message you have for me?" "None, you know I have none — it was only to see you, to beg your pardon, to say I could not control myself." "That will do — not another word about what you have done, I have permitted enough to be done, to let you think you can do what you like here." I did not know at this cold treatment what to do, what to say to her, and was silent.

"I'm distressing you," at length I said, "so I had bet-ter go." "You came to distress me, for you knew you would," she replied. "I never was cruel to a woman in my life," I said. "Indeed, — your wife gives a different version." "Does she? — most likely, — it's to her interest to blacken me, — it saves her own reputation." "All you men are the same, — you might have a happier home if you were truer to your wife." "It's false, she is not fit for a wife, nor could she make any one happy — I might as well say it's your fault that Mr. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e is what he is." "He! — if I were to tell you all I suffer, it would make your hair stand on end." "And I, if I told you all about my home, you would pity me. Listen."

It was rarely that I told my griefs, but hid them as much as I could. I had told them only to a little gay woman, to one of my servants, and to an old friend's parlour-maid, and had fucked all three women. I was now piqued, was in love with this lady, fancied she had had as much to do with my erotic darings in the carriage as I had, and could not bear to be thought a liar and traitor at home, and to have behaved ill to any woman. "Listen," I said. "Oh! I don't want to hear." "But you must, — you shall, in justice to me, — listen."

Then I told her in a few minutes a history in itself. "Good Heavens, you are jesting." "By the Eternal God it's the truth," — and I burst out crying. How long we sat I don't know, but I heard her saying, "I'm truly sorry for you, — it's almost incredible." I went on my knees before her. "Kiss me." "Get up for God's sake, — the servant will come in." "Kiss — kiss me." "There, — there, — get up," said she kissing me, "now leave me, pray." "Why I have not been here a quarter of an hour." "You must have been here an hour, — it's dark. — I must ring for lights."

"You are the first woman for years who has kissed me who has not been a harlot," I said, forgetting the servants, the married women, and others I had had, and a lady about whom I shall print nothing. It was an odd thing to say, was quite useless and untrue, but it burst from my lips suddenly, — Heaven knows why.

The story I had old her had stirred her sympathies, for she was a woman in the fullness of her blood, in the hey-day of her lusts. She was a pure woman; but those who have tasted the pleasures of coition with a man, — and she had spent with me, — cannot resist the desire for them again. Hers however was a want which urges many a woman to sexual complaisance without knowing the cause, although she knew well what she wanted, and was willing to forget herself, to bring about a result to satisfy the want. It was not fucking, but the consequences which most women dread, and try to avoid, when the fucking is illicit. Yes — she yearned for maternity. All her utterances to me, involuntary, irrepressible as they were, all pointed to it.

The deed of the previous night, and my present disclosures, had broken all barriers. She had tried at the beginning to fence herself with coldness — useless. Oh! the mysteries of the cock and the cunt when once the male and female disclose them to each other. No fence, no walls, no bolts, no bars, will keep them asunder. What can a woman refuse a man whose spunk has filled her cunt, from the portals of her womb to her clitoris, as mine had hers. All on a sudden I closed on her, kissed her, and put my hand up her petticoats.

"Now leave off, — if you attempt to repeat last night, I will leave the room, and deny myself in future when you call." "Nonsense Mary, — let me call you Mary, — dear Mary, — you know what you told me only yesterday night as we danced, — things have not changed since then, — let me, — let me be the father."

"Never, — a moment's weakness, — yes I should like a child, — in my loneliness and misery, with all our wealth, it might comfort me, — but not one of disgrace, — I forgot myself, and now you punish me, — forget all about it. As a gentleman, as I know you to be, — you will forget it, and never disclose my weakness, I am sure."

"Nonsense, we love each other, — let me." "Now don't, — leave off, — not now, — oh! don't make that noise, — be quiet then, — the footman will be in." "He is out, or was when I was downstairs." She rose up. "Let me feel where I did last night." "No, I forgot myself once, but never again, — go." "I won't by God, — I will have you, — I feel mad when I think my prick has been in your dear cunt, but never spent in it properly, — that my sperm has covered it, but was half wasted outside it."

Out of the large double drawing-rooms was her boudoir, a sofa in it. I laid hold of her hands, and pulled her. "Come here." "Oh! don't make that noise, — the footman may come here." "Well, here." Gently, and kissing her as I went, I pulled that lady into her boudoir and laid her on the sofa. Sighs, kisses, murmurs of my love, and we were spending together on the sofa a minute or two afterward. The doors were unlocked, any one coming in must have caught us; both must have been delirious with love-passion, to have run such risks. Rising quickly after I had spent, she rang for lights. Then was another ring audible.

"It's his ring, — it's my husband, — he's come home, — perhaps not drunk for once, — sit down there, — no, not so near, — there, — oh! my God what has brought him home!" (He rang a minute after she had rung the drawing-room bell.)

"How are you old fellow?" said her husband, quite sober, entering the room, and shaking hands with me, — "why I thought (to his wife) you would see no one." "I felt better when I was up, and Mr.\*\*\* has come to say he has a box for Drury Lane for next Friday, and very much wants us to go with him and Mrs. \*\*, — I told him to wait a little on chance of your coming home." "Will you join us?" said I. "Yes," replied he, "you stop to dinner with us." I hesitated. "Do." "I'd rather not." "We are all alone, — why don't you ask him, Molly?" No reply. "Why the damned fool has fainted, — it's the second time she has done it today, — what the hell's the matter with her?" said he.

[It's singular what a lot of fainting women I had in my youth, — those in after years did not faint during our intrigues.]

To ring, get sal-volatile, spirits, was the work of a minute. She had recovered before they came. Mr Y\*\*\*- s\*\*\*e poured himself out three quarters of a tumbler of brandy, and putting a little water to it, swallowed it. "Don't drink all that," said she. "Mind your own business," said he. I rose to go. "I want him to stay to dinner, Molly." "Won't you stay?" "I'd rather not." "Stay, — nonsense," said he, — "She'll be as dull as stale beer tonight, — if you don't stay, come to my club, and we'll dine there." "Pray stay," said she. My seed was up her, that was an attraction, and though kindness would have said go, — I stayed. She left the room. Mr. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e drank more brandy and water; at dinner he was three sheets in the wind, no one was there but us three. "Who knows if chance may not give her to me again tonight!"

It was the most extraordinary evening in point of strained sensation I ever spent. Shown into a bedroom to wash before dinner, I would not wash the hand which had fingered her cunt; out of a superstition that if I kept it unwashed I should have her again that night. I had never been at a family-dinner with them before. My sense of delicacy as a gentleman ought to have made me refuse her husband's invitation, seeing that she was distressed, and had not willingly joined with him in asking me. At table he was boisterous and jolly at first, then heavy and stupid as the wine told on him; she dull and distressed, though trying hard to hide her being so. "You are as dull as ditch-water, — you are as cheerful as small beer drawn yesterday," he kept saying at intervals to her. I had been trying to engage her in conversation all the evening, but it flagged, al-though she drank wine freely. Gradually all the talking fell to him, and as he was listened to, he seemed contented. I felt more inclined to think, than to talk; at all events to him, for my mind dwelt on the changes twenty-four hours had made in our relations to each other. The night before I had seen her come in



to the ball-room upright, radiant, fresh-coloured, sparkling, proud in step, composed in demeanour; and I had not a vestige of a thought of having her. I had even thought her cold, and should have said without any sensuality. There she sat now. My hands had wandered over her soft flesh, from her knees to her navel, I had titillated her clitoris, spent in her. She was pale in face, dark rings were round her eyes, she seemed half lifeless, it was painful to see her. Whenever I turned my eyes toward her, I found her fixed on me with a strained expression in them, as if she were hearing some frightful tale. (I shall never forget the expression in them.) Her voice quivered, she answered slowly. I kept thinking of my fuck on the sofa, and all the occurrences. The more I thought, the more impossible it seemed to me that all could so have come about, — it seemed a dream.

When she left us, her husband took brandy and water and cigars and got more fuddled. "Tea is in the drawing-room sir," said the flunkey. I rose to go. "Wait another quarter of an hour," said Mr. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e. I waited. "Let us go, Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e will think me rude." "She be damned, — you go, — I'll stop, and have another glass, and another cigar."

In the drawing-room she poured out my tea with perfect grace. "Is not my husband coming?" "Soon," I said. Time ran on, she rang the bell. "Tell your master the tea will be cold." Footman came back. "He has gone to bed Ma'am." "To bed?" "Yes." "Ex- cuse me," she said, and left the room. In a few minutes she came back. "Is he unwell?" said I in all ignorance. She looked at me, to see if I was humbugging her by my question. "No, drunk, — that is my life," — and she buried her face in her hands.

I went close to her, my lust got the better of me, and I attempted to feel her leg. She rose from her chair. "Are you a brute also? — then I am deceived indeed, — no don't touch me, be content, — would you break my heart quite? — it is well nigh broken, — if you touch me, I will never see you again." I was awed. She moved her chair away from me, and I did not approach nearer to her.

We talked a short time. "You will meet me, won't you? — our friendship has only begun, — both unfortunate, — why deny ourselves the pleasure our society gives us?" She made no reply for a long time, seemed to be struggling with herself, and buried her face in her hands.

"Where — how?" she said at last. "Meet me somewhere where we can talk undisturbed." "Where? — how? — so that I may not be known?" The brain of a man works wiles to get a woman, and I thought of a move new to me, perhaps old enough to others; with me it was an instantaneous thought. There were and now are three large linendrapers in London, with corner-buildings, and two frontages. "Call at Soand-So," I said, "stop at the \*\*\* street-side — make a purchase, — send your carriage away, — go right through the shop to the other street, there I will await you tomorrow." "No." "When" "The next day at three." "You won't deceive me?" "I have begun, and I'll go through it," said she with a hard look. "One kiss." "Hish! the servants are all about." I kissed her, and left.

The day came. A bitterly cold and rather foggy day, an admirable one for our assignation. I had called at a house in T\*\*\*f\*\*\*d Street, well known in those days to swells. I had never been at it before, but had asked a middle-aged friend if he knew a good house, for I did not like taking her to J\*\*\*s Street. He was a married man with a great liking for intrigue. "You are going to have a married woman," said he (it was an odd shot, but a true one.) "No." He winked. "The quietest house in London is So-and-So — there is a back and a front entrance, one in one street, one in another street." I went there, hired the nicest room, ordered a fire, and clean sheets and paid part in advance.

I waited at the corner looking out for the carriage. No carriage came. A lady got out of a cab, paid and it drove off. "Is it she?" She stood still, looked at me through a thick veil, then went into the shop. I had recognized her, and went round the corner; my cab of course was there. A quarter of an hour which seemed an age elapsed. "Is she never coming?" Then she appeared with a paper parcel in her hand. In a minute she was in the cab; in five minutes at T\*\*\*f\*\*\*d Street, and in a large, comfortable, but somewhat dull bed-room.

She took off her bonnet and veil, she was trembling. "Is this an hotel?" "No my darling." "Is it a brothel?" "It's a house where they are not particular." "It is a brothel." I did not know what to say, so

held my tongue.

She buried her face in her hand, and sat so for a minute. "You have not kissed me darling." She kissed me, got up, and looked at me fixedly. "Take off your things, — let me help you." She hurried, was quite silent, and soon was in her chemise, but with boots and stockings on. She undressed mechanic-ally, as if she were thinking of something else. "Oh! let me look at you — let me lift your chemise." She resisted. "No, for Heaven's sake, leave me alone." I complied. "Let me draw off your boots and stockings." The next minute we were in bed, and I was up her; getting into the bed with a bound, and mounting her with fury. She had not laid down before I was pressing her. She laid down on her side with her face toward me, but my body met hers, and turned her on to her back. "Wait a minute, — let us talk," she began. "Oho!" she sobbed as with a fierce plunge my prick drove her. The next minute her cunt was deluged.

I was not man enough, or she not appetizing to me enough to make me continue without withdrawing (as I often did with a fresh piece). I uncunted, and began the delights of feeling her all over. That exquisite variety of sensations were mine, which run through a man as he feels a woman in all her nakedness. For the first time, can kiss her mouth, suck her bubbies, rove from her neck to her knees, smooth his lips over her breasts, plunge his fingers up her cunt till they can grope no further. Soon I was in full vigor again, and up her, and then Mary Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e met me with ardour and in that very fuck was impregnated. She had never spoken from the time she had got into bed, till her pleasure came on. Then she sobbed out, "Oh! my love!" — and she was quiet again. She often repeated the words when spending afterwards. That came naturally from her, as my prick stiffened to its utmost in her cunt, and she drew my sperm out of me. She never said any other words when fucking.

In less than an hour I fucked her again. I could scarcely get her to talk. After each poke she wanted to know the time, and when satisfied lay nestling close to me. "You're with child," I remarked jokingly. "I hope so." I could not realize that she really meant it. "Don't you wash?" "No, I'll do nothing to destroy the chance." "Chance of what?" "Of having a child." "Do you really mean it?" "What do you think I have come here for, if I don't mean it? — do you think I run this risk for lust? — to have degraded myself in your eyes for mere lust! — you are in error of you imagine that." "My darling I am thinking of nothing but the delight I have in meeting you, in finding a friend and lover in you." "I am not your lover, and never shall be, though I have been dreaming of such an after-noon with you for two years past." "Of me?" "Yes, thinking I should like a child by you." "Why me?" "I don't know, — who can tell why one likes and dislikes," — and then she explained.

"When grief was upon me I longed to be a mother, and thought of you. Gradually I came to desire that you should be the father, and for that I have degraded myself, — yet I swear that this has come about as if by magic, for I never contemplated having a child by you, much as I desired it. But from the moment you took my hand under the table-cloth at the supper, I lost all control of myself. In the carriage I was helpless as a child, was in a sort of swoon, though I knew quite well what you were about, and that it was wrong, I tried to resist you in my mind, but could not stir a limb. It was the same the day before yesterday. I knew you had sent up a falsehood, but felt I must see you, and from the moment you pulled me toward my boudoir, had the same enervation." This was said nearly as I write it, not as an apology, but as a narrative told in the most natural way possible, and in a sorrowful tone.

"Did you spend with me in the boudoir?" "Yes. I felt agitated, alarmed, and almost fainting." "Did you wash yourself, — do tell me, — do?" I anticipated coyness and evasion, but I did not know the woman yet, her frankness and determination. "No I did not, — I thought of doing so, but from a feeling I can't de-scribe I would not, and I came down to dinner just as you left me."

"Do you not love me? — you could not have thought so of me without it." I asked her this for I was staggered, and thought spite of all, that she might be only a frisky one, to whom a fuck on the sly was a treat. I was too inexperienced to know the varieties of the female mind, the vagaries that an unsatisfied womb might cause, the overwhelming passion that a womb hungering for impregnation

might beget.

"I do not love you, — I shall never be a mistress to you, and from the time I am sure that I shall have a child, you will see no more of me in the way you see me now, and perhaps not at all." "I believe you are with child at this moment," I said joking. "I firmly believe that I became so an hour ago. — I must leave, — how can I enter my door with the feeling I have hitherto done? — ah! mine has been a bitter married life!" "And mine my darling also." "But you men get relief, get even fresh loves, and people overlook it, — women they crush for less."

She dressed. "You have not washed yourself," I said laughing, for I had turned away out of delicacy when I saw her put the basin down. She would not wash at all, not wishing to destroy the good I had done her. Was it for good or harm? — time was to show. I saw her to a cab, and we parted. Yes she would meet me again — tomorrow at the theatre we should meet. She had never smiled, nor seemed pleased, nor been voluptuous, she only laid quiet, and let me fuck her as much as I could.

We met at Drury Lane, for I had of course to get the box. That night Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e began to show great attention to my wife, who in return began to hate her, yet I carefully avoided showing Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e special attention. Mr. Y. went out regularly between each act to drink. I had opportunity to speak to his wife. "Same time and place tomorrow." The next afternoon we were in the same bed together again.

And again we met. She came in her carriage, left it at one door, and passed through the shop to me. We had only time for one hurried poke. Again the next day, but she had not come in her carriage to the linen-draper's because the coachman was ill. She had a fit of compassion, would not hear of his coming out in the cold, nor of a groom driving. She was frightened. He was not a good whip, so she had a cab. It was a piece of luck, I said. "Well it really is," she replied. "I hope he will be confined for weeks." "Poor man, he has a sick wife," said she. How clever are both man and woman in availing themselves of every chance for getting amorous delights, —the old song of my boyhood is right, "cock and cunt will come together, check them as you may."

It was an afternoon of hard fucking. She had a tight cunt, — I told her so. "You ought to know what is tight and what is not, according to all accounts," she said. I had heard similar hints from others within the year before that, and wondered how it came about.

Another and another meeting. She was always quiet, reserved, dignified, even when she pissed, but now was yielding, and taking more her share in dalliance. "Why don't you put your hand down, and feel my prick?" Her hand went gently down, and then it became like mine, inquisitive, and moved under my balls and all about, much more so than the hands of the women did whom I had recently been accustomed to. Satisfying her curiosity stirred her blood, and there was more passion in embrace. Still I felt that I more served a purpose she was determined on carrying out, than that she had pleasure in meeting me for copulation. My vanity was excessive on her declaration that she wished a child by me, but was chilled when she said that so soon as she got one, she would not care about me; and that my embraces were nothing to her, unless they fecundated her egg; that her joy in my arms was only physical, and that when the sperm was laying up against her womb-mouth, she cared nothing for the man from whose prick it had issued. Many as were the cunts I had spermated, I was too young to have studied their owners philosophically or psychologically, as I since have done.

Gradually she became more free. She had refused my inspection of her, and on any liberty she did not like she mentioned her degradation. "I suppose you think me little better than a prostitute," said she to me one day, "and I deserve it." She was so sensitive about her own sin, as she called it, that when she referred to it I was settled at once, and relinquished my wishes. I had never seen her quite naked even after several meetings, and got wild. "Let me see." "I don't like it." "Well my darling you shan't be annoyed but I have never kissed it, — I will." I ducked down in the bed kissing her breasts, then her belly, and at last lodged my head between her thighs. The smell of her cunt was delicious to me, I opened the lips, I kissed the moist parts. "I'll lay here all the time," I said, but I

never licked her, for I had no taste for gamahuching her. "You will be smothered unless you come up." "I don't care, — let me see." I just caught the darkness of the split, and was glad to rise up, and rub my ballocks against it. She would show me no more, but it stirred her up, "Oh my love," came with more emphasis than ever. I pulled my prick out of her, and stopped her crisis. "What are you doing?" "I won't go on unless you let me look at your cunt," — and then I did. After-ward I became master, and she no longer refused me.

The coachman was better. Instead of two or three hours she could only manage an hour, — half an hour, — it came to a fuck at the bedside, and a precipitate rush out of the house. We were much vexed. How I hated to see her step out of that big carriage! — how I longed to see her come muffled up out of a cab!

One day she sighed, but smiled. "I am with child," she said. "Are you glad!" "Yes, but I feel sad, and I don't know why." This must have been about a month after I had had her. "Are you sure?" "Yes, — and if in another three weeks my poorliness does not come on, it is absolutely certain, — not but I was certain I should be from the moment we met here, and even before I had you, that you would be the father of a child." I wanted to see her quite naked. "No." "Not to the father of your child? — ridiculous." She reflected. "It is ridiculous, but I cannot bear to be treated like a prostitute." "Nonsense, — does not every man see his wife naked, and have his pleasure with her in every way?" "Do what you like with me, you have the right now, — every right over me, — more right than any one else, — I believe it to be so in the eyes of God."

## Vol. 4 Chapter VI

**Copulation refused me. • Unto us a child is born. • Flight suggested. • Affection unrequited. • Her husband dies. • Narrowed circumstances. • In a foreign land. • She marries again. • Hearsay, fifteen years afterwards.**

When she had made up her mind to a course good or bad, she did not hesitate. The same determination that I should be the father of her child made her yield to me now. She let me pull her about, lift up this limb, open that, backside and belly, cunt, bobbies, and arm-pits came under my rapturous inspection. I must have been strong in my expressions of delight, for she took the infection from me. When rushing into her arms, and sheathing my penis in her, "Am I really very nice?" she said. "Divine." "Oh! my love, I am so glad you like me," — and our bodies began to move. The affection which a woman has for him whose seed has given her a child had set in, but I did not reciprocate it. I had not then in my physical love for women learnt to discriminate between lust and love, and thought the former was the latter, until it shifted its object, and then I began to wonder how I had liked the last woman so much, and the one before her so much, and so on.

After that day there was no hesitation. She abandoned herself to me absolutely, I could see and do what I liked, nor was she behind. Though not a sensuous or voluptuous woman, she used to rub her mouth in my balls, and kiss my prick, whilst I fingered her cunt. The way she nestled her nose round my balls was curious — most women have a way of their own in amorous tricks.

She had dark eyes, dark wavy hair, and a pretty nose. Her face was handsome and dignified, you saw at a glance she was a lady. She had lovely shoulders and breasts suggesting much plumpness below, but it was not so. Although nice and round, she was not large about her bum and thighs, yet the calves of her legs were symmetrical. She was prettily shaped, and her bones so fine that she looked stouter than she really was. She was nice to feel all over, had exquisite hands and feet, and had all the physical qualities of good breed. Her cunt had but a smallish quantity of crisp dark brown hair on it, and the lips and prick-hole were small. It was a pretty cunt, like a well-grown girl's of seventeen, instead of a woman's of nearly thirty. When I said she had a small cunt, she became anxious to know if it was very small. She had some fear that through its size she would have a very severe labour, which was the case.

In fucking she was charming, but never voluptuous. The tightness of her cunt coming after the capacious well-haired orifices of Sarah Mavis, Louisa, and Jenny, was a novelty, but I'm not sure that I enjoyed it so much for poking, though I liked to finger it. I then preferred the larger cunts for reasons often given. But I loved to be in bed with her, for it was the first lady I had had for a mistress, and her manners were different from the humbler sort. Besides, there was a charm in talking about one's female friends, and in my disclosing amatory knowledge to a comparative novice. I had recently had such talk only with women to whom every trick and dodge of prick and cunt was familiar.

One thing was singular. She had a sweet mouth, and although not much given to tonguing myself, — indeed not doing so to women generally, — I began at once to do so to her. She moved her head away. "No that's not nice." "When you're spending it's heavenly, — just touch mine, — there, — is it not nice now? — right in-to my mouth." Soon she became fond of it. Her husband had never done so. Never? No, never attempted such a thing. Are there many men who don't use their tongues when fucking, I wonder.

About her husband. By mutual consent we avoided the subject, yet when I asked a question about him, she took the opportunity of telling much to justify herself in my eyes, and in her own, for what she was doing. She had married him for money, hoping love would come after, — and it never had. Then came his evil habits, estrangement, neglect, mistresses and casuals, — he had clapped her, and that was all. There were no rows, no show before people, but gradual alienation, and rarely coition. He fucked her at times, and she spent with him at times, though she disliked him. She sought his bed after I had had her first. "He cannot say it is not his child," she said. She had relieved her sexual wants by frigging herself, though but rarely.

The two months proved she was with child. She had said she would cease to have me when assured of that, but had forgotten it perhaps; for instead of ceasing, she seemed more anxious for my embraces than before. She was warming toward me, but I was cooling. Our meetings had been of the shortest till her husband went into the country, to his mills. I suggested having her at her home, but she would not hear of it. She managed longer meetings, grew more affectionate, fearful of being found out, and of not living through her confinement; then at the dislike of nursing a child in her house when the father was away. She was unhappy, but the child would make her happy when she thought of me. When born: if Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e continued his brutal habits she would separate from him, and live with her child. Why did I not separate, and form an-other home, — did I love any one? "Do you love me?" I asked, "recollect what you said three months ago." "I love you like my life, my love, my darling, — I did not know myself, and that yearning for a child by you was love for you." She had read in a French novel of a lady who had the same devouring want, and who did as she had done. "I intended when with child that you should never meet me again, — but oh! my God I cannot do it."

A mist fell from my eyes, and I became aware of the true position of matters. This poor lady was deeply attached to me. I cared about her only as a temporary sweetheart, though I began by thinking I was in love with her. I saw misery for her. I never liked adultery. There were enough women to be had without taking the wives of other men. I revolted at the idea of visiting a man, eating his food, drinking wine with him, shaking him by his hand, and when behind his back tailing his wife. Yet here was I without design exactly in that position.

She went to her husband in the North, he remained there, he tailed her when there, I wrung the confession from her. How could she help it, she said. He was pleased as she thought at having got her with child. On her return again came the suggestion, why did I not separate from my wife? "I shall be all but a pauper without her money," I said. "What of that, if you are unhappy." But I was always hoping for happier days, hoping, — hoping, — hoping. "Let us go away to-gether," said she, "my marriage settlement will keep us both, — we can be happy, — a knowledge of our separate miseries will endear us to each other, for I don't think I can bear this life any longer, — the struggle is too great, — let us fly together." This suggestion was hers and made in a paroxysm of tears.

I did not know what to say, hesitated, equivocated, said my wife was behaving better, that I would leave her for a year, that if we ran away we might be unhappy, and so on; that it was best to reflect and not take a too hasty step.

"You don't love me, — you didn't love me," she said, "oh! what will become of me, — what shall I do!" — and we parted in tears.

It was brighter weather now, and we could not get to the bawdy house without being seen. She was big in the family way, which made her more noticeable, and she could only stop for one embrace, and was then obliged to get away. Then luckily as I have said the house fronted two streets. She went out on one, I on the other, but it was getting very uncomfortable, to me at least. I did not dare to break it off, I so respected her, and had so much pity for her that I continued to make appointments, though glad when she could not keep them. Again, she was to be the mother of my child. So I let things drift on, but had for some time stroked whores again, not being able to do without women, and having difficulty in getting her. So I was glad when her husband was taken seriously ill in the North, and she was compelled to go there to him.

She was absent a very long time, our letters were sent to post-offices, they were brief, in disguised hand-writing, and never signed. How she managed to get hers I don't recollect. When she came back she was an immense size, and told me but little of what had passed whilst she had been away. She feared trouble of all sorts, that misfortune was to be her lot in life, that she had hoped we might pass our lives together, but had made a mistake; her life had been a mistake, a mistake to have married him, to have longed for a child by me, to have loved me, when it was not returned. I declared that I loved her. Nonsense she replied, reflection had convinced her I did not; if I did, why re-fuse to leave with her.

I repeated what I had said before. She retreated into her cold dignity, the dignity she had before I had fucked her. She used to look at me quietly till the tears brimmed over her eyes, and dry them up quietly with-out saying a word. She had that strained expression of face which some women have in pregnancy, and had become quite thin. Sometimes an impulse took me by head and heart, and I was on the point of offering to run away with her. Reflection made me know that I did not love her, I did not even love poking her, I only respected and admired her, and with my sensuous temperament, felt that it could only end in misery for both of us, were we depending on each other entirely for our happiness in our double adultery, and with smallish means. Then on one excuse or another she put off meeting me till I saw that she never meant me to have her again, — and I never did. She was confined with a boy. We visited her. She was affectionate to me when we were alone, but so sad that I could scarcely forbear crying when she spoke to me. She loved the child. When she recovered her health and looks I had a strong desire for her, but she never would let me. Her hand would clasp mine, and tremble in it, but to all my entreaties, it was, "No, — never," — and I never had her again.

Her husband's dissipation had been ruining him, he failed for a huge sum, and instead of spending fifteen thousand a year, came to live on his wife's income of five hundred. Then he had paralysis, and was a repentant, broken, miserable man, lame and ugly, and went with his wife to live in the South of France.

She never wrote to me, but wrote often to my wife, who disliked her for some reason which I knew not; but was obliged to reply because there was a chance always of her coming back again at some time to London. Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e it always seemed to me meant to keep me informed of herself through her letters to my wife, for she described everything, their new home, their mode of living, their expenses, the baby, his looks, and so forth, as if my wife had been the person next to herself the most interested in the child. Once she said his eyes were exactly like mine; but the letters at last grew shorter and shorter, and a longer time apart. Then her husband died.

[I may add here after a lapse of seventeen years the sequel of this amour, as far as I know it now. Years rolled on, I was a widower, and went South, called at Montpellier, and made enquiry. She

had remained there some time as a widow. An Italian nobleman had married her, and they left for Italy, — I never heard where. She may be living now, so may my child, I should like to know, — but what good would come of it if I did? She and the child had better remain as they do in my memory, — a tender regret, full of respect for her. Her name sounded like Castagni, — but that was not her name.]

## Vol. 4 Chapter VII

**A big maid-servant. • A peep up from below. • Home late, dusty and stupid. • Chastity suspected. • Consequences. • Dismissed. • My sympathy. • The soldier lover. • Going to supper. • At the Café de l'E\*r\*\*e. • In the cab returning. • Wet feet. • On the seat. • Mutual grasping and gropings.**

I have forgotten to say that I had been again much better off, but by extravagance had to draw in, and now lived in a larger house, but kept only three servants. During the latter part of the time of my liaison with Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e we had for a month or so but one servant. A charwoman came to do rough work; but why this temporary arrangement took place need not be told.

She was a big country woman quite five feet ten high, and speaking with a strong provincial accent. When she was alone in the house I used to cross the streets to see her kneel, and clean the door-steps. She had such a big arm, and her bum looked so huge that I wondered how much was flesh, and how much petticoats. She cleaned the windows on the ground-floor, which in the house I then inhabited were got at by an iron balcony with open bars beneath. Seeing her cleaning them one day I went stealthily to the kitchen, and then into the area, and peeping cautiously up her petticoats, saw her legs to her knees. They were big and suited to her buttocks; but though the sight pleased me much, I never thought of having her, for I avoided women in my own house and neighbourhood. She was plain-faced, sleepy, and stupid-looking; the only thing about her nice, was bright rosy flesh. She looked solid all over. Her hair was a darkish chestnut colour, her eyes darkish, and one day she lifted a table as heavy as herself. There was not the slightest amorousness in her face or manner, and she dressed like a well-to-do country woman. Give her lots of nice, good, white underclothing; it was better than a sham outside, I heard she had said. She was about twenty-two years old, but she looked older.

About two months after she came (and just then when without other servants), on arriving home one Sunday night at about ten o'clock, I found she had been allowed to go out as usual, but had not returned. An-other hour crept on. Savage, I thought of locking her out. About half-past eleven she returned. I let her in, and asked why she was so late. She looked dazed, muddled, had a very red face, muttered she was sorry, she had fallen down and hurt herself, and without waiting to answer me properly went downstairs. My wife went after her, and when she came up, told me she thought she was in drink, and that her dress and bon-net were covered with dust. "She had been up to some tricks with a man," said she.

Next day I heard she had told as an excuse, that as she was walking along a lane up which she turned to piddle, a man laid hold of her, and had taken liberties with her; that in the scuffle she had fallen down, had screamed, tried to catch him, had failed, and a lot more to similar effect. One or two days later I was told the woman had been dismissed. That I quite expected, for it was the mistress' custom to coax out the facts from poor devils in a kind way, and then to kick them out mercilessly; any suspicion of unchastity was enough for that. Middle-aged married women are always hard upon the young in matters of copulation.

"What is she going for? A few days ago she was so beautifully clean, strong, and serviceable that none were like her!" "Oh! she has got a sweetheart, and is up to no good with him I'm sure." "How do you know?" "She told me so." "It's hard to dismiss on suspicion only, a poor girl who came up to

us from the country." "You always take the part of those creatures." "I know nothing for or against her, nor you." "She is no better than she ought to be. — I have noticed a soldier idling about here for some time past." "As you like, — it's your business — but she came to us with an excellent character."

I pitied the woman, but more than that from the time I heard that a man had assaulted her, a slightly lecherous feeling had come over me towards her. I wondered what he had done, — had he felt her? — had he fucked her? — had she ever been fucked before, even if the man had recently done it to her? I began looking closely at her, getting in the way on some pretext or another, and always wondering if this and that had been done. I looked at the broad backside, so broad that a prick must look a trifle by the side of it. "Have the male balls banged up against it?" I thought. When I heard of her being turned adrift I thought I would just like to have her once or so, and that her leaving us gave me a chance. Curiosity was I believe at the bottom of my desire for her, — it was her huge fleshy form, and that spanking arse. Oh! to look at it naked, and feel it, if I did nothing more.

Finding the charwoman was not coming one day, and that the big servant would be a short time alone in the house, home I went; and on some pretext went down to the kitchen.

"So you are going to leave us." "Yes sir." "Why?" "I'm sure I don't know, — Missus says I don't suit, — yet only a few days ago she said I suited well." Here she broke into tears. I spoke kindly to her, said she would get another place soon, — she must take care not to go up dark lanes again with a man, nor go home late and dirty. She could not help it, — it was no fault of hers. What liberties did he take with her? I asked. The woman coloured up, and turning her head away, said he did what was very improper. "Did he put his hands up your petticoats?" "What was very improper," she repeated. "But how did you get so dirty?" They struggled, and she slipped. "I wish I'd been him, — I'm sure when he felt, he got his hand close up, — I'd give a sovereign to have mine there." That remark threw her into a distressing state of confusion.

I talked on decently, alluding to what I thought had taken place, and wishing I had been the man; but got nothing from her excepting that the man had taken liberties with her, — yes most improper liberties.

I told her I was sorry she was going, and thought she was hardly used, but I could not help it, — how was she off for money?

Very badly off, — she had come straight from the country to better herself, and had bought nice, good, underlinen, knowing she was coming to a gentleman's house, and now before she could turn herself round she was sent off. She had had to pay for each coach to London, and when she had her wages, and paid for a cab to lodgings, she would not have twenty shillings left. What was she to do if she could not get another place? Here the big woman blubbered, left off cleaning, sat down on a chair, and hid her face.

"Don't cry, you're used badly, — I'll give you a little money until you get a place, — it won't be long." "You're a good kind master," said she, "everyone says so, — but Missus is a beast, she ain't no good to any one, — I don't wonder you are out so much, and don't sleep with her." I gave a kiss and a cuddle. "What lovely limbs you have, — how firm your flesh is, -- you are delicious, — I should like to sleep with you, — come into the lane with me, and tell me when you are going to piddle again, and let me take a liberty."

"Who told you I went up the lane?" "Your mistress," and then I left, telling her on no account to let it be known that I had been home.

After this I heard that she had said it was a soldier. Now I knew that a soldier who took liberties with a woman, took no little ones, and generally got all he tried for; so made up my mind that she had been fucked on the night she came home late.

A day or two after I was surprised with the following. "I've got another servant, — she will come the day after to-morrow, so I mean to send Sarah away at once, — of course she will be paid her



month's wages, but I shall get rid of her, for I am sure she is an unchaste woman." "Poor devil! — it's enough to make her unchaste, — but it's your business." "Are you going out to-night?" "Why?" "Because if you are I'm going round to my sister's." "I am." — and off I went after dinner; but waited in a cab not far from the end of the street, watching to see if she really did go out. She did, and directly I spied her I drew myself back, and told cabby to follow her to the sister's house. Then I drove back part of the way, and went home.

"So you are going?" said I to the servant. "Yes, I'm turned out, sir." "A soldier and you went up a dark lane, — what a fool to tell your mistress." "Ah! she has told you, — what a bad un, she sneaked it out of me, — but I'm not to blame, he is my sweetheart, and is going to marry me." "Have you got lodgings?" "Yes sir, I'm going out to-morrow to see them, and I've written telling my sister (a servant also, and she has taken them." "Wait for me when you go, and on no account say I've been home, — I mean to help you, — you are badly used, — what can I do for you?" "If you would help me to go to the Tower, — my young man's name is \*\*\*, he is a Grenadier, — I've written him, but he has not replied, and I want to know if he is there." "I will wait for you to-morrow night outside, when you go to see the lodgings." A kiss, a hug, and out of my house I went again, after having ascertained where she was going to, and the time she was to go out.

Next evening I waited outside her lodgings, she came in a cab with her box, and told me that her mistress had bundled her out. She had had nothing to eat since mid-day, and was sick and weary. "Make haste then, — arrange your things, and we will go and have something to eat, and you shall see your soldier to-mor-row." "God bless you, I do feel grateful sir," said she.

In half an hour she came out. I did not know where better to go to, and knew that it was just the time when the place would be empty, so took her to the Cafe de l'Europe in the Haymarket. It was a long drive, but I wanted to be with her in the dark cab. She was wonderfully struck with the place, but I was ashamed of being seen with her. She was anxious to go home early, because she lodged with poor people who went to bed early. She had never tasted champagne, so I gave her some. Oh! her delight as she quaffed it, and oh! mine as I saw her drink it, — it was just what I wanted. "A cock has been into her I am sure," I thought, "so another can't do her much harm, — if she'll fuddle she'll feel and be felt, or fuck, or frig, they always go together," my old instructor in the ways of women used to say.

I arranged to take her the next day to the Tower; our talk naturally was about the affair. "He did it to you," I said. She wouldn't or didn't see my meaning. "I could not help it if he did, or what he did, — he took improper liberties." "He took them more than once, I'll bet!" She did not like such joking, she remarked. All this was when we were going out to supper.

Going home in the cab I began to say a bawdy word to her. "He felt your cunt," said I, "did you feel his prick?" She bounced up and hit her bonnet against the top of the cab. "Oh! my! sir," — but she kept on in her excitement, letting out bits of the history, saying at intervals, it was not her fault, — she was fuddled, — fuddled with beer and gin, — a little fuddled her. I saw that pretty clearly from the effect of the champagne; and unbuttoned so as to have my prick handy. It was a wet night, the bottom of the cab was wet straw. "My feet are quite wet," said she. "Put them on the seat, my dear." She did so; I felt them as if solicitous for her comfort, putting my hand higher than above her ankle, just to see if her ankles were wet also.

"Why your ankles are wet." "Yes they are." With a sudden push up went my hand between her thighs, — a yell and a struggle, but I had felt the split before she dislodged my fingers. She was stronger than me, but my hands roved about her great limbs, searching under her petticoats round her huge backside. "Oh! don't, — you're a beast." "Oh! what a backside — what thighs! — what a lovely cunt I'm sure you have! — let me keep my hand just on your knee, and I swear I won't put my hand higher." To ensure my keeping my hand there, she held my wrist as well as a wise would have done. She had by sheer force got it down to there.

I pattered out all my lust, my desire to have her, incitements, and bawdy compliments on her form.

"Let me fuck you." "You shan't." "You know what it means." "I know what you mean." "What harm could I do? — who would know?" And then the old, old trick. Taking her great fist in mine, I put my stiff prick into it. What a persuader! Though she kept up a show of struggling she did not get it away from that article instantly.

I suppose unless utterly distasteful to each other, that a man and woman cannot feel each other's privates, without experiencing reciprocal bawdy emotions. They get tender to each other. The woman always does, after she has got over the first shock to her modesty, and her temporary anger. If after a man has felt her, a thermometer could be applied to her split, I believe it would be found to have risen considerably in temperature. After struggling and kissing, trying to feel her quim, trying to keep my hand on her thighs, it ended in our having our mouths together and my hand being pinched between her two thighs, whilst the knuckles of one of her hands, with sham reluctance touched my doodle, just as the cab reached her dwelling, and there we parted. All the rest of our conversation was about her soldier, her being dismissed, and is not worth writing.

## Vol. 4 Chapter VIII

**The next day. • At the Tower. • In tears. • "The wretch is married." • At T\*\*\*f\*\*\*d Street. • After dinner. • On the chamber-pot. • My wishes refused. • An attack. • Against the bed. • A stout resistance. • I threaten to leave her. • Tears and supplications. • On the sofa. • Reluctant consent. • A half-virgin.**

Next day she met me early, and we drove to the Tower. On the road I instructed her what to do when there (it was full six miles off). I tried my best to get her passions up in a delicate way, but amatory fingerings I avoided whilst the poor woman was in search of her lover. The feeling of each other's privates on the previous night, had opened her heart to me. She let out a little more of the history of her escapade with the soldier, and asked my advice how to act in certain eventualities, which could only be applicable to a woman who had been rogered. She was painfully anxious as she approached the Tower. I stopped in the cab just in sight of the entrance, and after instructing her care-fully again who to ask for, and what to do, in she went.

In half an hour she came back with wet swollen eyes, got into the cab, and began to bellow loudly. The cab-man had opened the door for her, and stood waiting for orders. For a few seconds I could get nothing out of her, then told the cabman to drive to a public house near. There I gave her gin, but still could learn nothing. All she said was, "Oh! such a vagabond!" Into the cab again. I told the man where to drive to, for I had laid my plans. "Tell me, — it's not fair after all the trouble I've taken to not tell me," — sob — sob — sob. Soon after it all came in a gush. "Yes he was there, that is, he was two days ago," but the regiment had gone to Dublin, and wouldn't be back for eighteen months, — a letter would be sent him of course, but his wife would be there in a day, for — "Oh! — hoh! — hoh! — the wretch is a married man, and he's deceived me." "You should not have let him do it." "I didn't mean to." "You let him do it more than once I'll swear." "He did it twice to me, when in the house, — he swore he'd marry me three days after, if I let him, — and so I d — did, — ho! — her — ho!"

Thus I heard in snatches the whole history, which she told me more plainly afterwards. She had been fucked twice on the eventful night, once on the ground in a lane, and once in a bed-room.

I drove to T\*\*\*f\*\*\*d Street where I used to meet Mrs. Y\*\*\*s\*\*\*e. It was not much more than mid-day. I got a comfortable little sitting-room, out of which was a large bed-room. A dinner was sent in by an Italian restaurant close by. After her first grief had subsided, the wine cheered her, and she made a good dinner, talking all the time of her "misfortun." When we had finished for a while I sat caressing her. Then I said, "I want to piddle," and pulling my prick out before her went into the bed-room and pissed.

"Don't you want to?" "No." "Nonsense, — do you suppose I don't know? — now go." She went into the bed-room. I quietly opened the door which she had closed. There was she sitting on the pot, one leg naked, adjusting her garter, and pissing hard.

Then raising her clothes that side she scratched her backside in a dreamy fashion, looking up at the walls. The rattle of her piddle went on. She had been out all the morning, had had gin and champagne, and her bladder must have been full. The side she scratched was towards me. She finished piddling, but still she sat scratching her rump. Then rising she turned round, looked in the pot, put it under the bed, pushed her clothes between her thighs, and looking round saw me at the half-opened door. She gave a start, I rushed up to her.

"What lovely thighs, — what a splendid bum" (though I hadn't seen it). "What a shame, — you've been looking at me." "Yes my darling, — what a lot you have pissed, — what a bum, — I saw you scratch it, — let's feel it, — I did last night, and you know what you felt." I got my hands on to her naked thighs, pushing her bum up against the bedside.

"What a shame to think you have been looking, leave me alone, — pray do, — now you shan't, — no — you sh — han't."

I closed with her. I had pulled my stiff-stander out. I shook it at her. "Look at this my darling, let me put it in you, — up your cunt." "No, — leave off, — I won't, — I won't, — I have had enough of you men, you shan't."

For a long time the game went on, I begging her to let me have her, she refusing. We struggled and almost fought. Twenty times I got her clothes up to her belly, my hand between her thighs. I groped all round her firm buttocks, and pinched them, grasped her cunt- wig, and pulled it till she cried out. All the devices I had used with others, all I could think of, I tried in vain. Then I ceased pulling up her clothes; but hugging her to me besought her, kissing and coaxing, keeping one of her hands down against my prick, which she would not feel, but it was useless. Then stooping and again pulling up her petticoats, letting loose every bawdy word that came into my mind, — and I dare say the choicest words, — I threw myself on my knees, and butting my head like a goat up her petticoats, got my mouth on to her cunt, and felt her clitoris on my lips; but I could not move her. She was far stronger than me. Then rising I tried to lift and shove her on to the bed. I might as well have tried to lift the bed itself. I tried to drag her towards a large sofa, big enough for two people to lay side by side, and made for easy fucking. All was useless. Her weight and her strength were such that I could not move her. There she stood with her backside against the edge of the bed, her hair getting loose, one of her stockings pulled by me down her ankle, and the upper part of her dress torn open, but no, she would not let me. She was frightened, — she would not, — I was as bad as the soldier. In the excitement she no longer cared about her legs showing to her knees, but her cunt she fought for, and get my prick against it I could not.

So we struggled I don't know how long, and then breathless, fatigued, I got into a violent rage, — a natural rage, not an artificial one, — and it told as brutality often tells with a woman.

We stood looking at each other. She kept one hand on her clothes just outside her quim, as if to defend it. I with my prick out, felt defeated and mortified. I had been so successful with women, that I could not understand not getting my way now. "You damned fool," I said, "I dare say fifty have fucked you, and you make a sham about your damned cunt, and your fears, — what did you come here for?" She opened her eyes with astonishment at my temper. "I didn't know I was coming here, — I didn't know you meant me to do that, — you said you'd be kind to me, and give me something to eat, sir, — I'd not eaten since last night, — you said you would be kind to me, sir." It was said in the deferential tone of a servant.

"So I will, but if I'm kind, you must be kind to me, — why should it be all on one side?" "I'm sure I don't know," she whimpered. "You know he fucked you, and I dare say a dozen others have." "No one's ever done it but he, and he only did it twice," said she blubbering. "Let me." "No I won't, — I'm frightened to." "Go and be damned." I put in my prick which had drooped, went into the

adjoining room, put on my hat and coat, took up my stick, and returning to the bed-room, there was she still with her arse against the bed, crying. She started up when she saw me dressed to go out.

"Oh! don't leave me here alone sir, — you won't will you?" "Yes I shall, — you can find your way out." "Oh! let me go with you sir." "I shan't, nor see you again, — why should I? — you won't let me have you, not even feel you!"

"I would let you, but I'm frightened, — I've got my living to get, and I've been ill-treated enough by that vagabond, — I didn't think you brought me here for that." "What did you think then?" "I didn't think about it at all, — I was all along thinking of him." "You didn't think of him when I felt your cunt in the cab last night, — good-bye."

"Oh! stay only a minute, — do stay sir, — don't leave me here." She still stood against the bed. "Will you let me? — what a fool you are." "Oh! don't call me names, — I would, but I'm frightened, — I've got my living to get." Haven't you been fucked?" "Y — hes, —y — hes," she sobbed out, "but it wasn't no fault of mine, — I was —aho! — fud — died," — and she blubbered as loud as a bull roaring.

A sentiment of compassion came over me, for I never could bear to see a woman cry. I threw off my hat and coat, and going up to her as she stood, kissed her. "There then, let me feel your cunt, — that can't hurt you."

She did not struggle any more. I lifted her clothes, and placed my fingers on her quim. I frigged hard at the right spot, but could get my fingers no further towards the sacred hole. Her massive thighs shut me off from the prick-tube as closely as if it had been a closed door — I could not get my hand between them.

But my fingers were between the cunt-lips, twiddling and rubbing. "Don't cry, — you'll let me I know, — who will know but we?" I fetched a tumbler of champagne from the sitting-room, and she took it like a draught of water. Up went my hand again, and with fingers rubbing her clitoris we talked and kissed side by side. Then turning myself more towards her, up went my other hand round her big bum, which felt as hard, and smooth, and cold as marble.

This went on a long time. She began gradually to yield when she felt the effects of titillation. She then grasped my fiery doodle. Then frigging her harder, her head dropped over my shoulder, and I got my fin-gers under the clitoris, and there to the hole. "Oh! (a start) you are scratching me, — you're hurting me there."

Taking away my hand. "Come here, — don't be foolish," said I, "let us do it, — you will enjoy it, — come," — and I pulled her. Her big form left the bed, and slowly she came with me to the sofa. "Sit down, — there, dear, — kiss me, — put up your legs, there's a darling." Slowly, but with much pushing and begging there at last she lay, and the instant she was down I threw her petticoats up, and myself on to her.

I saw the great limbs white as snow. A dark hairy mass up in her thigh-tops. "Oh! don't hurt." "Non-sense I don't." "You do indeed, — oh!" My hands are roving, my arse oscillating, I'm up a cunt, — all is over, — she is fucked.

"Did you have pleasure (I always asked that if I had doubt, — answer me, — did you? — do say, — what nonsense to hold your tongue, tell me." "Yes I did, after you had done hurting me." "Did I really hurt you?" "Yes." "Impossible." You did." What a sham, I thought to myself, a woman always is, — a Grenadier has fucked her twice, yet she says my prick hurts her.

I turned off on my side, the sofa being large enough. We had done the trick, and the recklessness of the woman who has tasted the pleasure, and feels the man's spunk in her quim, had come over her. The champagne added its softening influence. She pulled her dress half-down, we laid and talked. I felt her quim. "Don't." "What is it?" "I'm sore." "Why, you are bleeding." "You've hurt me. Out stood my prick, then rose upright again in a moment. Her blood on my finger and her pain gave me a voluptuous shiver. My trowsers were in my way. I tore them off, and stood by her side. "Let me

see your cunt." She resisted, but I saw her big thighs closed, and the dark-haired ornamentation. Then getting between her thighs kneeling, I pulled open the lips from which blood-stained sperm was oozing; then I dropped on to her, and again drove my prick up her. A glorious hick it seemed as I clutched her huge, firm buttocks, and felt her grasping me round my arse. All women, and even girls without any instruction put their arms round the men who are tailing them, the first time they feel the other's arms. Then we got up, she confused, I joyous and filled with curious baudiness. "Wash, — won't you?" "You go then." I did, but back I went soon. She had just sluiced it. "You are not bleeding." "I am a little." "You are poorly." "I am not."

I brought her back into the sitting-room. We drank more wine, she got fuddled, not drunk, or frisky, or noisy, but dull, stupid, and obedient. We fucked again and again, and stayed at the bawdy house, drinking and amusing ourselves till nine at night. How that big woman enjoyed the prick up her! And the opening of her cunt opened her heart and mouth to me as well.

## **Vol. 4 Chapter IX**

**The big servant's history. • The soldier at the railway station. • Courting. • In the village lane. • On the grass. • At the pot-house. • Broached partially. • Inspection of her privates refused. • Lewed abandonment. • Her first spend. • A night with her. • Her form. • Sudden effects of a looking-glass. • The baud solicits her. • Sexual force and enjoyment. • She gets a situation. • We cease meeting. • The butcher's wife. • An accidental meeting. • She was Sarah by name.**

This was her history. As she came up from the country to us, her box was missing at the station. A big soldier seeing she was a stranger made some enquiries for her, saw her into a cab, invited her to have a glass of gin, which she took, and told him the place she was coming to. The next night he showed himself there, he made love to her, wrote to her, met her on Sunday nights, and at other times when allowed to go out. He offered to marry her, and she had written to her sister to tell her about it all.

On the notable Sunday night, he took her to a tavern, and they had gin and beer till she was fuddled. She knew partially what she was doing, and thought it unwise to go up the lane in the dark with him; yet spite of herself she did. He would marry her that day month, then they would sleep together. He cuddled and kissed her, then began to take liberties. She resisted. Then if she would not let him, she might go home by herself, — why not let him? when soon they would be one in holy matrimony, — and so on. She felt as if she could not struggle. He tried to get into her upright against some railings. Then asking her to lay down on the grass, and she refusing, he pulled her down, and got on to her. She struggled and cried, but felt so frightened, that he seems to have had his way. For all that, he did not, she thought, broach her; he pushed and hurt her, and must have spent outside, she could not be at all certain about that. Steps were heard, they got up, she was crying. Her clothes were, she knew, dirty (though it was dry and fine,) her bonnet was bent. She was frightened to go home; he said she must get brushed up, and took her to some low tavern to do so. Terrified at what had been done, and about losing her place and character, she scarcely knew what she did. She had more gin, went into a bed-room with him to wash and brush, and then he persuaded her that now he had done it once, he might as well do it twice. Then he fucked her on the bed. Now the man had turned out to be (there was no possible mistake about his identity) a married man — a sergeant — with two or three children.

"Are you sure he got right into you?" "Quite when on the bed, but I scarcely know what he did or said in the lane, — a little fuddles me, — yes I did bleed, for it was on my smock when I got home, and he did hurt me very much."

I wanted to see her cunt, for her blood-stains made me wonder, and the rather hard pushing I had

had, though only for a second or two, set me thinking. I felt her cunt, she winced, — it hurt her. An almost imperceptible stain was on my finger. "You are poorly." "I'm not really, — I was so last week." "Let me see your cunt." I coaxed, caressed, tried to pull her thighs open. It was useless. She was much stronger than me, and when she laid hold of my wrist to free herself from my roivings, she removed it easily. Force could do nothing, — she was what had been said of her, as strong as a horse.

So again I got savage. I had conquered by my anger two hours before, and now took to damning and cursing her mock modesty. Then she began again to whimper. "Oh! you do frighten me, — you do 'bust' out so, — I'm quite afeared, — it's not nice to have your thing looked at." "You damned fool, I've fucked it, — I dare say your soldier looked at it." "He didn't, — he didn't, — not that I know of." By abusing I got her consent. Pulling open her thighs I saw her quim. Had she been gay, she would have taken care to turn her bum from the light; but she laid her arm across her eyes, as if to hide from herself, the sight of a man investigating her love-trap.

There was the ragged jugged-edged slit of a recent virginity, and near the clitoris the jagging seemed fresh, raw, and signs of blood just showing on it. I touched it, she winced, and nipped my hand with her great thighs, which set me damning again. Again they opened, I probed deep with my fingers up her cunt. There was no stain from the profundity, and the blood came from the front. I looked till my cock stood, and then fucked her again.

I could never make this out, and we never met with-out talking about it. She was perfectly sure the soldier had been up her, and spent in her when in the bed-room. As to his prick, whether it was short or long, thick or thin, she knew not, for she had never seen it, though he had put her hand to it in the lane. His prick must have been a very small one, and only split up enough for its entry, and I had finished her virginity, that is my conclusion.

What is more remarkable, is that her cunt was one of the tightest I ever met with in a full-grown woman. It felt more like the cunt of a girl of fourteen, excepting in its depth. It was a full size outside, and handsome to look at between huge white thighs and huge globular bum-cheeks. It was fledged like a young woman's. I expected to find it hairy up to her navel, but it was only slightly haired, which helped to satisfy me that she was what she said, only turned twenty-one years of age.

She was great in bulk, but poor in symmetry. Her bum was vast, but she was thick up to her waist, and had large breasts as firm as a rock. Her thighs were lovely, but her knees so big, that no garter would re-main above them, and she was clumsy in ankle and foot. She had a lovely skin, and smelt as sweet as new milk, sweet to her very cunt. I recollect noticing that in her, because some time before I had been offended with the smell of Fisher's, a woman I fucked, as al-ready told.

I spent the rest of the day with Big Sarah, told her I would keep her as long as she was in her lodgings, and advised her to live well, and to enjoy herself. But she did not need idleness and feeding to make her randy, she was a strong fucker, now that her passions had been once gratified. I made her twice or thrice stop out all night. She told at her lodgings that she was going to stay with an aunt. I took her to J\*\*\*s Street, which I liked better than T\*\*\*f\*\*\*d Street, for that though the quietest, and only frequented by swells of middle-age, was old-fashioned, dingy, and dull; whereas J\*\*\*s Street had looking-glasses, gildings, red satin hangings, and gas-lights. We had a supper at the Cafe de l'Europe, and at nine p.m., we were in the room in which I had poked many a woman. I was delighted to see her white flesh under a bright light. "Now drop your chemise — look at me," — and I stripped to the skin. I exposed her bum, belly, and breasts in turn, whilst she laughing tried to prevent me. Flattery of her beautiful form did it. "Am I so beautifully made?" "A model my darling," — and she stood naked excepting stockings and boots. I had shifted the cheval-glass, and we laid on the sofa. "Look at your thighs and cunt my darling in the glass, — see how my prick looks in it." "Law! to think there be houses with all this, — are there many such?" she asked.

I placed her on the sofa, kneeling, her head against the bed, her backside towards me, and introduced my penis dog-fashion. How randy I had made her! — how randy I was as I felt my

belling pressing against those two stupendous globes. "Turn your head there, and look in the glass." "Oh!" said she wriggling her back-side, "what a shame for us to be looking like that." The sight made her breathless, and wriggle her cunt closer on to the peg, — how soon a woman learns to do that.

There was a large glass against the wall, so placed that those on the bed could see every movement, — I drew the curtain aside. We fucked enjoying the sight of our thrustings, heavings and backside wriggings, and passed the night in every bauldness which then I practised. "Do you like looking?" "Yes I like it, — but it makes me do it all of a sudden." It was true, for I found that when fucking her, if I said, "Look at us, — look at me shoving," directly she looked it fetched her; her big arse quivered, and her cunt squeezed my prick like a vice. It was the same always on future days, or when if not in the same room I placed the cheval-glass at the side of the bed. The sudden squeeze and jerk of her arse as she looked amused me, and I always arranged for the spectacle with her. I did not usually do this with women.

It was a delicious night. We were both start naked. Her lower limbs looked so much better when quite naked, than when she had stockings and boots on. The room got hot, we threw all the clothes off. She was a juicy one, and the sheets in the morning were a caution, — I wondered whether it could have all come out of one cunt and one cock. "What will they think?" said she.

I showed her in the evening where she would find the closet, and advised her strongly if spoken to, not to reply to any one. We had breakfast in bed, then fucked. Her need to evacuate came on, and half dressing her-self she went down. When she came back, out I went on similar errand. She had washed, and I found her on my return anxiously looking at the seminal stains on the bed-linen. We got on to the bed again. Questioning her, she told me that the woman of the house had said to her, "What a splendid woman you are — I wish you would tell me your address. — I could make your fortune." She had made no reply. I had her as already said several times after, at J\*\*\*s Street, but took care never to let her out of my sight.

She went after a situation. Such a strong, big fresh-looking woman was sure to get one, I knew. The next time I saw her afterwards she was in low spirits. "I've boiled myself a pretty kettle of fish," she said, "I could have married well in the country, but thought I should do better in Lunnun, — and now what am I?" "My dear, your cunt can't speak, and if you hold your tongue, no one will know anything about our little amusements, and you will marry well."

I soon tired of her. She was a good-natured, foolish, stupid, trusting creature, and my wonder is that she had lived twenty-one years in the country, without having had a prick up her. As a lovely-cunted fucktress she left nothing to be desired. She had her fears about consequences, for her courses stopped, but she some-how managed to set that to rights, and at last went to her situation. Once afterwards I fucked her, — my God how she enjoyed it! She was in service not far from me. A butcher's man very soon after married her. They opened a shop, and did very well, then they moved some distance away, and I lost sight of her for years. Then I met her walking with two or three children, I suppose her own. We passed, only looking at each other.

But I almost spoke, for she came upon me so unexpectedly, and my first impulse was to speak. She stopped short, threw her head back, and her lower jaw dropped, so that her mouth opened wide, and it would have been ludicrous, had it not been for the expression of fear and pain which came over her face. I recovered myself, passed on, and never saw her more.

I paid her expenses at her lodgings, and gave her a ten-pound note as a present. It was very economical, — but I never knew a woman so delighted with my liberality. "I had two pounds, and now I've twelve," said she, "I shall send a pound to my mother." When I gave her the ten pounds she asked what it was, never having seen a bank-note in her life before. One or two country-women of the same class whom I have had, were just as ignorant of a bank-note.

## Vol. 4 Chapter X

**Sally at the sea-coast. • Our lodgings. • The land-lady and family. • A quarrel, and change of rooms. • My top bed-room. • Advances towards Sally. • Small liberties. • On the sands with her. • Cheap fingerings. • The sands by day. • Ladies bathing. • What the sad sea-waves exposed. • An incomprehensible lady. • Enticed by her, and snubbed. • Wanting fornication. • Masturbation on the sands. • Alone in the lodgings. • A journey to town. • Baulked. • From Saturday to Monday. • My return unexpected. • Sally alarmed. • Her cunning. • My caution. • Waiting expectant. • Sally upstairs. • Hesitation and determination. • Whisky and water. • I enter her bed-room.**

In the autumn of the year that Mrs. Y\* \* \*s\* \* \*e, then big with child, and thus satisfied, refused further sexual connection with me, we went to a well-known, healthy, but not fashionable seaside town. We took a young lady (Miss E\*\*\*s) with us as companion, and got lodgings close to the sea at an ordinary lodging-house. For several reasons we would not go to an hotel. There were two rooms on the ground-floor of this house let to a married couple. We had on the first-floor a sitting-room and bed-room, and wanted an old bed-room for Miss E\*\*\*s; but they would not let a bed-room above us, unless we took both on that floor, which we did. So we slept in the back room first-floor, I taking to the nuptial couch again for a time, and Miss E\*\*\*s slept overhead. The other room was empty. That constituted the house together with the kitchens in the basement, and a room at the back in the yard.

The landlady's husband was a seafaring man, or was said to be so, and only at home in the winter, — perhaps he kept away in the season, so that the rooms of his house might be let well. The landlady whom we scarcely ever saw excepting to pay her her bills, slept in the kitchen, and so did her two children, whom we did not even know were in existence for some time, so quiet and out of the way were they kept. The servant was a short sturdy girl with lightish brown hair, a very weather-beaten florid face, and merry blue eyes (quite like dozens of girls at the part of the coast), who said she was seventeen years old (she did not seem sixteen). The mistress' sister also waited and assisted when all the lodgings were let, and went home at night. The little servant also went home at night to her father's, a laborer, when the top-rooms were let. If they were not, she slept there. In fact when lodgers filled the house the landlady and her brats pigged to-gether in the kitchen, and when any rooms were empty slept upstairs. We did not however know all this at once; lodging-house keepers carefully hide their mode of living, and so on, for fear that if people knew all they would not take their apartments. Above all they prevent lodgers from knowing there are children in the house, for people don't like them in the kitchen where their food is cooked.

Soon the ground-floor people left, and we were the only lodgers. We had been there but a few days when as usual my wife and I quarrelled. I refused to sleep with her, and went to sleep upstairs. "It's impossible for you to sleep upstairs next to Miss E\*\*\*s, — what will the people think?" "Think what they like." "Well Miss E \* \* \*s must come down, and sleep with me." "I don't care who sleeps with you, — I won't." So I slept upstairs, Miss E \* \* \* s came down, and the two ladies occupied the same bed on the drawing-room floor. Soon afterwards the landlady asked if she would mind the young servant using the odd bed-room until we wanted it, so as to prevent her going home of a night. But my wife would not hear of that, for I had remarked that she was a fresh, active little girl, and that was enough to prevent her being allowed to sleep near me. So the one room remained empty, and the servant still went home to sleep.

I had taken a fancy to the little girl, — Sally she was called (I have known intimately half-a-dozen Sarahs) — the instant I saw her. Within a couple of days I had given her a kiss, and tipped her a shilling, — I had to stoop to kiss her. She resisted with the, "Adun now sir" so common among the



country lasses; but as she found a shilling and a kiss went together, it altered in about three days to, "Oh! don't yer now sir be a doing that, — Missus will be a catching you, and what will I say?" Then being sure my Missus was out, one day I gave a kiss, held her close to me, and gave a nudge near to her notch. That riled her. She was saucy, so I did not give her a shilling, and got kiss and nudge for nothing. But as I wandered about the coast (I was in and out of the house a dozen times a day), she got frequent kisses, and at length nudges as well. She responded by pushing me away, but without saying a word when I nudged her grummit. One day I went in when my people were out, and having just met the ground-floor lodgers I therefore knew they were out also. I got her to me with, "Here's a bob for you," and said, "I'd give a pound to be in bed with you, and put my fingers on the naked just there," giving a hard push towards her notch. This could not have occurred more than a week after I had taken the lodgings. The lass showed her displeasure by, "Now don't sir," and pushing me away, but taking my little shilling nevertheless; and by this time she must have been quite aware, that I was thinking a good deal about her cunt; and probably she thought what I wanted to do with it, and with what, — so that I had set her thinking lewdly.

It was just then that I became aware that she went home after supper (we had a primitive early dinner, and a slight supper). She had said, "Please Ma'am do you want anything more to-night? — if not I'm a going." That roused my curiosity. The next night I kept outside the street-door, and as she left went up as if by chance to her. "Ulloah! Sally, going to fetch beer!" "No sir, I'm a going home." "Home?" "Yes, I goes home to sleep at father's." I walked towards home with her, flattered her I dare say instinctively, and got her to walk with me on to the Promenade by the sands. There we sat down on a seat, had a chat, a kiss, and in the dark I said I'd give a pound to be in bed with her. "Oh! law I must go, — if I'm not in by ten o'clock father will kick up a row, and go and ask Mrs\*\*\* why I'm home so late." I walked towards home with her, and got her to have some sort of liquor. She would not go into the public-house, saying they knew her, — so I took a glass outside to her. Then I walked on outside the town into a dark road. She begged me to go no further, as her father might be coming along. I kissed her, stooped and put my hands up her clothes to her quim. With a cry she pushed me away, and ran off.

The next morning she sulked, — I laughed. "She is a funny little girl," said my wife. "She is," said I. The next night I coaxed her to sit down with me again by the sands. "Oh! now I won't let you do that, — I don't like it, — I don't want yer half-crowns if you wants to do that, — oh! — now, — I won't — now — doan't, — leave off, — I'll call out, — now, — here is some one coming." "So there is, now don't make a noise, or her will fancy something," said I.

Then I got my hand up her petticoats, and onto her split, I was holding her tight, and she was struggling to get away, when a man approached. I desisted, and she sat quite demurely. When the man's figure had faded away in the distance I recommenced. "I know that man," said she, "I'm sure." "What does that mat-ter?" "If it be he, he'll tell my father I'm on the sands with a man." "He won't know you, — he did not look. I've felt your cunt," said I. "You let me go." "Never mind, make it up, — here is a half-crown." She took the money, and we made it up with kisses, and a promise that I would not do it again. What a wonderful effect kisses have on young women, and so have half-crowns on poor girls. The mistress paid her no wages she said.

Either the larking pleased her, or the money (a half-crown each feel), and one night on the beach I made her feel my cock. "That will go up your cunt some day," said I. I forget the conversation which led to it, but I told her my wife had said she was not eighteen, she was sure. She chuckled. No she was not. How old? "Sixteen and a half." "Why say eighteen?" "Because lodgers won't give you so much if you're young." Though but sixteen and a half the motte-covering (what there was of it) felt wonderfully thick and crisp. The nights were just then moonless, I must add.

It was just before this that my domestic quarrels began; I was asked why I kept out of a night. "Why? — to play billiards." Then there was a row because with opera-glasses when sitting on the beach, I looked at ladies bathing; especially at a fine big woman, who always managed to let the waves wash her bathing-dress so much up, that when the waves retired, she was standing with the

dress above her navel, and the dark hair of her motte visible. She did this so constantly (a dozen times in fact each morning), that it became a matter of talk among the men down there. My wife said she was a beast for doing it on purpose, and I was a beast for looking, and we had a hot riot about it. So I went to sleep upstairs, all through a woman showing her belly naked when bathing, — as if a woman would not like to look at a black-haired prick if she got the chance, just as I did at a dark-haired cunt.

"Oh! don't you and your Missus have breezes," said Sally to me one night, "why don't you sleep with her?" I told her that I was miserable with the woman, and that of a night when sleeping alone, I did not know what to do, to put my stiff prick at ease. I made her feel it so, that within two weeks the young one felt it regularly on the beach, till there was moonlight, and afterwards- near her father's house, or somewhere, for in the lonely road of a night, there was an opportunity every hundred yards. But I never got my fingers on to the girl's cunt-split further than the clitoris, — a groping, and feeling, I dropped my half-a-crown to a shilling, but gave more frequently, if she did not resist and make a fuss; if she did, I gave her nothing, and called her a fool.

Just as the time was up for which we had hired the rooms, we one day had a very violent quarrel. The landlady came up to ask if we were going to stop longer, as in the event of our not stopping, she would look out for other lodgers. Said my wife, "We are going." "I shan't then," said I. However she gave formal notice to leave. I immediately gave notice that I should keep the lodgings another month. It ended in she and Miss E\*\*\*s going back to London, expecting that I should soon follow, — but I had found several friends there, and a good billiard-table, and from temper alone would not have given in. Moreover I thought that by some chance I might spermatize Sally's cunt, and, I fancied, spermatize it for the first time. So there in solitude I remained at the sea-coast.

My lech for the little one increased. For a long time I now had mostly had biggish women, with full-sized, full-fledged cunts, and large arse-cheeks, and the idea of the smaller, half-haired quim of Sally attracted me: yet at the same time by a singular contradiction, I had a longing for the full-fleshed, big-arsed, dark-cunted woman, whose backside and belly the waves seemed daily to expose for my admiration, — for she was still at the coast, bathing daily. Explain this inconsistency who can. One thing is certain, that not having any one to fuck at all, I had sperm ready for any cunt; but I kept for all that away from gay ladies pretty well, though far from entirely.

I did not want four rooms, but to prevent scandal (for I did not like the landlady to know too much about the disquiet in which I lived), said I expected my wife would return, as she had only gone to see a sick relative; and that so soon as she was better she and Miss E\*\*\*s would return. The landlady asked if her servant might use one bed-room till they did. I was now sleeping on the drawing-room floor, and gave my acquiescence you may be sure pretty quickly, — and Sally went up nightly to sleep there.

I began to tell Sally when she waited on me, that I meant to go up, and sleep with her. She looked queerly, and said so earnestly that if I did, she would tell her Missus, that I hesitated at doing what I had intended; but kept up the chaffing. "Sally (as I began to call her, — others called her Sarah) I heard you overhead last night." "Did you, sir, — I took off my boots too, for Missus told me." "Oh! not your walking Sally, I heard the rattle in the pot as you piddled." "O — o — oh! sir, — now you didn't, for I didn't do it." Then she bolted out of the room laughing. When she came in again, "Sally you made my cock as stiff when I heard you piddle as you did when you felt it on the beach." "Oh! here is your herring sir," — and off she ran again. When alone in the house, instead of doing more with her I could do less in the way of fingering her. Money failed to keep her near me then, but I used to pull out my cock, and shake it at her. I had no chance of getting her on the sands now, through her being permitted to sleep in the top-room.

The landlady could not let her ground-floor because the people wanted three bed-rooms, would I give one up, if she made a proportionate reduction in rent? That would not suit me, with my chaste intentions, to have any one sleeping in the next room to Sally; so I refused. Then I made up my mind to go up to Sally's room. For a day or two funk'd doing so, but at last determined on it, and

just then the lower rooms were let, which increased my risk. Luckily the people did not like the lodgings, and left in three days. Then I resolved, come what might, to go up to Sally when in bed, and try my luck.

One night I listened. She stole up quietly. Then when in my night-gown, and just as I was going to open the door, I heard the landlady downstairs, whom I thought must have been fast asleep in her piggerty, with her two young ones. It frightened me back. I did not tell Sally about it.

I had found then (for I could no longer wait for Sally's quim), as I did everywhere, a woman and a bawdy house at that coast-town. I was abstinent, not liking the feminine articles there, but I wanted fucking badly. One morning when I had seen the well-bummed lady bathing as usual, I yielded to a most pressing want and a furious lust. Going away from the frequented sands, and nearly out of sight of the bathing-machines, I sat down thinking not of little Sally, but of the fat-arsed, black-cunted one, and friggered myself. This was about twelve o'clock in the day. Annoyed with myself afterwards, I went back to my lodgings, and said I would go to town. I intended to do so, and to have a woman there, but indeed I scarcely recollect exactly what I did intend to do. No packing up of clothes was needful, because I intended going home. I told of my leaving, and went off, but met some friends, dined with them, missed the train (railway only just then opened), and at about half-past eight went back to my lodgings to sleep there. It was a Saturday night, and dark.

I knocked at the door which was locked, instead of being on the latch, as seaside lodging-house doors usually are till bed-time. "Who is that?" said a voice. "I." The door opened ajar, it was chained, and Sally peeping through said with surprize on her face, "You sir!" — "Yes me, — let me in." "Oh! I can't, — I must ask Missus." "What the devil do you mean?" The door closed in my face. I knocked again, and Sally opened the door. "Beg your pardon sir, but we did not expect you to-night." I thought to myself, they were perhaps sitting in my rooms, or they might have let the beds for a night, — who knows what tricks! But I took no notice, finding my rooms all right. Soon up came Sally. "Please sir, Missus gives her compliments, and hopes you will excuse it, but not thinking you would be back till Monday, she let the children sleep in your back room, — but they are not in your sheets, but in our own." I laughed. "Tell her I'll excuse it, — but where do you sleep Sally, — with them?" "Oh! no sir, — Missus said I might sleep in the front, — but not in your sheets sir, — oh! no." "All right Sally," — and after I had given her a pinch on her bum and a kiss, off she went downstairs. The ground-floor rooms were unlet, I was the only lodger that night in the house.

Soon she re-appeared. Did I want anything before the shops closed for dinner to-morrow, because Missus must go and fetch it, — it was getting late. No, I would dine out, but would she fetch me some beer for supper. She would. She did. I had some bread and cheese, and then gave Sally a hug, and put my hands up her petticoats. She declared she would tell her Missus, and then went away with a shilling, a kiss, and a sight of my tooleywagger.

I thought how I should like to fuck the little bitch, — I've felt her, she has felt me, she has seen it, she won't cry out, though she says she will. I thought of my frig that day, of the bathing lady, and of the slight hair on Sally's cunt, till I got reckless with randiness. She was to sleep in the front-room, there was no key to it, — Miss E\*\*\*s had complained of there being no key. "I'll go up when the girl's abed," said I to myself. Then I pondered on the consequences. The more a man thinks of such a business, the more randy and reckless he gets. I ceased to think of consequences, and only of the pleasure I should have in broaching Sally's vulva.

"Shall you want anything more to-night sir?" "Yes hot water, — and Sally, as you go up to bed I'll give you a glass." "No thank you, sir." But Sally was fond of whisky, and even took it neat, for I had given it to her. She brought the hot water, I made grog, and she drank some saying, "Oh! I'm afraid she'll smell me of the whisky, and oh! I must go down, she'll be a wondering why I stop so long." "Mind I'm coming up to sleep with you." "Oh! no sir, pray don't, — oh! now I'll tell my Missus, — she says she thinks you ain't up to no good all down here alone without your wife, — she do." "Nonsense, I shan't hurt you, — we'll lay and feel each other, and do what we do on the

beach, — nothing more, — and I'll give you half-a-sovereign, and a new pair of boots." "I'd rather not," said she hanging her head. "Did you ever have a sovereign Sally?" "No never, — now leave me alone, sir, — take your hand away, — oh! you do talk nasty, — oh! if Missus hears she'll turn me out." "Don't make a noise then,, my dear." "Oh! leave me alone, — I don't like your hand there." This was in the first-floor sitting-room.

She had sunk her voice, she wriggled, and writhed till she dislodged my hand from her thighs, and got away. "As you come up to bed I'll give you a glass of whisky and water." "I won't." "Well I'll go up and put it in your bed-room." "Don't, — Missus is sure to come up, and look at the children before she goes to bed, and if she goes into the other room — oh!" "She won't, my dear, — I'll put the glass under the bed, just by the pot, — then when you take it out to piddle you'll find the glass." "I can't wait, — let me go," — and off she went.

I waited and waited, took off my slippers, went half-way down-stairs, listened, and could hear some one moving about. Then I heard a noise as of two people talking, and it seemed like a man. "The devil," thought I, "it's the husband come home," — and I went back hesitating. "It's risky, I won't go up, — she is like perhaps the Misses Braham, will feel, and be felt, but no prick shall go near her cunt, — I don't want merely to frig her, or be frigged," — so I thought of going to bed, and waiting my chance of getting her to a bawdy house. But I had been delighting in the idea of the thrust with which I should go up her, for I felt sure she was virgin. Then after having been stiff for half an hour, down my prick had gone. "What shall I do," I thought, "if I get into bed with her, and can't do her?" When I got nervous in that way my prick sometimes would not stand to its work, try as I might. I have al-ready narrated an instance.

I fancied still there was a man in the house, but after a while could hear no one. At all events I resolved to put the grog in her room, made a tumbler full of water and whisky hot and strong, and sweetened it well, went upstairs without my shoes, and put it by the chamber-pot. I knew exactly the spot, though it was in the dark, having slept in that room. Then down again, and undressing myself, I put out the lights, and sat down in the room with the door ajar, and watched. Such a time elapsed that I thought she was going to sleep with her mistress downstairs, or perhaps had gone home.

At last she came quite quietly upstairs with a jug of hot water in one hand, and a candlestick in the other, staring at the door of the drawing-room all the way. When half-way up the next flight, she turned round, stopped for a moment, and looked hard at my door, as she wondered whether I was there or abed. Then the door of her bed-room closed, and her footstep was scarcely audible overhead. I sat waiting such a time as might enable her to wash herself (the hot water meant that), and get into bed. Meanwhile I could not keep my cock to the stand at all.

Then, "Shall I go? — what if the mistress finds it out! — what if she cries out!" I got into bed, for I was chilled sitting in my night-gown, though it was not cold weather, and laid feeling my prick. As I got warm, that got stiff. "I'll go," thought I, — "if she makes a noise I'll say she asked me to go up." It was a mean thought, and I dismissed it. Then my cock got furious. I went down a few stairs and listened. There was no noise below, all was silent as the grave. Up I went, opened her door, and closed it. The room was dark, only a slight light from a street-lamp somewhere shown through the window.

## Vol. 4 Chapter XI

**In bed with Sally. • The children. • Sally's devices. • Fears of alarm. • An hour's siege. • The citadel taken. • Thirty hours of delight. • Fucking under difficulties. • My devices. • A cunt inspection in the looking-glass. • Sally's account of herself. • The bathing lady again. • Checked and threatened. • I give up the chase.**

She was in bed, heard me, and sat up. "Oh! now sir, don't you come, — now I'll call Missus." "Hush! if you do I'll tell your mistress that you said I might come up, and she'll dismiss you." "Oh! you won't be so wicked, — now you shan't." "Be quiet you fool, — lay still, there's a darling, — I won't hurt you." I jumped into bed, and pulled her down whilst this dialogue was going on, folded her in my arms, entangled my legs in hers, hugged and kissed her. She struggled, but her voice dropped. "The children will hear," said she, — "do leave me, and go, — there is a good gentleman." Then I felt sure she would not call her mistress. I had won the first move, when she expressed her fears that the children in the back-room would hear us. I cuddled her, swore I would only do what we did on the beach. Little by little I got her night-clothes up, felt her plump burn and thighs and firm little breasts, and put her hand to my prick, promising her anything, everything, all in whispers. She kept her knees doubled up to her belly. Every now and then I pushed my finger towards her cunt, over her bum-cheeks; then down went her legs straight. Then my fingers went quickly to the belly-side of her cunt, and up went her knees al-most to her breasts. All the while she was crying in an undertone, "Now I won't, — oh! I'm so sorry I ever let you do anything, — I'll call Missus, — I really will if you don't go." But the next instant, "Oh! if Missus should hear us, she'd tell Mrs\*\*\*, — no you shan't feel it, — oh! what a shame to take me unawares, — oh! oh! — now — oh!" I could not succeed, felt wild with desire, annoyed at the resistance; but the prolonged feeling all over her flesh, the keeping it close to mine, rubbing my legs against hers, and the satisfaction of my curiosity, were delicious.

At last I got so close to her belly, that she could not move up her legs. My prick was against her belly, and I held her to me closely by one hand round her bum. "Let me now, — I won't do any harm, — lay so, and I will lay so — feel my prick, and let me just feel there." Sullenly she let me. I rubbed gently over the little bit of her clitoris, that her tightly-closed little thighs let me feel, until she began to feel lewed. "Oh! leave off!" She had now ceased whimpering, her mind was intent on my bawdy advances; and she spoke in low tones! "Now don't, — you're hurting me!" "Non-sense darling, — there." I took then away my fingers from her slit, and my hand roved all over her. "What lovely firm little breasts you've got! what smooth flesh, — kiss me darling, — let's fuck." She kissed me. Then I told her of the pleasures of fucking, of the stiff penis spending its essence in the cunt, of the tightening of the cunt round the prick whilst the pleasure came on. "Let me," — and I felt her quim. "You'll hurt." "Every woman thinks so dear, but every woman wants it done to her. Lay still, — that's it!"

Clasping her still tightly, my prick straight up against her navel, I now lodged it against her clitoris. "Let me rub you with my prick, just where my finger rubbed you, — it will give me pleasure, and you too, — feel, — is it not hot and stiff? — let it go up your cunt!" "No you'll hurt." She was yielding.

I must have been an hour persuading her to this point. How I restrained myself I do not know. Perhaps my morning's frig helped me. My fingers again were on her cunt. She closed together her legs tightly, but my finger could not be kept out. Then with sighs and muttered words her thighs unclosed. I pushed my knee between them. "Let me put my prick there." I raised my body against hers, pressing her on to her back with my belly. Her thighs distended, whilst I felt for the nick, and tried to lodge my palpitating penis. The next minute all thought of the Missus and children went, and I lunged my prick against her cunt.

"Oh! you said you would not hurt — hurt me, — oh! — oo — h! — you shan't." Two or three quick

violent lunges, a sharp suppressed cry. "There my darling it's up — your — cunt," — and fucking violently to make sure, the divine pleasure overtook me, and I spent.

It was done, her cunt was spermatized for the first time, she had submitted to the inevitable. "You hurt me so, — oh! I hope the children won't hear," were the first words I recollect her uttering after I had emptied my ballocks into her.

The sensation was over, but the pride of victory remained; my prick was in possession, it was easy to keep it up her, but the usual, "Oh! you're so heavy," was said. She moved, sperm began to dribble out, my tool to dwindle. "Oh! if the children should hear, — oh! if they were to come in!" She feared the children now, as little by little my cock left her cunt. She did not seem to fear her mistress.

I got out of bed, struck a light, and moved gently a wash-hand stand against the door. "There. The children now can't come in without making a noise, — if your mistress comes I'll be under the bed like a shot, — you say you put the wash-handstand there because you heard a noise, and were frightened, — and now my darling let's look at your cunt." She resisted that more than the fucking, and jumped out of the bed to get away. As she did so I saw stains of blood on the night-gown, and did not insist on gratifying my eyesight. Putting out the light we both got into bed again. Soon my prick was churning up the spunk in her cunt, and we spent the rest of the night in dozing, and fucking. Fear, lest the landlady should come up, kept me much awake. Sally never closed her eyes, but she enjoyed the prick, and when it was daylight, what a lovely mess her little cunt, her linen and mine were in, for I saw them all.

About six o'clock I rose. "I'll go down," said I. "Then Mrs. Harris won't catch us, — she won't be up yet, and you'll go down soon to light the kitchen-fire I suppose." "There is no one in the house but the two children and us," said Sally quite quietly.

It was true. The mistress, believing that I had gone to London, had gone to see a sister. Sally was left in the house until Monday to take care of the children; hence the chain up, and the closed door. Sally had kept up the sham of her mistress being within till the last moment, hoping that my threat of going to her bed-room would have the same result as on other nights when I had promised to go to her. She now told the truth, it was useless to tell anything else.

The butcher had brought meat for the Sunday's dinner, he entered by the area — his was the male voice I had heard.

"Oh! don't do it again, I'm so sore." My prick stood stiffer than ever when it touched the sore cunt. Then Sally spent with me and slept, and so did I. I slept a heavy sleep without anxiety now, fearing nothing.

"Oh! it's the children crying, they will tumble down-stairs," said Sally. We removed the wash-handstand. "I'll lay here," said I. "I'll get them their breakfast," said Sally. "Come up after." "Yes, but I must put my frock on," — and she did, over her nightgown.

In an hour up she came and got gaily into bed, and we fucked again. Then I would look at her cunt, and threw her back violently on the bed to do so. She had not washed. She was a sight, so was her night-gown, so were the bed-sheets. Sarah looked aghast at them.

The children were quite young, but even children talk, and Sally was anxious that no one should know I was in the house. So she took the children up into the bed-room after their breakfast, and then I went down to the kitchen, and got what food I could. Dinner there was none for me, for they had but a pound of steak between the three. I went out and had a repast at a tavern, then took home sausages which I managed to buy, and when the children were put to bed, Sally and I together cooked the sausages, and eat them in the kitchen. She had not had such a feast for some time, for the lodging-house mistress fed her on scraps left by the lodgers. Then we had some mild voluptuous amusements. Then we filled up with whisky and water, and went to bed early.

The next morning I left long before the Mistress re-turned. The children had never seen nor heard

me, and unless the neighbours had seen me, no one could have known I had been in the house. But in the thirty hours I had fucked myself out, and Sally as well. Her prayers "not to do it any more" I shall recollect to the last day of my life, and her swollen, crimson-tinted little cunt was touching to look at. I never had more pleasure in bawdiness than I had in hurting her. It made my prick stiffen directly she said she was so sore, and my prick stood in an inflammatory excited state for half an hour at a time, and even when I could get no spend out of it, in Sally's cunt it lingered as if it never meant to leave it. It was a delicious thirty hours, in which she learned enough about fucking to make her lewed whenever she thought it over in future.

She was in a way about the sheets, but we got over it much in the same way as I did my shirt-tail in my youth. First she washed the patches, ironed it, got out a good deal of the evidence of her lost chastity, and then changed it for one from my bed. I took the dirty one, and my bed on the first-floor was made up with it. The next day after my supposed absence I returned and slept there, next morning laid abed late, took off the sheets, dipped them in water, and told Sally to tell the landlady to come up. "I have been sick and ill in the night Mrs. Harris," said I, "and have taken off the sheets, and put them into the water, — let me have a clean pair," leaving her to imagine whether I had spewed, or pissed, or shit in them. She never made any remark about it, so Sally told me.

A long rest, a day's good food, and ten hours sleep put my doodle into first-rate condition again. My de-sire for Sally increased; how to get her was the difficulty. She, I am bound to say, did her best to get her cunt amused, and fell in with every suggestion I made, any trick I planned; and they were many. We man-aged to fuck two or three times nearly every day in a month. The days I was disappointed only gave me breathing-time. I was idle, well fed, and in the finest possible condition. Fucking was my only joy, and I enjoyed myself up Sally.

The children now slept with their mother in what I found was a bedstead in a sort of large closet, in a small room adjoining the back-kitchen, which had only a skylight a few feet above the back-yard. I had looked out of my bed-room window, and not knowing much about the plans of seaside lodging-houses, wondered what the skylight lighted. The little servant now being allowed to sleep in the back two-pair, I used to steal upstairs at midnight without shoes or light, get in-to bed with her, put a towel under her bum, fuck her, and get down quickly. She had such a fear of being found out, that I believe until she felt the crisis approaching, she never quite forgot to keep her ears open.

But a landlady working hard from morning till night was unlikely to come up three flights of stairs to look after a girl whom she only hired for the season, and about whose morals she did not care, so long as she attended to the lodgers. Mrs. Harris was respectable, but I believe that had she known that Sally had had a prick up her back, as well as her front-entrance, she would never have troubled herself about it. "If my lodgers are satisfied with the girl," said she to us one day, "it's all I want — she is paid good wages, and must do her duty." The fact being that she paid the girl no wages, expected her to feed herself by stealing lodgers' food, and to keep herself in clothes out of what the lodgers gave her.

When Sally laid the breakfast things I used to pull her into my bed-room, and on the bed, fuck as quickly as I could, and get into bed again to rest. Not so poor Sally. In half an hour she would bring up the break-fast with her cunt still as I had left it. "Have you washed it, Sally?" "Lord no, — what time have I had?" — and she would laugh.

I could not always manage the morning poke. Lodgers came into the downstairs rooms, they rang violently twice one morning when my prick had just gone up Sally, and she was not sufficiently on to disregard it, but uncunted me, and ran downstairs. One day her mistress came upstairs to a closet on the landing, and nearly frightened Sally out of her senses. So we had to keep our wits about us.

Autumn was now closing. It was chilly morning and night, I insisted on having a fire to breakfast by, let it out, and would have it relighted in the evening. That was a long operation, and gave me time to get a poke. One day Sally came up radiant. "She's gone out," said she laughing, "the lodgers downstairs want her to go and buy something, and said I couldn't judge, I warn't old enough." Sally

knew that it would give us time for a fuck. She came up for it, though she did not say so. She improved wonderfully. Her mind was dead on rogering ever after the Saturday night, and whenever her Mistress went out she used to come up instantly with a triumphant air to tell me. Towards the end of the month, she pulled up her petticoats herself to expedite matters, instead of waiting for me to do it.

I received letters asking when I was going home, and wrote that I was daily expecting her to return. A reply came, — it was my intention to aggravate, and she should not come. I answered that I should not go home till she did. I knew that would settle it, and that she would not return. So Sally's cunt and my prick got as intimate as they could, what with asking the landlady to go out, and buy chickens or fish; what with coming home without notice, and saying "Oh! Mrs. H., I'm so sorry I forgot to order dinner, — will you go and get me a lobster for my supper." I was always getting her out of the way, and began to find, that my food cost as much as that of three people. I did not care, for then Sally used to come up as I said unasked, naturally and regularly, and go downstairs afterwards with her cunt spermatized, and a glass of wine, or whisky, or some-thing nice, to comfort her little belly, and prepare her for the next fucking.

Sally did not trouble herself too much with washing her receptacle. "Have you washed?" "Oh! no, I've not had time," was a question and answer often repeated. She carried this negligence too far. "You never do wash your cunt," said I to her one night. "Yes I do," said she indignantly, "I wash it every Saturday night, after I've washed my feet, — if I can't find time I does it on a Sunday." I recollect all this, having for six weeks nothing else to think of but her and her little doings. I have had other girls who said and acted nearly the same about washing cunts.

I tried when bathing to get near the black-cunted, fat-arsed one who let the waves expose her, but saw less than when sitting on the sands. We often met. She looked invitingly at me, and I fancied, as if she were dying for a male, but she never turned her head after she had passed, nor did her little companion; without whom I never saw her. I spoke to her on the pier one day. She answered encouragingly. I met her in the streets afterwards. She smiled and nodded, and passed on. "It's all right," said I to myself. A big arse and a well-haired cunt and again their potent attractions; so I accosted her one evening as she was going to the Assembly Rooms, and was told to go about my business, — that she was a married woman.

I followed her home for several nights after that. She lived a little way out of the town. She knew I followed her. One evening just so far off from the gas-lamp, and from me, as only to enable her form to be seen indistinctly, she sat down to piss by the road-side. Her young female friend, a saucy-looking bitch of about sixteen years of age, standing by her side. I rushed forward thinking it a clear invitation. She got up saying, "Oh! here is the impudent fellow again, — if you come after us so, I'll complain to the police," — and the two hurried off. "I dare say I'll see all you've got to show on the beach to-morrow," said I, and turned away. I heard them laughing in the distance.

I met her the next day, with the same inviting look in her eye as she passed me, just as if nothing had happened. I never saw her with a man, and could never make her out. I think after my remark that she showed her form less, but I saw her belly naked several times afterwards when bathing.

## **Vol. 4 Chapter XII**

**Sally's antecedents. • Her female friend. • How to get shillings on the sands. • How her friend lost her virginity. • Turns gay and goes to London. • Her invitation to Sally. • My advice. • I return to London. • Sally in London. • The house in U\*p\*r N\*\*t\*n street. • Sally's discontent. • Mrs. Melville. • I sleep with her. • Confessions of a hotcunted one. • Sally goes home.**

Curious about Sally, I wanted to know if any one had attempted her virtue before I had. Once only



she told me, and not long before I was at the seaside. A young friend of hers walked with her on the beach at dusk, and told her that if she would not mind a man putting his hand up her petticoats and feeling about her bum and quim, some would give her half a crown. "I do sometimes," said her friend, "and sometimes I feel their things, and then run away, — it is in the dark, and they don't know me, — and so no harm's done." Persuaded by this and wanting money, Sally walked with the girl on the beach. One night they met two men, who gave them money, and Sally's sacred split was felt, though the man had said he would only feel her leg. She got frightened and ran away, the man after her, until she got to the road, when he went off. Then Sally heard her young friend calling out, and then screaming, and Sally ran off until the screams were lost in the roar of the waves and distance. Then she stood still on the watch. A man came from the beach running, and was soon out of sight. Afterwards came her female friend with her bonnet damaged, and clothes rumped, and crying. The man had felt her, then saying they were too near the road, and he would give her another shilling to feel his cock, they went nearer the sea. Suddenly he flung her down, himself upon her, and he fucked her. She had never had it done before, and was a virgin. She did not know the man, and was frightened to tell, because her father would have beaten her. After that Sally had never been on the beach at night until I induced her. That was her story.

She was the daughter of a laborer, had four sisters, and no brothers. Two of her sisters were married. One would tell her what pleasure it was to have a man in bed with her; the other would say, "There now be quiet, — what ideas you are putting into her head, — it's nonsense Sally, — having babies, and all belonging to it, is more trouble than it's worth, — it's no pleasure at all, — don't you get married ever, — men are beasts."

Having Sally thus on the sly and in a hurry nearly always, did not suit me who liked enjoying a woman tranquilly, and playing with her, looking her all over, and feeling her. I had taken also a fancy for putting my middle-finger up Sally's cunt, and keeping it there on account of its tightness, and comparing it with the full-sized vulvas of Sarah Mavis and Louisa Fisher. I can't tell why I took to this trick with her; as for years I had not cared about feeling the inside of women's machines, and rarely if ever did so with casuals. I could not have this enjoyment well in our hurried embraces. Besides Sally's linen was not invitingly white, though she seemed unconscious of it, and pulled it up to her navel unhesitatingly when she saw my prick. "She won't be five minutes gone, — be quick," was a frequent remark, wise and unavoidable, but not pleasant.

I tried for another Saturday, but for three weeks it was unsuccessful. Sally told me the remarks her Missus made from time to time, and as a draw I once said to the mistress, I thought I should go to London, but nothing came of it. Then I did go to London. After that on a Friday the good woman asked if I was going to stop at \* \* \* on Sunday. Why? She told me frankly that she could not leave unless there was no cooking to do. Then I said I was going away till Monday, and at eight p.m. that Saturday night Sally and I were again in the house alone with the children.

Instead of sleeping in Sally's bed, we this time slept in mine, and a fine fucking bout we had, after putting a towel under her fat little bum to save the sheets. She was very curious about the altered condition of her cunt, had been so ever since her hymen was ruptured, and had not disguised her curiosity from me. We talked about it; it felt different she said. She described it accurately from touch, and I described the difference from look. She had tried to look at it, but could not manage it. On the Sunday morning I got the hand-glass out of my dressing-case, and what with that, and putting the table-glass on the floor, then on to a chair, then holding it in front of her cunt for her to see; her natural curiosity was gratified, and so was mine. The investigation was a great treat, and the conversation which ensued equally so. Sally said she had felt five men's cocks on the beach, but had not seen one of them, all was done in the dark. She had friggèd none as far as she knew. All the men had felt her, or tried, but she always shut her thighs tightly to stop their fingers going far. The second man had not paid her. She told her friend, who, evidently more experienced, advised her to ask for the shilling first, which she did. "None on em felt so large as yourn." Was she sure? Quite. She was inexperienced, but my belief in the size of my persuader improved. She looked at her cunt by my aid three or four times on the Sunday, saying each time she had had for-gotten how it looked.

At the last look, I insisted on seeing the piddle come out of it, if I helped her. Point blank she refused that, and I could not persuade her.

I took in on that night bread and sausages, and that is all we had to eat. I cooked them. I had my own tea and wine there, and was sorry when Monday came. I went off quite early, and then came back, as if I had just re-turned from London, but Mrs. Harris had not re-turned, so Sally and I had another poke. Then I went to lunch, came back, and professed annoyance at having had to go out, because the landlady was not at home. There never was the slightest suspicion of my game.

Sally was a charming little fuckster. Very soon after I had had her all her modesty went. She was short, and had a girlish face; excepting for that and the small quantity of hair on her quim, she seemed over seventeen. Her form was full and round, her limbs strong and thick. She had largish firm breasts, and a solid backside. She was come of a big family she said, and had had her monthlies two years. She had a small, tight, elastic cunt, and wagged her arse when fucking, after the first week or so, as if she had fucked for twelve months, and had an immense undisguised enjoyment in the operation. She was quite artless, and delighted to talk about the sensations which the prick gave her. That was one of the charms of knowing her.

No lodgers were to be had, so the landlady transferred herself and children to the ground-floor. Being then just under me she could have heard, and caught me had she thought of looking out for my games. This diminished my chances of fucking with ease of mind. It affected Sally worse than me, for she was always in a state of anxiety, and directly I had had her, and her "ah! — er — ha!" which usually accompanied her spending was over, it was, "Oh! let me go, — she'll be a hearing on us," — and she would uncunt me, and set to work cleaning the grate noisily, or removing my breakfast-things, or doing any other work she happened to be engaged on.

My money was running short, my friends had left, and it was dull. I told Sally I must soon leave. She cried. I tried to inculcate morality into her; but it was of very little use. She asked me every day when I was going, — could I not get her a situation in London? — why not let her be one of our servants? — perhaps my Missus would take her, for she had said she was a hard-working girl, — was it difficult to get a place in London? — if she did, would she see me there? She talked much nonsense, and used to cry and mope. The girl who had been ravished on the beach, she told me, had gone to London, turned whore, had written to Sally to go to her, and not be a fool, and stop working hard at a lodging-house. Sally showed me the letter. I would not give it back, and kept it for years, till one day in a fit of virtue I burnt it. Sally was in a bad way about the letter, for her friend begged her particularly to show it to no one, to burn it, and only to keep the address.

It was a funny, ill-spelt letter, and began by asking her how she was, and would she tell her something about the old people, particularly the old man. Did he ever ask about her? — what did they say? — not that she cared, but she'd like to know how her old daddy was. Then she said she had lots of friends, "real gents mind, not shop young men," — she went to the plays, and had lots of what they two wanted, and used to talk about. "Why don't you come? — I'll give you a place with me, — you'll have lots of good grub, and perhaps a gent will take a fancy to you, and make your for-tune, — it will be better than scrubbing and cleaning all the winter." — "Why," she went on, "I gets more in one week than your father and mine gets in a whole year atween em." There was a concluding line in a postscript which I laugh over, and shall recollect to my dying day; it was, "Oh! the lots of cocks I've seed since I seed you at home."

I saw through the whole. The London harlot would have in Sally a friend, or a servant faithful to her; or who knows, perhaps had promised a man to get him a girl who was unbroached. Sally had replied. "You did not tell her you had been fucked," said I. "Oh! of course not," — she never would tell any one that, if they pulled her tongue out. I told her all that was commonly thought to be dreadful about the life of a gay woman; but as I had begun to disbelieve the nonsense which the world said on that subject, don't expect I made much impression on Sally. She didn't reply to my advice. I asked her what she meant to do. This was on a day or two after I had read the letter.

"Why," said Sally, "she says she gets as much money in a week as father does in a whole year, — do you believe it?" I said I did not. "She wears nothing but silks." "But she'll die in a hospital," said I. "So did my sister," said Sally, "but she was very comfortable there." Many of Sally's relatives had died in a work-house, so Sally saw nothing dreadful in that.

Sally was very fond of frigging me. She was not content with witnessing the ejaculation of my semen once, but seemed to love the operation. "I likes to see it come," said she, — but I did not, and would not gratify her. "How old must a man be," she said to me one day, "before the stuff will come out of his thing?" "Why?" "Cause I've seed a boy over the hedge next to us rubbing his thing up and down hard sometimes, as if he were doing it, and he can't be more than twelve years old, — I seed him sitting on a washing-tub one day a doin it, and his mother came out and knocked him off the tub, and said she would tell his father."

Sally, I found, had seen more before she was ten years old, than a young lady would see all her life if unmarried. She like other girls I have had since, and before, used to sleep up to fourteen years of age in the same room, and even the same bed as her parents, and had a knowledge of what fucking was before she was ten years old. She'd seen her parents at it when they thought she was asleep. "I know'd," said she, "what they was up to, cos I told another gal older than me, and she told me all about doing it." I returned to London, and promised to write to Sally, who gave me an address where letters could be sent her at the coast, but there was great difficulty about that. I gave her one at a London post-office. As the lodging-house keeper dismissed her servants at the end of the season, Sally was soon going home till she could get some other place. We fucked very hard the last week. Sally always moping seemed to think that with me her last chance of having a prick was going. She was not in the family way, and did not upbraid me, nor say I had ruined her; but said I had been very kind to her, and she dared to say I would have another gal; and then she burst out sobbing. I gave her a handsome present and left.

Two or three months afterwards a letter reached me which had been laying a long time at the post-office. She had come to town, and was servant to her female friend in U\*p\*r N\*\*t\*n Street. I went to see her, and we fucked. I could not help fancying that Sally had had a little variety in cocking since I had left her. She could not let me have her when I first called, but made me go there when her mistress was out. Her mistress' rooms were very nice, and we fucked on her mistress' bed on two or three occasions. But it was not to my taste to visit the servant of a N\*\*t\*n Street woman. She was evidently anxious that I should not see her mistress; and so I got very desirous to see her, for she interested me, owing to her having lost her virginity on the sea-beach without being paid for it.

Sally was, I found, discontented, and was going to leave. She would go home again. I think she had expected to be set up in silks and satins, instead of which had to make beds, empty piss-pots, and fetch liquor and French letters, about which I found she now had knowledge. But her great grievance was that she was kept up so late of nights. She had improved in looks, had grown much, and the hair on her cunt had in-creased in quantity. She was very curious about "my Missus" and me, but I told her nothing. I gave her some gold one night, and told her it would be long before I saw her again. Then she said it was all through me that she had come to London, and we parted. Some time after I had a letch for her again, and went to the house. She had gone home, they believed, and her mistress had left, and gone no one knew where to, — or they would not tell.

Her mistress' name was Melville I knew, so going to the Argyle Rooms (which had not been many years opened), I got her pointed out to me, went home with her, and had her several times after. She was a fine, fresh, healthy, dark-eyed young woman; vulgar, but a lovely fucker. My letch for her arose altogether from knowing the history of her first fucking. The second night I made her tell me her history. I slept with her that night, and she told me some wonderful rigmarole about her parents being well off, and her having been seduced by an officer, etc. I laughed. "You look much like a girl who lived at \* \* \*town, and who was said to have been fucked on the beach one night." She looked queer. "So help me God, it's a lie," said she, "who ever told you?" "My dear," I said, "I've told you nothing, I know nothing, I only say you look like that girl." After a pause, "Did you ever come to

see my servant at N\*\*t\*n Street?" "No. Who told you that?" I would not divulge. She admitted, after some chaffing, that it was quite true, and hoped I would tell none of her friends. There was no chance of that, for I rarely let my most intimate friend know what women I had; or if I could not prevent that, scrupulously avoided telling them anything about them, not liking my friends to fuck my women or know my habits. I still had a lingering idea that my prick was small, and did not wish that talked about.

This gay lady told me one night afterwards (for I told her then what I had heard) how it came about; but she even lied then, unless Sally had, for she did not say that she was taken unawares by a man who had given her a shilling to feel her. Her account was, that she went to piddle, that he being there caught her, and threatened to throw her into the sea if she resisted him. She resisted as much as she could, but he was heavy on her, burst up her with immense strength, and it was all done in two or three minutes. He hurt her so in every way, both in splitting, stretching, and shoving, that she was in pain for many days afterwards. I soon ceased to see Melville, not caring about fucking her after I had heard from her own lips, all about the way she was ravished whilst her backside was on the sands by the salt sea waves. She was older than Sally, and I should not wonder if her cunt had been split before.

"But although you were ravished without pleasure or pay, how was it you came to take to fucking regularly?" That was a question although not put perhaps in exactly those words, to which I gradually got an answer one evening when I slept with her.

For some time after her ravishment she kept away from the sands; but she missed her odd shillings, and went again there, but would not go far from the seats which were not far from the side of the road. There one night a man spent all over her fingers. She remembered how sticky her cunt was after she had been ravished. Then a girl older than she was told her how she had been fucked, and how she liked it. She kept all this to herself, not telling the girl that her quim had also been torn open, but thought and wondered if the pleasure of fucking was greater than she got by frigging, and as she often frigged herself after the event she did nothing but think of how the man who ravished her, rubbed his cock up her. One very dark night a nice young man asked her to come and talk on the sands. She fucked, she spent, and liked it; and again they fucked. After that any man who wanted her had only to ask, and she let him fuck her. She was mad on the nights she could not get out, or when it was moon-light. She wanted fucking; it was not the money, it was the prick which enticed her, any man might have had her, had he asked her. "I was that hot," said she, "that I could have fucked night and day," — and she was hot on me that night, as she told this.

One night it was late before she went home. Her father, who seems to have kept her pretty well in, must have been told where he might expect to find her, and caught her coming up from the beach. He kicked her all the way to her home, and locked her up for days; he called her a whore, and so did her mother. On the first opportunity she ran off to the young woman who had told her she liked flicking. That young woman seems herself to have been found out by her family; so they ran way to town together, and both were gay.

The utmost she ever received on the sands for being flicked was two and sixpence. One night an elderly man gave her a sovereign for frigging him. When she found it was a sovereign she thought he had made a mistake.

"Let's see the friend you came to town with." "Oh! I don't know where she lives now, — we have quarrelled, — oh! it's made me so randy talking about it, — do it again."

I never saw Sally afterwards, but I heard Melville spoken about by men. Some time afterwards she be-came a well-known London harlot, then she suddenly disappeared. Lots of gay women disappear suddenly in similar manner. I wonder where they go to. They don't die I am sure, — most of those I have known have been fine, healthy creatures.

## Vol. 4 Chapter XIII

**Many miscellaneous whorings. • Mr. McCabe. • The warehouse in the City • Tenants paying rent. • McCabe's jocosity. • Suggestions for getting bairns. • Mrs. \*\*\*. • The Scotch wife. • The four-roomed cottages. • Repairs needed. • At her cottage. • Easy conversation. • The steep staircase. • The bed stood upon. • The hole in the roof. • The hole in the flesh. • Carnal wants and weakness. • Against the bed, and on it. • Against the dresser. • An alarm. • The amour terminates. • Reflexions, regrets, and weakness. • On the sin of adultery. • On the power of lust.**

From the time I left Sally at the sea-coast till the spring my connections were purely with the venal ones. With the exception of having a few times fucked Sally, and her friend and mistress, Mrs. Melville in London, the ladies were mainly selected at the Argyle Rooms, which is the resort of the handsomest and best-dressed gay women. Many swell-women also are there with, and at other times without, their protectors. With several of the sweetest of these creatures I have had intimacy, and often passed the night with the choicest of them. I did not take a permanent fancy to any one of them, though one did to me. This variety is charming. To take home lovely women in the bloom of youth, and in the hey-day of their lust, to speculate on the charms yet unseen, to kiss and feel their thighs on the road home, to see them undress leisurely, their breasts appear, their naked arms, the limbs show one after the other; to lift the diaphanous chemises, see the round mottes; to note and compare mentally the variety in form and development of the various splits, lips, and clitoris, filled me with voluptuous and ever-varying de-light. And now I was able to afford to have these charmers; for though not at the prices paid by their rich admirers, I rarely was refused by them. This charming variety in copulation was only broken, or rather varied by the following little incident.

I had at that time an old friend who had known me from my birth. A Scotchman, rich, and a widower, liberal in some things, but grinding in making money, though he was childless; and had none to whom he cared much about leaving his money to. He was about seventy-three years old, but a splendid big old man, with a head of thick reddish hair and fine false teeth. Though living in London most of his life he had never lost the Scottish dialect, indeed was proud of it, and of his nationality. He was a wholesale \* \* \* \*\* merchant, which business he carried on in the heart of London in huge old-fashioned premises. I may add now, that he left me a largish sum of money when he died, and I spent it in travelling and whoring.

He had some funny whims and habits, among which was making some of his town-tenants go to pay him personally. He did this to save the expenses of an agent he said, though I believe it really was for his amusement. I have heard that the tenants could with the greatest difficulty induce him to do anything to a house when once they were living in it. One of my sisters and I used to stop often at his country-house from Friday till Monday, on which day he came to town as he said for his tenants. He had several clerks, but they had nothing to do with his property. He was fond of consulting me about some of his houses, and often I was present when his rents were paid.

Within a stone's throw of his counting-house were several courts. One court containing about a dozen small houses of four rooms each, and mostly let to weekly and monthly tenants. They were poorish but respectable; people of the foreman and shopman class, a class among which the wife does her own work, cooks her husband's food, etc. The old boy (Mr. McCabe) used to say this property should be mine. He did not leave it to me, but left me something very much better. Several of these houses were inhabited by his own assistants and men, but he made even them or their wives attend and pay weekly, or monthly, together with other tenants, on Tuesday mornings.

He was a dear old boy who could laugh at a smutty joke, though he never told them himself; but he would chaff a man or woman with double entendres, with hints, and suggestions perfectly

unmistakable, and to the very limits of decency, without uttering an indecent word, or showing an indecent gesture. He was always ready to let this off at me for having no children, and specially this when any goodish-looking woman was present, before whom he dared venture on it.

One morning I was with him on rent-day, when in came a stout, fully-developed woman, middle-sized and full five-and-thirty clad in the neatest and cleanest light colored cotton gown, and a nice white cap on her head. She was the wife of a man renting one of the houses in the court, and looked like a very well-to-do, neat little tradesman's wife. She was indeed handsome though of a coarse class, had chestnut-brown hair, and bright dark roguish eyes. I was smitten with desire the moment I saw her. Perhaps I wanted a woman, I can't say, but recollect taking a lech. She also did nothing but look at me, turning quickly away her eyes whenever she found mine upon her. "Set ye doon Mrs. Byron," said the old man, which she did. Whilst he settled with some one else, we two looked at each other for some minutes, till my cock stood, and the woman who seemed cheeky flushed crimson. I'll bet she had got randy too — it was a case of cock-struck and cunt-struck. Her big, round, plump, fleshy form was greatly to my taste just then. At length McCabe being ready, the woman rose and came to his table, just in front of which was a chair. I was sitting on the other side of the table near to him with a newspaper in my hand.

"Set ye doon Mrs. Byron. — and how's the bairn? — has it left off suckling?" said he. "Now you're at me again, sir." The old man chuckled. "What, not a babe yet!" "Why you know there is not, — here's the month's rent, and you really must say what you'll do to the house, — it wants a lot, — my husband says he won't stay unless you do it up a little, — seven years, and you've never even done a bit of whitewash." Whilst saying this the woman's eyes kept glancing at me at intervals.

The old man took no notice about the repairs. "Why ye should be baith ashamed of yesels, you can't understand the business, — have ye put the pillow at the other end of the bed, and tried it there?" — and he chuckled. I began to laugh. "Aye, aye, we understand all about it," said she with a strong Scottish accent, "it's nae gude, — but about the repairs, — won't you paper the bed-room? — it won't cost much." McCabe turned a deaf ear. "Aye, aye, I'll see about it, after next quarter, — when you've had yer fust bairn. There's a bonny lassie," said he turning to me, "isn't she and been married ten years, and no bairn, — isn't she bonny," — and he winked, — "a wish I war young again," — and the old man laughed and chuckled. "Aye ye've been a weekend one in your day I'll bet," said she, "none but yersel knows the capers you've cut." "You should make your husband sleep by himsel for a month, then go to bed some Saturday, and not get up til Monday." "He'd be tired o that," said she laughing.

I could keep my tongue no longer still. "I'd like to be him," said I, "and I'd go to bed on the Monday, and not get up till the Monday after." "Aye, — oor, — aye, — there, — lawk," said she trying to look modest, yet looking hard at me and laughing. The old man laughed loud. "Try him, Mrs. Byron, — he won't hurt ye, for he can't get any bairns of his own." "Is the gentleman married?" said she. "Yes, worse luck for him" (he hated my wife). He gave a receipt for the rent, the chaffing mixed with business went on. McCabe got serious when the woman said, "Weel take this as a notice to leave." "Go and see," said he turning to me, "but I won't pay much." He had sent me before on similar errands to one or two other houses, why? God only knows. Not wanting to offend him, "I'll go at once," said I delighted at the idea of getting near her by myself, and with a vague notion that some fun would come of it.

"No dinna coom yet," said she, "it's no fit for ye to see, — I'll mak the bed and clean up, and tak oop the carpet, and yell see better," — and off she went. "I won't spend more than one quarter's rent," said my old friend, "though they are gude tenants, and I dunna wish them to go." Winking his eye and chuckling, "Tak ye care Walt, she's a frisky one, though I won't tell your wife." I fired up, hoping to hear something warm about her; but there was nothing against her. She was a good, clean, industrious, sober wife, ten years married; "but," added the old man, "I think she'd like mair than her husband can do for her, — he's six feet high without his shoes, — but a poor creature — a poor creature."

"I'll come back to my lunch with you, I am going to my stock-broker's," said I, "and I'll go to see the house in the afternoon." Having thrown this dust in my friend's eyes, I went straight to Mrs. Byron's, ten minutes after she had left us.

She opened the door. I entered a little sitting-room, all in it bright as a new pin, humble, yet with every comfort, — wonderful for her class of life it seemed to me. She showed me what she wanted done, whiting the ceiling, this and that. I said "yes" to everything, but was thinking of nothing but getting into her. Lust struck me all of a heap, our eyes were meeting each other, my lewdness was increasing. There she was in the house alone with me. "So you have no children," said I and we entered on the same strain that my old friend had. "Nor you?" Then we compared notes. We had been both married for a number of years. I told her I hated my wife. "Oh! what a pity," said she, "and such a fine mon as ye be."

Then we went into the kitchen. A little place with lots of tins as bright as silver, and a little table white as if just made. I complimented her on the beautiful cleanliness; she was much flattered. Yes she prided herself on it, cleaned everything herself every day, had nothing else to do; then had her dinner, and laid down and had a nap, then got ready for her husband's sup-per. "Won't he be home to dinner?" I asked. No it was too far off, — he never came home till half-past six, — just now he had gone a little way off for his firm, and would not be home for three or four days, — he was foreman somewhere.

I jumped at the news. "I think we had better do what Mr. McCabe told you, go to bed at once, and not get up till your husband comes home, and see if we can get a bairn." "And much good that will do me," said she, "won't it, if we did, — aye, that would get me into trouble," and she laughed. "No it won't, — we should have the fun, and no mischief after, — you know I can't get bairns." "Ar dunna know, ar dunna know," said she shaking her head very slowly, looking at me, and turning scarlet. "Damn it," I cried. "give me a kiss, — I've been longing for you from the moment I saw you," — and I gave her a kiss or two without much resistance from her. She broke away, but I clutched her, and kissed her again and again, rubbing my belly up against hers in a bawdy way.

Then we fell to talking about not having children, and how funny those things went. Some women the first time a man was in bed with them, it was done. Others might sleep with any man, and have none. "How did I know?" she asked slyly, then turning off said, "Well now have the floor mended, — look at that hole, — I've stopped it up, the mice come through, — the other night one came out, and ran up my clothes whilst sitting at the fire." I was ready with a bawdy suggestion for that, or anything else she might have said, for I was now randy to recklessness.

"You had your feet on the fender?" "Yes." "I was sure, and your clothes well up, warming it, weren't you now? — it is so nice to warm it, isn't it?" She laughed. "The mouse peeped out, and seeing it looked so warm and cosy up between your thighs, ran to get between them. I wish I'd been that mouse, — I'd have got right in." She laughed, and gave me a hard slap on my shoulder. "Oh! you're a bad un," said she, "I thot ye war when I saw ye fust." My cock was standing, I began to pull it about outside my trowsers to let her see that I was randy. I always did that instinctively when trying to get over women, fancying that seeing me fiddling there, and knowing what it meant it made them randy too. She eyed me laughing, checking her-self, then laughing again and said demurely, "Then there's the roof, the wet comes in both back and front, and just over the bed — tell Mr. McCabe that, won't you, and he'll repair it if ye say he must."

"I've not seen where the roof leaks." "Come up," said she. I followed her to the narrow staircase, scarcely wide enough for a stout man, and steep as a ladder. She went up first. Directly I had got up a stair, I laid my head down on them whilst she went up unsuspectingly, leaving me to look up her short petticoats. A jolly thick pair of legs I saw, thick and clumsy, but in such white stockings. As she got to the top, not hearing me she turned round, saw my game, and disappeared into the room. I followed quickly, she was covering up the bed. "It's all in a muddle," said she, "excuse it sir, I had not time — ye coomd sooner than ye said." She looked at me as I thought invitingly.

I'm sure she was lewed at that minute. A strong, hale, half-fucked woman of thirty-five who had been half-an-hour talking bawdily, though in guarded language, with a young man in whose ballocks the sperm was boiling. I caught her, and kissed her again. "There man, — that's all, — that's all," said she.

"I can't see the wet," said I. It was a large four-post bedstead of common make, but with as nice white hangings as I had in my own house. The bed nearly filled the little room. "I must pull off the top," said she, "don't you see where the wet has come through?" I did, but said I didn't. She put a chair by the side of the bed, and stepped from it on to the bed, pulled back the linen-head, and showed the stained ceiling. I put my hand up her clothes. With a cry she flopped down on to the bed, showing her limbs. "Adun now, — daun, — Yell get me into trouble, — ar dun sir," — but I pushed my hands all about under her petticoats, pushed every-where and felt warm flesh and hair, whilst she squirmed about and squealed gently. I then shoved her violently back, pulled out my prick, and tried to feel her cunt. What I did feel I don't know; but she slid off the bed showing her limbs, and crying, "Har dun now." I clutched her close as she came to the floor, my prick still out. "Let me fuck you." "Ah! hish! Mon." I put both my hands round her, and kissed her, pulling her close to me. "Now dunna, — ar won't, — na, — na, — now leave me alone, — yell be getting me into trouble."

What next I scarcely know, but I talked, persuaded, and told her I'd have her with a condom. She did not know what it was. I then often carried French letters in my pocket; so I pulled one out, explained it, and showed how it came over my prick. She was all curiosity. No it was beastly, fit for whores, said she, "them beasts." "No yell get me into trouble, no ye shan't, — I wanna," — and then leaning her back against the bed; one of her legs on the chair, one on the floor, in that ambiguous, uneasy position, with a strip of carpet slipping about under my feet, I got my prick into her. How the devil one leg was on the chair, one on the floor just then, I can't to this moment understand. Did she lift it up? did I But in that posture my prick made acquaintance with her cunt, and pushing hard the car-pet slipt away, my feet and me with it, out coming my prick whilst I stumbled against her in slipping.

Incensed and swearing, "Let's do it properly my love," I pushed her back against the bed, and clutching her thighs with both hands heaved them up to my hips. I could not guide my pego, but pushed at random, its instinct directing, and I dare say her quiet help, soon got me to the nick after a few battering shoves against her buttocks, and cunt-wig; and then Mrs. Byron and I being joined together in holy copulation, moistened each other's privates copiously and speedily.

Well primed that morning, I stood a long time with my prick well up her after spending. She laid motionless. Then letting one of her legs drop on to the chair, and still holding up the other, I pushed up her drooping petticoats so as just to see her belly, and slowly with-drew my pego, full-sized though not in full ramming condition. As it left her cunt I saw the sperm draw out with it, and sat down on the chair. Then with a violent start, as if just awakened, and just as I had the merest glimpse of her split, she came to her feet, and pushed down her petticoats. We looked hard at each other for a moment, then without uttering a word she walked to the window and looked out. It was a bright, sunshiny day late in the autumn.

I sat feeling my pego for a minute, still in want of a fuck, then went to her. "Oh! don't look out, — if they should see you." "I've come to see about the repairs, if they do." "Oh! but they had better not." Then I brought her to the side of the bed again. It was about two yards from the window to the place where the impress of her heavy arse was still visible on the bed. We looked at each other; she could not look me in the face long. "Fucking's nice, isn't it? — and you're a charming fuck." "We are a wicked pair," said she. "Not at all, — we both wanted it, — neither your husband nor my wife will know, — they won't be the worse, and we are all the better, — let's do it again — feel, my prick, it's quite stiff," and I put her hand to it. She took it kindly, and held it softly, and we looked at each other again, my left arm round her waist, my other on her thighs.

"Let's feel your breasts," said I. "Nay, nay," — but she did not hinder me. I pulled open her dress,



and felt the globes (each as big as a half-quartern loaf), and round to her armpits. A strong fleshy smell met me as I kissed them. I liked it, and remarked it. She thought it offended me. "Every night and morn I wash from top to toe," said she. Then kissing her breasts, one hand round her, I tried to feel her thighs higher up. She would not let me, struggled, and got up; but I got a feel, felt the sperm on her thigh, and touched the split. Then standing together, I excited her by talk, and touch, and kisses, and got her on to the bed.

Both laid quiet a minute, not more. Then with a rapid push down of my trowsers, and a pull up of her petticoats, I turned on to her belly. My prick struck in-to the right path without guidance, a soft and gluey path. I clasped one side of her bum with one hand; with the other I played with her bobbies. Then we had that gloriously prolonged fuck, which a healthy couple in the prime of salacity have for their second spend, a fuck slower, more thoughtful, but in its voluptuousness better than the rapid spilling out of spunk which comes with the first fuck of the night. Ten minutes had not passed I think between our first and second crisis.

I dozed on the top of her, then slipped off to her side. Down she pulled her petticoats. We talked. "I'm afeared yell get me into trouble," said she again, "air ye sure you've got no bairns?"

I talked a history of smuttiness and love-making. I could always keep any woman listening when I began, gentle or simple, doxie or virgin. She wondered. "Aye I knew ye were a gay one, — we're a bad couple." In half an hour I wanted her again. She did not refuse, but would I go downstairs a while, "a wee time?" I guessed she wanted to piss, or something. Down I went. "An any one knock, coom up gently, and don't go near the winder," said she. I waited a few minutes, heard movements overhead, knew the jerry had been called into requisition, then up I went. She had locked the door, but let me in at once.

I had a feel up her fresh-washed cunt, and round her buttocks. My God, what spankers! and her breasts, what a pair! firm too, though so heavy. We fucked again. "It's time I had my bit of dinner," said she, "we are a bad couple." Then she began to talk about repairs. "I'll come back in an hour," I said, "don't you say I've been here." "Dunna come back, — dunna," said she. "I wun't let ye mair."

"I've not seen what the house wants," said I. I went back to McCabe, and told him I had been to my solicitor's, then had luncheon with him, and bid him good-bye. "But what about the good woman's house?" he asked. "Lord I've forgotten all about it, — what's the number? — I'll go at once." He told it me, and back I went. She opened the door.

"Come in, come in, the neighbours will see ye," said she, "but dunna gae further." I gave her a prod with my finger in the region of her cunt, and shut the door. "Now yell get us both into trouble, I'se sure ye will — I could na eat my dinner for thinking about it, — I've had awful dreams last night, and your face was in them." Luncheon had set me up, I was boudy in mind, randy in body, spite of my fuckings before luncheon. I went into the kitchen, and pulled up her petticoats. "Why you've a clean chemise on." Yes she had, she said, "there be the other," pointing to a large tub with linen in the water. I could not move her lust, and spent some time in violently puffing up her petticoats, she in pushing them down. Then out I pulled my pego, and as she obstinately refused to leave the room, and struggled; after dropping on my knees, and kissing her cunt under her petticoats, I finished by shagging her as she stood with her backside up against the dresser. Whilst we stood wriggling gently after our full pleasure came a knock. "My husband," said she, "get in the yard, and over the wall." I buttoned up my cock, and opened the back-door. Another knock. It was nothing of importance. How often I have been flurried in my fuckings by a knocking at a street-door. "It's a warning," she said hurriedly, "I wish I never set eyes on ye."

The knock startled and upset me. I thought I had better go. Perhaps I had had enough of her; for I took out my pocket-book, and whilst she sat down on a chair, she told me all she wanted done. I made note of it, and prepared to go; but the boudy devil was still strong in me. "You've spoiled another chemise sitting down," I said. "Nae, nae," she replied, "yer nae so full," — and then I went away, gave McCabe an account of the house, and he said I might tell the "gude woman," that she

might have it all done up to ten pounds worth. "I'll write it to her," said he. I agreed that was best.

The next day I was with him. I had awakened in a liquorish frame of mind about the "gude woman." He had written, but not sent the memorandum which was on a very small slip of paper as usual. "You haven't explained very clearly what you mean," I said when I had read it. "Ye tak it," said he, "and tell her what I mean." So I did, got into the house with her after a little persuasion and a wrangle, and then assaulted her. She was strong, and for a time, though puffing up her clothes successfully, I could not get my hands more than half way up her thighs. But such bawdy attacks at last so heat a woman who knows it all means fucking that there comes a point when lewed feelings over-come her, and she can resist no longer.

It was so with Mrs. Byron. I pushed her at last on to a chair breathless, and had both hands up her clothes, one round her bum, the other between her thighs, and moved my fingers about so enticingly on the slit that she opened, and let me grope. "If I let ye this once, will ye gang?" said she, "ye wanna wish to harm a body I'm sure, — if Jack should come home, or the neighbours see ye coom in, and wonder what ye ar aboot sae lang, mischief will come oot of it." I promised, of course. We went upstairs. We fucked on the bed, but I would not get from between her thighs till I'd done her a second time. Then with unwashed cunt she saw me to the door. I gave her a kiss, and departed.

I was not that way for some time afterwards, and then passed the cottage to try to see her, for I have always been pleased to see the woman who has given me pleasure up her. She was at the window, and bobbed away. I did this two or three times with the same result, and once thought of calling. It was as well I did not, for McCabe said her husband was at home ill. Then I had other and better fish to fry, and never had the "gude woman" afterwards, though she lived there for years. Once my old friend asked me to go to see if the repairs he allowed for were really done; but for some reason or other I did not.

I called on McCabe on one rent-day a month or two afterwards, forgetting she had none to pay till the ten pounds were worked off, and expecting to see her; but of course she did not appear. About nine months after (I think) I went there. In she came. "How d'ye do?" said I, "have the repairs been done?" "Thank ye, yes sir," she replied looking awfully confused. I went to the back of the old man, and from there began feeling my cock, and making signs with my tongue. It was so delightful to see the woman I had enjoyed; but I did not follow the intrigue up, and she gave no signs of encouragement. And here I must add a few reflections. Although I always have had a great dislike to stroking married women, regarding it as an improper, — perhaps the only improper path in fornication, as unfair to married men, and a social sin to be carefully avoided, — yet fate seems to have determined that I shall err in that direction. My second woman was a married one, though I did not know it till late, my first I had again after she was married, and I have had several since. Was it the fault of the women, or myself? — did they intend me to fuck them, or not? Certainly I never deliberately set to work to tempt them, but the lech when it took me seems to have overcome all my moral objections. Has the devil determined to tempt me in this direction? If so, am I to blame for not being gifted with control of myself and my cod-piece? In my re-cent illness I have thought much on this, — with what practical result, who can tell?

[The foregoing paragraph printed in the original words exactly, was not written until many years after the affairs with the Scotch woman. This one is written as I send the narrative to press.

[It is useless for me to attempt to write the Scottish dialect, equally difficult is it to write the vulgar tongue of some of the women I have had, though I have written the characteristic remarks in our conversations.

[Now occur events which took place during the time when I had one woman all to myself, but to whom I found it utterly impossible to be faithful sexually.]

## Vol. 4 Chapter XIV

**A gap in the narrative. • A mistress. • A lucky legacy. • Secret preparations. • A sudden flight. • At Paris. • A dog and a woman. • At a lake-city. • A South American lady. • Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e. • Glimpses from a bed-room window. • Hairy arm-pits. • Stimulating effects. • Acquaintance made. - The children. • "Play with Mamma like Papa." • A water excursion. • Lewed effects. • Contiguous bed-rooms. • Double doors. • Nights of nakedness. • Her form. • Her sex. • Carnal confessions. • Periodicity of lust.**

I pass over many incidents of a couple of years or more, during which I was well off, had a mistress whom I had seduced, as it is stupidly called, and had children; but it brought me no happiness, and I fled from the connection. All this was never known to the world. My home life at length became so unbearable, that I at one time thought of realizing all I had, of throwing up all chance of advancement and a promising career which then was before me, and going for ever abroad I knew not where, nor cared. My mother had died, one sister was married, and was not much comfort to me; the other was far off, my brother nowhere. Just then a distant relative left me a largish sum of money, it was scarcely known to any one of my friends, quite unknown at home, and to none until I had spent a good deal of it. I kept the fact to myself till I had put matters in such train that I could get a couple of thousand pounds on account, then quietly fitted myself out with clothes. One day I sent home new portmanteaus, and packed up my clothes the same day. "I am going abroad," I said. "When?" "To-night." "Where to?" "I don't know, — that is my business." "When do you come back?" "Perhaps in a week, — perhaps a year," — nor did I for a long time. I never wrote to England during that time, except to my solicitors and bankers who necessarily knew where I had been at times.

I went first to Paris, where I ran a course of bawdy house amusements, saw a big dog fuck a woman who turned her rump towards it as if she were a bitch. The dog licked and smelt her cunt first, and then fucked. He was accustomed to the treat. Then I saw a little spaniel lick another French woman's cunt. She put a little powdered sugar on her clitoris first, and when the dog had licked that off, somehow she made it go on licking, until she spent, or shammed a spend, calling out, "Nini, — cher Nini, — go on Nini," — in French of course.

I could make a long story out of both of these incidents if it were worth while, but it is not, and only notice that the Newfoundland, whose tongue hung out quite as long as his prick as he was pushing his penis up the French woman's quim, turned suddenly round when it had spent, seemed astonished to find he was not sticking arse to arse with her, and then licked the remains of the sperm off the tip of his prick. It was not a nice sight at all, nor did I ever want to see it again.

There were few large cities of Central Europe I did not see, and think that the best bawdy houses in most large cities saw me. It was a journey in which my amatory doings were especially with the priestesses of Venus. Beautiful faces and beautiful limbs were sufficient for me, if coupled with ready submission to my wishes. Although I learnt no doubt a great deal, and had my voluptuous tastes cultivated in a high degree, yet they developed none of those outside tastes which ordinarily come with great knowledge and practice in the matters of cunt. I shall only tell the most remarkable fornicating incidents.

I was at the Hotel B\*\*\* in a Swiss town by a great lake, had arrived late, and was put into the third story, in a room overlooking a quadrangle. It was hot. I threw up my window when I got out of bed in the morning, and in night-gown looked into the quadrangle, and at the walls and windows of the various bed-rooms opening on to it on three sides. Looking down on my right, and one story below me, I caught sight over the window-curtain of a bed-room, of a female head of long dark hair, and a naked arm brushing it up from behind vigorously. The arm looked the size of a powerful man's, but

it was that of a woman. She moved about heedlessly, and soon I saw that she was naked to below her breasts; but I only caught glimpses of that nakedness, for seconds, as she moved backwards and forwards near the window. Then she held up the hair for a minute, and seemed to be contemplating the effect of the arrangement of it, and showed what looked like a nest of hair beneath one armpit. Her flesh looked sallow or brown, and she seemed big and middle-aged. My window was near the angle of the quadrangle, so was hers, on the adjacent side of it. Perhaps from the window where I was, and that above mine only, could be seen all what I saw.

The armpit excited me, and I got lewed, though the glimpses were so few and short. Now I only saw the nape of the neck, and now her back, according to the postures which a woman takes in arranging her hair, and so far as the looking-glass and blinds and my position above let me. Once or so I saw big breasts of a tawny color. Then she looked at her teeth. Then she disappeared, then came forwards again, and I fancied she was naked to the waist. Then I lost sight of her, and again for an instant saw just the top of her naked bum, as if she were stripped, and in stooping down had bent her back towards the window. When she re-appeared she was more dressed. She looked up at the sky, approaching the window to do so, caught sight of me, and quickly drew the blind right down.

I went down to breakfast, met some friends, and sitting down to table with them in the large breakfast-room, saw close to me this very lady. I had seen so little of her face that I did not recognize her at first by that; but the darkness of the eye and hair, the fullness of bust, and the brown-tinted skin left me in no doubt. We were introduced to each other. "Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e, a lady from New Orleans, a great friend of ours, — been travelling with us for some weeks, with her two little children," — and so on.

I found out from my friends as we smoked our cigars in the gardens after breakfast, that she, with another American lady, and themselves, were going for a long tour, and had been touring for some weeks in Europe. She was the wife of a gentleman who owned plantations, and had gone back to America; intending to rejoin his wife at Paris at Christmas. The lady with the very hairy armpits and her husband were intimate friends of my friends.

I found this party were travelling my road, and I agreed to wait at \* \* \* \* as long as they did. We met at meals; I joined in their excursions, and took much notice of her children who got quite fond of me. She seemed to avoid me at first, but in two or three days showed some sympathy. I guessed that my history had been made known to her, and found out at a latter day that it had. "A married man travelling without his wife is dangerous," said she to me one day when we were a merry party. "A married woman without her husband is a danger to me," I replied, and our eyes met, and said more than words.

I objected to my room, and in a few days the hotel-keeper showed me some better rooms. I had then ascertained which hers were, and pointed out the room next to them. "That," said he, "won't do — it's large, and has two beds." "Oh! it's so hot, I want a large room, — show it me." He did. "It's double price." "Never mind," — and I took it at once. Luck, thought I. Her own room was next, and adjoining it a room in which her two children slept. A half-governess, half-maid who travelled with her, was on another floor, — why I don't know, — perhaps because the next room to the children's was a sitting-room.

My new room had as usual a door communicating with hers. I listened one or two nights and mornings, and heard the slopping of water and rattle of pots, but with difficulty; and nothing sufficiently to stir my imagination or satisfy my curiosity. There were bolts on both sides of the doors, and double doors. I opened mine, and tried if hers was fastened. It was. But I waited my opportunity, intending to try to have her, thinking that a woman who had not had a man for months, and might not for some months more, would be ready for a game of mother and father if she could do so safely.

She was not very beautiful, but was fine, tallish, handsomely formed, with a large bust, and splendid head of hair. Her complexion had the olive tint of some Southerners. One might almost

have supposed there was a taint of Negro blood in her, but her features were rather aquiline and good. The face was coldish and stern, the eyes dark and heavy, the only sensuous feature of her face was a full, large-lipped mouth, which was baudy in its expression when she laughed. I guess she was a devil of a temper.

After a day or two I gave up all hope, for she would not understand double entendres, coldly returned my grasp when I shook hands with her, and gave no signs of pleasure in my company, excepting when I was playing with her children. Yet when she looked into my face when laughing; there certainly was something in her eye, which made me think that a pair of balls knocking about her bum would delight her. I used to think much of what a friend of mine, a surgeon in a crack regiment in which I had some friends, used to say, which was this.

"All animals are in rut sometimes, so is a woman, even the coldest of them. It's of no use trying the cold ones, unless they have the tingling in their cunts on them; then they are more mad for it than others, but it doesn't last. If you catch a cold woman just when she is on heat, try her; but how to find out their time, I never knew, — they are damned cunning." So said the surgeon.

I must have caught Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e on heat I sup-pose, and it came about soon. We went out for some hours on the lake in a boat. She was timid, and when the boat rocked I held her, squeezed her arm, and my knees went against hers. Another time my thigh was close against hers. I put one of her children on to her lap. The child sat down on my hand, which was between her little bum and her mother's thighs. I kept my hand there, gradually moving it away, creeping it up higher and higher, and gripping the thigh as I moved it towards the belly, but so delicately, as to avoid offence, and I looked her in the face. "Minnie is heavy, isn't she?" I said. "She is getting so," she replied, looking with a full eye at mine.

Now I felt sure from her look, that she knew I was feeling her thigh. I had stirred her voluptuousness. The water got rougher. "I shall be sick," said she. "What! on such a lake!" "Oh! I'm a bad sailor." Placing my arm round her for a minute I pulled her close to me. It became calm, and lovely weather again. The water always upset her, it seemed to stir her up, she said. "I'd like to see you stirred up," said I. Then to avoid remark I changed sides with a lady, and sat opposite to Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e. We faced each other, looking at each other. I pushed my feet forward, so as to rub my foot against her ankle. She did not remove her foot, but looked at me.

Arrived at \* \* \* we dined, and sat afterwards in the garden. It grew dusk, and we separated into groups. I sat by her side, and played with her children. One child said, "Play with me like Papa, — play with Mamma like Papa does." "Shall I play with you like Papa?" said I to Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e. "I'd rather not," said she. "I'd break an arm to do so," I replied. "Would you?" said she. "Oh! put the children to bed Margaret," — and the governess with the children and Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e walked off. I for a minute joined my friends smoking, then cut off by a side-path leading to that through which Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e would pass. She had just bid the children good night. "I shall come up to see you directly," said she to them, — and to me, "I thought you were going into town." "Yes I think I'll make a night of it, — I'm wild. — I want company." "Fine company it will be, I dare say." "Let me keep you company then." No one was near, I kissed her. She took it very quietly. "Don't now, you'll compromise me." It was now quite dusk. I kissed her again. "I'm dying to sleep with you," I whispered. "You mustn't talk like that, — there now, they will see you,"

— then I left her.

I had noticed her habits, and knew that usually she went up to her children soon after they had gone to bed, so I waited at the foot of the stairs. Soon she came. "What, you here?" "Yes, I'm going to bed like you." It was a sultry night, everybody was out of doors, the hotel servants lolling at open windows. No one met us as we went upstairs. "Why that's not your room,

— it's next to mine." "Yes it is, — I've been listening to you the last two nights." "Oh! you sly man, — I thought you were sly." "Look what a nice room it is," said I opening the door. There was a dim light in the corridors, none in my room. She looked in, I gave her a gentle squeezing push, and shut

the door on us.

"Don't shut the door," said she turning sharply round. I caught and kissed her. "Stop with me, my darling, now you're here, — I'm dying for you, — kiss me, do." "Let me go, — there then, — now let me go, — don't make a noise, — oh! if my governess should hear me, what would she think!" "She is not there." "Sometimes she stays till I go up to the children, — oh! don't now, — you shan't." I had her up against the wall, my arm round her, I was pressing my hand on her belly outside her clothes. She pushed my hand away, I stooped and thrust it up her clothes on to her cunt, and pulling out my prick, pushed her hand on to it. "Let me, — let's do it, — I'm dying for you." "Oh! for God's sake don't, oh! no — now, you'll compromise me, — hish! if she should be listening." For a moment we talked, she quietly struggled, entreating me to desist; but my fingers were well on to her cunt, friggling it. I don't recollect more what she said, but I got her to the side of the bed, pushed her back on it, and thrust my prick up her. "Oh! don't compromise me — don't now." Then she fucked quietly till she gasped out, "Oho — oho," as a torrent of my sperm shot into her cunt.

Excepting from the clear light of the night, which came from the sky through the window in the quadrangle, the room was in darkness. I don't know that my prick ever lingered longer up a woman after fucking and declare that whilst up her, I told how I had seen her brushing her hair, and so on. She said that I should compromise her, — and oh! if she should be with child, — "what will become of me." Feeling the sperm oozing out over my balls, and my prick shrinking, I uncunted. "Oh! what have you made me do, you bad man?" said she sitting upon the side of the bed. "Oh! if they should see me going out of your room, — oh! if she has been listening."

I drew down the blind, and lighted a candle, much against her wish. She sat at the edge of the bed just where she had been fucked, her clothes still partly up. I listened at the door between our two rooms, but heard nothing, then told her again how I had watched her from a top-window, and seen her breasts and arm-pits. My prick stiffened at my own tale. Sitting down by her side, "Let's do it again my love," I said, and pushed my hand up her clothes. I shall never forget the feel. The whole length of her thighs, as she closed them on my hand felt like a pot of paste. Only a minute's pleasure, and such a mass of sperm! She repulsed me, and stood up.

I stood up too; kissing, coaxing, insisting, she looking at me, I fingering, pulling backwards and forwards the prepuce of my penis. No, she would not. Then I threatened to make a noise, if she would not, and swore I would have her again. She promised to let me if I would let her go to her bed-room first, — she would unlock her side of the two doors, if she could. She was not sure if there was a key, — if not she would open the door on to the corridor, but only at midnight, when the gas was turned out, and few people about. She promised solemnly, and sealed it with a kiss. "Oh! for God's sake be quiet." I opened the door of my bed-room, and saw no one in the lobby. Out she went, and got into her own room unnoticed. Then I opened the door to her room from my side. There were double doors.

She seemed to keep me a long time waiting, though she had scarcely been in her room five minutes, I strip-ped myself to my shirt, then knocked at the door gently, then louder. A key turned, the door opened. She had only gone in to be sure that the children were in their bed, and the governess not with them. "Oh! I have been so fearful lest she should have been there," she said.

The children were asleep, she had bolted their door. "And now go to bed, and let me also, — there is a dear man, and don't ask anything more of me." "To bed yes, but with you." She begged me not, all in a whisper. My reply was to strip off my shirt, and stand stark naked with prick throbbing, and wagging, and nodding with its size, weight, and randiness. "Only once, one more, and then I will be content." "No."

"Then damned if I won't," said I moving towards her. "Hush! my children will hear, — in your room then," — and she came towards my door. "Oh! non-sense, not with your clothes on, — let us have our full pleasure, — and this hot night too, — take off your things." Little by little she did, and

stood in her chemise. I tried all the doors, they were securely fastened, and then I brought her quite into my room. "Leave me alone a minute," she said. But as randy as if I had not left my sperm up her fifteen minutes before, I would not, and pulled her gently toward my bed, tore the clothes off, so as to leave the bottom sheet only on, and got her on to the bed. "Do let me see your cunt." "No, — no, — no." As I pulled up her chemise, down she pushed it. "Oh! no, — I'm sure I shall be with child," said she, "and if I am I'd just best make a hole in the water." Her big breasts were bare, her thighs opened, a grope on the spermy surface, and then fuck- ing began. "Oho!" she sighed out loudly again, as she spent.

Off and on until daybreak we fucked. After the second she gave herself up to pleasure. The randiest slut just out of a three months quodding could not have been hotter or readier for lewed fun with cunt and ballocks. I never had a more randy bed-fellow. She did not even resist the inspection of her cunt, which surprised me a little, considering its condition. Our light burnt out, our games heated us more and more, the room got oppressive, I slipped off her chemise, our naked bodies entwined in all attitudes, and we fucked, and fucked, bathed in sweat, till the sweat and sperm wetted all over the sheet, and we slept. It was broad daylight when we awakened. I was lying sweating with her bum up against my belly, her hair was loose all over her, and the bed. Then we separated and she fled to her room, carrying her chemise with her.

Oh! Lord that sheet! — if ten people had fucked on it, it could not have been more soiled. We consulted how best to hide it from the chamber-maid, and I did exactly the same trick as of former days. Have not all men done it I wonder?

I got a sitz-bath in my room, which was then not a very easy thing to get. I washed in it, wetted all my towels, then took off the sheet, wetted it nearly all over, soiled it, then roughly put it together in a heap, and told the chamber-woman I had used the sheet to dry myself with. She said, "Very well." I don't expect she troubled herself to undo or inspect the wet linen, or thought about the matter.

I went to breakfast at the usual time. "Where is Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e?" I asked. The governess appeared with the children saying the lady had not slept owing to the heat. She showed up at the table d'hote dinner. I avoided her, knowing I should see her soon afterwards, and said I should go and play billiards, but instead, went to my bed-room and read; nursing my concupiscent tool, and imagining coming pleasures.

I heard the children, having opened the door on my side and found that the key of her door was luckily so turned as to leave the key-hole clear. The doors connecting all the rooms were as is often the case in foreign hotels, opposite each other, and I could see across into the children's bed-room. They were putting their night-gowns on in their own room. Then the governess came into her mistress' room and I heard her pissing, but could not see her. To my great amusement, for the slightest acts of a woman in her privacy give me plea-sure, she then came forward within range of my peep-hole, and was looking into the pot carefully. Then Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e came in and the governess left. Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e went to look at her children and returned, opened our doors, and then we passed another amorous night, taking care to put towels under her bum when grinding. We did not want the sheets to be a witness against us again.

Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e was not up to the mark, and began to talk that sort of bosh that women do, who are funky of consequences. After a time she warmed, and yielded well to my lubricity. I would see her cunt to begin with. It was a pretty cunt, and not what I had expected, large, fat-lipped, and set in a thicket of black hair, from her bum-hole to her navel; but quite a small slit, with a moderate quantity of hair on her motte, but very thick and crisp. I told her again how I had seen her from the window. The recital seemed to render her randier than either feeling my prick, or my titillation of her quim. The hair in her armpits was thicker, I think, than in any woman I ever had. Her head-hair was superb in its quantity. I made her undo it, and spread it over the bed, and throw up her arms, and show her armpits when I fucked her. She was juicy-cunted, and spent copiously; so did I. The heat was fearful. We fucked stark naked again.

Later on she told me that she cared about poking but once a month only, and about a week before her courses came on. At other times it annoyed her. Going on the water always upset her stomach, and made her lewed, even if in a boat on a river, and however smooth it was, it upset her that way. At sea it was the same. It made her firstly feel sick, then giddy, then sleepy, but that always two or three hours afterwards, randiness overtook her. After a day or two, the lewedness subsided whether she copulated, or friggid, or not. She told me this as a sort of excuse for having permitted me to spermatize her privates, the night of her excursion on the water with us.

She was curious about my history. I told her I had women at every town I came to. She declared that no other man but I and her husband had ever had her.

## Vol. 4 Chapter XV

**Frantic coiton. • A priapus. • Purging and resting. • Priapus humbled. • Carnal exercises resumed. • The governess. • A peep through a key-hole. • Bathing. • The after-frig. • My politeness. • The silk mantle. • Travelling resumed. • The new hotel. • Felt, and all but. • Unproductive seed. • A thin partition. • Scared by a laugh. • Unsuccessful. • The mantle given. • Still no success. • I leave.**

On the third night which I had her, she had undressed to her chemise, and had lifted one leg to pull off her boot. It was a small foot, and a fine, fat leg. A letch to have her with her boots and stockings on struck me. She was now complaisant in everything, and I fucked her thus at the side of the bed, and then with her bum towards me I had her again. She was tired, and prayed me to desist. I felt tired, but so heated, and irritated in my privates, and so furiously lewed, that though my sense told me I had done enough, my prick refused to be quiet, and kept standing. It was still fearfully hot. I had been abstinent from women for some time, until I had seen Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e's armpits, and had since been idling, eating, drinking, smoking, and thinking, almost dreaming, of nothing but boudy things and of fucking her.

At last I let her go to her own bed, and laid down outside my own. My prick had come out of her stiffish, and soon got as hard as iron, and kept so till I could bear it no longer, and went into her room. She was asleep, and outside her bed with her boots and stockings on still. She had laid down fatigued, and fell asleep thus. I think I see her now as I pulled up her chemise, and felt her still wet cunt. I made her angry, but she came to my bed. Again my pego pushed up her. Now she had said, "Oh! I'm so tired, — pray let me go." "I will my darling after this." Oh! I'm spending again," she almost shrieked, and so did I. Then I let her go. I tell all this with minuteness, for the circumstances were so exceptional, that they are impressed on my memory in the minutest detail.

I fell asleep and awakened with prick harder than ever, heard her snoring, and not liking to disturb her, pissed, thinking that that might reduce my concupiscent machine to a wagging size. It did not, and thinking about her bum, armpits, and all her charms, I got furious. My prick had none of the soft voluptuous sensation in it, which comes from sperm-charged balls, but ached from its roots to my arse-hole; yet the tip was sensitive to pleasure. Rubbing my finger on it made it throb, and my whole body quiver, though I had none of the incipient pleasure of a spend.

I awakened her. No I should not do it any more. But I threw myself on to her, and fingered her cunt with passion. Her thighs opened again, and I drove up her with violence and boudy ejaculations, for my brain seemed on fire. "Oh! pray, — oh! if the children should awake." "Come to my room then." I uncunted, and she came. Ram, ram, ram. "Oh! I'm doing it," she cried, but it took me a mile of shoving to spend. She spent twice before I did, and when I uncunted my prick was still stiff. I would not let her leave, but lay fondling her (almost sticking together in our sweat), and making her feel my iron-bound prick till I mounted her again.

"Oh! what a man, — you're hurting, — why it's stiff still, — don't push up so hard, — I feel as if



my womb was falling, — oh! I'm spending, — oh! you'll kill me, don't, — leave off." At daylight I was still feeling her cunt, kissing, and pushing my prick up her, almost as soon as I had uncunted. Then she refused angrily to let me do it any more, — and no wonder, but I held her to me.

Now I could not spend at all, yet had pleasure in the fucking. She on the contrary spent quicker, and quicker, had got inflamed and excited both in mind and cunt. She kept begging me to stop after each of her spends, and saying I should kill her. At the last spend she gave a scream, and began to sob, uncunting my penis by a violent jerk, and there was blood on it. I think some of it was mine. How often I spent that night I never could tell. I was fucking for about eight hours, off and on almost without stopping. Then I slept, and when I awoke, had still a prick stiff, but it was aching fearfully.

She had locked herself in, never answered my whispered calls, nor my discreet raps, and did not appear that day. She was ill. I looked a scarecrow, and told a man of our party that I had been at a bawdy house all night. My prick all day kept standing at intervals. Seeing in the afternoon the governess take out the children for a walk, I went to my room, saw Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e, and promised not to exact anything that night; but at bed-time insisted on plugging her cunt again. She said I was a brute, that I only cared about my own pleasure, and refused me positively, entreating me not to make a noise and compromise her, but I fucked her till she screamed, and so did I, with mixed pain and pleasure!

My stiffness without much desire, still continued and much annoyed me. Such a copulative fury had never occurred to me before. At last I began to think that there was some ailment coming on. I heard of such things, of men going mad through it, and got alarmed.

Then I frigged, hoping to reduce it, and after immense trouble got a pleasure, but so mixed with pain that I groaned. I could scarcely see any sperm, felt burning hot all over me, my mouth was parched, I was trembling, and thought I had better see a doctor. I carried medicine in my trunk, took a violent dose, in a few hours nearly shit my guts out, then took more medicine, and laid a bed, all day, eat nothing, and my prick gradually became tranquil. Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e's cunt was mulberry in colour, my prepuce was raw, we rested from our amatory labours for several days, but we talked about it a great deal.

Then both with re-invigorated privates, we fucked, and covered again some towels with sperm. She was sure she was in the family way. Again I got symptoms of a priapus, and wore her out by ramming, and making her spend. At last she spent thrice before I did, I felt a peculiar wetness on my prick, pulled it out, it was covered with her courses. "Thank God," said she.

Then I had a weakness which I thought was clap. It was nothing but the result of over-fucking. She got her courses over, and refused to let me have her again. My gleet cured itself by quietness and careful living.

We kept as secret as we could that my room was next to hers. We always looked into the corridor before leaving or entering our rooms, and never did so at the same time. She had special fear of the governess finding her out. I thought that she need have no fear on that head. But one never knows.

One evening she said to the governess, "Give the children their bath just warm." The girls had a bath once or twice a week, before going to bed. Instinct which has always helped me so in these affairs, made me go directly afterwards to my bed-room. Instinct was right. The bath was in front of the key-hole in Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e's room. I saw the girls washed, could just see where their little hairless splits began (it was daylight still), and then oh! luck! The governess, a dark-eyed, short young woman about twenty-four years of age, an American, gave herself a bath, and soaped and rubbed herself from the nape of her neck to her toes. She rub-bed her cunt dry in a most irritating, cock-stiffening manner, within two yards of my eye, and then dressed herself again, and sat down on a chair.

Scarcely had she seated herself, than she began to pull up her clothes in all manner of ways, as if hunting for a flea; then got a book, and turning her back to the light began reading, keeping her

right hand up her petticoats. Then she went and pulled down the blind. She lighted candles, and sat down reading again, nearly facing me. Her hand after a while went up her petticoats on to her quim, and moved gently. She put the book on a little movable table, one of her legs on the edge of the bath, the other on the floor, and pulled her petticoats a little up to ease her hand, showing her legs a little above her knees (she had not put stockings on after the bath). Then her legs opened wide, her hand moved, she friggd hard and quick, I saw the shake of it, her legs quiver, stretch open then close, her bum wriggle, her legs open, her head fall on one side and her eyes close. Her hand then appeared from under her clothes and hung lifelessly over her petticoats, which fell down, and so she sat for a minute as if asleep. Then she put her hand under her petticoats, withdrew it, looked at it, washed it in the bath, and moved away. Then I heard her pissing. Then the chamber-maid appeared, and took away the bath. When doing so Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e came in and asked why the bath was still there, and if the children were asleep. I closed my door, and slipped downstairs, not desirous of having it known that I had been in my bed-room.

It was a delightful sight. Nothing gives me more pleasure than seeing a woman dress and undress, wash, piddle, and do all she wants, not thinking any one is looking at her. I'm not sure that it is not as exciting as the baudiest sights a woman can give a man. Three women, — chaste women, — have I seen friggng them-selves, when they could not have thought they were observed, and the sights will never fade from my memory. I have seen and heard full twenty chaste women dress, undress, wash, brush, piddle, without their knowing I did so.

Later that night I had Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e and fucked her thinking of the governess. How strange it seems that when my genitals have been in a woman, and the sperm rising to moisten her cunt, I have at times thought of some other woman, and copulation with them.

Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e and I did not allude to our married conditions. One evening laying face to face, kissing, I fingering her clitoris, she holding my prick, I put a ques- tion. She said no, her husband's prick was not quite as large as mine, very nearly she thought, and then, "Oh! don't let us talk about such things," — and we never as far as I can recollect referred again to similar subject.

Her first night with me seemed the highest development of randiness and sensuous enjoyment I ever witnessed in a woman, who was what may be called chaste. Her long abstinence from a doodle, the effect on her physical organization of the rocking of the boat, and my stimulating words acting upon her mind caused it. She seemed almost mad with pleasure. When fucking, her sighs were continuous, though she was quiet in tongue, until the crisis came on. The copious discharges she made were like a flood, but it was that night alone, after-wards she was different. Towards the end of our acquaintance, she said she was worn out, and did not care about it. She was a strong-scented woman. When she got hot, a sort of baudy, cunty, sweaty exhalation evolved from her. I shall always think it was that among other things, which got me such an attack of stiff-standing, and that the aroma of her body excited me, though it somewhat offended me.

I had been at the Lake hotel some weeks, and the party were about to move off. I was going in the same direction, but expected a friend to meet me, and they left a day before I did. The last night I begged her to let me have her and she consented under a solemn promise not to spend in her. I always loved to spend hard home, but kept my word, and spent outside her cunt, pulling out my prick just when the ejaculation of sperm began, and letting it fall on to her buttocks. Then we parted. She said if ever we met again we must try to forget what we had been to each other, and that I was to blame more than she was. We saw each other two days afterwards, but I never had her again, and she did not go to Paris at Christmas. I did, and heard she had gone back to America.

From the night I saw the governess frig herself, I lusted for her. Talking about her to one of the party, he told me he thought she knew the feel of six inches of stiff up her; but I got no more out of him. I met her walking in the town, and looking at a mantle in a shop-window, and asked her if she were going to buy it. "Oh! no I can't afford it, though it would suit me." "I'll give it you if you will let me — " "Let you what?" Her eyes met mine. "Let me bring it to you some evening when they are all a bed." She shook her head, and walked away. I bought the mantle, and took it to the hotel.

I took it with me three days afterwards to the town of \* \* \*. There we were all again together at the same hotel. She was not far off from Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e's room this time. I got a bed-room as near to hers as I could, but was bothered because my friend with whom I was going to travel had a bed-room very near to mine.

I told her I had bought her the mantle. No she would not take it, nor let me take it to her, Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e would ask her where she bought it, would wonder how she could afford it. Spite of all her objections I knocked at her door one evening just before she could have undressed, and after Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e had gone to bed, "only to show it to you." I saw her, and got into the room. There was as occasionally happens, no door between hers and the adjoining rooms, but the partitions were so thin that you could hear through them easily any one cough, snore, or fart. I begged and besought her to feel me, to let me feel her. I threatened to make a noise and compromise her. She did not want the mantle, if she was to be ruined and insulted for it, — she had not asked me for it, which was true enough. But little by little we kissed, I pulled up her clothes, saw her thighs, and got the smell of her cunt on my finger; but she would not let me do it, though she felt my prick. "Oh! do leave me, — I'll do anything but let you do that, — I mustn't, — if Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e found anything out, I should be ruined and turned off in a strange land." And in the midst of this I spent whilst her hand was round my prick, one of mine on her thighs, and I was vainly trying to push her on to the bed. Then I desisted.

With her hand covered with sperm she stood looking at it, and at me, and saying, "Do go." I tried for another hour I suppose, and was about to conquer, had got her on the bed, and was just getting on myself, when we heard a loud burst of laughter in the adjoining room. That disconcerted us both, for it seemed as if they were laughing at us, and she jumped up in terror.

She recovered herself, when we heard the talking and laughing continuing, but it had spoiled my chance, though I tried for hours afterwards. Then angrily leaving her, I left her the mantle; but the next morning I asked her for it, which was mean. She sent it into my room. I felt a little ashamed of myself for taking it. I never got into her room again, so I amused myself by talking the hottest and lewdest I could to her, for the three or four days I remained there; principally asking whether she would like any of my sperm on to her cunt and if she had frigged when I had left the room. She took it very quietly, but used to colour up and look randy. Then I was obliged to leave, so I sent the mantle to her with a note saying it was hers, and departed without having fucked her, nor do I know whether a penis had ever probed her or not, but I think that had I remained longer, I should have found that out. A woman who has had a man's sperm on her fingers must feel yielding afterwards.

## **Vol. 4 Chapter XVI**

**At the town of A\*\*\*n\*n. • At the railway. • The station rebuilding. • Diarrhoea. • The closet-attendant. • The temporary shed. • Ladies' closets. • A peep-hole. • Women on the seat. • Peasants. • Piddlers outside. • At the peep-hole again. • Onanism. • A male intruder. • The letter-box. • An infantine pudenda. • An impatient male. • The soiled seat. • Sisters. • A succession of backsides. • The female attendant. • Bribed and kissed. • Her husband's occupation. • Next day. • The peep-hole plugged. • Two young peasants. • Private inspections.**

Then I saw a sight that I never wish to see again, for though it was exciting, it was nasty, and for some time afterwards came offensively into my mind, even in my most voluptuous moments with women; destroying the sense of their beauty, and what of romance there is in the conjunction of cunt and prick. However my mind came round to its right balance at last.

I was at A\*\*\*n\*n in the south of France, and went up with my luggage to the station which was being re-built. A branch-line had been opened the day before, and all was a chaos of brick, mortar,

and scaffolding. The water-closets were temporarily run up in wood, in a very rough manner. A train had just brought in many passengers. I was taken with violent belly-ache, and ran to the closets. They were full. Fearing of shitting my-self I rushed to the women's which were adjoining the men's. "Non, non Monsieur," screamed out the woman in charge, "c'est pour les dames." I would have gone in spite of her, but they were also full. Foul myself I must. "Oh! woman I am so ill, — here is a franc, show me somewhere for God's sake." "Come here," said she, and going round to the back of the wooden structure, she opened the door of a shed. On the door was written, "Control, private, you don't enter here." In I went rapidly. "Shut the door quite close," said she, "when you come out." It had been locked. I saw a half-cupboard, and just in time to save my trousers made my-self easy on a seat with a hole in it.

It was a long compartment of the wooden shed and running at the back of several privies. No light was provided for it, excepting by a few round holes pierced here and there in the sides; but light came also at places through joints of the woodwork roughly and temporarily put together. There were chests, furniture, forms, cabinets, lamps, and shelves and odds and ends of all sorts in the shed, seemingly placed there till the new station was finished. The privy seat on which I sat was at one end. The privy enclosure had no door, and looking about when my belly-ache had subsided, and I could think of something else, I heard on my right, rustlings, and footsteps, as of females moving, and a female voice say, "Make haste." Then doors banged and opened, and just beyond my knee I saw a round hole in the wood-work through which a strong light came into my dark shed. Off I got in a trice, and kneeling down looked. It was a hole through which I could have put my middle-finger, a knot in the wood had fallen or been forced out, in the boarding which formed the back of one of the women's closets, and just above the privy-seat. What a sight met my eyes as I looked through it!

A large brown turd descending and as it dropped disclosing a thickly haired cunt stretched out wide between a fat pair of thighs and great round buttocks, of which I could see the whole. A fart followed, and a stream of piddle as thick as my finger splashed down the privy-hole. It was a woman with her feet on the seat after the French fashion, and squatting down over the hole. Her anus opened and contracted two or three times, another fart came, her petticoats dropped a little down in front, she pulled them up, then up she got, and I saw from her heels to above her knees as she stood on the privy-seat, one foot on each side of the hole. Off the seat then she got, puffing her petticoats tightly about her, and holding them so. Then she put one leg on to the seat, and wiped her bum with two or three pieces of paper which she held in one hand, taking them one by one from it with the other, wiping from the anus towards her cunt, and throwing each piece down the hole as she had done with it. Then looking at her petticoats to see if she had smirched them, she let them fall, gave them a shake, and departed.

She was a fine dark woman of about thirty, well dressed, with clean linen, and everything nice, though not looking like a lady. The closets it must be added, had sky-lights and large openings just above the doors for ventilation, so they were perfectly light. The sun was shining, and I saw plainly her cunt from back to front, her sphincter muscle tightening and opening, just as if she had arranged herself for me to see it. I recollect comparing it in my mind to those of horses, as I have seen many a time, and every other person must have seen, tightening just after the animals have evacuated.

The sight of the cunt, her fine limbs, and plump buttocks made my cock stiff, but my bowels worked again. I resumed my seat, and had no sooner done so than I heard a door bang. Down on my knees I went, with eye to peep-hole. Another woman was fastening the closet door. It was a long compartment. When near the door, I could see the women from head nearly to their ankles; when quite near the seat I could not see their heads, nor their knees which were hidden by the line of the seat; but I saw all between those parts.

It was a peasant-girl seemingly about twenty years old, tall, strong and dark like the other. She took some paper out of her pocket, then puffing her petticoats well up, I saw the front of her thighs and had a momentary glimpse of the motte. She turned round, mounted the seat, and squatted. She then

drew up her petticoats behind tighter, and I saw buttocks, turds and piddle. She did not lift up her petticoats quite so much in front, yet so light was it that the gaping cunt and the stream were quite visible. She wiped her bum as she sat, then off she went, leaving me delighted with her cunt, and annoyed at seeing what was behind it.

Then I found from looking around and listening, that there were several women's closets at the back of all of which the shed ran. It was a long building with one roof, and the closets were taken out of it. Through the chinks of the boards of one closet I could see the women enter, and leave, could hear them piss, and what they said in all of them; but in the one only could I see all their operations. I kept moving from one to the other as I heard their movements, their grunts, and their talk, but always to the peep-hole when there was anything to see, — and there was plenty.

I had now missed my train, the two women I expect must have gone off by it, and for quite an hour the closets were all empty. I began to think there was no chance of seeing more unless I stayed longer than an hour when I knew an express train arrived. I resolved to wait for that, wondering if any one would come into my shed for any purpose, but no one came in. I had eased myself, and covered up the seat; but a strong stink pervaded the place, which I bore resolutely, hoping to see more female nakedness.

There had been a market at A\*\*\*n\*n that morning. Some of the farm-people had come by the train for the first time, the junction railway only having just been opened. I had heard them say so on the platform before I was taken short. Hearing voices just outside my shed, I cautiously opened the door ajar and peeped. Groups of market people had arrived, and were standing outside the station, mostly women with baskets. The eaves of the shed-roof projecting much, gave a little shade from the sun, and they were standing up against it. That told me there would be another train soon; so I shut the door.

In a few minutes close to my door I heard two female voices. "I want to do caca," said one of them (in French of course). "They charge you a penny," said the other. "I won't pay a penny, — we shall be home in twelve minutes when the train starts." "I shall piss," said one in broad French. She was close up against the spot where I stood, a board only between us. I heard a splash, then two splashes together. I opened the door ajar again, and peeped. They were both standing up-right, but pissing. Both laughed. "I must do it some-where," said one. "Go over there then, — they won't see you." "No I'll go to the woman, and say I haven't any money when I come out." The next minute she came into the privy with the peep-hole. On my knees I went, and saw the operation complete. Such a nice little girl. She sat some minutes after she had dropped her wax, pulling her petticoats well up from time to time. I had such gloat over her cunt. Once or twice she put her hand under, and felt it.

Spite of my diarrhoea, my prick got so stiff, and I was so randy, that with my eye to the hole and gazing on her round bum and gaping cunt, I frigged myself. My sperm fell on the partition in front of me. I sat looking at it, when I was shitting again. The girl went back to her companion by the shed, and said she had been obliged to pay, and it was a shame. I opened the door, feeling as if I must see the girl's face again. They saw me. "There's some one in there," said one, and they moved away.

After that the woman in charge wiped the privy-seat, which I suppose was dirty. Then two or three women came in. Old, and dirty were one or two of them, who sat on it English fashion. I saw their skinny buttocks, and the back-view of their cunts. It sickened me, for they all of them shit, which revolted me. Yet the fascination of the cunt made me look at all of them. — I could not help it. One woman had her courses on, and moved aside a rag to do her needs, — that nearly made me vomit. That woman squatted on the seat.

For a quarter of an hour or so no one came. A trumpet, a railway-bell, and a hubbub, then told me the ex-press train was coming in. Then was hurry, and confusion, a jabber of tongues in many languages. All the closet-doors banged at once, and I heard the voices of my country-women.

Puffing her clothes up to her hips a fine young English woman turned her bum on to the seat. It

came out of a pair of drawers, which hid nearly her buttocks. As she sat down her hand eased her drawers away from her cunt. Splash, trump, and all was over. The hair of her cunt was lightish. She was gone. Another came who spoke to her in English, and without a moment's delay pissed, and off she went.

Then a lady entered. As she closed the door I saw a man trying to enter. She pushed him out saying in suppressed voice, "Oh! for God's sake are you mad? — he can see from the carriage-window." "Not there sir," I heard the woman in charge cry out. The door was shut, and bolted.

The lady, young and handsome, stood quite still, facing the seat, as if overcome with anxiety; then feeling in her pocket, took out some letters, and selecting some, tore them in half, and threw them down the privy. That done she daintily wiped round the seat with a piece of paper, lifted up handsome laced petticoats, and turning her rump towards the seat daintily sat down. She had no drawers on. She must have fancied something, for she rose again directly, and holding her clothes half-way up her thighs looked carefully at the seat. Then she mounted it, but as if she scarcely knew how to do it, stumbled and bungled. She stood upright on it for an instant, and then I could only see half-way up her legs. At length the bum slowly descended, her petticoats up, and adjusted so as to avoid all chance of contamination. I saw the piss descending, but she was sitting too forward, and the piss fell splashing over the edge of the seat. She wriggled back opening her legs wider, and a pretty cunt with dark hair up to her bum-hole showed. My cock stood again. She jumped off the seat, looked down the privy, gave her clothes a tuck between her thighs, and went off.

Then came others, mostly English, pissing in haste, and leaving, and bum after bum I saw. Then came a woman with a little girl. She was not English, she mounted the seat, and cacked. Whilst doing so she told the child to "pi-pi bébe" on the floor, which she did not. When she had finished she wiped her arse-hole with her finger, — how she cleaned the finger I didn't see. She then took up her child, held her up over the seat with her clothes up to her waist, her cunt towards me, and made her piss. The tiny stream splashed on the seat, and against the hole through which I was looking — a drop hit me on the eye. How funny the hairless little split looked to me. To think that her little split might one day be surrounded with black hair like her mother's, and have seven inches of stiff prick up it! Her mother's hair was black, and she had a moustache.

Again a row. "Not there Monsieur, — l'autre cote." "It's full God damn it, — I am not going to shit my-self," said a man in English. "Vous ne pouvez pas enter," — but he would. A big Englishman — a common man — pushed the woman in charge aside, and bolted the door muttering. "Damned fool, — does she think I'm going to shit myself!" He tore down his trowsers, and I moved away, but heard him let fly before he had sat on the seat (he had the squitters), and muttering to himself, he buttoned up and left. I heard him wrangling with the woman in charge.

Instantly two young ladies entered, — sisters seemingly, and English, — nice fresh-looking girls, both quite fair. One pulled up her clothes. "Oh! I can't sit down, — what a beastly place, — what beasts those French are," said she, — "dirty beasts, — call the woman, Emily." Emily looked outside. "I can't see her, — make haste, or the train will be leaving." "I can't sit down." "Get on the seat as those dirty French do, and I'll hold your petticoats up. Take care now, — take care."

"I shall get my feet in it," said she. "No you won't." She stood fronting me, and pulling up her petticoats till they looked as if tied round her waist in a bundle, showing every part from her motte, to her knees, (my eye just at the level of her bum), and saying, "Don't look and laugh" — but laughing herself, she got on the seat. A prettily-made creature, not stout, nor thin, with a cunt covered with light-brown hair. She squatted. I saw the bum-hole moving. "I can't do it like this," she cried, "with all this nastiness about me, — are my clothes falling down?" "No, — make haste, — you won't have another opportunity for two hours." Out and in went the anus again, the pretty fair-haired quim was gaping, the piddle began to fall. She wanted to piddle badly enough. I said aloud in my excitement at seeing her beauty, "Cunt, cunt."

The girl got upright, I could now only see half her legs. "Hish! did you hear?" said she. Both were

silent. "It must be the woman in the next place." It sounded like a man." Then she spoke in a whisper. "No it can't be." She squatted again laughing. "It's no one." Her evacuations dropped and off she got. "You go, Mary," said the other. "I only want to pee, and I'll do it on the floor." "The dirty creatures, why don't they keep the place clean?" Squatting I watched her face. It was all I could see then, and suppose she pissed. I only saw her hitch up her clothes, but nothing more.

Then the closet-woman came, and wiped the seat grumbling, women opened the door whilst she was doing so, then others came in, and for half an hour or so, I saw a succession of buttocks, fat and thin, clean and dirty, and cunts of all colours. I have told of all worth noting. The train went off, and all was quiet. I had again diarrhoea, and what with evacuating, the belly-ache, and friggling excitement, felt so fatigued that I was going away. As I opened the door the woman was just putting the key in. She started back as she saw me.

"Are you ill?" she said. "Yes." "What a time you have staid, — why did you not go?" Then all at once, as if suspecting something, she began looking at the backs of the women's closets, and found the hole, and looking half smiling, half angry, "You made that," said she. "No." "Yes you did." I declared I had not. "Ah! mechant, — mechant," said she (looking through the hole), and something about the chef de la gare. "You have been peeping through." "Certainly." I was so excited, so full of the adventure, that I had been bursting to tell some one, and talk the incident over. So in discreet words I told her about the man, and the woman, and her letters, and other incidents, till she was amused, and laughed. Then spite of my illness my lust got strong as I looked at her, for she had a cunt. She was a coarse sun-tanned, but fine stout sort of tall peasant woman about thirty-five years old. So I told her of the pretty little splits, and nice bums I had seen, all in select language. And I so longed, Ma-dame. "Oh! if I had had them in here." "Ah! no doubt." "Or if you had been here, for I wished for you." "For me? — ah! ah!" — and she slapped both her thighs and laughed. "Mais je suis mariee, moi, — Ah! mechant, — mechant." "Here is another five francs, but I must have a kiss." She gave it seemingly much flattered. I said I should come the next day. "Ah! non!" she must tell the Chef, it was her duty, — it would be useless if I came for that hole.

We talked on. She was the wife of a workman who it seems travelled up and down the line almost continually with officers of the railway, and only came home about once a week, or ten days. She had no children. Whilst talking my diarrhoea came on. My paper was gone, she produced some from her pocket, and simply turned her back whilst I eased myself (the enclosure had no door), as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Finally after saying that she would not dare to let me in the next day, yet on a promise of ten francs she said she would, and volunteered the information that by an early train many other farmers' wives would probably arrive for the market, that many would come by the line just opened. She must report the hole to the Chef, — it might cost her her place if she did not, and it would be stopped. I kissed her again, and whispered in her ear, "I wish I had seen you sitting, and that you had come in here afterwards." "Ah! mon Dieu que vous etes mechant," she replied laugh- ing, and looking lewdly in my eyes — and I went off. I had been there hours.

I took my luggage back to the hotel, eat, got refreshed, went early to bed, awakened quite light and well, and got early to the station. She was awaiting me and directly I approached, took no notice of me, but opened the door, looked in, closed it and walked away. I guessed what the game was, loitered about till no one was on that side, then slipped into the shed, the door of which she had left ajar. Soon after in she came, and gave me the key. "No one is likely to come," said she. "It's only the Chef and Sous-Chef whom the seat was made for, and now they have new closets on the other side of the railway; but if they should, say that you saw the door open, and wanting the cabinet used it." Then off she went, but not till I had kissed her, and asked her to go and sit on the women's seat. I found the peep-hole plugged up, and could not push the plug out. I hesitated, fearing to make a noise; but hearing a woman there, my desire to see cunt overcame all scruples. With my penknife I pointed a piece of wood, applied it to the plug, and taking off my boot to lessen the noise, hit it hard with the heel, and at length out tumbled the plug. I expect it fell down the seat-hole.

Two well-to-do French peasants came in. One got on to the seat, and to my annoyance shit and

farted loudly, both talking whilst stercoracious business was going on, as if they had been eating their dinner to-gether. She had huge flappers to her cunt, — an ugly sight. The next pissed only, and I was rewarded by a sight of a full-fledged one, and a handsome backside. One had a basket of something for the market which they discussed. One said they must give the caretaker a halfpenny, and they evidently thought that a great grievance. What had they been in the habit of doing in such necessities previously I wonder. One said she would take care not to pay it again. The closet accommodation at railways in France was at that time of a very rough primitive kind, seats had not long been introduced.

For half an hour all the women were of that class, many quite middle-aged. More women came into that privy, than into the others I could hear. (I had given the keeper the ten francs). They were mostly full-grown, and had thickly dark-haired cunts. Almost all the women mounted the seats, some pissed over the seat as they squatted. I was tired of seeing full-grown cunts, disliked seeing the coarser droppings, and left the peep-hole weary, but the cunts took me back there.

Two sweet-looking peasant girls came in together, they must have been about fourteen or fifteen years old only, and both had slight dark hair on their cunts. When they had eased themselves they stood and talked. One pulled her petticoats up to her navel, the other stooped and looked at her cunt, and seemed to open it, then the other did similarly. They spoke in such low tone, and in patois, that I did not understand a word they said. Both girls wore silk handkerchiefs on their heads, had dark blue stockings and white chemises. They were beautifully formed little wenches, and I longed for them with intense randiness, but re-strained myself from frigging, determining to find a woman somewhere to fuck, and I felt again an overwhelming desire to tell some woman of the sights I was witnessing. I missed a good deal of the talk when women were together, owing at times to noise in the station; yet the women who came by express trains talked very loudly, nearly always. They seemed in a scuffle of excitement, ran in, eased themselves, and ran out quickly; and if two together, spoke as if they had not the slightest suspicion of being overheard. [Travellers were not so cautious or particular as they now are.]

## **Vol. 4 Chapter XVII**

**The lady's drawers. • Weary of peeping. • With the closet-keeper. • She consents. • The mail-train in. • A rush for the closets. • Piddlers in succession. • The knowing one. • A mother and daughters. • The closet-keeper again. • Connubial habits. • An ugly backside. • Two Americans. • The closet-keeper's anxiety. • In the woods. • "C'est une sale putain." • Punished for peeping. • Unpleasant reminiscences. • A young lady recognized.**

No one had yet noticed the peep-hole, though so large. The women seemed mostly in a hurry, pulled up their petticoats, and turned their rumps to the seat directly they had shut the door. At length a splendid, big, middle-aged woman came in, and was most careful in bolting the door, then turning round towards the seat, she lifted her clothes right up, and began feeling round her waist. I wondered what she was at. She was unloosing her drawers. She was dressed in silk, had silk stockings on, and lace-edged drawers [drawers were only then just beginning to be worn by ladies]. Peeping out from between the drawers every now and then was the flesh, but nothing more suggesting what was behind.

Apparently unable to undo them, she broke the fastening with both hands, and the drawers fell down to her knees. What a pair of lovely thighs she had, but I only saw even those for a second, for her petticoats fell. She disengaged her limbs from the drawers, pulling the legs one by one over her boots, rolled up the drawers tightly, and put them into her pocket. Then puffing up her petticoats as she stood sideways I had a glimpse for a second of a splendid bum, and the edge of the hairy



darkness. Then she dropped them, stood still and looked. I felt sure she was looking at the hole, and drew back. When I looked again the hole was plugged with paper. I did not move it till I heard she had gone.

Although now growing tired of seeing backsides, and cunts gaping in the attitude in which cunts look the least attractive; yet I felt annoyed at missing the sight of this lady's privates, and could scarcely restrain my-self from pushing the paper through. I thought she told the closet-woman, for I saw that woman look in directly she had left.

For a full hour I then saw nothing. I had not heard a train, and looked at my watch. It had stopped. I peeped out of the shed-door, saw no one, went out, put my head round the corner, and saw the care-taker knitting in the shade. She saw and followed me at my beckoning. The train had not arrived, it was one hour behind time.

She came into the shed. "Talk low," said she, "for some one may be there and hear." I told her of the lady and her drawers. She said the lady had told her of the hole. We both laughed, she called me, "Sale, — mechant," but did not stop my kissing her. I got more free, and from hinting got to plain descriptions. She took no offence. I told her of the two girls looking at each other's cunts, that I longed to be kissing one of them; that the sight of their pretty slits made me long to have one of them (I used chaste words). "Or both," said she. "I'd sooner have you, for I like plenty of hair." In the half-light I saw her eyes looking full in-to mine. She laughed heartily, but stifled the noise, and I was sure that she felt lewed. I kissed her, and pinched her. "What fine breasts you have." Then her bum. "Laissez-moi donc." Then my hands went lower. "My God let me feel your cunt." "Hish! talk low," said she. The next minute I was feeling her cunt. "What hair, — delicious, — ah! foutre, — faisons l'amour." But she coquetted. "Now don't, — if any one should come, — I won't." — whilst gently I edged her up against the side of the shed, one hand full on her cunt all the while. "You must not, — mais non." Then out came my prick, and she felt it. Another minute's dalliance. "Let me put the key in the door," said she, "and then no one can let himself in" She did, and in another minute standing up against the shed, we were fucking energetically. Didn't she enjoy it!

We had just finished when we heard the train-signals, and off she went. "Come back." "Yes, yes presently." Down to the peep-hole I dropped, holding my prick in my hand; there already was a cunt pissing in front of me. English I guessed, for she was half sitting on the seat. Then for half an hour was a succession of backsides and quims, mainly English and Americans (a first-class train only). I knew them by face and dress, and nice linen, and because they nearly all sat or half-sat on the seat, whilst others mounted it. I wished my country-women had mounted also, to enable me to see their privates better. They nearly all piddled only. There was a restoration at the station. Nearly every woman of other nationalities shitted, they wanted I guessed, full value for their ten centimes.

Another woman plugged the hole with paper, a knowing one who did it the moment she entered the privy. I pushed it away directly she had left, she grunted much, and was a long time there.

Then I saw the cunts of an English mother and four daughters, just as the train was ready to go. They had from what they said been eating and only just came in time. The girls looked from fourteen to twenty years of age, the mother not forty.

Luckily some one before must have fouled the seat. The mother entered first with the youngest. "Stop dear," said she in a nice quiet voice, "the seat is filthy." She opened the door, put her head out, and I expect called the woman. Returning, "Get on to the seat dear." "How Mamma?" "I'll show you," and she got up, but daintly hid her limbs from the child. "Look the other way dear." The girl turned her back, and then she pulled up her clothes, and I saw the maternal quim and piddle. Then she helped the girl up. "I'll tell Clara what to do," said the mother, "take care of your clothes dear," and she left the privy. The girl did take care, and showed her nice little bum and unfledged cunt charmingly. Piss only again thank God.

The other girls entered afterwards. Each smiled as she mounted. Would they have smiled, had they

known my eye was so near their bum-holes? Piddle only. Then the fourth followed and piddled. The train moved off, directly they had left.

The care-taker soon came round to the shed. I told her all, talked bawdy, soon at her I went, we fucked, and after our privates had separated we talked. There would not be another train for some hours, she usually went home to dinner, any one could go to the closets then without paying. I wanted to go home with her, but she refused it. She would be there at \* \* \* o'clock, an hour before the \*\*\* p.m. train. Yes on her honour. I gave her a louis. "How good you are," said she. She was surprised. I had promised her nothing for fucking her. We both wanted that, and therefore did it, — that is all.

I went to my hotel, eat and drank, and before the time, let myself into the shed with a key she had given me. She came back early, and dropped her eyes. She was a stout woman with large waist and haunches, a sturdy, plump, well-fed peasant with good eyes, and bronzed cheeks, a good bit of flesh for a fuck. I wonder how I had cheek to attack her for all that. Now however I had felt her hard buttocks and in my randiness her cunt had seemed divine. I had whilst waiting pulled down a dusty long cushioned seat from the miscellaneous heap of things and we sat down on it. I began feeling her. "Let me see your cunt." "Haven't you seen enough women's?" "No I must see yours." "Tell me about the two girls again — I think I know them" she said. On being asked I told her and a lot more. "Que vous etes mechant you men — do you so like looking at women when they are doing caca?" "No I did not, — I could not bear it, — but their thighs, their lovely round bums, their cunts, anything to see those parts, — I will see yours." I got her to stand up; and then with the modesty like that of a newly-married woman permitting her husband, she let me see. It was not a bit in the manner of a harlot. I looked at her wet quim in the dim light, and soon we fucked again. Then we questioned each other. What she had to say was soon told. Her husband had for many years held his post, he was here, there, and everywhere, and came home once a week if lucky, but generally once in ten days, and then had an entire day to himself. She had the post of privy-opener given her, because of her husband, and made more money than he did though only in pennies. It would be a good deal more now, if they let her have it all, for there would be more trains, but they would divide it, for here were to be closets on both sides. "Then you get fucked (not mincing words now), once in ten days." "That's about it," said she laughing. "You long for him to come home?" "That's true." Just then we heard some one in the privy. I looked, she would not, and went off with a moistened quim to attend to the people. A train was coming in.

Back came she afterwards, and we talked for two hours. My cock was ready. I laid her on the form, and straddling across the seat, and holding her legs up across my arms, entered her quim. But she nearly fell off the seat, it was so narrow; so again up against the wood-work, we copulated. She was well grown, so it was not difficult. She took to the fucking, as if I had a right to it, and she liked it, but I always disliked uprighters.

Again we sat down and talked. "You won't want your husband now." "He comes home to-morrow," and she showed me a little scrap of dirty writing-paper with, "On Tuesday" written on it, and a mark at the bottom with a date. "That's his mark," said she, "he can't write, — I'm here to meet him." We then kissed each other. "You are very handsome," she said. "You are beautiful," said I. "Am I really?" "Yes, and fuck divinely." "Do I really?" said she in a most flattered manner.

"Directly he comes he fucks you here?" "He's never been in here in his life, but he makes love directly he gets into our rooms," she replied in a quiet tone, as if she'd been telling a doctor her ailments. Still we sat and talked. The shed had been only built for storing things temporarily, the privy was for the Chef, but it had not been used by any one for some time. The hole in the wood could not have been there long. How made, she knew not. She must have noticed it, had it been there long, for she washed the seats continually. Holes were often made by men in the sides next the women's closets, they bored holes to look at the women, she wondered "pourquoi mon Dieu," why they wanted to see women, when they were doing their nastiness?

Again through the peep-hole I saw such a nasty, dirty, frowsy, beshitten backside, and the chemise

of an oldish-rabbit-arsed female, that a disgust which had been gradually intensifying, made me indifferent to seeing any more, and females came and went with-out my even looking. I now sat on the cushioned though dirty form comfortably (before I could only sit on the privy-seat), waiting for the privy-woman to come back. But curiosity still got the better of me. An express train came in with English and Americans, and I looked. People who come by train are always in a hurry, sometimes they have wanted to ease themselves an hour or more, and then let fly before almost they get their breeches down, or their petticoats up, very often indeed they let fly at random over the seat. Then those following them finding the seat dirty, mount it to avoid fouling their clothes.

"It's beastly," I heard in a high pitched American tone. Two nice, young, shortish girls, were there. "Let's go to the next one." "There is some one there, — there is not time, — get on the seat." Up got the girl with her face towards me. "Not so Fanny, — turn round stupid." "I can't, — this will do," said Fanny, and pissed out of a dear little cunt covered with lightish brown hair, set in delicious buttocks. I put my eye close to the hole, and the piddle splashed into it, for she peed on to the back of the seat, and how she wanted it! "Make haste Fanny." "Oh! I did want so, — I've not done it all day." Then up got the other in other fashion, close to my peep-hole, and watered! In shape of bum, thigh, and cunt the two were as like as two pins, pretty, fleshy little bums, round little thighs, plump as a partridge. I was so lewed I could scarcely resist a desire to call out to them, and say I had seen their charms. The last one turned round when she had done, and got down. "Oh!" said she, "there is a hole in the wall." "Oh! if — " said the other. That was all I heard, for they quitted the privy like lightning, putting their heads together, and lowering their voices to a mumble, and talking earnestly. Afterwards when the train had left, back came the keeper to me, and said the young ladies had told her of the hole.

She begged me not to go there the next day, for her husband might arrive by any train; but I did, and had her. I dined at the hotel, and at night having nothing better to do, strolled towards the station smoking a cigar. — The attraction of cunt I suppose did it. She had said that she left directly after a particular train, and some other woman took her place for night-work. There she was, — no her husband could not arrive now till next morning. Let me go home with her, on no account would she. Between the station and the town were some woods being made into public gardens. Walking there against her will and in the dark, I talked lewedness to my heart's content, and at length had her back up against a tree. "Lay down, — it's quite dry," said I, and on some coarse sort of dryish herbage, — I could not see what — I fucked for the last time and on the top of her. We got up whispering adieu, when we saw dimly a man and woman who began the game. She was scared "Let me go, and you stay," said she. Just then their vigorous love-making made a great noise. Off she went, in a second or two I followed, and overtook her. "C'est une sale putain," said she, "she has commenced coming here of a night to meet men going to the station, — it is disgraceful, — I shall in-form the Chef to-morrow." Then the closet-keeper kissed me, and went off with her cunt wet, and a Napoleon which I insisted on her accepting.

The next morning I left Am, \*, but could not keep my promise, and went to her at the station. The blood rushed into her face, she looked scared, and shook her head seemingly in a funk, and I departed by the next train.

I have often wondered at the affair, and at that woman. Had she been a whore? did she in her husband's absence usually have a bit of illicit cock? My impression is that she was steady and honest; that I caught her just when she was hot-blooded, that my doings were so bawdy, that her lust was roused, and so she was helpless at my first attempt, and then having slipped, thought she might as well have all the pleasure she could. She had no children. French women don't see so much harm in an outside fuck or so. I had promised her no money, had offered no inducement whatever but my prick. It was lust which stirred lust, and we gratified each other. What more natural?

The adventure left me in an unpleasant state of mind, for I could not bear at that time anything connected with the bum-hole. With women, if I thought of that orifice, it destroyed voluptuous associations. Now I could not look at the prettiest woman without thinking of her sitting and farting.

The anus came into my mind when dancing, dining, or talking and whether randy or not; and when the tingling in my prick made me look, and long for a woman, thinking what a leg she had, what thighs and quim perhaps, my mind went to her bum-hole spite of myself. I was punished heavily for my peeping. It was a year or two before my mind re-covered its balance, and I was able to think of their sexual organ and its beauty and convenience without reference to its unpleasant neighbour!

One of the first I saw bogging, was a pretty shortish English girl perhaps seventeen years old, but with a backside that many a woman might have envied. She had also a lovely skin and complexion. She neither got on the seat, nor quite sat on it, but rested in a half-standing position, and turned out a light-brown turd a foot long. I saw also her hand feeling once a plump little cunt. She could not find the paper to wipe herself with, felt in a pocket, took out her handkerchief, felt again, found nothing, put her hand in her bosom, took out a letter, and after opening it, tore off a piece about three inches square, replaced the letter in her breast, and wiped her bum with the torn fragment.

When I got back to my hotel that day, the first female I saw was the young lady. I could not keep my eyes off her. She was a sweet-looking creature; but all that I could think of, was that great turd. I thought of it till mad with myself, I left the table, and got out of her way.

Fortunately the greatest number only piddled, — I shall always like to see a female at that function. The attraction to the peep-hole was of course to see the hid-den charms, the fat round buttocks, the lovely columns of flesh which support them, the split, the love-seat, the seat of pleasure, the cage for the cock, the cunt, that mysterious aperture leading to the organs in which a future human being is formed and secreted, and to which man gives life by fucking, — fucking, that divine orgasm, that creator which ought to be praised daily in our prayers and hymns, and which a false refinement (born of lewedness) calls indecent and beastly, if it be alluded to.

[At this time I had already written much of my early life. This episode of the temple of Cloacina dwelt so much in my mind, that although I disliked it, yet at the first hotel which I stopped at for a few days after-wards, I wrote this out, and a great deal more. I recollected the face, form and performances of every woman I had seen; but the repetition of similitudes was wearisome, and I obliterated quite one half, if not more. I had doubts if I should not omit the whole, but a secret life should have no omissions. There is nothing to be ashamed of, it was a passing phase, and after all man cannot see too much of human nature.]

## **Vol. 4 Chapter XVIII**

**A grand-Duchess. • At the town of C\*\*s\*1. • Travelling with a friend. • Early morning. • A peep through a key-hole. • A big woman and bed. • Naked. • Making up her mind. • Titillation. • Hesitation. • Masturbation. • On the bidet. • Frigging again. • Who is she? • At M\*\*\*\*n. • On outskirts of the town. • In search of a harlot. • The beer-garden. • The peasant woman. • A drink and a wink. • A kiss and a feel. • A talk and a walk. • The cottage. • Nein, nein. • Brown legs and white thighs. • A flaxen motte. • Both gratified.**

Some time after this, I was travelling for a while with a friend, a rich but mean old man. We arrived at the dull, out-of-the-way though renowned old town of C\*\*s\*1, in Germany. We saw the Palace and grounds one day, and rose at day-break the next morning, in-tending to post to \*\*\* before the heat of the day. I was in a big room, the bed was in the corner against the wall. On the opposite side of the room was a door communicating with the adjoining room. For a wonder I had never thought of looking through the key-hole when I went to bed. When I arose I did, and saw (it was quite light, though the outer-blinds were partly closed) a big room with two windows, and between them a large wash-hand-stand and looking-glass over it. On the further side, and placed in similar position to mine against a wall was a bed, and in it a woman with dark hair. The door between us no doubt

was locked, the key was in the door on her side; but so turned that it left a large hole through which I saw with ease the whole side of the room next the windows and the bed in which she laid. I was delighted, and in my night-shirt, put a pillow on the floor, knelt on it, my eye to the hole, and watched the woman, my heart beating with excitement, and dreading each moment that she would turn the key, and stop my view. The whole spectacle I shall never forget.

Seemingly she had just awakened. She put her arms out, laid a moment still, then threw the clothes off of her, on to the side of the bed next the wall, as if too hot (it was a sultry morning). Her night-dress had rucked up all round her waist, and exposed her naked limbs, and I saw the hair of her quim sticking up, though she was laying on her back. Then she turned on her right side, and laid her head on her arm, her naked buttocks being then towards me, — and a big pair they were. Thus she laid such a time, that I thought she must be asleep, so rose, and began to dress myself, but fear of losing a sight soon made me cease. Looking again, she had moved on to her back, and soon turned on to her side, facing me, and I saw she was a middle-aged woman, strongly and big built, with a mass of dark hair at the bottom of her belly. For a minute or two she turned about restless, then put one knee up, and felt her quim, and lying on her back kept her hand between her thighs so long, that I thought she was frigging; but she took it away, looked at the finger which had been on her quim, and got up, drew up the blind nearest to her bed, looked out for a minute (the windows were closed) ; then stepped back, slipped off her night-gown, threw it on the bed, and stood start naked, pulled out the pot from the bedside-stand, and pissed, got up, looked out of the window again, and then looked at herself in the large looking-glass, cleaned her teeth, then walked back (start naked still), and sat down by the side of the bed, felt her cunt again, left off, and after sitting quite quiet (for a minute I suppose) looking on the floor as if reflecting, reclined on the bed, and putting both hands under her head on the pillow, lay on her back naked, showing a black armpit, and so for some minutes. Then again a knee went up, and a hand went to her cunt. "She is frigging herself now," I thought, and perhaps she was. But she ceased directly, got up, and after putting on her night-dress, got into bed again, and rang a bell. She had gone out of my sight in the room, I suppose to unlock the door.

She looked five feet ten high, and say between thirty-five and forty years old, with massive thighs and big arse, dark hair and eyes, thick dark hair on her cunt, and dark masses in her armpits, her breasts were large, hanging and flopping about.

Then I heard her say something in German, and a female servant came in, who drew the other blind, and opened the jalousies of both windows. A flood of light came in, but no sunshine. Then she brought in coffee, and gave a cup to the lady in the bed. I heard a man's voice as I thought in the lobby, and looked through my door. It was a man-servant. Just then out came the female servant, and I heard both were Germans. The female went back to the room, and I to the key-hole. Then the servant came straight towards the door that I was peeping through. "She will stop it up," thought I. But I was wrong, she only took up some articles of female clothing, and there must have been a sofa, or bed, or table on that side of the door and close to it, for to my disgust as she put it down, it blocked my view. I heard the two women talking, and the servant say in German, "Your Grace." Looking again through the key-hole a minute or two after, it was clear. I expect the apparel, or whatever it was, had sunk down, or been moved. The servant went out I think into an adjacent room, the lady got out of bed, and sat on its side drinking her coffee, again looked out the window, again dropped her night-gown off as if hot, and stood naked to cool herself; came up to the glass, looked at herself, turning all round as if admiring herself, then to the bed, sat down on the edge as if thinking, and again laid down lazily, first putting up one leg, and letting the other rest on the floor. Then putting the other up, she began whilst lying on her back, to feel her cunt quietly, and then frig herself vigorously.

There was no mistake now. The right hand with which she was operating was the furthest from me, but I saw it half hidden in the cunt wig and shaking with the unmistakable frigging motion. She was some time at it. At length I saw her thighs moving restlessly, one went up, then down again, then the other, the knees opened and shut, then her buttocks gave two or three wriggles, just as she might

have done had she been fucking. Then all was quiet, and she turned on her side away from me, giving the sheet a tug which just sent it carelessly over her back and shoulders, leaving her arse and thighs fully exposed, and must have gone to sleep. A full hour must have elapsed since I first saw her in bed, I looked and looked from time to time, fancied I saw black hair up the chink of her arse-cheeks, but don't now know if it were fancy or not. She was hairy enough elsewhere to have had hair round her arse-hole.

My friend knocked at the door, and asked if I were ready for breakfast, — when should he order the carriage? I wished him at the devil, but was obliged to talk with him, determined not to miss seeing all I could of the lady. So I told him not to order it at all, that I had been up all night, and much wanted an hour's sleep. I could not get rid of him, he would keep at the door (I holding it ajar) for some minutes. Should he get me anything? would I have some coffee? — he would have it with me in my room, — and so on. At length he went away, I saying I would be down in a couple of hours. Then back to the key-hole I went; there still she lay. I dressed, peeping at intervals, but for a long time she never moved. When I looked again she had seemingly just got up and was putting the piss-pot back. Then she went up to a bidet which the maid had uncovered, and put water in, and straddling across it, sluiced her cunt and rubbed it dry with a towel, and afterwards, began washing her neck and face. That done she put on her night-gown, the maid came in again, and the lady sitting down in front of the glass, the maid dressed her hair.

That took a long time. I grew tired of looking, so finished dressing and packing my trunk, but peeping at intervals. The maid put on the lady's slippers or shoes, and left the room, for I heard her outside my room talking. The lady again took off her night-dress and walked about naked, then took up a pair of stockings which were on the bed or table near my peep-hole and seemed to be comparing them with some dress or petticoat, went back near to the bed, and sat in a large armchair which was there, took off her stockings and put on the other pair, then put on her chemise, sat in the arm-chair, and put her fingers on to her cunt. She was now facing me, she put one thigh over the arm of the chair, and I saw the split. She felt it only for about a minute, twiddling it gently with her finger, and then laying herself on the bed again, her chemise on now, she frigged as hard as she could. Directly after she began to dress herself, and the maid came in.

I could not stay longer from my friend, besides the lady was dressed, and a fine big woman she looked. Off my friend and I drove. When we had got some distance he told me that the Grand-Duchess Stephanie of \*\*\* with her suite had arrived the night previously. He described her as a big, fine, dark woman, and so on. "I should like much to see her," I said, "let's go back and leave tomorrow, — it will be all the same to us." He would not, and to this day I don't know whether it was the Grand-Duchess or her sister the Princess of \* \* \*, or one of the ladies of honour, whom I saw frigging herself twice, but it was one of them. I did not tell my friend, keeping such little adventures to myself, but when in the middle of a hot day our Lohnkutscher rested his horses, and we had luncheon, my friend went to sleep, and I rushed round the streets of the town to find a bawdy house. I could not, but I found a stout peasant woman who seemed to have been working in the fields. She had nothing of the appearance of gaiety, but I fucked her twice on a poor bedstead in a cottage with a tile floor, thinking of the frigging Duchess all the time. Then on we went to our evening's destination.

I first saw the woman sitting down outside a beer-garden on the outskirts. I was in a sweat with walking and randiness combined, and had a tankard of beer. I looked at her, and she at me. I asked her to have some. She accepted, and had two huge glasses full. She said, "Thank you Your Grace," and walked away. She had some field implement in her hand, but I don't know what. I followed and talked imperfectly in German with her. When she came to a cottage, one of two in a lane (one cottage had no roof on, and was empty). I said, "It's hot, — let me sit down." She nodded, and in I went. I had been looking at her as we came along, and she looked to me handsome; but in my lewd state, perhaps any woman would have looked handsome to me.

She had flaxen hair, and a highly sun-burnt face and lightish eyes. The impetuosity of lust alone

often carries a man to his goal. I gave her a kiss. "Nein, nein," said she, and what else I don't know, till I found my hand on a wettish cunt, and the next minute was up her. I had closed the door. She lay quite quietly with my prick in her, till I uncunted it, so expect she had spent. Then without saying a word she opened the door, went to the road, and looked up and down it.

As she did not come back I looked out. She was pulling about some chemises and women's linen which were on some bushes, and some on a line. She saw me, turned away her head, and kept going from linen to linen, and turning it over in the sun, looking furtively to see every now and then if I was looking after her. She had no shoes and stockings on. Until then I had not noticed that — if she had had no arms, I expect I should not have cared — cunt, cunt, cunt was just then all in all. I called her. She shook her head, her back was towards me, then again she looked up and down the road, and came to me at the door saying, "Aren't you going?" I pulled her in. "Nein, nein," said she again, "oh! nein," — and a lot more in German. I gave my cock a frig, and it stuck out stiff from my trowsers. I shook it at her. "Oh! nein, nein," but she laughed.

I pulled her towards the bed, of straw I think, though on it was clean, coarse, home-made linen, and pushed her back to see her cunt, but she got on to the bed. I saw the dust-stained dirty feet gradually merge into ankle and calf of a deep mahogany brown, and then the calf gradually grow whiter and whiter, till her thighs showed up as white as snow. Obstinate she pushed down her clothes to prevent me seeing her cunt, and I did not. I dare say it did not look too inviting with my spendings about its flaxen-colored hair, for I could pretty well guess its colour. So I dropped on to her, and fucked right off. "Sein Sie schnell!" said she, liking the exercise, and murmured out her ecstasy in German. I then buttoned up as quickly as I could, and gave her I think a Thaler. "Ich Janke Ihrer Hoheit, — oh! thank you," said she, seizing my hand and kissing it. And we parted.

What made that woman let me have her? She was not a gay woman, that is certain. It might have been money, but I never offered her any, though I gave her some when my pleasures were over. Was she flattered by my wanting her, — "Your Grace?" — was it my civility in giving her beer? — was she randy when I

met her? Many a modest-looking woman has a randy cunt when no one knows it but herself. Did I make her randy by my advances — I know she spent. Was she married I wonder, — there was male linen about.

Many a time since when I have seen German peasant women working in the fields, stooping, jutting out their bums, their thick brown naked ankles and feet showing under their petticoats, have I thought of the German woman I fucked, and her white thighs and brown legs, and wondered if the other women's were as white.

At night we got to the town of \*\*\*, and my companion went to bed. Then out I went, and seeking a bawdy house, emptied what remained of my semen into one or two cunts, for the frigging spectacle in the morning had thoroughly roused me and I could think of nothing else. A voluptuous sight at that time remained in my mind for weeks. I thought of it when my prick was in a woman, even if one of the loveliest. I delighted in taking a woman into my confidence, and telling her what I had seen, and when my body was joined to hers, the recollection coming over me, would suddenly fetch my sperm before I wanted it. At the time I speak of I was travelling easily from place to place, without trouble or worry, eating, drinking, and living in the open air, and getting the chance of women every three or four days only. Then I could fuck them every two hours comfortably, and even five times in a night, but never more. Three times was my usual number, twice at night, and if I slept with them, once again in the morning. I did nothing, or but rarely anything to exhaust myself, and was always ready for a woman. What a delightful time it was. Soon after I returned to England.

## Vol. 4 Chapter XIX

**Clapped, and reflexions thereon. • Change in taste for condition of pudenda. • Change again. • Later on in life. • On bricks in a hail-shower. • An unknown quarter. • A little lady. • "You can't come home." • The bricks. • The hail-stone • A canny policeman • A servant for a change. • Sexual charms of servants. • Catherine. • A stumble on the stairs. • A well-timed visit. • Unchaste questions, and chaste replies • Preliminaries. • Con-summation. • Ugly stockings. • The dining-room table.**

Then I again took the ladies' fever, and was again obliged to have recourse to surgical appliances to keep my urethra open. This suggested some serious re-flexions, and in a degree modified my habits with women in one particular.

I had delighted in a cunt with its natural juices in it, and disliked one recently washed. I could find out one when too clean, though I could not detect one which had been recently washed and rinsed with astringents as well. I did not know much about the chemical aids ladies used, though I had heard of such things, indeed had heard of most things, and have put into cunts which felt to me like a nutmeg grater, though I then did not know the cause. The extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of my prick-tip made me I expect discriminating, and susceptible of sexual pleasure in the highest degree; and I had found that it was greater in a cunt in its natural state of slimy lubricity. Hence my choice of that condition.

Now thinking it would give me greater immunity from clap, I became very careful in investigating, and insisted on the ample washing of every cunt before I took cock-exercise. I began to look at cunts carefully, even after washing, and before I would put into them; but either my gland had become less sensitive, or what is more likely looking at my age, that my lust was so strong and impetuous, that I did not after the washing mark the difference in the lubricity, excepting at times.

About this time also, I cannot tell why, I became in-different to looking at the cunts, and especially at the overflow of what I had left in coition up those paphian chambers. I had even at times a dislike to looking, and would withdraw my prick from her into my hand, roll off the lady, and turn my head away from her quickly. All this was so entirely contrary to what had been my custom, that it is worth noting as illustrative of my character and taste in sexual matters, from time to time during my life.

[After some years my sensitiveness returned. I had really never lost it, and I reverted to my former taste in this particular of copulation. Lubrication, and even an excess of lubrication, of the right sort, became absolutely needful to my pleasure. I add this now before it goes to press, and many years after the foregoing was written.]

The next thing which happened to me and is worth telling, was quite early in spring. I was going home from a party just at midnight. At the junction of two streets I saw a very little woman, bidding a man good night, and kissing him in the street. It was done quite in a modest, affectionate way. I passed them. A few seconds afterwards I heard the feet of the lady coming quickly after me. She seemed to be pretty as she passed me by a street-lamp. She took no notice of me, but I hailed her, for I was lewed. "My dear I wish you would give me a kiss like the other man." She looked round and laughed, but walked on. I saw she was game. "I'll give you a glass of wine for a kiss." "How much is that?" said she. "A shilling." "Give it," said she stopping. "Then you will let me have a feel," said I. "You want enough for a shilling," — and she went off quickly. "Stop, — don't run off, — half-a-crown." She laughed, hesitated, and then we turned down a side-street, and up against a wall I felt her cunt. I had to stoop to get at it, she was so short.

I was just in the mood for a woman, and enjoyed the feel. It was a tight little cunt, and a young one



I knew from the small quantity of hair on it. I felt it for two or three minutes, whilst she remained quite quiet. "I'll frig you," said I, "here is the money." She took it. "Let me feel your cock then," said she. So I turned half round, took her round the waist conveniently and began friggng, and she laid hold of my prick which had got quite stiff, and which I had just extruded from my trowsers. "I shall come soon," said she, "do it to me, — let's go to some house, and do me properly, — oho! leave off! — I shall spend, — let's go somewhere," — and she pushed my hand away. Just then came near to us a policeman. I dropped my great-coat over my cock, and let fall her petticoats. He must have known what we were about, but took no notice. "A precious- ly cold night," said I to him. "Aye it is, sir." "Here is a shilling for a glass when you're off duty." He thanked me, and was soon out of sight round the corner, never looking back.

It was a bitterly cold night, though not freezing. The wind was blowing a gale and dark clouds most of the time hid what moon there was; but it showed every two or three minutes for half a second, and then all was quite dark again. The streets were deserted, the public-houses closed. I began friggng her again, again she felt my prick unasked by me, again she suggested my having her. "I don't want a poke," I said. "and I've no more money." "Never mind the money, — let's fuck," said she randily. I began to want to put my prick up her, but didn't much like risking it, so I ceased friggng her, and with resolution drew my cock away from her fingers, for she was manipulating it very rapidly, and dropped my great-coat over my open trowsers. "Why won't you?" said she. It was all she said.

I walked on with her to a lamp-post, stopped under it, and looked well at her. She I then saw was very pretty, and I began to long for her. "I'll go home with you, — is it far?" "Oh! you can't go home with me." "Go to a house then." "I don't know one, I have only just come to live at this side of the water, — don't you know one?" I was out of my beat, and did not know a house. The more I talked and looked at her, the more randy I got. "I'll bet the man you kissed has been home with you." She laughed out. "Well that's true enough, but he is my brother." It had struck me from the manner in which it was done, that it was not a fucking-friend she had kissed. Nearly close by where we were standing they were rebuilding the front garden-wall of an empty house. Bricks were stacked against it in the street, a heap of rubbish was close by the bricks. "Let's fuck here," said I. We were both a little timid, but the place seemed deserted, so we tried. Her back was against the wall, but so short was she; that though I bent my knees, and she almost tiptoed, I could not get into her. My prick when I bent it down ran past her cunt towards her bum-furrow.

Then I moved her nearer to the empty house, pulled down three or four bricks from the edge of the stack, and placed others, so as to leave a good footing and level, and which stood her up six inches or so (a convenient height), and we fucked with much gratification. She was very randy, so was I, and we were soon in sexual ecstasy.

Whilst fucking, huge hail-stones, as big as filberts, began to fall. They rattled on my hat, hitting hard, and bounding off on to the pavement. Suddenly I felt a chill at the root of my prick-stem. "Oh!" said I as we both felt its chill. A hail-stone had got between our bodies, and stopped us for an instant, but we both guessed what it was, and finished our pleasure. The hail-stone must have just lodged between her motte and my belly; it was chilly and melting, and still held in the mingled hair of our privates when I pulled my prick out of her. A hundred thousand people might have been fucking in the open that night, without such a thing happening to them. It amused both of us mightily. "Nobody would believe it if I told them," said she. "Nor if I do," said I, "but I shall tell some one." "So shall I," she remarked laughing. Still we talked together. She had been gay she said, but had been kept by a commercial traveller for a year — a good fellow. They had only just come to live up there. The landlady thought they were married. Of course she could not take me home, besides her friend might return. He was in the woollen trade, and was often away a week or ten days, she never knew when he might return. He knew her brother well. He had now been away ten days, and she hadn't been fucked for that time. She was lewed, and she wanted it, but if any body had told her half an hour ago, that she was going to do it with me, she would have said they were mad. She could not tell what made her let me feel her, it certainly was not for half a crown. My

voice and manner was nice, and when I felt her it made her randy at once. She had never been felt in a public street before.

Just then the policeman came round again, took no notice of us, and passed out of sight. One solitary man passed us walking rapidly. I was getting cold standing, I kissed her. "Here is another glass of wine," said I giving her another half-crown (she had not asked me). "Thank you," said she, "every little is useful." I turned to go, and then turned back. "I should like to do you again," said I. "I'm ready," said she, "come on, — let me piddle first, — you have made me so wet." "No don't do that." "But it's all running down my thighs." "I like that." The idea stiffened me. She mounted on the bricks again, and we had another most lovely fuck, — she was at the exact height for me. "You've enjoyed the fucking," I said. "Yes, I haven't had it for ten days." "But you have frigg'd your- self?" "Not once," she said, "though I sometimes do when my friend's away."

Again we talked of fucking. She seemed to like talking as much as I did. Her friend was a strong man, and did it as often to her as any woman could want. She would not give me her name or address, or say where I could meet her. She pissed, and with her hand washed her cunt with her piddle. It was possible her friend might be home when she returned, though not likely, she said. "Aren't you just a lewed man," said she as we kissed and parted. She would have let me do it again if I could. When we parted she ran off like mad, and I saw her no more. She was very nicely and quietly dressed in silk, and seemed a superior sort of person of her class. It was a most pleasing, most gratifying incident. Such accidental copulation I have always found most delicious, — and I have had scores.

Then I had had so many gay women, that I wanted a change in the class. I enjoyed their lubricity, their skilled embraces, their passionate fucking when they wanted it themselves, and liked me (I had had many such). Yet I was tired of their lies, tricks, and dissatisfied, money-grabbing, money-begging style. I wanted a change, and began to look out for a nice fresh servant. I have now had many servants in my time, and know no better companions in amorous amusements. They have rarely lost all modesty, a new lover is a treat and a fresh experience to them, even when they have had several, and few have had that. They only get the chance of copulating once a week or so, they are clean, well-fed, full-blooded, and when they come out to meet their friend, or give way with a chance man on the sly, are ready, yielding, hot-arsed, lewd, and lubricious. Their cunts throb at the first touch of a finger, and moisten, and they spend freely and copiously. No women's cunts are wetter, than a young healthy servant's is after the first fuck on her night out. No one will take more spunk out of a man, and give more herself than the lass who says, "I couldn't get out before, — I'm sorry you had to wait, — I must really get back by ten." How they kiss in silence, — how they feel the first lunge of the prick up them, — what pleasure they quietly show, — how they love you, and die as your hot spunk spurts, and their cunt liquidizes. So I longed for a servant, and soon found my chance. I suppose all men do if they set their mind upon women, for there are thousands of cunts waiting to be fed, and ready to open to opportunity and male importunity.

We were very friendly with a nice family, a widow with three daughters, living in quiet comfort at R\*\*\*\*\*. They only kept two servants. The parlor-maid was a well-grown wench about twenty-one years old, fleshy and round, dark-eyed, dark-haired, fresh-coloured and healthy-looking. She opened the street-door. She had not been there long before I tipped her a shilling occasionally, and one night kissed her at the street-door, which she took quietly. Next time I pinched her bum, she gave a suppressed squeal, and then my litch for her came on. As usual I had luck. Calling a day or two after, I made a smutty remark, and pinched her thigh outside her clothes. It was day-time, and risky.

She was flurried by it, but made no noise, and running upstairs to deliver my message to the lady in the drawing-room, her foot slipt on a loose stair-carpet, and she fell on her knees on the stairs, the carpet slipping with her, and a stair-rod rattling down. The calf of one of her legs was exposed by this nearly to her knee. This was at the bottom of the flight and close to where I was standing. I put my hand on her calf and pinched it. Recovering herself she shook her head at me, went upstairs, and

came down with, "Will you walk up, sir." Up I went, whispering as I neared her, "I saw your thigh" (which was a lie). She gave me such a look as she closed the drawing-room door. On leaving I said, "I wish I had put my hand higher." She gave me a sulky look as she closed the street-door.

To get at her I took to calling frequently on my friends, and often saw Catherine, and tipped and kissed her whenever she opened the door. If sure that no one was near, I whispered smutty double entendres to set her thinking about cock and cunt, and rubbed my belly up against hers when I caught and kissed her. At length I got her to take a walk with me one Sunday night. Then being near gardens, at a quiet place I put my hands up her clothes, felt her thighs, but missed her cunt. She ran off home, I after her, but without catching her, and thinking from her manner that I had made a muddle of it.

A day after, I called at the house in the afternoon, a time the family would usually be out, taking some Devonshire cream with me as a present to the lady, but really as an excuse for calling. "Out, — are they? — this must be kept in the cool, or it will soon turn sour." "Give it me, sir," said Catherine. "No, I'll give it to the cook myself." "She's out," said Kit. Here was an unexpected chance.

"I'll write a line to Mrs. \* \* \*," said I, stepping in, and I began a note. The girl waited. When I had written it, I asked if Miss Lucy (a daughter) was in a hurry to get married (she was engaged). Kitty didn't know. "What do they marry for, Kitty?" "To be husband and wife," said she. "But what do they go to bed together for." She didn't know. "Yes you do." "Oh! don't bother." I had begun kissing, and had got her to kiss me. "They kiss, Kit, like this, and feel each other all over, and then — what do they do then?" "I don't know. "I'll tell you." "Don't want to know." "Well I won't tell, — sit down." I pulled her on to the sofa, for she had got familiar, — a woman soon does if you talk smut. We sat and chatted till my randiness made me reckless. "I'll tell you what they do when they are married, and in bed." "I won't hear." "You shall, — they fuck." I had her by the waist, and she could not escape me. She made a very slight attempt to do so, but I held her tightly whilst I let out my bawdy talk.

What else I said exactly God only knows, but it was all about newly married couples. "He pulls up her night-gown, feels her cunt, rubs his prick against her thigh, puts it in her cunt, &c." Kit kept saying, "I won't hear, -- I won't hear," put both hands up to her ears, but did not move away from me. I pulled out my prick red hot, "That's what he shoves up her cunt, — and oh! God, don't they have pleasure, — let's put this up your cunt, Kit."

"Now don't," said she, starting up, but not moving away. I pulled her down to a sitting posture again, and with a dash got my hand up her clothes. She cried out, and put both hands down (they all do that) on to her thighs on my hand, wriggled to get away and for some minutes struggled, and cried. "It's a shame, — you shan't." "Let's fuck." "I won't now, — I won't, — oh! dear," — but I exhausted her. She was half sitting, half leaning on me with fingers pinched tightly between her thighs, so that I could not get a good feel of her cunt; but my forefinger was well between its lips and on her clitoris titillating, and making her randy. She seriously, now begging me to leave her alone, I swearing I would fuck her, give her pleasure, promising bonnets, clothes, money, and everything else, and uttering all the voluptuous words my imagination could muster.

Nature helped me. She could hear no longer the friction on her clitoris, her voice fell to a whining tone, she breathed short, "Oh! — do — now — leave off — do," she whined out in broken utterances. "Kiss me," said I, "and I will." She put her mouth to me, and kissed me excitedly. I held her head to mine, shoved my tongue in her mouth and frigg'd harder. With a sigh and a sob, "Oh! I c — hant — b — hear it," her thighs opened. "Oh!" she howled loudly and sharply as my finger slipped on to the prick-hole entrance. But now quite overcome with voluptuous sensations, she was nearly spending. I pressed her back on the sofa, pulling up her clothes. "Oh! don't," she said faintly. I pulled up her legs on to the sofa. "Oh! don't," but with excitement and lewdness she made no further resistance. I covered her rapidly, and with one strong lunge buried my prick up her, fucked her for a minute, and spouted a deluge of hot spunk into her cunt. Just as I finished I heard her sighs

of pleasure, and felt her sympathetic bum-movements.

Under the excitement of fresh cunt, I kept up Catherine a long time, laying on her, kissing, endearing, and enjoying her. At length it began to shrink, I put my fingers down to feel between our coupled genitals, and cunningly I looked at them to see if there were signs of a virginity, — there were none. "Let me get up, — oh! do." I got off her quickly, she pulled her clothes down, and sat up, I by the side of her. Both were quite quiet, I quite surprized with the quickness and ease with which I had won her person.

"Wasn't it nice? — didn't you like it?" "No," said she, "it was a shame," and she was going away, but I caught hold of her. "Let's do it again." "No, no, — oh! let me go," she cried, but she let my hands go up her clothes. I felt the sperm all over her thighs, as I thrust my hand up between them. "I must go," said she; but fiercely pushing her down without her struggling, I was soon up her, and again we fucked. She took my prick up her with the greatest pleasure. Thought I as I pulled out, she had had more than one prick there, I felt sure of that.

Nothing is so delicious as the intimacy established between man and woman by a fuck. When once he has moistened a woman's cunt with his sperm, they seem to have known each other for years. You may know a woman socially, closely; live under the same roof for years with her, know her habits, when she eats, drinks, sleeps, and piddles, and she may know as much about you; but if you are caught looking up her petticoats as she goes upstairs, there will be a row; and a hint about the make, shape, &c., of any part of her body between her ankles and armpits, must not be referred to. You really know nothing about her that is vital, and you and she are virtually strangers. A quarter of an hour before I could not feel Kitty's knee without a struggle, now I lay smoothing her backside with my hands, wriggling my shrinking prick in her, talking soft baudiness, and she lay listening to it, kissing me in return, her arse as quiet as if it were a lump of lead.

There is an end of all things. "Oh! if the cook should come back," said she, "she's no business out, and won't be long." "Damn the cook, — isn't feeling nice?" "Yes, — but let me get up." "Feel how my prick's in you, and I'll get off." She felt it. "You've got black stockings," said I, noticing them for the first time, as I once did with Mabel years ago. "Yes, — don't you like them?" "No." On the narrow sofa I could not lay by her side, so I dropped outwards, and off of her, but lewd still I put my hand on her cunt just as my prick came out of it. It was gruelly, but there was no blood. "Wash," said I. "I'm going," — and she left.

I wished to see her cunt when she had come back, I had not even had a glimpse of it. She let me feel it, still wet from the washing. I saw her thighs, her motte, but the crack she kept her thighs closed on. Then re-turning to the sofa, kissing, and feeling her cunt, the time passed. We talked about the family, but talked much more about fucking, that eternal subject, until I had twiddled her quim into a fever. Then tonguing her, "Let's do it again," said I. "Let me go and see to the kitchen-fire first," said she.

This took place in the dining-room. She wasn't gone long. When she came up she was a little coy. "No not again," — as she stood with her bum against the dining-table, with my hands round her thighs. "No, no, the cook may come in at any moment." But I put my hands round her bum, and lifted her up with some effort suddenly on to the table. I have done so with other women. She fell back on it. I looked at her thighs, and in a jiffy my prick was into her. I saw the dear girl's face as she spent. "You will think of this as you lay the cloth for dinner," said I still holding her thighs over my arms, my prick still up her. The bell rang. "Oh! good gracious, it's cook." Out came my prick. "Oh! how do I look? — will she notice anything? — is my hair all right behind?" She was all right, and down-stairs she ran to let the cook in.

I buttoned up, and directly almost rang the bell, and up she came. "Cook's not noticed anything," said she in a whisper. Then with the cream downstairs she went, and returned. I had a rapid feel, and went off, agreeing to meet her out on Sunday.

## Vol. 4 Chapter XX

**Catherine at a boudy house. • My anatomical studies. • Catherine's hymen wanting. • Her explanation. • Servants in bed. • The sham-cock used. • Gamahued. • Catherine with kid. • A charming widow. • The ball. • The cab home. • Rapid per-suasion. • At J\*\*\*s Street. • "Don't rumple my dress." • Cunt in full dress. • A ginger-coloured motte. • The tipsy coachman. • Catherine, and widow alternately. • The widow enceinte. • Remedies. • Catherine goes home. • The widow marries. • Indiscriminate womaning.**

That day I took her to my favorite house. It was about five in the afternoon. I'm sure she had never been in one before from her curiosity. "Undress, and let's go to bed," said I. Persuaded at last, and creeping on to the bed in her chemise. "Let's look at your dear little cunt," said I, for I was curious about the virginity. I knew how a quim recently broken looked, I had broken many, had studied them, and recently had been abroad, and at an anatomical museum, had seen models of the hymen and of its ragged slit when broken.

She refused. "You've been fucked before last Tuesday," said I. No she never had, — how could I tell? — I was cruel. "Let me see then, — if you don't I'll go away, and see you no more." She didn't care if I did, — she hadn't asked me to meet her. But gradually she yielded, and I saw a pretty quim looking as if it had only recently been broken, so jagged was the orifice. I was puzzled, knowing that I had not broken it. Then all but naked, we fucked with all the delight which nakedness and randiness without fear of being discovered, could give a couple. We fucked ourselves out, and left at nine o'clock.

Then came the difficulty in getting at her, which is one of the drawbacks with servants. She could not get out often and was one Sunday out in the morning, the next at night. So we arranged that if the family was out, and the cook were also out, she should put a card up angleways in the window, just above a wire-blind (they used in that house to put a card up to give notice to some tradesmen if wanted or not). The ladies usually took their walk at about the same hour daily, the cook disobediently often then went out, and I went in when I saw the card, but it was very risky. I have gone in, fucked her, and been out of the house in ten minutes; and I liked the excitement of the intrigue for a little time, for the change from women who pulled up their clothes, directly I was in the bed-room with them, was pleasant.

I had her against a wall, and against a tree in the Park, and got her on one holiday for some hours in a boudy house. On my hinting that she had had some-thing stiff up her quim, before I put anything there, she denied it. How did I know? — would any man know if a girl was virgin or not? That question she put to me every time, and when I said "yes," she whimpered. Then she put the question to me in various indirect ways, and was evidently in a great state of anxiety about it. What if a man did not look? —if he had not felt first with his fingers, would he know? Whilst in bed together, and I kissed her, and titillated her quim, I got the grounds for her anxiety out her.

She was engaged to be married, and feared her young man would not be deceived, for she knew she was broken. What should she say if he found it out when married? — her fellow-servant, a widow, told her she had had several men before marriage, and her husband had not found out the want of virginity. She used to sleep in the same bed with that servant; they got from talking to feeling, and then to frigging each other. Did I see any harm in that? No I did not, I told her.

Encouraged she then told me more. One night her fellow-servant produced something like a man's thing, and put it up herself, saying it gave her more pleasure than frigging. Another night, when Kitty was made over-randy by talking, and feeling each other, she let the woman put the thing up her. It was up her before she was aware of it almost, and did not hurt her much. She spent, it gave her pleasure, but she was bleeding, and she cried. "It was a dildo," said I. Kitty had never heard the

word, the cook called it a sham-cock. I comforted the girl, and told her I had heard that women managed to humbug a husband on the marriage-night. "But I'm afraid I'm in the family way," said she. That was annoying news to me. "Let's fuck as much as we can then before your next monthly time my dear," — and we did. Afterwards she told me all about the lewed tricks the two women played together. The cook had gamahuched her, and always wanted to do it. Kit liked the pleasure, but had never done it to the cook. Such confidences I always got after a time from women. I know they will lay in my arms, and tell me all about themselves after a little. I don't know how much to believe of this tale of Kitty's, but write it just as she told it to me. I think it true.

She was a nice girl. I greatly enjoyed fucking her, and oh! didn't she! but in a few weeks I had had enough of her. During that time I never touched a gay lady, and had quite a dislike to their ready voluptuousness; but it became very difficult to get a grind with the girl, which was annoying. She had asked to go out as often as was possible, but the family was much at home, through wet weather, and I wanted a spend daily. But I think I should have continued longer my attentions exclusively to her dark-haired motte, had chance not thrown quite a different coloured article in my way.

I was out at a dance. A very pretty, quite light, fair-haired woman whom I had known some time was there. She had been a widow about three years, had three children, was about thirty years old, and was soon going to marry again. She bore an excellent virtuous character among our mutual friends. I had since her widowhood once or twice, when a little warm, dropt a double entendre, but she never took it up, and I had not thought about having her, nor indeed much desired her.

On the night in question a strong letch for her came over me, perhaps I was over-fed and heated. It was a very warm night for early spring. I danced with her several times, and at intervals asked her if she did not feel frightened in bed by herself, and other suggestive questions. She parried them by evasive but rather warm replies, and we in fact egged each other on, both getting randier and randier I expect. At last I said in the middle of a quadrille something very strongly suggestive. She replied that if it would not look strange, she would leave off dancing with me at once. But I kept on the same sort of joking, and warmed her up till she replied much in the same spirit. She must have been awfully lewed by the time the quadrille was finished.

I did not take her into supper, but was near to her, drank to her, and kept looking at her, and she at me. Then I danced again with her, hugging her in a waltz. About half-past one in the morning we were both in the hall leaving, and her carriage had not come. She got tired of waiting, and would wait no longer, so had a cab called. No she would not give me a seat — of course not. I left, and walked on, leaving her in the hall. It was a lovely night. I intentionally did not go out of sight of the house, and when the cab neared me, boldly called to the man to stop, on seeing the lady inside. "Now do give me a lift, no one will know or can say anything," — and into the cab I got with her. She did not resist, though she objected.

I can't tell exactly the order of what followed, it was all rapidly done. We must have been both stewing in lust, she perhaps worse than me, from not having had a prick up her for three years. In a minute I was kissing, in another my fingers were on her cunt, in another her hand clasped my prick, and I was entreating her to let me have her. We were crossing London, and I suggested a house. She was in a state of voluptuous silence. "Oh! — no — oh! — n — ho," was all she said as I kissed, frigged, and entreated her, not heeding her refusal. "Cafe de l'Europe," said I to the cabby, who turned his horse's head, and drove there. She had consented in a passive manner. At the Cafe we got out, I drew the hood of her cloak over her head. Off went the cab. We stopped in the cafe-lobby, and directly the cab was gone I walked her into J\*\*\*s Street close by, and up into a room I had occupied a hundred times. In a minute I pushed both hands up her clothes, feeling her bum, thighs and cunt. "Let's fuck my love, let's fuck." I never minced words at that stage, and was kneeling on the floor feeling her, whilst she stood in silence permitting it.

"Take off your dress love." "Impossible, — how can I fasten it again" "The chambermaid will." "Oh! don't let her come in, and see my face." I pulled her to the bedside, and threw her back. "Oh!

my head-dress — what will my maid think if it's undone?" In my fierce lust I thought of nothing but fucking her, but she was in ball-dress, a feather in her hair, jewels round her neck, bracelets and ornaments about her everywhere. Her fears were wise. Hastily I pushed pillows under her back to keep her head up. "Don't rumple my dress." "I won't." "Oh! don't get me with child," said she as I pulled up her clothes. "No I'll not spend in you" (I had said that when in the cab). The next second I saw a pair of lovely plump, white thighs and a sandy-haired quim, my prick was up it, we were both wrought up to the highest pitch. "Kiss me dear." "O — h — o kiss me," said she. I was fucking upright by the bedside, for fear of deranging her clothes. Now I closed on her, thrust my tongue into her sweet mouth, and forgetting all about dress or children clutched her tight, and spent up her, and she with me.

It's delicious when one's passion has been cooled in a woman, to hold her thighs up round you as I did those of Mrs. X. I never saw a woman lay so tranquil with eyes closed so long. She was a lovely sight as she lay with diamonds, and gold, and feathers, her full breasts showing nearly to her bobbies over her satin dress; silk stockings on her plump legs, white satin boots on her feet, all upon her of the cleanest and richest. My cock at length began to dwindle, I felt the moisture running onto my balls, and cooling round my prick where her cunt-lips closed round it, and then she opened her eyes. "Take care of my clothes." "Hold your thighs well up, and I will." I placed my hand under my prick, drew it out, and caught the sperm which followed it. She rose holding her cunt, and rushed to the basin like mad. I poured out water. "You've got me with child," said she. "Nonsense." "You have, — you have, — I'm sure you have," she replied as she squatted, washing her cunt.

After a long slopping she rose looking confused, then in the glass to see if her head-dress was all right. "I'm frightened," said she, "I'm sure I shall be with child." "Nonsense. "I'm perfectly sure," — and she sat down in a thoughtful state. "Oh! why did I let you get into the cab with me." I dropped on my knees in front of her, my prick still hanging out. I felt grateful to her for her sacrifice. I have always liked a nice woman more after I have fucked her than before, and she looked such a lovely blonde though of a colour I did not admire. Then I found a lot of our spending had dropped on my black trowsers. Getting a towel to cleanse them, thinking of the moisture and its cause, I stiffened, and my cock stood in front of her like a bowsprit. "Let's do it again." "I must go, — I must get back," — but I had had neither a feel nor a sight of her charms. In my rutting fury I had driven my prick up her directly I felt her nakedness. Nor had she in her maddening want of prick impeded me. Now both were inclined for the soft voluptuous amusements, that gentle examination by sight and touch, those delicious kisses which are nearly as nice as the crisis that follows them. She was overcome, and yielded readily, spite of her anxiety.

Without coyness, yet with perfect modesty, she let me see her charms. She was beautifully made, with thighs of dazzling whiteness, — most light-haired women have, — her cunt well -covered with hair of the colour of dark ginger, had darkish red, and largish nymphae showing through it. A prettier light-haired cunt I never saw. The slight aroma from it, mingled with the per-fume of her moist skin, of flowers, clean linen, and silks, drove me wild again. Never but twice before I think have I seen a lovely, modest woman in exquisite clothing, exposing her charms to me, and both the others had dark-haired cunts. "Oh! let me see you from a distance," said I retreating to the other side of the room to look. She laid exposed, but I could not wait to contemplate long. Dropping on my knees again, I buried my tongue in her cunt, tickled it in ecstasy, kissed, smelt, and licked slightly her quim all over. Then at the edge of the bed again, placing pillows for her head, and folding up her dress above her navel, so as not to rumple it, I fucked her. Both em-braces must have been done in a quarter of an hour. My excitement was intense. With her it was almost a wedding-night, and she was overcome with sexual pleasure. "The mischief's done," said she as she washed again. I laughed at her, but she persisted. Her first child was born nine months to a day after her marriage. They would have had more than three children had they not taken precautions to prevent them. She told this to me rapidly whilst preparing to leave. She was of a breeding nature, and all her family were. She pressed me to leave at once, but I was mad about her. I longed to get picturesque views of her hidden charms, surrounded as they were by lace and jewels. Her coach-man was her anxiety, —

was he drunk? — had he gone to fetch her or not, and when! — what if he had gone, and returned home, — found her not returned? — what should she say? We were puzzled, but arranged that her cab was to have broken down, and she had difficulty in getting another, — a lame story, but the best we could compose. Again I wanted her. "Oh! think of me, — think of the consequences, — let me get home." I had been furiously frigging my prick whilst talking, hoping to make it stiff, knowing that nothing persuades a woman like a stiff-stander. Many a woman will say, "no, no," till she sees the red-tipped cunt-stopper ready, and then can say it no longer. It has been my experience with women of the modest class.

Her cloak was on, the hood well over her head. "Let me have you." "Another day perhaps, but let us go now." I kept on frigging myself. "Let us do it again, — look it's stiff, — we shan't be five minutes." "Oh! yes we will." "One look then at your cunt, at those lovely thighs again," said I frigging on. Dropping on my knees, puffing up her clothes, I began kissing her motte. Nothing makes a modest woman more randy than a man looking at her nakedness, the idea of it stirs her lust. Then my tongue played on her lovely little clitoris, she fell back on the bed, then I arranged her head, and gamahuched her for a minute, and then put into her. Once my cock seemed inclined to shirk its duty, but I drove it up her fast and furious, her cunt clipped, my spunk shot up it, and we had copulated again, but I was a long time at it. She spent again. Then without either of us washing we left. I had a four-wheeler, and she drove away, but not from the bawdy house door. "Pay him well," said I.

I called the next day, how we looked at each other! — a lady was with her. "Think," said she to her, as though for her information, "how my coachman served me last night." Then she told the lady that on getting home in a cab, she found him slightly tipsy, but putting in the horses to the carriage, and swearing she had told him three a.m., and not one a.m., — she would dismiss him. How I blessed that tipling coachman, — all was safe.

Gentlemen never visited at her house without their wives, her and children were always present or friends with her, she was most particular in her conduct. So I wrote asking her to meet me in the B\*\*l\*\*\*t\*n Arcade. She did meet and promised to go with me. "Once, only once mind, — at some hotel in the day-time, to a house of another class, never." So I took a sitting-room and bed-room at the \*\*\* hotel, and slept there one night as a blind. She came the next day, and I had a lovely three hours with her. I gamahuched her, — but not till she spent. I never have been able to say why I at times did this to a woman when I passed scores over. She had never been cunt-licked before. I had her several times afterwards, and did the same. Again I took her to my house in J\*\*\*s Street, telling her that it was a sort of private hotel. Perhaps she believed it, perhaps not, but she came a few times there. We neither entered nor left together, and she asked no more questions about the house.

I was thus having her and Catherine alternately and my mind took a voluptuous twist. When I was with Kitty I would think of Mrs. X's flaxen-haired cunt, and fancy I was fucking her. When up Mrs. X. I thought that Kitty's black-haired motte was twisting and twining with my prick's surroundings. Then the two got mixed in my voluptuous imagination, and I felt as if I were in both cunts at the same time. So I enjoyed the two females immensely, but for a short time only. Mrs. X.'s courses came on, they did so one afternoon when I was stroking her. "Thank God," said she, and she never let me have her afterwards. I have kissed her, and she me, slyly shown her my penis, have felt her quim, but she could not be persuaded to more. Some months afterwards she married, and has had several children since. She is alive now as I write this. She asked me to avoid speaking to her as much as I could, when she was married, if ever we met at friends' houses.

(I did meet her several times for years afterwards, but never by look, or otherwise, showed any intimacy with her.)

I knew a little of her second husband, but as on her marriage they did not send us cards, we did not visit them, which was as it should be. After her fucking she used always to say, "Oh! what madness, what wicked madness of me, to let you do this."



I lost Kate nearly at the same time as I lost Mrs. X. She was impudent to her mistress, who dismissed her, and she went home. I never heard if she married, or what took place after. She was in lodgings for about a week before she returned to the country. During that time I took her to J\*\*\*s Street nightly, and had delight in shagging her in exactly the same way at the bedside as I had Mrs. X. I told her I had a lady on that bed with ginger-coloured hair on her cunt. "A light-haired thing like that must look very ugly, — doesn't it?," said she. Now I never gamahuched Kitty, nor thought of doing it to her, and yet I did it to Mrs. X. Why to one, and not the other I never could tell, when I thought of my selection.

I was glad both liaisons had terminated. The "family way" annoys me always and I suppose both women spoke the truth. Mrs. X. was frantic when her monthly period approached, and there was nothing to show for it. "My God if this should cause my marriage to be broken off," etc., and I could not marry her. — She had always liked me she said. Good God what madness had come over her on that unfortunate night, when she let me get into the cab with her. She took however her fucking readily enough as long as her courses stopped. We never were actually in bed together, though we were undressed, and on it. Curiosity, opportunity, and a randy cock and cunt brought the affair about, — I expect there are many such cases. I have at J\*\*\*s Street when Hannah was mistress, seen once or twice, ladies come in fine evening dresses, hiding their faces, and going upstairs with gentlemen, and once she told me that a lady came there, stripped herself naked, covered her face with gauze, and then was fucked by men she got for her; but she never would tell me who the men or the lady were.

Kitty took her "family way" more coolly. She had not her courses on, even when she left, but she had been to some woman who gave her something, sure she said to set her to rights, though it would make her very ill. So she resolved to take it when at home with her mother in the country. I gave her ten pounds at parting, and the fullest advice I could, as to her behaviour on her wedding-night, and fucked her just before she got into the cab to depart. She met me under the portico of the Haymarket Theatre, leaving her cab with her box outside close by. She was behind time, and I thought she had humbugged me. I had just only time to throw up her petticoats, have a last look at her male-cage, and plug it. Then looking at my watch I doubted if she would catch her train. Off she went with my spunk in her cunt. I had her ad-dress, and she a post-office where she could write to me, — but neither of us did write.

Then I took to indiscriminate whoring, and having for the time plenty of money, soon tailed about three dozen of the finest women of the Argyle set. I was surrounded by them so soon as I showed myself there, — they were the palmy days of the Argyle.

(I don't think I have said that Hannah had been dismissed from J\*\*\*s Street. I have never seen her since.)

## **Vol. 4 Chapter XXI**

**Camille the second. • Stripping. • The divan. • Cock-washing. • Camille's antecedents. • Face, form, and cunt. • Mode of copulating. • Avaricious. • Free fucking offered. • Gabrielle. • Cunt, form, and face. • Minette. • My daily dose of doxies. • At M\*\*g\*\*e. • Lodgings at the green-grocer's. • Louisa the red-haired. • The lodging-house servant. • The shop-boy. • My friend's daughter. • Piddling, and presents. • Loo's bum pinched. • The servant kissed. • A stroke on the sands. • With Loo on the beach. • Chaff, and cunt-tickling. • A declaration of love. • The virtuous servant.**

Since I had finished with Camille, her sister Louise, and the French artistes in letchery whom she introduced to me when I was twenty-one years old, I do not recollect having gone with a French

woman excepting when abroad, my tastes ran on my own countrywomen. Now in the year 18\*\*, a year of national importance, and one in which strangers came from all parts of the world to London, I was to have a French woman again.

Was it for the sake of change only, or because they were more willing, salacious, enterprising, and artistic in Paphian exercises? — was it my recollection of having that when I did not want it? — I cannot say. At quite the beginning of the month of June, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a woman walking slowly along Pall-Mall dressed in the nicest and neatest way. I could scarcely make up my mind whether she was gay or not, but at length saw the quiet invitation in her eye, and slightly nodding in reply, followed her to a house in By Street, St. James. She was a French woman named Camille.

I named my fee, it was accepted, and in a quiet, even ladylike way she began undressing. With a neatness unusual in gay women, one by one each garment was folded up, and placed on a chair, pins stuck in a pin-cushion, etc., with the greatest composure, and almost without speaking. I liked her even for that, and felt she would suit my taste. As each part of her flesh came into view, I saw that her form was lovely. When in her chemise, I began undressing, she sitting looking at me. When in my shirt, I began those exquisite preliminaries with this well-made, pretty woman, feeling her all over, and kissing her; but my pego was impatient, and I could not go on at this long. Smiling she laid hold of my prick. "Shall we make love?" this was in the bed-room. "Yes." "Here, or in the salon?" "I don't like a sofa." "Mais ici," said she pushing the door open wide, and pointing to a piece of furniture which I had not noticed, though noticeable enough.

In the room was a sort of settee or divan, as long, and nearly as wide as a good-sized bed; so wide that two people could lie on it side by side. It had neither head nor feet, but presented one level surface, covered with a red silky material, and a valance hanging down the sides. At one end were two pillows, also red, and made flat like two bed-pillows. "There, on that," said I at once.

I never saw any divan or piece of furniture like it in my life since, neither in brothel, nor in private house, here or on the Continent, excepting once when quite in the extreme East of Europe.

It was a blazing hot day. "Shall I take off my chemise?" "Yes." Off she took it, folded it up, and took it into the bed-room. "Take off your shirt." Off I drew it, and we both stood naked. She laid hold of my stiff prick, gave it a gentle shake, laughed, fetched two towels, spread one on the divan for her bum, laid the other on a pillow for me, went back to the bed-room, poured out water in the basin, then laid herself down naked on the divan with her bum on the towel. I kissed her belly and thighs, and she opened them wide for me to see her notch, without my having asked her to do so. To pull it open, have a moment's glance at the red, kiss and feel her rapidly over, mount her, fuck and spend, was only an affair of two or three minutes, so strongly had she stirred my lust for her.

I laid long up her, raising myself on my elbow to talk with her whilst my prick was still in her sheath. At length it slipped out. Gently she put her hand down, and caught it, taking off the excess of moisture. Delicately she raised the towel, and put her hand on her cunt, and saying with a smile. "Mon Dieu, it en a assez," went to the bed-room, I following her.

She wiped her cunt with the towel, half squatting to do so, then rose up quickly saying, "Shall I wash you?" I had begun, but the offer pleased me. I have no recollection as I write this, of any gay woman having made such an offer since the first French Camille, me. If she be a cheat, and only uses the money to ex-tort more, be it so. — I know my woman, and have done with her henceforth.

Camille was a woman of perfect height, about five foot seven, and beautifully formed, had full, hard exquisite breasts, and lovely legs and haunches, though not too fat or heavy. The hair on her cunt, soft and of a very dark chestnut colour, was not then large in quantity, but corresponded with her years. Her cunt was small, with small inner lips, and a pretty nubby clitoris like a little button. The split of her cunt lay between the thighs with scarcely any swell of outer-lips, but had a good mons, and was altogether one of the prettiest cunts I have ever seen. I am now beginning, after having seen many hundreds of them, to appreciate beauty in cunts, to be conscious that there is a special, a

superior beauty in the cunts of some women as compared with others, just as there is in other parts of their body. She had pretty hands and feet.

Her skin had the slightly brown gipsy tint found in many women in the South of Europe. I never saw a woman in whom the colour was so uniform as in her. From her face to her ankles it was the same unvarying tint without a mottle, even in any cranny. It had also the most exquisite smoothness, but it neither felt like ivory, satin, nor velvet, it seemed a compound of them all. I have scarcely felt the same in any other woman yet. That smoothness attracted me at first I expect, but it was only after I had had her several times, that I began to appreciate it, and to compare it with the skin of other women. She had with that, a great delicacy of touch with her hands.

Her face was scarcely equal to her form. The nose was more than retrouse, it bordered on the snub. She had small, dark, softly twinkling eyes, and dark hair; the mouth was ordinary, but with a set of very small, and beautifully white, regular, teeth. The general effect of her face was piquante rather than beautiful, but it pleased me. Her voice was small and soft, — an excellent thing in a woman.

(Such was the woman I have known for thirty-one years, but of whom there is scarcely anything to be told. No intrigue, nothing exciting is connected with her and myself. I cannot tell all the incidents of our acquaintance right off as I do those of many of my women, who appeared, pleased me, and disappeared; but she will be noticed from time to time as I had her, or sought her help in different erotic whims and fancies, which took hold of me at various periods. I write this now finding that her name appears in my manuscript a long way further on. She was moreover a most intelligent creature, clean, sober, and economical, and saving with a good purpose and object, to end alas! for her in failure.)

I never had a more voluptuous woman. Naked on that divan, or on the bed when the weather was warm, I had her constantly during that summer. I know nothing more exciting, than the tranquil, slow, measured way in which she laid down, exposing her charms; every attitude being natural yet exciting by its beauty and delicate salacity. She always seemed to me to be what I had heard of Orientals in copulation. She had the slowest yet most stifling embrace. There was no violent energy, no heaving up of rump, as if a pin had just run into her, nor violent sighs, nor loud exclamations; but she clung to you, and sucked your mouth in a way I scarcely ever have found in English women, or in French ones; but the Austrians and Hungarians in the use of tongue with tongue, and lips with lips are unrivalled in voluptuousness.

Beyond a voluptuous grace natural to her, she had not at first the facile ways of a French courtesan, they came later on. I saw the change, and from that and other indications feel sure she had not been in gay life long before I had her. I could tell more of her history, but this is a narrative of my life, not of hers.

(I have destroyed some pages of manuscript solely relating to her.)

She soon got a good clientele, picked up English rap- idly, dressed richly, but never showily, and began to save money. She made affectionate advances to me which I did not accept. After a time she used to pout at what I gave her, and got greedy. So one day saying, "Ma schere, here is more, but adieu, — I don't like you to be dissatisfied, but cannot afford to come to see you," — she slapped the gold heavily down on the table. "Ah! mon Dieu, don't say so, — come, — come, — I am sorry, — you shall never pay me, — come when you like, — I did not want you to pay me, but you would, — come, — do come, — that lovely prick, — do me again before you go, — don't go, — my maid shall say I have not come home," (she expected some man), — and she never pouted about my compliment, till many years afterwards.

I suppose that having had this charming fresh French woman, made me wish for another; for spite of my satisfaction and liking for her, I made acquaintance with another French woman, as unlike Camille as possible. Her name was Gabrielle, a bold-looking woman with big eyes and a handsome face, very tall and well-made, but with not too much flesh on her bones, with a large, full-lipped, loud-looking cunt in a bush of hair as black as charcoal. I never told Camille about her, and think it

was the great contrast between the two which made me have her. That woman also seemed later on to have taken some sort of fancy to me.

She had all the ready lechery of a well-practised French harlot, I saw it from the way she opened her thighs, and laid down to receive my embraces. About the third visit she brought water, and made me wash my prick, on which the exudation of healthy lust was showing whitish, before she let me poke her. I liked her cleanliness, but to my astonishment no sooner were we on the bed, than she reversed herself laying side by side with me, and began sucking my prick. I had no taste for that pleasure, nor since a woman in the rooms of Camille the first did it to me, had my penis been so treated that I recollect, though I had made ladies take it into their mouths for a second. I objected. "Mais si, — mais si," — and she went on. My head was near her knee, one leg she lifted up, showing her thighs, which opened and showed her big-lipped cunt in its thicket of black hair. She played with my prick thus till experience told her she could do it no longer with safety, then ceasing her suction, and changing her position, I fucked her in the old-fashioned way.

The amusement seemed not to have shocked me as much as I thought it should have done, and it was repeated as a preliminary on other days, without my ever suggesting it. After I had had my first poke, the delicate titillation of the mouth seemed vastly pleasant, my prick then being temporarily fatigued by exercise in its natural channel; but I felt annoyed with myself for relishing it at all.

I had not overcome prejudices then, though evidently my philosophy was gradually undermining them. Why, if it gives pleasure to the man to have his prick sucked by a woman, who likes operating that way on the male, should they be abused for enjoying themselves in such manner? A woman may rub it up to stiffen it, the man always does so if needful, — that is quite natural and proper. What wrong then in a woman using her mouth for the same purpose, and giving still higher, more delicate and refined pleasure? All animals lick each other's privates, why not we? In copulation and its consequences, we are mainly animals, but with our intelligence, we should seek all possible forms of pleasure in copulation, and everything else.

With these two women I was satisfied till towards the end of August, both of them trying to make me see them much. Gabrielle for some fancy of her own took to calling me Monsieur Gabrielle. I did not see her nearly so often as Camille, but one or other I saw al-most daily, Camille generally between luncheon and dinner, Gabrielle after dinner. I have seen both on the same day, and then both were fucked; but I usually copulated but once daily. I was in good health, and one daily emission of semen kept me so, and seemed as needful to me as sleep. I had much lewed pleasure in comparing mentally their two cunts, their being a most striking difference in the look of the two.

I was so amused with them that year, that I would not leave till near September. Then, "You've stopped all the long days, and the hottest weather, when I wanted to be by the seaside, — and now I won't go at all." I was glad of it, and without waiting for change of intention in that quarter, had my things packed up, and without delay, took myself off to the healthy, but vulgarish town of M\*\*g\*\*e. It was a place where I expected a little fun, a few kisses from healthy lips, and a little intrigue perhaps, and the chance of getting some young healthy, unfucked cunt. I know pretty well now that with town-women out for a brief holiday like most of those who go to M\*\*g\*\*e; that idleness, better air, more and better food than they are accustomed to, heats the cunts, and makes many a modest one long for the male, and discontented with her middle-finger.

I had not been at my hotel a day, before I met an intimate friend with his wife and eldest daughter, — a girl of fourteen. He had taken the upper part of a house over a shop, being a man of but moderate means, and intended to have brought two other children, and a maid, but something prevented that. I liked both him and his wife, and at his suggestion went to occupy one of his rooms, and live with them (paying my share). I found the rooms were over a greengrocers, which I didn't like, and think I should have cried off, had I not seen that the servant was a healthy, full-fleshed bitch, and I thought there might be a chance of prodding her, like Sally on a previous autumn.

The house newly built, and evidently for lodgings, was bigger, more comfortable than most of its class, and had a side or private entrance-door, opening on to a passage separated from the shop but with a door into it at the end where also was a kitchen with a bed-room over it, and a water-closet, all looking into a little garden with one or two trees in it. The sitting and bed-rooms over the shop were occupied by my friend and wife, and of two rooms above, one was mine, and one his daughter's; the attics the landlady and the servant I thought occupied. There was also leading out from the staircase, the bed-room over the kitchen which my friend had also hired, to avoid having strangers in the house with them. This was entered from the staircase-landing, as was the lodgers' water-closet, a convenience which few such houses had then.

The shop seemed flourishing. Any one going in at the private door could not fail to see the whole of the shop, down to a small parlour having a window on to the garden. The first thing I noticed was a strong, healthy, red-cheeked, saucy-looking girl about sixteen years of age, with a curly but dishevelled head of deep-red-coloured hair, — a very unusual and peculiar deep-red, and but rarely seen. The girl standing at the shop-front stared hard at me when I arrived, and nudged a big boy about fifteen years old who was hall-sitting close by the girl, upon a sack of potatoes. The girl called the woman of the house "Aunt." She attended to the shop I found when the aunt was away (cooking chiefly when so). The boy took home the goods purchased, and left nightly after closing the shutters. Red-Head slept in the attics over me, and took off her boots at times as she went upstairs, so as not to make a noise over the lodgers' heads, — the aunt slept there also. They two eat in the kitchen or the shop-parlour.

I was at once cheery with the servant, but it did not promise much. The red-haired one (another Louisa, and called Loo), pleased me, though I did not like her hair. She spoke so loud, laughed so heartily with customers, took chaffing, lifted such heavy weights, and moving her haunches, that I longed to pinch her. She looked so hard at me (and also my friend), when we passed the shop, for she was generally at the door, and often outside it, goods being placed there, — that I made up my mind she had just come into the first lusts of womanhood, and was pretty strongly in want of a man.

In a day or two I was buying fruit two or three times daily. "Keep the change Loo (I hear that's your name), — it will buy you some ribbon." "Oh! thankee sir," — and she put it quickly into her pocket without hesitation. Emboldened I gave her half a crown. "Keep the change, and you shall give me a kiss for it." Into her pocket it went. She looked quickly towards the back of the shop, — there was the boy. She slightly shook her head. "I can't," said she in a low voice, taking the change out of her pocket and tendering it to me. I winked, pushed out my lips as if kissing, and left the shop, leaving her the change. The boy was out of sight somewhere when I was buying the fruit.

Between eleven and one o'clock she was mostly alone, her aunt in the kitchen, the boy out, and the same for an hour or two in the afternoon. Unfortunately those were the bathing and promenading hours, so there was difficulty in getting at the girl unobserved, but nothing stood in my way when cunt-hunting, and never had. From always thinking how, and where, I all my life have got my opportunities with women. I also found that of an evening, her aunt just at dusk went out at times to get, I heard her say, a mouthful of fresh air. Then the girl was alone with the boy till he left.

About the fourth night, the boy had left, Loo was alone in the shop-parlour, my friends upstairs. I went out (as I said), to have a cigar, and a stroll, but when just at the bottom of the stairs the shop-door in the partition opened, and Loo appeared. "Hist, — hist," said I. She stopped, I caught hold of her, and kissed her.

"Oh! don't, — Mary (the servant) is in the kitchen." I kissed again. "Oh! don't." "You owe me a kiss." "Oh! not here, — go to the front-door," said she. I did. She came there, just outside the door, but up against it, she kissed me, and went rapidly back. "I'll wait for you as you go to bed," I said, and did so with slippers off.

About half-past ten she passed my bed-room. I heard Miss \* \* \* \* moving about in the room opposite to me, but on the landing I pinched Loo's bum hard, — very hard as she passed. She

wincing, and passed on very quickly, shaking her head and smiling, candle in hand. I put my head down shamming to look up her clothes. We were intimate already, I had begun double entendres which she took, and I began to think that the fresh-looking, saucy one, young as she was, knew a prick from a cucumber. Then I found that the servant went home each night to sleep.

I hadn't been at M\*\*g\*\*e a week before I wanted female assistance, and picking up a casual, and thinking of my intention, gave her five shillings to show me a bawdy house or two, which she did. One, a very quiet one, was in the old part of the town, over a china-shop.

Parting with the woman I strolled on to the beach, and met her there again, and felt her cunt, I sitting on a seat, she standing by the side of me. My cock stood, and I gave her money for a poke. It was not a dark night. "There is sand low down," said she, "no one will notice us when we are lying down." But a fear came over me, — I told her so. "Well I've got your money, and if there was anything the matter with me, I'd hardly ask you to have me, — I'm here every night, and live up at \* \* \* with my mother." Then near to the waves, she laid on her back on the soft dry sands, and I fucked her, and enjoyed her very much. "How do you wash your cunt?" "I piddle now, and wipe it with my handkerchief, down there (nodding her head) — there are rocks and pools of water, — I'm going to wash it there, — I always do after gents," — and she went off to do it.

Next day buying something, "Come Loo, and kiss me in the passage." "I can't — he'll be going out at half-past eleven." Excusing myself from accompanying my friends, I was at the lodgings at that hour. The servant above had then all the beds to make, and the aunt was cooking. It was risky, yet I had a brief talk with Loo in whispers in the passage, and kissed, and hugged her, and told her I had fallen deeply in love with her. I had not begun smut, but her bold manner made me wonder why I had not. That afternoon I overheard a quarrel between her and her aunt, and saw Loo wiping her eyes. Loo said to me when I told her what I had heard, that she wished she'd never come, and would sooner go to service.

I noticed also, for I was dodging in and out all day, and listening in the passage where I could hear much said in shop and parlour, what seemed to me a very familiar manner between the girl and the boy. One day he took her round the waist. She, seeing me enter the shop, pushed his hand away and boxed his ears. He stooped, pulled her petticoats a little way up, and then suddenly appeared very busy. Evidently she had given him a hint. It annoyed me, and I wondered if the boy had felt her.

I did not quite give up hopes of the maid, who looked five-and-twenty. I kissed her, and gave her a little present for cleaning my boots nicely. She took that fairly well. Then I felt for her notch outside her clothes. She repulsed me violently, and with a look which I didn't like. So for a time I desisted, but re-commenced, and at length kissed her every time I got her alone. My friend's daughter caught me at it, and her father spoke to me. He didn't mind, but his wife did, — I must take care, — it wouldn't do to let a young girl see that game going on. Nothing more was said, but I noticed that he and his wife looked after me. One night when we were walking out alone, he said, "You want that woman, — and a damned nice woman she looks, — if my wife wasn't here I'd try to get her myself, — but for God's sake don't let either of the ladies catch you, — it won't do."

The young lady's room was opposite to mine, and such was my insatiable desire to see females in deshabelle or nude, that it passed through my mind to bore a hole (which I had done at foreign hotels) through her door, to spy her. I could have done so, but I did not, though I could not restrain myself from listening to hear when she piddled and a few times succeeded. Then I thought of her piddle and little hairless cunt, which gave me such pleasure, that I quite felt a liking for the girl, but not sexually, and brought her presents which pleased both her and her parents.

In a fortnight I had often kissed Loo, and pinched her bum till she said it was blue. I told her I should like to sleep with her, for I loved her, — this was on the first night she got out for a walk at dusk. I had heard her aunt say she'd keep a tight hand on her, and I found Loo was fast almost to a gallop. We walked and sat down on a beach-seat. "How can you love me? — you're married, — Mary heard Mrs. L\*\*g saying so." "I never said I wasn't, but I hate her, and do nothing to her, and

love you." "Oh! gammon," she replied. I had now a little changed my opinion about the girl. She wanted to know the meaning of my "doing nothing," was free in manner, and any delicate smut which I began using she answered frankly to. "Oh! I knows what you means well enough, but don't you go on like that." I concluded she had been brought up with coarse people who spoke of all their wants, and acts openly, so that the girl saw no harm in such things. She had only been with her aunt that summer. She told me of her relatives, and where they lived in Northumberland, — there was a large family, — but that was all I could get out of her. "Yer don't want to call on em," said she laughing.

All was soon finished with the servant. One morning I waited indoors in hopes of getting at Loo, and spied the servant as she brought a slop-pail to the closet which as said was close to the bedroom over the kitchen. When she came out I asked her into that room which I had never entered before. "Come here, I've something particular to tell you, — come." Reluctantly she came in, then I kissed, and gradually getting to the unchaste, got my hand on to her cunt. "Be quiet, — you shan't, — oh! don't, — Mrs. Jones will be up to see if all's right." "No she's out — oh! what lovely thighs, — what hair on your cunt — don't make that noise." She resisted hard, and pushed down her clothes, at first spoke in suppressed tones, then louder. "You shan't, — oh! you wretch, — I don't want a dress, — you shan't, — oh! oh! leave off, — I'll tell Mrs. Jones, — I will."

I desisted for a moment, but only to pull out my prick. She had taken up the slop-pail looking very angry. With prick out I rushed at her, she banged the pail down, I pushed her against the bedside, and got my fingers on to her cunt again. "Let me have you." "Oh! — you — shan't, — I'll call." "I'll say that you asked me in here." "You liar, you beast, — I won't, — oh! hi!," and she cried out so loudly that I desisted.

"I won't stop here any longer, and I'll tell Mrs. Jones." She went out of the room crying and nodding her head furiously at me. There will be a row, thought I. Later on I offered her two sovereigns. "Don't say anything, — you'll only lose your character if you do, — I've done you no harm." Indeed I rather funked the affair. She took the money without a word, and pushed me off when I tried to kiss her, and I never got at her again. Two days afterwards she left, — she was only a weekly servant. I don't think she ever told about me, — she said she didn't like the place.

## **Vol. 4 Chapter XXII**

**Loo on the beach. • The shop-boy' sattempt. • Caught at the water-closet. • A knowing one. • The gay sister. • Success despairs of. • Over the china-shop. • Virginity slaughtered. • Alone in the lodgings. • The bed-room on the stairs. • Poking like blazes. • A gamahuche. • Aunt at market. • Clever dodges. • Naked in bed. • Homage to Priapus. • Belly to belly. • Belly to bum. • She on he. • The hand-glass. • Am I with child? • I leave M\*\*g\*\*e. • Sequel.**

I had no one now but Loo. She had gone out one evening without leave, and met me. Her aunt scolded. I got very warm in my hints and words. She laughed at them, but still I hesitated, she was such an odd, unusual girl. I did not know what to make of her, and my failure with the servant made me cautious.

It was slow I found being always with my friends, the lady didn't like my taking her husband out of a night without her, so though dining with them I went out by myself, but usually came back just when the shop was being shut up, to catch Loo, — even if I went out afterwards.

The night after the new servant came, I left my friends at a concert, and went home. Entering I heard voices wrangling, and stealthily crept as near the partition-door as I could. Loo and the boy

were scuffling. One second I couldn't hear a word, the next minute everything. "Don't, — leave off, — I won't let you," — then a chair or something made a noise. "Oho," cried she, — "shan't." "I've felt it, — ain't it hairy?" chuckled the boy quite loud. Another scuffle. "I'll tell aunt, — don't, — oh! the lodgers will hear." Again a scuffle. "Oh! — now — you — shan't." "Cunt,"

"Oh" — "Prick," — a slap. One of them banged right up against the partition, something dropped, and all for a moment was silent. I mounted the stairs out of sight, and listened. The door opened, the two came out at the same moment, and the servant, who had not gone, came out of the kitchen. "I dropped the candle, and couldn't see, and jumped agin the door," said the boy. "You're a stupid clumsy," 'said Loo. The boy went out of the house like a shot, the servant and Loo into the kitchen. He's been feeling her cunt, — perhaps she him, — the little bitch had been fucked, thought I.

A day or two before I made a hasty offer to take her to London for a week, — would she go? — "Oh! won't I just, — I'm longing to see London." Then, "How can I get away? — aunt would tell father." No she could not. "Take a walk with me when the shop is shut up." But the aunt rarely let her go out in the evening, nor in the day, except on Sundays. Put up to it by me she told her aunt she would. "We'll go out to-gether," said aunt, — but it rained a little, aunt said it would spoil her clothes, and would not go.

Next night the aunt was out, the girl had the shop shut directly it was dark, and spite of aunt came out to meet me on the beach. I told her what I had heard. She admitted the boy had tried to feel her, but had not succeeded. "But I heard him say it was hairy." "He's a liar." "I don't believe you've got any hair there," said I. "Oh! ain't I though," said she laughing. "Let me feel." Then in the dark, little by little, I man-aged to feel a fat pair of thighs, and the tip of a cunt. She sat quiet, at last kissing me, and I her. One of her legs was over the other, so that my finger could only just rest on her clitoris. Then she felt my prick. It was a lovely hour I passed on that seat by the shingle. I whispered in conversation, "prick," — "cunt," — "fuck," — that magical triad. "Oh! I knows what yer means." "Open your thighs now," "there then, — oh! you hurt," — and she got up. "You wicked little devil, let me." I thought her cunt seemed open enough. There was a row when she got home, but she cheeked her aunt boldly.

Next morning I went to the closet, some one was there, and wanting to bog badly I went down to the closet in the yard, pulled open the door sharply (it was not bolted, and there stood Loo with petticoats up, showing both legs nearly to her backside. She was just turning to seat herself. "Oh!" she shouted dropping her clothes. "Oh!" said I banging the door to, startled as much as she was. I went off, but an hour afterwards bought some fruit, — no one was in the shop. "I saw your bum." "You didn't," said she without a blush. "I did." "It was no fault of mine if you did." "Show it me now, — there is no one here." "Shan't." She really blushed, and sat down, but could not contain herself from laughing. I showed her my prick, and was nearly caught doing so, by some one entering the shop.

She got out another night to walk with a female friend whom the aunt thought Loo could be trusted with. Directly clear of the house, that girl went off with her lover, — five minutes later I was with Loo on the beach. It was moonlight. How I cursed the moon, then luckily heavy clouds hid it. Now I talked about copulation openly. She knew all about it she said, and at last admitted laughing that she had felt the shop-boy's prick. "No," no other man's excepting quite small boys, — she had felt those. "Let me do it to you, - - why not?" "I would, but I am frightened, — sup-pose I had a child." I told her how I would prevent her having one. No, she was frightened. We felt each other well. How I restrained myself from frigging God only knows; but we were only about an hour gone.

Next day I felt her quim in the shop and again as she went up to bed, and showed her my prick. What risks I ran, and how I escaped! Had my friend opened his door, or the girl opposite opened hers, I must have been caught.

I found she did not like being in the shop, did not like her aunt, and soon after said she would go away with me to London, if I liked (I'd now offered to keep her). That bothered me, I had only just



got rid of a woman, and did not want another. "But in London you'd come to grief, — perhaps go on the town, and be miserable." Well she didn't care, she wouldn't stop with her aunt, didn't want to go home — had had enough of them. She had a sister who was gay at \*\*\*\*, who told her she was very jolly. The murder was out, her cheek and frank acceptance of bawdy suggestions, her knowledge of fucking, were due to her gay sister. At once I said, "What's the good of sitting here by the sea where we may be known? — let's go and have a chat and a glass of wine in a house." "No." "Why you know you've been fucked, Loo," said I angry, not mincing words now, and believing she was shamming for a purpose. "I'll take my solemn oath on any Bible, I ain't had it done to me," said she earnestly, — but I didn't believe her.

There were constant quarrels now between her and her aunt, — we heard them upstairs. Mrs. L\*\*g, my friend, complained of the noise. Then I found that Loo had been sent there by her father to keep her away from her gay sister. All this time my friends had never noticed my goings on with the girl, all having been done by us two with such stealth.

After that night I talked open smut to her, and felt her, and she felt my prick on every opportunity. We discussed fucking, and getting with child, as if we were married. She a girl of sixteen would look me in the face, and laugh about it without the sign of a blush. It was the most extraordinary state of things I ever have experienced; but matters stopped there. A month nearly had passed, I had shagged the woman (already named) on the sands two or three times, to keep myself from fist-fucking, and liked the novelty of the place; but I was very lewed on Loo. She liked the spooning, and liked my feeling her cunt, but, "No, I'm frightened, — I won't go anywhere with you, — I won't let you do it." "I fucked a girl on the sands, as you would not let me," said I in just those words. "Lor you didn't." "I did." She became quite silent.

My friends were now leaving. "I'm going away with them Loo, as you won't meet me." I said that on two successive days. She made no reply. Sunday came. "Come out this evening." "I'm going to church with aunt." "Well, meet me instead." She did, and I got her without any trouble to the china-shop, and five minutes after that, we were sitting close together, her hand round my prick, I titillating her clitoris, our mouths glued together, speechless. Oh! those lovely five minutes. Her thighs and bum gently moved. "Oh! don't." "Get on the bed, Loo, — don't be foolish, — we'll feel each other better there." She rose. "Take off your gown, you will rumple it." She took it off in silence, and got on to the bed herself without help. We laid down. "What a lovely fat bum you have. — I must kiss it." I loosened my trowsers. "There now, let my prick just touch your belly, — feel me." My fingers slipt along her cunt, and I tried to put one up it. "Oh! you hurt." Is she virgin? Then without any resistance I laid on her. She sighed, her thighs opened, I adjusted my prick, grasped her buttocks firmly, and thrust. "Oh — ohoo! — bar!" one loud cry only. I had shattered it in three or four hard thrusts. She was a virgin, and a tough one. My sperm was filling her cunt the next minute. She had meant fucking some hours before, I am sure of it, and almost fancy now, that she had made up her mind to have it done to her, long before that Sunday.

Coming to my senses, "Did you like it — did it give you pleasure?" "No it hurt," said she with perfect tranquility. I laid still, kissing her, nestling up her my stiff prick, put my fingers down, and found them red. I had put a towel on the bed, and now pushed it under her buttocks, and uncunted, — I thought soiling her linen might cause her difficulty. For a moment to my delight, I saw the unusual sight of a virgin cunt just fucked, and then pushed the napkin between her thighs. "You never have had it before," I remarked. "I told you so," she replied. She laid still till I suggested her washing. As she washed, "You've made me bleed," and she laughed. The affair did not seem very serious to her. Then we talked, I saw her cunt, and fucked her twice more, — the second poke I stopped in the middle. "Don't you feel pleasure now?" "Oh! yes — oho, ah!" She did not get home till past ten o'clock. I went home first. Her aunt rowed her in the passage. Walking with a friend, — walking with a friend was her only reply. My friends heard the row in the passage, as well as I, and next morning re-marked, they were afraid that shop-girl was giving her aunt much trouble, — Mrs. L\*\*g said she looked an impudent minx.

Then came that delicious time when a couple both on heat scheme how to fuck on the sly. It seems to me the most delicious gratification of sexual passion, when it is done thus successfully. To kiss, and finger your privates, whisper as you pass, give signals to each other, cunt in one's mind, cock in the other's; to think all day when, where, and how the copulation is to come off: to watch this one who is in the way, scheme to get the other out of the way, hatch excuses for getting out of the house, tales about where you have been, and reasons for coming in late is delightful. I love the secret joys of success in deceiving, the passionate fuck here, there, anywhere, just as the opportunity offers; the rapid spend from genitals in which from thinking constantly of it, with lewed desire for hours, the sperm and sexual juices have been accumulating, ready for mingling. I had all this with Loo, have had it with many other women since the age of sixteen, and know nothing in life so soul-absorbing, so delicious. Next day we felt each other in the shop, on the stair-case, and going up to bed. Next day promised to be unsuccessful for us, but I was so lewed that I was ready for any risk, -- she much the same. We could think of no place, till suddenly, "There is the bed-room on the stairs, -- it's empty, -- no one will think of your being in there." I went in the evening to a bazaar with my friends, left them there; and then slipped into the house, and into the bed-room unobserved. The servant had left, the aunt went out, and Loo slipped into the room.

She had left the boy in the shop. I fucked her quite in darkness on the bed-side, -- the boy thought she had gone up to her bed-room. I sat patiently half an hour, then up she came, and we did it again. Nearly another hour and again she came, and was fucked. "You haven't washed your cunt, have you?" "No, -- ought I?" said she. "Isn't fucking nice?" "Oh! ain't it just!" The -boy wondered at her keeping the shop open so late. "The bed (a feather one) will show," said I. "As I come down in the morning, or directly Tom's gone, I'll set it to rights," said she.

For the rest of the time of my acquaintance with this red-haired damsel, my dodges and devices to get her were mostly like those with little Sally, already told of. The circumstances were nearly the same. A sea-coast town, a lodging-house, a landlady, a young lady anxious to get her cunt buttered, a man in full health, intent on buttering it for her. Who could under those circumstances prevent copulation?

The next night she went out without asking leave, and I had her in the china-shop. "My darling let's look at your cunt." She opened her thighs quite freely. "Does it look much different to what it did?" She had been trying to look at it in the glass, but couldn't see, -- she hadn't a hand-glass. "But it feels quite different," she remarked. We fucked like blazes for a couple of hours. There was a great row, and threats of the aunt about her absence, when she got back.

She was biggish, almost a woman in form, but with girlish expression in face. Excepting for that she looked eighteen. She had large thighs, a fat backside, and nice plump, but little breasts. Her flesh was beautifully white. She had a pretty cunt, a very fully-developed clitoris, and the hair on it was more carrotty than that on her head. I had never yet seen a regular carrotty cunt, but there was not much hair, -- in that respect it looked sixteen. The edge of the split hymen was well jagged, any one could have seen that it had not been split up long. I looked at it till the exceptional litch seized me. I tickled the clitoris with my tongue till she gave a sigh, then the idea of giving her full pleasure enchanted me. I closed my mouth on it, and licked, and licked, and thrust my tongue in and out, till she writhed. "Leave off, -- oh! -- it's dirty, -- oho!" My jaws ached, my tongue was weary, I thought it was impossible to finish her, till with a strong effort, gliding my tongue over her clitoris, with all the rapidity that fatigue would let me, her thighs opened, and with a low yawling, half-moan, half-sigh she spent, clutching my hair spasmodically, and her thighs nipping. I don't know how long I had been operating on her, and wonder why I did not fetch her sooner. I never did it to her again, and can't account for this sudden litch, -- I never can give reasons for gamahuching one woman, and not another. Next day my friends left, I stayed, and hired their two rooms, and the odd bed-room, -- the old landlady said she could not let them together. The weather was getting cold, no other lodgers were expected, the shop-business fell off. The landlady next day asked if I would mind her waiting on me, as she and her niece could do all I wanted, unless other lodgers came. Though delighted I said in a dissatisfied manner that I expected to be properly cooked for, and

waited upon; that I didn't like persons above their positions about me, and so on. Oh! she'd take care, and her niece should wear a cap. Soon after she returned. Would I excuse the cap, — her niece would not wear one; — she added that the girl had given her father lots of trouble, and now gave her trouble, — and she should send her home. How I laughed in my sleeve; the servant left, the shop-boy remained, a charwoman came for an hour daily, and the landlady, Loo, and I were alone in the house at night.

I got lots of trouble, sending the landlady out to buy this and that. Whenever I wanted her out of the way I sent her to buy something. I kept her hard at cooking, and did not care what it cost to get her out of the house, nor did she, for she got profits. When she was out up came Loo. In a trice I had her on my bed, and shagged her. The landlady laid the cloth, my beefsteak was burnt, and I grumbled. She was very sorry. Then she laid the cloth an hour before my meal, so that she might cook. I wasn't going to have a table-cloth on in the room all day, — I should dine out. Oh! she was so sorry. "Get a servant then." Well she would, — but would I mind her niece without a cap laying it? "No, let her," -- and up came Loo. What a lark! the woman was cooking whilst I was pulling up Loo's petticoats, slapping her backside, kissing her motte, she laying the cloth. Then I slipped into my bed-room. Then knock, knock, "Your dinner's on table sir." In I went. "I see the young woman has laid it all right." "Yes sir, I'll see that she does." I rang, and up came Loo. "A bottle of pale ale." The shop-boy fetched it, Loo cleared the table, and had a glass of ale, her aunt had gone out to buy me something so we fucked. A randier little bitch never had a prick up her. At a late dinner it was the same game, and Loo's cunt had another seminal libation. What a jolly day! Is it my luck, or my clever maneuvering? I think that latter, for I have had much practice in this sort of thing.

For a week, twice a day, and mostly three times I had the girl. She gave me hints when to get her. "Aunt will go out at such a time." "Where will the boy be?" "In the shop, — I'll tell him I must be in the kitchen, — he dare not leave the shop, — if he goes in-to the parlour even, aunt would send him about his business, — he puts any money he takes down on to the counter, till aunt takes it." Then up skipped Loo directly she thought it safe, got on to my bed, and almost pulled her own petticoats up, so longing was she for the prick. Directly afterwards, and often with her carrotty quim unwashed, off she went. I grumbled about her want of attention to her aunt, to keep up the deception. The old woman let out about the girl being a wild one, and giving her trouble, and then for a couple of days the woman attended to me herself, and I had no poke.

"Aunt goes to market herself to-morrow," whispered Loo grinning. During the season a relative went to the market for her. At six o'clock next morning off aunt went, Loo partially dressed, let her out. The boy was to have been there to open the shop. He entered by the private door to do so, and Loo had cunningly told him to come later. The lock was always bolted back when the door was opened in the morning, so that lodgers could let themselves in and out. The lass omitted this, and there were we in the house alone and secure, I in bed ready.

Upstairs she ran like a hare, "Pull off all your clothes, — yes, naked." "No I won't," — the only objection I ever heard her make. But I stripped her and myself, and in a minute we were both start naked in my bed together. What a delicious cuddle we had on that chilly morning! Then I gratified my eyes, never having seen her naked before. A little reddish hair was just showing in her armpits. A kiss on her pretty little breasts and her red-haired motte, a peep at the ragged, jagged opening of her cunt. I knelt over her, and she kissed my prick, — never before, and she did it with such delight. Then ouf! in tight libidinous naked embrace our genitals coupled. Oh! what a di-vine fuck it was, — luckily with a towel under her back-side, I don't spoil sheets, and give trouble now, — I deluged her cunt. Everything is nice to people in copulation. "Put your hand down darling, and feel my prick in you." "Oh! isn't it wet!" "Do you like fucking naked in bed?" "Oh! yes, it is nice, — do married people do it naked?"

Then lying coupled, nestling our bellies, talking of fucking, instructing her (half the delight of having a virgin is in instructing her in libidinous acts, and in-stilling into her mind ideals of copulation), kissing, tongue-sucking at intervals. We passed a time. "Can you feel that my prick's

getting smaller in your cunt?" "Yes it is." "Do you like the feel of the spunk in it?" "Oh yes I do" (a question I have put to all my virgins before, but ever fresh it comes). "Feel my prick now it's out. Isn't it small!" "Yes, — I shall try to make it stiff." "Do love, — let me look at your cunt." Thighs wide opened I saw the offering my prick had left there. "Would you like to see your cunt now?" "Yes, — but it looks nasty, don't it?" "No dear." I stiffened. "Look love, look at my prick. — let's fuck before your aunt comes in, — get up, — kneel, — there, that's it," — and then with her white, smooth, hard backside against my belly as I knelt at the back of, her, I had another glorious fuck in her smooth, sperm-lubricated vulva.

"What am I doing dear?" "Oh! — ah! — a doin it to me — ah" "Say flicking." "Fuck — hing, — ah! ah!" We are quiet, I am bending over her, hands quiet on her buttocks, motionless all but in the last throbbing of my prick, and the gentle clipping of her cunt round it, as my ejaculation finished.

My prick kept in its channel, her bum close into my belly. What delicious tranquility, and soft bawdy dreaming. "Is it nice this way dear?" (the first time I had done it so). "Oh! yes, do married people do it this way ever?" A silence. "How long's aunt been gone? — oh! that's the boy ringing." "Don't move Loo, — my prick's stiff yet." A pause. "Oh! I'd bet-ter, — he'll keep on a ringing, — what a nuisance." "Let him ring." "Oh! take it out, — he might tell aunt, — and I've got to dress." Out I pulled it, she dressed (a frock over her chemise). "I shall tell him I fell asleep." Then she let him in, and again came to me. We kissed, felt each other's genitals. "Don't wash your cunt, Loo, and we'll do it again at breakfast." Off she went, dressed properly, and lighted the kitchen-fire.

When she brought my breakfast, "I wish we could sleep together." "So do I," she replied. "We'd sleep naked." "Yes," said she grinning, but we never did. We could not manage a poke till after luncheon, and then did it on the sofa, backside to belly again, because it took so long to make the feather-bed look square, after we had rumped it. How quickly she rumped up to my prick! — how gloriously she fucked! She was made for fucking, and loved it. I guess that in a year or two, when full-grown, it will take a strong man to do all her carnal work. Her exact age was sixteen years and one month the day I broached her.

We were baulked all the next day, for the aunt at-tended to me, but the next morning went to market. The boy's mother was ill, so Loo told him he might come late, and again in bed naked we strummed. I put her on the top of me. Libidinous devices, played with the young lass, pleased me fifty times as much as with an accomplished courtesan. "Are you coming Loo?" "Y — hes, y — hes," — our salivas were mingling. "Do married people do it like that?" said she as she lay on the top of me after her spend.

I had every meal at home, and had cooking and things fetched at intervals all day long, to get the aunt out of the way. To my annoyance she said she must get a servant, for it was too much for her. "Why don't you make your niece do more?" "She don't like waiting (all arranged), — the girl's a rare trouble to me, and to her poor father; but I must send her home." "As you like, but I am not likely to dine at home so much." No servant was got, — one would have spoiled all, — so I did not lose my lass. Every other morning the aunt was away for about two hours, and did not know the boy came late (he was glad to come late), for the shop was always open before she returned. We lost no time, my prick was in Loo's cunt five minutes after her aunt went out, and generally in it a quarter of an hour before she came back. Between our carnal exercises, she with only a frock on lighted the kitchen-fire, and let the boy in, stripping and getting into bed with me like lightning between those performances. She now kissed and toyed me most lasciviously directly she got into bed.

One morning I lent her a hand-glass, and helped her to inspect her cunt. She contemplated it with great satisfaction. I pointed out to her the edges of the ruptured hymen, — it almost looked like a cock's-comb on each side, she said.

"I wonder if I'm in the family way," said she one day just after we had fucked, and whilst she was taking away my breakfast things. She had had no symptoms, no sensations that she knew of, but she wondered, — she would know by the following Monday. On Monday she was all right, the redness

showed, and for three days she was untouched. Then we resumed our fornication, and for nearly a month more carried on this sweet little game of copulation, and I believe unsuspected excepting by the boy.

It was close to November, all visitors were gone, and I told her then that I must leave, and then for the first time she showed anxiety about her future, and shed tears. But from conversation, though she had now got very close, I firmly believe she had made up her mind to turn strumpet. Her aunt and she quarrelled daily. Aunt was always threatening to send her home, she threatening to run away. I urged her going home, and one morning feeling uneasy about her, I gave her twenty pounds in sovereigns. That set her crying violently (she had never asked me for a farthing). As I could not take her to London (which it was impossible for me to do), perhaps she'd go home. "If you don't go home, stay here, — you're handsome, — you'll get a sweetheart, and marry if you're careful, — he won't find out what you've done." Only common shop-people spoke to her she remarked with a toss of her head, as if she thought them not good enough.

Two of her monthly periods had passed since I first had her, without signs of pregnancy. I felt quite comfortable about that, and after a heavy day's fucking, and three hicks on the last morning done with great risk, to my astonishment she suddenly cried bitterly, and just before her aunt came home, put her bonnet on, went out, and I never saw her more. The aunt was in a state of anxiety when I left, and so was I, the girl being so peculiar in character. I feared she would come to London, but I never saw her, if she did. The following spring, being about twenty miles from the town, I went there purposely to enquire. As I saw the aunt in the shop I went in, and bought something.

The aunt knew me, smiled, and asked if I were coming to M\*\*\*g\*\*e again. "Where is your niece?" said I casually. "Oh! gone home — or somewhere." After a pause, "She gave my poor brother lots of trouble." I asked one or two fishing questions, but learnt nothing further. I am convinced that she turned gay, and would have done so whether I had had her or not. She was made for much fucking, was ready for it, waiting for it. I believe she often had felt the shop-boy's prick though she denied that. She admitted once having done so, but they were always scuffling.

It is funny that I should so soon after I had a lady with a ginger-coloured motte, have fallen upon a red-haired motte. Liking neither of the colours I yet much enjoyed both women, but Loo far better than the other, owing to her youth, freshness, and inexperience. But each woman as she succeeds another, seems fresh to me, and brings her own peculiar charms and enjoyment. The delights of women are inexhaustible.

(I was alone nearly all this time at M\*\*g\*\*e, the season was over; what acquaintances I had had left, and these notes were written partly whilst there, and the rest soon after, for I had just then strongly on me the desire of describing the incidents of my private life, and writing them gave me the greatest pleasure. The account of my doings with Loo the red-haired, are word for word as I then wrote them.)

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.