

## Vol. 6 Chapter I

**A Paris Hotel. • Big key hole, and spy hole. • A newly married couple. • Unsuspicious. • "Hush Charles." • Marriage rights exercised. • "Are you awake Emma." • A noble prick. • They fuck and I frig. • Da capo. • Thighs up, cunt paddled in. • She on the pot. • The key hole suspected. • My prick exhibited. • I make their acquaintance. • My voluptuous thoughts. • They change their room. • I leave Paris. • Switzerland. • At a smallish village. • A woman washing linen. Naked wet legs. • Suggestive conversation. • A Louis for a feel. • The Chalet off the track. • On the hay with her. • A hurried grope and rapturous fucking. • The Chapel. • The dancing barn. • Against a fence. • At the Chalet again. • The Brothel at B\*\*\*e.**

At Paris I had a great treat. Arriving there late, the Hotel was quite full, and they put me into a top floor, where the room was poorly furnished, the doors shaky, the partitions thin and floors naked, so I could hear people talking in the rooms on either side of me. Making the best of it, and sitting for a short time quietly reading, before going to bed, I suddenly heard a man and woman's voice in the adjoining room. They had just arrived, and were grumbling at the accommodation, asked for this and that, and had the beds (there were two) placed in the room in the way which pleased them. As if to help me, they had one bed pushed to the other side of the room, left as placed by the hotel keeper, against my partition, I should have seen nothing, but now my eye through a large keyhole of which I had the key, covered the whole of the lady's bed as it turned out to be.

They were quite young people, I found from their loud talk that it was their first visit to the continent, and they had only been married a few days. They were evidently ignorant of key holes and spy holes, and behaved with freedom accordingly. The lady pissed opposite to my door by the side of her bed, her husband did likewise, holding the pot in one hand, his tool in the other, and standing close to her and talking during the operation. They were a long time afterwards unpacking their trunks. It was a hot night. The man afterwards stripped naked, and approaching her, holding his tool, "My love" said he, "we shall do it on a French bed to-night." "Oh Charles, hush, if anyone should hear." Charles laughed, in a few minutes as she was in her night-gown, he laid her on the bed, kissed her cunt for a second, and fucked her naked as he was. She had her night-gown on. They were fond of each other, and it was delicious to see their fondness and lust. I envied them, and could scarcely restrain myself from frigging.

Their love-making over, he retired to his bed which I could not see, and the light was put out. I awakened at day light, on hearing the man say "Emma — are you asleep?" — "No" — "What a noise they are making in the next room, on the other side." — After a few more words, he got out of bed, went to the door of the adjoining room opposite to mine and listened. I had put my eye to the key hole, jumping out of bed directly I heard my neighbours were awake, and anticipating a treat. "They are going away," said he, speaking of the people in the next room. Then he opened the window blinds, and broad day-light came into their room. Apparently now aware from hearing so much, that they could be heard, they talked in a low tone. He sat on the side of her bed, and kissed her, put his hand under the bed clothes, and I could guess from his position was feeling her cunt. She lay quite still looking up at him for a minute or two both seeming in silent enjoyment of the groping.

Then still with his right hand under the clothes, he pulled open her night dress with his left, and freed a handsome pair of breasts, kissed them, and they kissed each other's mouths for a minute. Then sitting upright again, and lifting his night shirt up, out stood a ramp-ant, red tipped prick of noble dimensions. — "Look, feel it love." I heard him say, laughing quietly. — She put out her

right hand gently, and grasped the noble stem. It was a little hand which only hid half of the prick. She moved it now up, now down the stem, restlessly, not with a friggng action, but as if she wanted to feel every part. — Whilst doing so he threw the clothes off of her, and pulled up her night-gown. — I saw her naked limbs, his body hid the spot where his fingers were moving still.

Again he leant forward kissing her, still feeling her cunt, she his prick. They spoke but I could not hear what they said. He rose up, she got out of bed and piddled, he at the same minute threw off his night shirt, and stood start naked with prick stiffer than ever. He was a fine young man with light hair. For an instant he sat on the bed, smelling with much seeming satisfaction one of his fingers which had just left her cunt. As she got up from the pot, he remarked that the beds were "So damned small" that he must get off when they had done. — "If you lay against the wall you can't fall" said she. I heard this as well as if I had been in the room. There was for a minute no noise, there were no carpets in the rooms, and the gaps round on the door were wide and many, as usual in old hotels on the upper floors.

He wanted her to take her night gown off but she re-fused, and seemed modest about it. He insisted — "you shall Emma." — "I won't then, Charles. — What next." — "You must love, you have to." — Then I heard no more for he turned towards her and his backside to-wards me. She had got into the bed. — They then laughed. — "No." — "yes." She had her way and did not —but he pulled her night-gown right up above her largish breasts, so that her limbs and body were quite naked from toe to bubby, and I saw sideways, a slightly haired motte of a dark color. She was a dark eyed, dark haired woman, certainly not more than nineteen years old, and superbly handsome. He looked about four and twenty.

Without more than a look, and a kiss on her cunt, he mounted her. Kneeling first between her distended legs, he shook his noble prick; and then rapidly, too rapidly, without dalliance plunged it up her cunt. I could see every movement of their bodies, could see his tongue put into her mouth, the clip of his hand on the right cheek of her arse, every wriggle and every muscle move, as the two happy ones fucked with the strength and energy of youth and love. It was an exquisite sight but alas too short. They hurried their pleasure. He too young to care how soon he ejaculated his spunk, knowing (as I know) that at his age more would soon be in the storehouse of his balls.

Soon, with kisses, and murmurs of pleasure, which I heard in the quiet morning, his legs stretched out. Her legs fell flat on the bed and they were motionless. — A minute before every muscle of their young bodies was in energetic movement, now both lay as dead, her head turned up, his slipped off to the side, with face towards her, their eyes closed. — I saw it all perfectly.

Gradually he slipped right off of her, and his rump lay against the wall, she still on her back. Soon he re-covered, his left hand began feeling her breasts, he said something I could not hear, and she turned on her side towards him. He slid his right arm under her neck, pulled her head to him and they kissed. They talked but I couldn't hear a word. She turned more on to her side, they were close together on that narrow bed, and her right leg then went up high over his thigh. Then higher as if he had told her (I have no doubt he did) and I saw the whole of her body, from blade bone to heels. Her buttocks separated owing to the posture, and the dark haired chink of the cunt appeared, and at the same instant his fingers feeling from her bum hole to clitoris. Now slipping in and out, now sliding here, there, and everywhere; and I heard kisses louder and louder, and not another sound.

My prick had been standing since their love-making began, and now throbbed as if it would burst. I could restrain myself no longer, and looking at his fingers paddling in her spermated cunt, friggd myself, and spent a shower of sperm against the door, kneeling on the bed pillows with my eye to the keyhole as I did it.

I looked at my sperm with bawdy pleasure as it clung in masses on the door panel. I was fancying whilst spending that I was doing it in the lady's cunt, and was still kneeling, now looking at the couple lasciviously playing, now at my sperm, but never relinquishing my prick. I had none of the disgust at myself which I usually have after friggng, for it seemed to me as if my sperm was in the

lady, and not on the door — as if all three had participated in the same pleasure; but I kept longing intensely for the lady, and envying her partner who was still dabbling in the glutinous mixture on her vulva. How shocking this would seem to some. — How exquisite the love, lust, and lewdness, seemed it me.

How long we all three were thus, I can't say, perhaps a quarter of an hour. Then gently she turned on to her back again, and he half raised himself to look at her quim. To help him she hung (no doubt from her manner at his direction) her right leg down outside. He, with his left hand fingers distended her cunt-lips, and looked long and earnestly at it. "Tell me," I heard him say, for his face was towards me. Then her left hand sought his tool. Already it was stiff, I saw the tip, and so they fingered for a minute or two each other's genitals.

Then all at once as if at his request, — for she was modest — She stuck up her right leg as high as she could lift it, and I saw more plainly, that he was simply distending her cunt-lips with his left hand. They talked and laughed as she did this, but I couldn't hear a word, for people in the room adjoining mine were making a noise. Soon the happy couple resumed fucking. He mounted her now a little sideways, whether intentionally, or owing to the bed I know not, but the position let me see sideways the movement of her right buttock. They took their time in fucking, now stopped and kissed, and then went on again.

As they fucked, I gently friggd myself, wanting to spend when they did. They laid quite quiet so placed for a minute, and then I suppose obeying him, up high went her right leg again. He clasped it under his arm, and pulled her more sideways to him. Now I saw partially his noble prick, now pushing up her cunt, now out it came nearly to the tip, then plunged up her and was buried, and his balls lay partly on her thigh. — Quick — quicker, now furiously he thrust, and I friggd, and just as I saw him wriggling his prick up her without thrusting, out came my sperm against the door again.

Then her right thigh laid quietly over his, and I could see that his prick was still in her cunt, for it was a brilliant morning. Then down went her leg, obscuring my view of the parts which we hide from all but our be-loved. She pulled up the bed clothes over his naked body, pulled down her night gown partly over her bum, and so half naked they slept. I jumped into my bed and dozed off, thinking I had seen a sight I would have given fifty pounds to have seen.

When I awakened and peeped, she was on the bed alone and asleep. I wiped off my sperm from the door, and dressed myself, peeping, and awaiting further movements. At length I saw them moving about but nothing of their ablutions. They still seemed unaware of the facilities for seeing and hearing, in an old fashioned French hotel, and from their talk, felt now sure they were on their marriage trip. I had the pleasure of seeing her put on most of her garments. How sweet a lovely young woman looks under any clothing. Then peeping out of my door, for I had an intense desire to get near her, to gloat upon her, I watched them go down stairs to the table d'hote room, and following seated myself as near as I could to them. I watched her whilst she eat her breakfast, scarcely able to keep my eyes off of her. I fancied I saw her with his prick moving up and down her cunt between her fair round bum cheeks, and her thigh up in the air, held there, by his arm, and who would have thought that that sweet, modest looking woman, would have cocked her leg up so like a well paced harlot, or that the fingers of that quiet man buttering his bread, had an hour before been bathing them in his wife's cunt.

I knew now by experience in all amatory matters, what a young couple placed as they were, were likely to do. That change of air and food, in travel, would stir the concupiscence of both, and was right in my conjecture. So soon as they rose from their breakfast, so did I, and got to my bedroom as fast as possible. A maid was making my bed, and I hurried her out of my room. Then peeping, I found she went to the room of the young couple, and no sooner there — than the young couple came in, and turned her out, saying that they should go out and she could make the bed then. The lady took out some clothes and for a time they chatted, tho I heard nothing. Then she loudly said. — "No, let's go out and see the town, I'm dying to see it, wait till night." — There was quiet laughter and scuffling. "Don't make such a noise Charles, hush!" and their voices dropped. — I felt sure he

had begun something. Soon he was sitting on her bed-side, his hand up her petticoats, she standing by the bed-side nearly in front of him, with her bonnet on. She laid hold of his head with both hands, and kissed him, and I guessed that his titillation was awakening her lust. Then she bent slightly forwards, and I guessed was feeling him, but I heard nothing. They had now arranged it, for leaving him she took off her bonnet and returned. He had sat still and pulled his prick out. — She laid on the bed-side, he pulled up her clothes, but I could not see her split, for he stood in front of her. Then he put pillows under her head, and for the moment her legs dropped, but tho I then saw her motte, the thighs were closed and hid the split. How disappointed I felt. What would I not have given to have been or even seen between her thighs wide distended, that lovely, enticing, red lined gap of womankind.

He threw his coat on the bed, loosened his trowsers, she raised her legs, and playfully for a minute he joined her heels together, and raised them up as high as he could, looking down, I suppose, to the slit pouting out between the closed thighs, as the cunts of women do in that posture. The next moment her legs were over his arms, his prick was up her, and ramming with energy, his trowsers fell down to his heels, his shirt covered his rump, and all I could see was the shaking of the linen as his rump wagged beneath it. She had silk stockings on, and her legs were fleshy. In two or three minutes they were in silent bliss. Then whilst I looked at them fucking, tho feeling at the same time annoyed at my waste of sperm, I frigged myself furiously.

He uncunted and just as he did so, to my astonish- ment he pushed her legs up in the air, and holding them up, dropped on his knees and looked at her quim. "Don't — now — Charles — I don't — like it — don't" —" said she spasmodically, struggling and loudly laughing, but by her tone evidently annoyed. They then left that bed. I heard china rattle out of my sight, and just then some one must have knocked, for he bawled out something. Then some one entered, and said they could change their room if they liked. There were questions asked about price, and they decided to remain. She asked who was in the room next to them, my room.

They went out after this, and I saw nothing till five o'clock, when she by herself was changing her dress for dinner. All day spite of the relief I had given my-self by fist fucking, I was as lewed as I could be, mad to see more of her, and to see his big prick; and more-over a desire to handle that prick, and frig it, took possession of me. I didn't check my desires however naughty they might seem, but let my imagination revel in bawdy possibilities. (This I am more and more indulging in lately and afterwards debating mentally whether they are permissible or not.) I resolved now to frig myself again, seeing her as she stood in her petticoats looking most inviting, with half naked breasts, and naked arms and legs, showing almost to her knees.

She sat down to piddle, and in doing so seemed to fix her eye on the door. Instantly I felt sure that a suspicion had crossed her mind, and that she would come and peep. Instead of plugging the key hole with paper, a lascivious delight came over me as I thought I would show her my prick, so sat down quickly on a chair fronting the keyhole, pulled my prick and balls well out of my trowsers, and frigging my stiff prick gently, sat still. I felt sure I had seen, soon after, some one at the keyhole, that she had seen my prick, and I was delighted.

After a while I peeped again. She was dressed and moving about, glancing as I fancied at my door as she passed, and felt sure she would peep again, if she had once done so, I pushed a chair to such a spot, that lolling in it I could see light through the keyhole, took up a newspaper, and seeming to read it, held it so that I could look over its edge at the keyhole. Soon the key-hole darkened for some minutes. All that time I kept my prick stiff so that she might see it well, and felt great delight at the idea of her having seen another prick stiff besides her husband's. Would she tell her husband? I wondered, and did she? most likely not. — Did I make her lewed? It was quite possible.

Her husband came in — they went down to dinner as did I, and was placed at the table d'hote not far from the lady, who after dinner did not seem embarrassed when I addressed her some civilities, nor to recognize me. Her observations thro the keyhole, were no doubt mainly directed to my prick. I got also into conversation with him, thinking of his prick and his vigor. Soon after dinner they

went out.

I went to my room, and waited the whole evening in expectation. They came in about ten o'clock. Soon after I looked, and the key hole was covered. Mounting a chair, gimlet in hand, I bored a hole in the direction of her bed, and saw him, but in night-gown this time, fuck her — but I could not see so well as I had done through the key hole which was in the exact position to cover the bed. Then the light was put out, and I went to bed.

The desire still on me I awoke early, but they slept late. — When up, and he had opened the blind, again he fucked her. I had pushed out the paper which I found had been put in the hole, and saw the carnal movements well. After her pleasure, she turned her head round as she lay, and I am sure looked at the key hole, but not so he. — One grind sufficed them and they dressed. — I had mounted a chair to get to my gimlet hole, and had plugged up the key hole. — Breathless, I heard her moving there, tho I could not see her, being so close to the door as we both were — but she soon stood a little way off looking at the paper plug in her hand, which she had inserted in the key hole. Then again she came to the keyhole.

Now from my little spy hole, bored tho not in quite the right direction, I saw the wash-hand stand, and she wash her cunt, that pretty sight. Never does a woman look sweeter, than when squatting with clothes well off her thighs, she washes her cunt, yet on the re-verse side, as well as I know, when squatting for a solid evacuation, how ugly does she look. Certainly less beautiful to me.

Then came more than usual disgust at myself for frigging, and directly after breakfast I went to a bawdy house, had the women roused from their sleep, and fucked the selected one till neither fingers or cunt would make my prick stand.

I didn't see the couple till dinner time. Went after-wards to my room fucked out it is true yet lustfully waiting for my treat. I heard a gruff male voice — the beds were shifted - strangers were in the room. — The couple had moved to another room. — Did they know I was in the adjoining room to them? — Who can say - did he ever know of the key hole? I think not, but who can tell? Did the young bride keep to herself that she had seen my prick through the key hole? Most likely.

Having spoken to them, I pushed my acquaintance, which seemed very welcome to them, for they had not travelled, whereas I had travelled much, and my experience they seemed glad of. I smoked with him, — wondering how his prick looked as he sat, and felt as if I could see clean through her petticoats as I talked to her, and never did so without a cock-stand. I hazarded one day a little smutty remark. She would not take it, but I saw that she understood it. Then every evening almost, disgusted at the recollection of my masturbation, I assuaged my lust with a gay lady — thinking of the chaste exercises I had witnessed thro the key hole of a bed-room door, for I suppose it is chaste if people are married — and abominably lustful if they are not. This lasted for ten days, when the couple left, and I left the day after.

[I have since seen scores of all sorts of couples at bawdy houses, fucking there, and lascivious embraces of modest and immodest, in their maddest lust. But doubt if I ever yet have seen anything, so delicately and exquisitely voluptuous, as this newly married couple doing it. From dozens of gimlet holes in doors, I also have seen since, much variety partially, but no fucking so completely.]

Soon afterwards — tired of Paris and its heat, I left for Switzerland, and passed there many weeks. Women I had not often, but had plenty of exercise, and healthy fatigue, which made me care, or rather think, less about them. But when the want came on, it did so violently. In the mountain villages, it was difficult then to get any women at all, or if any they were of a low class. With one exception I find that I had none of them in those places. The exception was at \* \* \* \*, where wandering by myself in a meadow, smoking after dinner towards dusk, I saw a strapping woman washing linen in a brook. She had naked feet, short petticoats, and was rinsing linen by shaking it about in the stream and letting it float down, she holding one end, and squatting as she did so — with her petticoats tucked tightly between her legs, so as to prevent them getting wet.

The attitude, which was nearly that of a woman piddling, her large white calves, and the big bum which showed through slight clothing, roused my prick. In my mind's eye, I saw a red cunt gaping between two large white thighs, with two white globes in the back-ground, as I have often seen them over pot and basin, when lovely women of all colors and sizes, have squatted and pissed to gratify my eye-sight. My prick rose up with a positive jump as I fired with lust at the sight of her, and the thoughts she aroused in me.

I had approached her half from behind, and had, before she squatted, tho but for an instant only, seen her standing a little in the stream, with petticoats still tighter between her legs, and legs naked above the knees. Then she afterwards squatted as told. She had not noticed me approaching her.

After she saw me, she caught up the linen, wrung it, put it into a basket, and put another piece in the stream. I accosted her, impelled by lust, to say any-thing to begin a conversation. — "It's cold to your legs," said I in French. — She laughed and answered me in German. — "Nein." — Then I spoke in bad German, wasn't she cold when up to her knees? — "A little." — "Don't it make you feel cold higher up in your thighs." — She laughed louder. — "Nein, nein." — She was accustomed to it.

I hesitated, fearful that she might be married — but her sturdy form appealed so strongly to my lust, that I hazarded it and said I was sure she was cold there — "I'd like to feel, and would give a Louis to feel if she was hot or cold." — Now she hung her head on one side away from me, tho she laughed heartily but saying, "no—no." — I pulled a Louis out of my purse, and held it up in front of one of my eyes, as if I was looking through it, and repeated my offer. — "Look here my love." — She looked round and laughed more heartily than ever.

Hoisting the wet basket against one of her hips, she turned round, and went towards the village. I kept close to her — speaking in French, and broken German mixed, till we approached a poor looking chalet or cow-house, which stood a little way up a steepish bank, off from the rugged, rocky path up which she trudged with naked feet. — She turned up that way, which I didn't expect — stumbled and dropped her basket. "That's your fault," said she. — "It's yours for not letting me feel. Is this your way home?" — "Yah, my relatives are there, and I wish you'd go, I suppose you're stop-ping at the Falcon" — all this was said in a breath. — I told her I was.

We were then close to the loghouse, and its door was wide open. — It's so difficult in Switzerland to do any-thing in the open without being seen, for from some rock, or corner, bush, or wood, or nook, you may be seen when you think you are quite secure — and the ears of the natives are so sharp at catching sounds. The chalet was in the meadow, but a, few feet from the half beaten track, and I saw my opportunity. — "Come, and let me see if you've taken cold there." — and I laid hold of a bit of chemise sleeve, which covered her arm a little above her elbow. — "Come, here's the Louis, let me feel."

"Nein — nein" — but she looked at me with staring eyes, hard for a second, and instinct told me that the woman wanting fucking. — Then she looked up and down — then back over our path— and all round, in a stealthy way, as if to see if any one was in sight. Her keen native eyes and ears would have told her, where mine would have failed. I laid now hold of her arm, and uttering, — "Nein, leave me alone, sir" — she allowed herself to be dragged to the door of the chalet — laughing uneasily as she was tugged, and making a resistance which would not have broken a spider's web, till we were inside — after treading in cow's dung, which surrounded the door like a sea almost. Inside she put her basket down.

The next instant my hand was on a fat, well haired cunt, surrounded by thighs, and a backside which felt like marble. — I looked in dismay for a resting place to lie down, and had pushed her up against what looked like a wooden wall, intending an uprighter, when I saw it was a division with a rough gate and a wooden latch. Inside the chalet it was now darkish. Lifting the latch, the door or gate swung back, I saw coarse hay, straw, or grass, rapidly pushed her down on it, and after a rapturous excited grope, and that lewed feeling of a woman, in which every part of her, from her

navel to her back bone and hips, seems to be felt over in a second, I thrust my prick up her, and spent almost ere I had begun. I had been many days without a woman, and had even had a wet dream for want of one.

Quick as I was, she was as quick, and spent with me. She didn't hide her love emotions. "I must get back, they will wonder where I am." — "Speak in French if you can," said I, not understanding quite. — She did. (Most peasants in that part speak both French and German.) "Lie still, I'm going to do it again." — She slid her hand down between our bellies, and felt as if to see whether I spoke true or not. — I clasped her arse which I had scarcely done before, and went on fucking. I had filled her cunt, and in the dead silence of the chalet, only broken by the chirping of innumerable crickets outside, I could hear the flick-flack, as my prick and balls worked in the moisture, out and in of her overflowing cunt. — That noise ceased, as the friction and heat of our genitals, thickened it to a spermy paste, and then only came our murmurs as we spent to-gether. Never did a cunt seem to be more delicious than that of the sturdy Swiss woman, whom I fucked twice without uncunting, plain faced tho she was.

She rose quickly, and seemed to have forgotten my gold. — "I must go to my home, they will wonder." — "Here is the Louis, meet me again to-morrow." — "No, I can't and be silent about this, mein Herr'n." — "Where do you live." — "Over there, I am servant, but don't come, — don't see me — don't talk about it." — "Never maiden will I tell, but I must see you to-morrow." — "No. I wash only every other day down there at eventide — but there are usually other maid-ens. — Good night." — and off she tripped. — "Don't come out with me." And she shut the gate of the enclosure. — I waited some minutes in the chalet, so as not to compromise her.

I got back to the little hotel, and next day wanted a woman more than ever. — It is often so with me now. If I have not a woman for some days, I can for a while go on without them, then when I have one, I want to have regular copulation badly. — It was Sunday, and I strolled about and entered a small chapel outside the village, and there with a dozen or so of women and a few men, I saw this woman in native costume with shoes and stockings on, at prayers. — I scarcely recognized her, so nice and clean did she look, and she seemed not twenty-five, — whereas on the previous night I had guessed her over thirty. — Had she confessed to her priest? — oh, if a cunt could speak!

She recognized me and looked uncomfortable. — She seemingly was not married. — I waited outside the chapel till mass was over, and saw her go off with a strapping Swiss-man. How I longed for her, and envied him, for I made sure that he fucked her, and followed them at a distance thinking libidiously, till I could do so no longer without being noticed. I idled about all day as I usually do on Sundays, spying for her at intervals. In the evening, I heard at the end of the village, music in a sort of barn, attached to what in England would be called a low public house. Entering it, there was she dancing with peasants, with which the place was quite full. I did not see her morning's swain. — She saw me, and it seemed to upset her and she danced no more. My entry indeed, seemed to have slightly checked them all.

Feeling this, I left without noticing her (she had not bestowed any recognition on me but a slight stare) but passing her, I muttered, "Come outside," for my prick began again to tingle at the sight of her. In about a quarter of an hour out she came. It was quite dark. — I would have her — no she would be caught and must get home, they would be all out of the tavern soon, and all over the paths — we should be caught. — But trust a peasant woman in any country who had been fucked, for if there is any snug corner for fucking in, she knows it. — Soon I had her up against a shed, and fucked her. — What a bum and thighs she had. — The solidity of her flesh struck me, and what a lovely cunt — its smoothness, lubricity, and grip seemed perfect. She would not wait to give me a second pleasure, and was off with her cunt full, almost at a run.

Before she went, she said she would be washing at eventide next night. — But if other women were there what could she do, I must wait inside where I had had her — no one at that time would go there, and she would come if she could, but unless she could manage to stay till the last of them she couldn't come to me, and how could she know if that would be so. — I suggested a dozen lies for

being late. None she said would do, but hoping, we parted with that arrangement.

I hid myself in the shed an hour before the time, after seeing three or four women at the brook washing, but not she. At quite dusk however, I heard a tread. In she came, and fucked she was twice, before she de-parted. Now I felt that she had a splendid pair of breasts.

So exquisite did copulation seem with her, that I wanted to see the article which gave me so much gratification. I had not even had a glimpse of it, not even of her thighs, for all had been done in the nearly dark chalet. We were but ten miles or thereabouts from the town of B\*\*\*e, where I knew a brothel. There was no railway then, but a cheap diligence ran along the road. — Could she meet me there? I told her that I longed to see, as well as feel, her charms.

Nothing will baulk a female of her fucking if she means it. — A day or so afterwards, she met me there in midday. — I took her to the house, and the woman refused me admittance. — She had three women there, and gentlemen came to see them, but she did not let out rooms — I was staggered, insisted, offered double the value of the room, and at last got one. — Behold me in the house with my Swiss, who was a sturdy one indeed. I could scarcely get up enough flesh of her thighs or backside, to pinch between finger and thumb. She was like marble. Her cunt was a clipper inside, and a pretty one outside, but she was a very plain faced, dark-eyed woman. I stayed with her four hours, fucked till I could not get a stiff one, and went back. She took her Louis. — The price of women at the house as I knew, was but five francs.

The man I saw her with outside the chapel was going to marry her. — "Bah, my dear, he has fucked you." — "Never he. He would not marry me if he had," she said. Her name was \*\*\*. She lived with her father and mother, and did all their work, and that was why she said she was a servant — and she averred that she was only twenty-one. — I might enquire if I liked, but I was satisfied and left \* \* \* \* next morning, much relieved of spunk and much pleased with the ad-venture. A coarse wench like her is often as good as the finest lady I have ever yet had, at fucking, and is an agreeable variety. But how do they prevent getting in the family way? — This woman when I told her not to wash after' my lubrication — acquiesced. — She was quite modest in manner, I had to coax a good deal before I saw her cunt and backside, had almost indeed a fight about it.

As the greatest heat of the summer was getting over, I crossed over the mountains with a friend, and leaving him to return to England, shaped my course towards the south of France, intending to go by sea to Southern Italy.

## Vol. 6 Chapter II

**A middle-aged masturbatrix. • At a French sea-port. • Mrs. C\*\*p\*\*n. • Introduced. • Her voluptuous looks. • "Where do you garter?" • A kiss on the stairs. • In her bed-room. • Frank impudicity. • Not quite a gamahuche. • What's her little game? • Mutual masturbation. • Her maid. • "You won't do it now." • Both naked. • My reflections about her behaviour. • Our second amusements. • Masturbation resumed. • Her taste for it. • Her half promise not kept. • Her sudden departure. • At F\*\*r\*\*\*e. • A moral Valet-de-place. • An immoral one. • A female establishment. • Maria alone. • With Maria and Antonia. • With Francesca. • With the three sisters to-gether. • Frolics voluptuous, salacious, libidinous. • Empty testicles.**

Toward the end of September I was in an hotel at a great seaport in the south of France, and at the table d'hote, sat next to a fine, hazel-eyed, dark chestnut-haired woman, who looked full five and thirty. I got acquainted with her, a friend of mine introducing her to me as Mrs. C\*\*p\*\*n. He left the same day and I could ask him no more questions about her. She was travel-ling with a maid, and



said she was the wife of an officer whose regiment she named, and who was coming home from the East. — She had come to meet him on landing, but when he might arrive was uncertain. We seemed to take a great liking for each other, and of course it occurred to me, that she would make a good temporary bedfellow. I saw her ankle and a bit higher as she sat down. The foot was beautiful, the swell of the calve enticing, and I fancied she let more of it be seen than was needful. — Point blank after dinner the next day I praised it to her. She stared me full in the face a long time in a peculiar way, and said I had no business to look, but there was something in her eyes, which made me say to myself, "That woman's dying for a man." Her husband had been away three years, according to her account.

I tried the same devices by which I have succeeded with others. They are monotonous in their sameness, but they come instinctively, and I found them fit most cases. — They are best made when the stomach is warmed by a good meal, for then little by little, a woman helps you if she be sensuous. The pleasure you give by words or hints, stirs up her latent lewdness, and she returns them by little facilities leading to the desired end; for tho cunning in these particulars, she is not able quite to stifle and conceal her desires. She lets you see by her chaff that she understands you, and instinct leads both gradually to the grand end of it all — copulation — Mrs. C\*\*p\*\*n's lovely ankle was the beginning of my talk. "You have a superb form," — (She was magnificent but very ample in bulk.) "I know" — said I that evening after dinner when sitting in the twilight, "but you make that lovely leg by gartering below knee, which pushes the calve out." — "No, above." — "I'm sure it's below." — "No, above, won't you take my word." — "I won't — convince me." — "How?" She looked hard at me. "Think of a way, I know one, let me try." — "Go along," said she, rising up and laughing, but looking so randy.

The next day at luncheon I spoke of her long celibacy. — Didn't she wish her husband back. — Of course she did. — "Especially at night?" — "At all times," said she, seeming not to understand me. — "At all times? Why, you'd want two husbands." — So we joked on. The same night I kissed her. — "Let me," said I in a whisper and not another word but that. — "Let you — Oh — Oh." There was not further coquetry or sham of not understanding me, in order to force a plainer spoken demand, as women sometimes do. — "Impossible" — said she — "Is it quite?" — "Quite" — "Let's talk about it a bit." — "You rude fellow, what would your wife say if I told her." — "I haven't one." — "Your mistress." — "I haven't one." — "No?" — "No. I find a kind friend everywhere." — "Oh, you rake," — I kissed her again, she was then going to her room (it was now quite dusk), on an angle of a large landing of the staircase. — "The servants will see you, don't." — We went up another flight, and again I kissed. — "Don't, my maid is waiting." — "Kiss me then." — "There," said she, kissing me, "It's the first and the last." I clutched her to me whispering. — "You don't garter above knee" — "I do." — "I'll feel," and suited the action to the word. "You rude man, — hush! — there is my maid, — don't," — but I had felt the garter and flesh above it before she retreated her legs; then fearful of compromising her I ceased. She went demurely into her corridor. — "I'm longing for you," said I as we parted. — "Hish" — and the swing doors across the corridor closed between us.

My room was on the next floor. I did not go up to it then, but as I heard her footsteps dying away in the corridor, followed her at a distance. — She went into her bed-room. I saw no servant open the door, so went to her door, listened, and heard nothing but the clatter like that of a pisspot put back on the shelf. Just then in the distance, the porter began lighting the gas in the corridor at its extreme end, and it occurred to me that her maid must be having her supper, as they do at hotels after the evening table d'hote, and I knocked at her door. She opened it and I slipped in like lightning. — "You?" said she astonished — "Go away — go." — "Wait till the lamplighter has gone," said I, shutting the door. It won't do for him to see me go out from here."

The room was darkish. — "Oh that garter — let me feel it again." — "I won't, the lamplighter must have gone, — You go now." — "But the people will be coming up to their rooms now it's dark — let us." — I locked the door, and hugged her. — "How foolish of you to expect me to let you, if that's what you are here for?" — "Yes and don't mean to go till I've had you." — "Hisheee, said she,

hishee. — don't speak so loud, there are people in the next room." But I noticed there was no door connecting her room with those adjoining it.

My arm was next minute round her neck, I was kissing her, was beside her on the sofa, felt her garter, her thigh and with a bold push now her cunt. — "You've just piddled" said I. "Yes I have, — now go away, aren't you satisfied, yet?" — With a gentle push she dislodged my hand, rose from the sofa, and went to the door. — Did she intend me to go — to get away from her own weakness, or to give me a better chance still? — I have always thought that she really wanted me to go, that it was the last struggle against her lewedness.

— "Go now, do" — "I won't." — "My maid will be coming." — "Say you are in bed and don't want her."

— "What will she think?" — "Nothing" — and then was a long pause.

Putting my arms round her, I pulled her to the bed without her resisting at all, and sat her on the edge, and myself by the side of her. — "Let's fuck you, I'm sure you've a lovely cunt." I find that I always compliment women that way under similar circumstances. "You rude fellow." I pushed her back on the bed, quickly fell on my knees — pushed her clothes up, and had my mouth on her motte and kissed it, before she could recover her perpendicular. Then puffing her legs open by grasping each calve, and lifting them, I kept her on her back. Lower and lower down I now burrowed my head between her thighs, till my mouth was on her cunt, and I was sniffing and revelling in the warmth and aroma. — She didn't struggle now, she was overcome by lewedness.

But I did not gamahuche her, tho I think her thighs opened with an invitation that way, when my mouth was there. I rarely did anything of the sort. And when I had kissed, felt, and smelt all about her haunches and navel, I pulled out my prick and rising shewed it her, but it was dark nearly. "Feel it love. — Feel it." — "Don't now, pray" said she, rising up but laying tight hold of it. — "Let me fuck you" "I won't, I dare not," said she resolutely. "Be content." She resisted my pushing her back again, but still kept tight hold of my prick, so I frigged her clitoris delicately, kissing her all the while. She will let me, I thought, if I frig her well, for I know how voluptuously helpless a woman becomes at last by frigging, how as her pleasure comes on, the cunt yearns for a prick stretching, and for sperm. She breathed hard, feeling my prick convulsively. — "Get on the bed dear," said I, lifting her left leg up easily and still frigging. — She would not get on the bed but leant against my shoulder as I held her.

It was now quite dark, I could just see the whiteness of part of her fleshy thighs, but her clothes dropped over my frigging hand and hid her cunt, her head lay on my shoulder, my left arm was round her waist. — "Oho — Oho" — she sighed, I'm — coming — kiss me." She pushed her mouth towards mine, her left leg came off the bed, her thighs opened, and quivered. — I felt my own pleasure rising, she knew it and frigged me quicker, and I spent over her whilst she sobbed out — "Kiss — me — k — k — iss — me — ah —" and spent as well. I had pushed my fingers up and all over her cunt, when I felt I was coming, and cried, "Don't, let's f — fuck." — But it was too late, we had frigged each other. Then we were quiet, I still holding her, my fingers outside her wet cunt, she keeping firm of my prick, from which the sperm was still gently running, and dropping on to her thighs, legs or dress.

"Why didn't you let me fuck you," said I angrily. "We have spoiled our pleasures." — "Oh, you rude man, — I told you I wouldn't" — "My spunk's over your thighs, or your dress somewhere." — "You rude man, go away and I'll see to it." — "I won't go, I mean to fuck you." — "You mustn't." — My anger over, I tried coaxing but a knock came. — "Who is that?" she cried. — "Me, ma'am." — It was the maid. A pause. — "I've gone to bed and shan't want you to-night." — Off the woman went.

Further parley was useless, and feeling the lucifer box, I struck a light. — She rushed to the window and drew down the blind. We looked at each other, and she smiled.

Said I, "Such a thing never occurred in my life before, to be with a beautiful woman, and be frigged, in-stead of fucking her, — Look at your dress, my seed is on it." — "Are you going?" said she. — "No, not till I've seen all your charms, and I've fucked you. — "You must not do that," said she composedly but pleasantly, "for I am frightened." Finding that I would stay, she took off her dress and sponged away the signs of my pleasure, quite unconcerned in manner whilst doing it. Then I began spooning, and playing with her what are stupidly called indecent familiarities, as if anything can be indecent between a man and woman, when they are alone, and like what they do.

It was about half-past eight or nine. The frigging and the preliminaries, from the time I entered her room, had scarcely taken longer than it takes to write this. We must have both been awfully randy and full of our juices for the frigging was soon over. — Now I wanted it almost as badly as ever. Her lovely naked arms, and plump legs, now showing, her dress being off, whetted my appetite. I sat down on the sofa, she did the same unasked, and let me do what I liked without her saying a word, I felt her breasts, thighs, and quim. We kissed, our tongues met, and our mouths joined in moisture. She laid hold of my prick. "I do want it so," I said, frigging her again. "Don't you." "Yes, but we mustn't do that." — Then her bum got restless, I heard a sigh, it looked very much as if we were going to repeat the double masturbation, which was very nice, but I wanted more. — "Let me see you naked, for I won't go on frigging on the sofa," said I. — No, she was quite undressed enough, she replied.

I insisted, warmed her, and pulled up her petticoats to look. — "Do let me see you naked for you must be beautiful." — "I won't be quite naked," said she, but she stripped to her chemise, then standing up, she let me look at her all over, lifting her chemise from part to part. — "But your cunt, let me see it." — Without a word she laid placidly down on the side of the bed, opened her thighs, and let me see it. — It was a full-lipped, middle-aged, hairy one, but voluptuous looking. My prick was stiff. Getting her as I thought off her guard, I pressed my body over hers, holding her round the haunches, and trusting to my rigid tool to find its entrance, I shoved vigorously, and struck the cunt somewhere: but momentarily only, for she struggled up.

"It's of no use your trying," said she, for you shan't." — "Well, let's talk, and lie down together." — She laid down on the bed. I thought to myself if I can only mount you, you'll be fucked as surely as you'll shit before this day fortnight, so I stripped to my shirt, and got on to the bed to her, and as quietly as if we had been man and wife, we laid for a minute. — "Now don't be nonsensical any more," said I. — "You want it, what's the good of humbugging so?" — I don't think she answered at all but laid still, and I thought she was only coquetting with me.

I tried to mount her. We had been laying on our sides, but belly to belly so closely, that my prick almost touched her motte. I had drawn one of her thighs up over mine, her cunt was opened by the attitude and within a few inches of my balls. I was fingering it from behind, my hand and arm twisted over her bum, but her legs closed together when I tried to turn her on her back. Then she laid hold of my prick again. — Has she got anything the matter with her? thought I for a moment — Nonsense! it's only a female whim, a sham. So taking my hand from her bum side, I put my fingers on her clitoris and frigged again, hoping to get my aim by that help. — Our bodies were so close together, that I could not frig well. Gradually we separated more. I pulled up her chemise to her breasts, kissed her cunt and then resumed my work. — She turned then on to her back. — I was on my side, and then she clutched my prick and frigged me. — "Don't," said I, ceasing my fingering — "Go on, said she, do it to me

— don't stop" and with heaves of her arse, she cried out. — "Oh — I'm — coming, — kiss me." — She spent again, and by Jove I was near spending, for she frigged on, till by an effort of will I dragged my prick from her hand.

More angry than before. — "What is the matter with you," I said. — "You must not do that." — "Are you poorly?" — "Perhaps so," she answered with a laugh.

— That had occurred to me, but I had found no signs of it on my fingers. Then followed a

conversation which left me in the belief that she was, or expected to be poorly; and that she would let me fuck her in a day or two. — Without using a lewed word, she talked quite freely. She liked being friggd she said when I questioned her. After a time I friggd her again, but she would feel me when having her pleasure, and tho for a time I resolutely prevented myself, by taking away her hand when I felt pleasure increasing, yet it ended in my letting her do it to me — and this time she leant upon one elbow to operate. She had done spending her-self. — "I like doing it," said she, "let me." — "You'll let me fuck when your poorliness is over if I do." — "I will see about that," and I left her with that half promise. It was late, and watching my opportunity, I slipped warily out of her room.

When I thought over the matter, I was astonished at myself. I who never liked friggd myself or being friggd, excepting as an occasional whim, or for curiosity about the nature of my spunk, had passed an evening with a fine woman, friggd her, and being friggd. — Not with a gay woman, but with a mature lady, who never uttered a bawdy word, indeed scarcely spoke, but who seemed to have but one desire, to frig and be friggd. How she led me on to it — how enticed me I know not — it seems to me now almost incredible — yet I tell exactly as it occurred.

Next day she did not appear. Her maid, a sour looking woman, said she was unwell. — The day following, the lady was fresh, smiling, and lunched by her-self — I asked her to let me go to her room after lunch-eon. — She refused, but I watched her till she went up-stairs, and followed at a distance. — In day-light it was difficult to get to her door without being noticed — but afterwards I saw her servant going down stairs, the corridor was empty and quiet, and I knocked loudly at her door. She had been in her room about a quarter of an hour. "Who's there," said she in French. I answered in French in such a manner, that she could not understand who it was or what was wanted. The door then opened slightly and she showed her head. — I pushed myself thro violently, nearly upsetting her, and closed the door — she was half-undressed, and was having a nap when I knocked.

"I told you no," said she angrily. — "Do you want to ruin me, it's broad daylight, now go, I won't have you stop." — I wouldn't go, her bare arms and breasts and short petticoats delighted me. I pulled out my prick and that quieted her, and she got lewed I suppose. We sat on the bed edge feeling each other. — It's lovely to have a nice woman fondling one's cock, but still she would not let me fuck her. — She didn't want it, her poorliness was coming on, and she made various other excuses, but kept tight hold of my prick. — I went on gently rubbing her clitoris, entreating her, until her backside began to wriggle and then I left off friggd and pulled my prick out of her hand. — "I won't frig you," said I — "Nobody asked you," said she, puffing her clothes down. But her eyes were lewedness itself.

Then I noticed she had a bottle on the table. She is drinking on the sly, thought I. It was a liqueur, we both drank some, I went on talking bawdy, she laughing and calling me a rude man. — Again after a while I began feeling her, I could not resist it. — "Come to the bed and lie down — we can enjoy it that way better, even if you won't let me fuck you." She took all off but her chemise, I stripped and we laid down, I hoping still to get an insertion when she was excited. She had let me do all this, but her manners were neither lewed, nor bashful, nor forward; they were just as a woman would behave to a husband or lover. — Not a bawdy word could I get out of her, and never recollect having a woman so peculiar in manner, when giving way to our passions as we were.

It was great pleasure to have this handsome, large thighed woman by my side, with her cunt open to my fingers, but I determined not to have a repetition of the previous amusement, so friggd her gently, keeping up the lustful irritation, but taking care not quite to satisfy her. Several times her hand sought my cock, but I would not let her hold it. I watched her, saw when she was just about to spend, and then ceased. — "Oh, what a shame to tease me so" — said she, wriggling and jerking her backside, and sighing. — "Why do you do that?" — "Because I want to fuck you." — "Then you won't" — said she, sitting up, I told you so, I dare not, and wish you would go, — I tried to force her but it was fruitless. Then I could restrain myself no longer, I seemed to want to frig her, I

wanted to give her pleasure so, and to see it, so went on. She clutched my penis with her soft hand, manipulated it voluptuously, and my spunk gushed out over her thighs, just as she spent. Then turning, she kissed me endearingly and we talked. She took no heed of the sperm on her thigh, but let it lay there till I removed it with a towel.

"Be reasonable, said she — I'm just going to be poorly, its just the dangerous time, and I should be sure to get in the family way if you did it, that would be a nice affair for me just now. Wait till next week and I'll think about it." If I got a French letter, I asked, would she. — She professed not to know what that was and I had to explain, but she must have been trying to humbug me. No, she would not have any such thing put in her. — My resolution was now gone, I could not forgo the pleasure of a nice soft hand twiddling my prick, nor the pleasure of feeling her soft, satiny cunt. — Besides she let me look at it, it was very handsome, and it was a real, and quite a novel pleasure, to frig a handsome, voluptuous creature, who made no secret of her delight in having it done to her, who kissed me with her tongue and used every blandishment. So I friggd her two or three times more, till her cunt got very wet, but resolved she should not do it to me. Then an extraordinary letch seized me. Wetting her hand with my saliva, mixed with her own spendings, she laid hold of my tool, I laid half on her, grasping her arse as if I was fucking her, and thrust it through her hand, sucking her mouth and fancying as well as I could that it was up her cunt, till I spent.

Did she frig her husband? — Did he do it so to her, I asked. — "No" — she wouldn't tell, and generally re-plied to similar questions, "Oh you rude fellow." In fact, out of her I could squeeze no information, but she was delighted at hearing about my intrigues, and amorous tricks; and asked much about the women and the pleasures I took with them. I did not mince my words, and explained all in lascivious language, and then I friggd her. We were all but naked, but some-times she would pull her chemise down as if she had just thought of the exposure, but in minute I would have it up again, and for nearly four hours, we were at this libidinous amusement. The hour of dinner approached, she said she was so tired that she must dine in her room, and she should remain there till her poorliness was over, it was coming on.

Next day I did not expect her, but the day after, not seeing her maid about, I walked past her room. A servant was cleaning it, I peeped in and saw no trunks. "Has Mrs. \*\*\* gone to luncheon," said I. — "The lady who was here left this morning by an early train," said the man. I never saw her again. In England a year afterwards, I met my friend who had introduced her to me, and found that he only knew her by having been introduced to her. — Of course I never told him of my amusements with her. This is one of the funniest episodes of my travel, indeed of my private life. — A most singular woman that. — Was friggd her passion, what did she do at that seaport, were she and the maid waiting for her husband, and who and what was she?

After that, by the Messageries Imperiale maritime, I went to Italy, and arrived at F\*\*r\*\*\*e towards the end of September, and found that city sweltering under al-most a midsummer heat. I had not expected this.

When I was at F\*\*r\*\*\*e I had three sisters, and it is the only time I ever had three, tho a dozen times I have had two sisters. — It was in the middle of the day, a scorching hot day, and a Valet-de-place had been with me to some of the sights of the town. When lust got hold of me very strongly, I resisted it till after lunch-eon, when my food made me more lustful, and I asked him if he could show me a house where I could get a woman.

To my astonishment, he drew himself up, said he was a gentleman, had been a soldier, and that he knew of no such place, that he showed people about the town and nothing more, and pulling out a book, loquaciously wished me to see the testimonials he had received. As I had had no difficulty with Italian valets before in such matters, — I was slightly surprized and annoyed, and told him he need not trouble himself, and that I did not wish to see testimonials. We then went to see a Church, inside of which he turned to me, and said that tho he could do nothing of the sort himself, he being a gentleman, he would find me a man who would. I told him not to bother himself, that I dare to say I could find all I wanted without him. But as we came out in-to the street he beckoned a respectable

looking man, spoke with him, and then said to me that the man knew those places, should he leave me. I waited to see if any well-dressed harlot was on the plaza but saw none, so dismissed my valet, and accompanied the other to a quarter, where in a nice looking house, he rang a bell at a first floor door. It was opened by a woman who evidently knew him. I told him not to wait as I would pay my valet for him in the evening, and he left me.

In another minute I was in a handsome room, and a middle-aged woman introduced a lovely Italian woman, dressed in the thinnest summer costume, very décolleté, and with arms naked to her armpits. I was in that state of concupiscence that any woman would have satisfied me, so nodding to the mistress who retired, the lady and I sat down on an ample sofa, and without ado I began preliminaries. My finger was on her cunt in a second, and she seeing how matters stood, unbuttoned my trowsers, and got hold of my red hot prick, kissing and blandishing me all the time most voluptuously.

How lovely her slightly brown flesh looked against the white chemise, and what a crisp black haired cunt she had. She was easy enough in her ways, raised no objections to my investigations, and I had immense pleasure in pulling her about for a minute or two, opening her cunt, turning her round in various directions, and looking at her on all sides and in all ways. She only spoke Italian. Then I got her to the bed "e molto caldo" said she. "Shall I strip?" It was awfully hot, and how cool, and smooth, and solid, her lovely buttocks felt, as I clasped them on that hot day.

A few thrusts and my prick had throbbled out its sperm. She retired for ablution, returned, and I paid her, which I found was the custom of that house, and prepared to go, for I had reasons for not wishing to be known to remain there long. I had the address which was all I wanted. The mistress spoke French and I talked with her in that language, preferring it to Italian. — Just before leaving she asked if I would have another lady. — Declining that, she shewed me the way out.

But it was thro a room this time that she led me, and there on a sofa was a lovely young creature lying down nearly undressed, tho dressed, and fanning herself. Her beautiful breasts were starting over her loose bodice, the bubbies shewed. Her chemise and dress (both of the thinnest muslin), were raised carelessly so that the flesh of the smallest part of one thigh could be seen, and both legs were clad in white silk, her feet were in delicate satin slippers, and she was the picture of a voluptuous woman, idle with the heat, careless with lewdness of who saw her nudity, and enjoying her own semi-nakedness. As she fanned herself, a hairy arm pit black as coal, was alternately disclosed and hidden. I stood fascinated, she smiled. "There is a lovely Donna," said the baud. I stood speechless, gazing at her, for she was the personification of lust, refined and elegant.

"How like she is to the other lady," said I when I found words. "It's her younger sister," said the mis- tress, — "her form is exquisite, look," and she pulled the girl's clothes up over the upper most haunch, and gave me just a glimpse of the edge of the black motte. The girl laughed, and pushed them down again smiling at me — but both thighs were now a little exposed just above garters, which were narrow, thin, golden stripes.

I was on fire at once — all the blood in my body seemed rushing into my prick. — "What is your name "cara mia." — "Maria, Signor," — I sat myself down on the sofa, rapidly, ran my hand up between her thighs, nodded to the woman who disappeared, and the next instant was kissing Maria's motte, sniffing at her cunt, and kissing her all over in rapture. — She was the very counterpart of the woman I had just had, tho a little younger, and very slightly smaller, and when I told her so. — "Si, si, si, — e vero." She said. — "Look here — my mouth, — my nose — my hands are my sister's." — "And your cunt?" — "Si, si, e la mona," and it was so. Tho my lust had only been assuaged a quarter of an hour, — I was all for a feel and a fuck in her. I saw at a glance that the two cunts even were as alike as two peas. Impatient as I was to taste her pleasures, I could not wait to gratify my eye-sight, and pushed her back on the sofa. — "There is more room on the bed," said she.

On the bed we got both naked — and with slower pace, and with more gradual pleasure, I fucked

Maria. — She spent with me, I don't think her sister did. — "Yes" — said Maria. — "I never enjoy a fuck at any-time as I do an hour after luncheon, Antonia does not, but my sister Francesca likes it after luncheon as I do. If the Signor permits may I smoke?"

"Your sister Francesca — have you another sister here?" said I, astonished. — It was true. The girl told me that she had two sisters in the house, and all gay. "Would I see her sister?" in dalliance with her I thought of her suggestion but resolved not — washed my prick (— the lady in this case washing her cunt at the same time) and thinking, thinking as I washed, "What, another sister! — I want to get back to my hotel. No, I'll have her another time" — and I dressed, but still thinking, and desiring to see the other, to compare her with the two, to know if what she said were true or not, for I doubted it, — and at last carried by desire which overruled my wise intention, and with hat on ready to go, I sat down. "Well, ask Francesca to come."

Laughing, up Maria got, and called out at the door. The baud came in smiling. "Francesca is out, has gone for a promenade." — "Non credo," said I. — Maria has not two other sisters here." — But both women protested that it was true. She would be in soon, at supper time certainly, would I call and see her then — saying perhaps I would, but not believing the history, I departed.

After dinner I sat meditating on the days amusements, on the family likeness of the two, in form, eyes and even in thighs and cunt. Then, doubting my observations, made under the impetuous, bewildering impulse of lust, for the fresh and lovely women, seen by me for the first time, I began to doubt their being sisters, and the evidence of my own eyes. Then I thought of the third, whom I had not seen. Was she like the others — had she the family likeness in face and cunt. P'shaw, a baud's lie — a bait to draw me, — but what matters if it be — they were a lovely couple and how much alike — tho different in the manner when copulating. So ran my thoughts, as in the warm evening I sat smoking a cigar, till my prick stood, at the recollection of its treat in the two dark haired cunts. Then eager with fresh desire, I hailed a vettura, and in seven minutes was at the woman's rooms.

The old woman opened the door, smiled, and I dare say expected me, accustomed to the results of her baiting. What lady did I wish. — "Francesca," the sister of the two others — if she were a sister. — "Yes, certainly she is sister of Signorini Antonia and Maria," — I was in a strange room with bed and sofa, and waited expectantly for about five minutes, then in walked a lady taller than the other two but with a distinct family dress affording the same facilities for sexual frolics. She sat down on the sofa. In a minute I felt her cunt, then on my suggestion she stripped as did I — I saw she was an exquisite creature, and kissed her lovely flesh all over.

There were but two wax lights in the room, quite enough for that sweltering night, but a feeble light, and difficult by it to see the region of love in its dark hairy surroundings. Delicately I asked her if she would let me see closer "certemente," said she. Then conveniently placing herself to aid me, pleased almost in so favoring me, with candle in hand I saw an adorable crimson slit, with its dark brown thicket. I held the lips open, and gratified my eyesight, till tumultuous throbs in my stiff penis told me that it was impatient for its turn of enjoyment.

A minute afterwards, it was sheathed in her fleshy scabbard, and left it only a poor, shrinking, but contented shadow of its former self, after it had been full ten minutes within the lady's cunt. I had lain on her that time, with my sweat trickling over her lovely body, for it was a hot night, and I was full of good food and wine, and was heated. She seemed as cool as a cucumber.

She washed it, and I saw again the opening to the road, in which I had had such a glorious ride. Saw, or fancied I saw, a likeness to those of her sisters. Again I stretched her thighs apart to receive mine, again my penis distended her cunt, again I spurted my spermatic liquor up her, and happy in my day's work, went back to my hotel, with my imagination inflamed to a conflagration of lust, when I thought of the three sweet creatures whose pleasures I had tasted. Thinking kept me awake nearly all night, tired as I was with heat and fucking.

Next day I went about sightseeing, thinking I was satisfied, and reposed most of the day. But my

prick stood at intervals, for I had done nothing materially to fatigue my genitals the day before, and before that had been continent for days. Next day I awakened with a standing cock — how restless I felt — how my thought turned to the trio of damsels, as I passed in my mind the sensations I had had as I passed my body into each of them.

After breakfast my longing increased, I eyed every lady at the tables at the hotel, wondering what sort of form, what sort of cunt she had, if she had been fucked that night, and so on thro a variety of bawdy possibilities, till able to restrain myself no longer, I went to the house of the three Paphians — it was about 11 o'clock a.m.

Signorina Antonia was within, the others had gone to mass, said the woman. I could wait if I liked. They had friends with them I hazarded. — "Not so," she re-plied — they would breakfast at midday. — "Say I will come at one o'clock." Back to the hotel I went, and fed in lustful agitation, for I had made up my mind to see all three together, tho their price was high, extravagantly high for Italy, and much more than at the time I could afford. — But I had thought over them so much, had laid out such intentions of lascivious delight, that come what might, cost what it might, I determined to see them all together. Three sisters, my God, and I had fucked them all — when should I have a chance like that again. I longed to compare them together, al-most to fuck them all at once.

At the hour I had named, there was I alone in a large handsome bed-room, but on the sunny side of the house, the blinds and shutters closed, that the room was al-most dark. A quarter of an hour passed, no one appeared, so I rang a bell, and in soon after came one. — "Where is your sister?" — "You want her with me?" "Yes, cara mia — and Francesca also." — "Ah Dio. All of us, all three?" — "E certamente." — And after a little delay, all three were with me, and all smoking cigarettes.

"But I can't see here — open the shutters" — "e troppo caldo Signor." — I did not care, I insisted — I had come to see, specially to see the three graces — to examine, to compare, to see if they were sisters or not. — After much trouble, I got one of the rooms I had had before, smaller it is true, but where with blinds up, I had all the brilliant light of day and no sun, and then my pleasure began.

I can scarcely describe the voluptuous joys I had for some hours. I had some good Chianti sent in, then other wine. They had fed, so had I, the lust of all of us was coursing through our veins, and I believe that all I did gave those three beauties voluptuous pleasure. We sat smoking and drinking nearly naked. I talked in my indifferent Italian to their great amusement — and played all manner of tricks with them all. Never has my imagination prompted more lascivious tricks than I played.

It would take too much time to tell of half of the erotic tricks I played with them all. What I did with one, I did with the others, or something like it, but each had my attentions in their turn.

How strange is lust or love. In all countries the har-lot is the same. All nationalities use the same incitements. In all parts of the world I have found it so. Black or white, in hot or cold countries, all play with the male, and the male with the female in the same manner; and I believe, if we could get at the fact, that married, and what are called chaste women, do the same with their husbands. That all men, with all women, in fact do the same, for they all have pricks or cunts, and prick and cunt are mutually provocative of each other to sensual play, before they kill their lust for the time, in each other's arms by fucking. Variety and range depend on the sense of beauty, which one or both of them possesses, and on their natural salacity, for there are certainly cold-arsed, if there are hot-arsed women — and equally so — men, who seldom want a woman, nor think of them till they do; whilst others are thinking of women always, during every unoccupied moment of thought.

I have had, many times, sisters. Both those who were not gay, and those who were — I half think that a girl fucked illicitly, as it is wrongly called, delights in stimulating her sister's lust, till she has fucked like-wise. — I have heard "She is my sister — mia sore — ma soeur, monsieur — oui vraiment — meine schwester" — and the same in half a dozen tongues — but this is the only time as yet that I have had three sisters. And sisters they unmistakably were. — Face, form, and cunt, showed they all came out of the same womb, and I think the same prick begot them.



I waited three days after that debauch, exhausted; for I fucked all three, and in a state of furious lewedeness, licked the cunts of all three. My prick went into all their mouths, and I finished the orgie by spending in Francesca's mouth, whilst I licked Maria's cunt, and felt Antonia's, as she stood by the bedside witnessing the other operations. I think I spent six or seven times. The litch came over me again, and I went there, and did the same tricks again, and then from circumstances was obliged to leave the city. Which was fortunate.

## Vol. 6 Chapter III

**At R\*\*e. • The Marchesa di R\*\*p\*l\*. • A flirt. • At the Palaazzo. • Inspecting fine silk stockings. • Results, on two sofas and one bed. • The Marchesa's cunt, thin thighs, and small bum. • Marietta, the Lady's maid and Valet's wife. • Waiting for a letter. • Marchesa at my hotel. • A night in the attic with Marietta. • At a bagnio with her. • Impatient attorneys. • Back to London in haste. • On the Messageries Imperiales. • The ballet dancer. • Amusements in her cabin and in mine. • At luncheon afterwards. • Fucking for love.**

I had intended remaining in Italy all the winter, but complicated legal matters in which I was pecuniarily interested, brought me to London. Spite of letters from my solicitors, on my way I stopped nearly three weeks at R\*\*e, where I made the acquaintance through a friend of the wife of the Marchese di R\*\*p\*\*li. — The Marchese was away, his wife, a young woman, was left alone, and my friend who lived at R\*\*e, said she bore the character of being a great flirt — I scarcely then knew what that meant at R\*\*e. —

Immediately I was presented to her, she professed great interest in me, procured me tickets and invitations for this and that house, and when she knew my social circumstances, which I never disguised, said she was sure I was a sad rake to be traveling alone.

She gave me a general invitation to her house. I gave her boxes at theatres, and she went there with me and a friend one night. Returning, she sat her friend down, and we were for a few minutes in the carriage alone. I got hold of her hand, and grasped it — it was re-turned, and I ventured a kiss. — When I had done that without much impediment, she said she knew I was a sad rake the instant she saw me. — My friend joined us at her house that night at a little supper. We walked to my hotel together, and on the road, he said that the Marchesa did nothing but talk about me, and added, "I think you'll be one of the lucky ones." She had said she would be at home to me, whenever I liked to call after midday. She was a tall, thinnish woman, seemingly without much breasts, and with great dark eyes, which she knew how to use — but she was not of a sort that attracted me sexually.

Next day I called in the afternoon, on an invitation from her to meet and go out with some people. On being shewn in, I found her alone, and that I had mistaken the day. Being then about to take my leave, she said, "Never mind, I'm quite alone and have no engagements, stop and tell me about England, I'm so fond of English people." — I did. We got from one topic to another, talking mostly in French, till the conversation turned to the ballet, the dancers legs, the silk drawers they wore, then to silk stockings generally, their color, etc. The Roman silk stockings she said were the finest made, and were all of pure silk. Putting out a beautiful, almost diminutive foot, in a little half turkish slipper. "Look at the silk of that," said she.

I went to the sofa and sat by the side of her, and put my hand on the foot. "Oh, what a sweet foot, what would a dancer give to have that," and I respectfully felt the silk. I said that she thought me too timid, for putting one leg quite delicately up over the other, she shewed a little way up the calf. She was lewed, and I believe in the contagion of lust, when man and woman touch each other. — Desire ran through me. — I put my hand higher up, praising the leg and the silk together, higher till I reached her knee. "What a lovely leg" said I, (tho it wasn't). Then she made a sham of pushing my

hand away gently. — "Ah signor, you English are rude, is that the way you treat ladies in your country?" But she laughed, her big eyes were staring into mine. — "Oh, let me one moment, just above there" — and up went my hand.

Then with a sudden rush of lust, which roused my prick to fever heat, the conviction came to me that she was accessible. "A flirt," — the kiss in the carriage, — all passed thro my mind, and as she gently pushed my hand away, I pushed it right up to her cunt. "Oh what a shame, to take such an advantage of me." I now thought of nothing but getting into her, hesitated at nothing. My finger titillated a wet slit, my mouth met hers, I pulled her to me, her thighs opened, she gave one long exhausting sigh of pleasure, and gently sank back on the sofa. Then in a minute my prick was up the Marchesa's cunt, and five minutes later left it, half its probing size, flabby, and wet, and whilst the Marchesa with closed eyes was still kissing me, and murmuring that I had taken a shameful advantage of her. Considering how it had all come about, it would be more correct to say, that she had taken a shameful advantage of me, for the wrong date on the invitation, and all other circumstances, make it quite clear now, that she had got me to her house that afternoon, with the fixed intention of fucking.

The door was unlocked during all this. I left her belly. She laid exposed for a minute, seemingly in a state of bliss, and then very leisurely covered up her thighs, and sat up smiling voluptuously. "Go further off and I'll ring for coffee." "Let me have a cup of tea." — She hadn't got such a thing. Coffee was brought in, and there she sat with me drinking it, with her cunt full of me.

I had only been a week at R\*\*e when this carnal treat was given me. But through her, I had already invitations to the houses of two or three R\*m\*n nobles of high degree, but not to any dinners. Hospitality there did not seem to take that form, but she had began to ask me to luncheon, and dinner, and supper as well. Indeed this great dame had, I found, got a strong lech for me, tho I did not see it so clearly then as I now do.

When the man came to remove the coffee, she asked me before him, if I would dine there that evening, and she would send and ask my friend, and the Princess of \* \* \* \* \* to come, and we would have a friendly musical evening. We all of us sang, and she sang divinely. I agreed, she ordered the servant accordingly, said she should go out in the carriage, return to dine, and would be at home to no one. Would I take the note to my friend if she wrote it? I undertook to do so. — "Then I will go into the next room and write it" — and then she told the servant to go and tell the cook, etc. etc.

Directly he had left the room, she went into the ad-joining one, a large room, in fact a second drawing room, but in which were writing materials and books. As she rose she looked at me in a languishing manner, and I followed her, for I had been thinking all the time of the condition of her cunt, and wondering when she was going to wash it. — She wrote the note and gave it to me — and then there was something about the whole affair, which set me lusting for her again. Without more ado, I closed that door but did not lock it, and led her to the sofa which was there handy, and without hesitation she let me shag her again.

That done, with much kissing and sighing on her part, — she said she must go to her room. — "It's across the lobby, there" — said she opening a door, and pointing to one at the end of a short corridor. — "Hush — I'll go and see if my maid's there." She went, and returned saying the maid was not, and we went back to the drawing room, in which she had received my first spermatic ejaculation. I was now in a state of wonderment at the whole affair, and particularly at this noble lady, walking about with her cunt unwashed, when she could have purified in her bed-room, in a couple of minutes.

"Come an hour before dinner," said she, "tho I shall be dressing, but I soon send my maid away." — I never in my life had such an open invitation from a lady, and said I would. — "Say you have made a mistake in the hour when you come, and that you will wait." I did all that. After seeing my friend I re-turned to her. "No signor, not seven — eight o'clock." — "How stupid, but I will wait. — Don't

tell the Marchioness and disturb her, it will only make her hurry." — "No Signor, but I think she already is dressed, she has sent her maid away." — and he left me in the drawing room alone.

I felt now that I could take any liberty, and that I had been asked to take them. — In a few minutes I felt my prick, to make sure of its service, for it had twice done duty in the afternoon, and but three hours had elapsed since its last performance.

Then I went into the adjoining room. The door leading out of it on to the lobby was open. I saw other doors open there, which I guessed led to servants' quarters and other rooms. — It did not occur to me that she would see to that — what if one came in — it might compromise her, so I hesitated, stood, coughed, and then coughed louder. Her bedroom door opened ajar, she peeped out, opened it wider, and I saw she was in her chemise. — With silent but rapid step I crossed the corridor. — "Oh you rake, to dare to come in here and catch me like this," said she, shamming. But smiling, her game was as transparent as glass.

"Oh, let me see that lovely form," said I, clutching her, kissing, and pulling up her chemise for feel and inspection. "Be quiet, — no noise, my maid's gone, but you mustn't be long." Then on the bed I laid her and had a sight (I had had none before of her charms), saw a crisp, black-haired cunt, between a pair of thin thighs, that her arse was small, and her hip bones shewed too much, yet all looked inviting enough. — I praised it rapturously. — She smiled delightedly, and shewed me her bum and small bubbies. Then she got hold of my prick, and looked at it, long. — Then saying that we must be quick, she fell back, opened her thighs, and another fuck terminated our fun, not hurriedly but voluptuously. She was very demonstrative when spending, and in no hurry to let my prick escape from her sheath, but somehow my prick did not seem to relish its lodging much, and soon left it. I washed, went back to the drawing room, and in half an hour she joined me there.

The little dinner came off and a very pleasant evening we spent. But my emissions had left me in a languid, contemplative mood. Only a week ago I was a stranger to her, and now I have possessed her, I thought. — I scarcely took my eyes off of her, thinking of that black, crisp-haired cunt, which I had pierced, and the facility with which I had been permitted, and somewhat wondering how it had come about, for that I had not had the slightest lust for her.

But her maid whom I had seen several times, I had at once lusted for, and she had given me a cockstand. She was a fine looking, well grown woman, fleshy, dark haired, and with that bold (not rude) independent look, which many Roman peasants have. I determined to get into her if possible, but didn't see much chance. For a long time now, I have in all emergencies offered so much gold as upsets the female. If I have time for courting, well and good; for courting, in-to a cunt, is nicer than buying the right of entry straight off. But if I will have a woman not of the courtesan class, she is worth any money, so as well make short work of it, by making a high bid, if there be no time for anything else.

The chance came. — I had already twice dropped in-to the hands of the woman gifts about ten times the value of what an Italian would have given, when she had opened the door. The Marchesa was not rich, and only kept one man-servant in the house (a flat in a very large palace it was, and most of their rooms on one floor) but she kept such a carriage, horses, coach-man, and out-door servants, that she might have been taken for a millionaire. — I was to have been at the Palazzo, the day after I had tailed the lady, and was in my room wondering whether any more copulation would come off, and thinking over the charms of my noble Venus, when a letter was brought me from the Marchesa, and a reply asked for by bearer. "Tell the servant to come up." — I thought it was a man, when behold, up came the maid.

Quick as lightning came my resolve. "Come in whilst I write a reply." She was inside my room, the door was closed, there was my bed, there the opportunity. — She wore big gold earrings. — "You like ear-rings. What did those cost, they are handsome," and I went close to her to look at them. She told me. — At once I fell into raptures about her beauty — "I'll give you a brooch if you'll give me a kiss." "No, I must get back" — but I took out from my trunk a cameo, bought at Florence, and put

it into her hand, whilst at the same moment I snatched a kiss or two. — "There," I said, "is a trifle for the kiss," and I gave a trifle — "and I'll give you the brooch if you'll let me" — "Let you what." — I saw by her look that she knew quite well what. — "Come to the bed." — "Ah, Grand Dio! No Signor, I'm married." — "Nonsense." — "Yes." — "The Marchese' Valet is my husband, he is away with the Marchese now."

Surprized, I yet saw my chance at once. — Her husband away — then if some one does not do her business, in his absence, she must want fucking badly. — "Ah, not the brooch, but then take this." I took out two gold pieces and laid them down. — She shook her head, eyeing the gold. — I bolted my door, and without further preliminary put my hand up her clothes. — "Grand Dio, Signor! What are you doing?" — But her resistance was slight. — "Take it, cara mia, who will know?" and I pulled her on to my knee, she having stood up when I approached her. — "Kiss me, then — let me feel then, — only feel it," — I felt her cunt freely tho she said again "Giammai — certamente giammai."

"Assurdita, cara mia," and I put her hand on to my prick. — She let her hand rest on that article, but lifelessly. — I kept on feeling her. Her thighs closed. — "Oh, I must go," said she, her bum wriggling: and with a convulsive, involuntary squeeze of my prick, up she got, shifting my hand from her cunt, and letting go of my pego.

I rose up also. — Instinct told me that lust was coursing through her veins. — What ideas float thro my brain in moments like this. I forget everything but cunt. The thought of cunt absorbs every other. Now they ran on a cunt not yet seen, the belly of a woman not yet entered by me. Then the desire to fuck it dominated me. — Does a woman have similar lewed thoughts and sensations? — Will his prick go up me? — His sperm moisten me — Certainly, at a time, a visible langour creeps over her, she resists no longer, tho she says, "No — never — no" — till the prick touches her cunt. — Ah! It is up her, roking and poking, and she is silent at once, with eyes half closed, luxuriating in the smooth rigidity, which is prodding, and rubbing, and wriggling, in her.

Gently I pulled the maid, still uttering "Giammai - certamente — Giammai" — to my bed, and sat her down on its edge, and with arm round her waist, kissing and begging her. But I forgot the Italian for cunt. "Cosa," was all I could say. — "No — the Marchesa will wonder where I am." But I fingered her cunt freely, and in another minute, silently she had dropped backwards, or been gently pulled on to the bed. — I lifted her legs. I saw a broad expanse of belly, dark hair, a red line, and in a minute my prick was up her. How delicious she seemed, yet the whole time I was fucking I kept thinking of the look and feel of the Marchesa's black quim, thin thighs, and small bum. How strange my thoughts often so wander, — for now I often think of other cunts than the one which is giving me pleasure.

The maid lay in soft, silent delight, till my prick left her, and then sprang up rapidly. — "What shall I tell the Marchesa about my long absence?" — "Say I was out and you waited for me." — She shook her head as if that tale would not do. Perhaps she had told such a tale too often before. — I never heard what she did tell. — I put the gold into her hand, it was quite equal to two months' wages. Gold, omnipotent gold!

The letter from the Marchesa needed a reply, and purposely I sent an ambiguous one, likely to get the maid sent back to me. The ruse was successful, and back she came with another letter. She looked sly, and laughed quietly as she entered, as if she expected what followed. The instant I had read the letter, I pushed her on to the bed and we fucked again deliciously. "You've washed your cunt" — said I, recollecting the name of that article now — mona — "Certamente," said she, bursting out laughing. — I wrote my reply, and there was the end of my business with her on that day.

My friend called soon after and we went for a walk. I asked him where he took his women to. (He was a bachelor and had said he had no mistress.) He took them to his own rooms. — No one objected there. — What could I do I asked, if I wanted a woman. — Eyeing me curiously, he said I

might bring a real lady to his rooms, if I'd give him notice, so that he might absent himself. That did not of course suit me — and he shewed me one or two very nice houses, where on the first or second floor of a public staircase, good accommodations might be had. "But you needn't go there much," said he. "Ladies will manage it for you in their own houses. if you take their time, they are clever at it here." — "Whores are not assumed to exist, there are so many priests, tho there really are lots of whores, and you need never fear going home with them, for on the slightest complaint to the police, you will get any one of them sent out of the city. — That keeps them careful. They know it, and are well behaved. And if a man opens the door, be not afraid. Men manage often these things here." And indeed I had found at several Italian towns, men attending at brothels. The customs of nations are different in sexual, as in other matters.

I had to call on the Marchesa afterwards, and knowing I might see the maid, wrote on a slip of paper, a request to know where she would meet me. She opened it hurriedly, and whispered "I can't read." — So I was balked. — The Marchesa that day asked if I had a sitting room at my hotel, and seemed surprized when she heard I had not. "I can't call on you then." She evidently meant me to have her at my hotel. — Such audacious intrigue in a married woman, almost a stranger to me, astonished me. I had never I think met with such before, and began to take a dislike to her. Yet I got a sitting room adjoining my bedroom that very day.

Moreover, I had set my mind on the maid, and did not wish all my stiffness taken out of me, by that slim piece of nobility, tho I felt somewhat honored by the distinction she had conferred on me. Then I thought of my friend's remark about her, and began wondering, whether other travelling strangers had been similarly honored, for her husband seemed to be mostly away from her, as far as I could learn.

At the Opera that night, the Marchesa said she would call on me next morning after mass (Sunday), about something or another, I forget what — and she did. — She was shown into my sitting room and placed her self on the sofa. She looked really very inviting there, and my pego began to swell, as I thought of the sofas in her house. So getting near her, I asked if she had Roman silk stockings on. She laughed, looked voluptuously at me, and said I was too dangerous to tell anything about stockings any more, that I'd better for-get all about them, and she turned to another subject quite adroitly, as if she didn't wish to refer what had passed only two days before.

For the instant that cooled me, but seeing she had boots on (she had slippers on the day of our fornication), I remarked it, saying I couldn't help looking at her tiny feet. — "Yes, boots, don't you like boots?" — and she pushed her feet out, and slightly raised her dress to show them, and I saw silk stockings of a different color. — I put myself on the sofa at once. "I will look at your stockings." — "You shan't." — "I will" and lifted her dress a little. "There then, now that will do." — But catching her round the waist to hold her, I put my hands on to her cunt, and kept it there groping and poking with my fingers, whilst she in a sham modest way, said it was disgraceful. — "Let me." — "I won't — oh, take care of my bonnet." — "Take it off — now let me, — I want to see that lovely cunt of yours, and I used the coarsest Italian words to express my wants. I had been studying those words. — "Oh, said she, laughing — "for shame, a Facchino couldn't say worse words. — Leave off — I must go — Oh-o-o," — She opened her thighs to my feel, and in a minute afterwards — "Lock the door then."

In an instant I had locked it. She put her bonnet on the table, and came into my bed-room. — I placed her on the side of the bed, and taking her thighs over my arms — after opening her split with my fingers, for a momentary glance at the red entrance, to the red lane, fucked her as I stood, watching her face, whilst she watched mine, in our blissful throes. — When I uncunted — "Give me some water quickly," said she. — Then I put a basin with water on the floor. She washed her cunt, and came into the sitting-room, after carefully emptying the basin, and replacing it with its ewer. — I saw now clearly, that it was not the first time she had been tailed at an hotel, so careful was she to avoid leaving evidence of her amours.

I hadn't been out of her cunt five minutes before she was off. — "My carriage is waiting. I must go"

— giving me a kiss — "I shall expect you to dinner, and come at six, and wait if you like," said she with a laugh. I saw her to her carriage. At six o'clock, I was at her house, was let into her bedroom, fucked her, and brought her poorliness on. — "Oh," said she, "I'm three days before my time." — "Wash and leave me as fast as you can, I must ring for my maid."

There was a small dinner party of ladies and gentle-men — and a very pleasant evening we had. The Marchesa seemed dull. I could think of nothing but the incidents of the day, and was glad to leave with my friend, and went to his rooms where we sat smoking till an early hour in the morning. Our conversation was much about the Marchesa, and I heard that she was thought to be fond of variety in males, but that nothing had been proved against her, and no public scandal. — That her husband was much away and kept a mistress, and that the Marchesa took great fancies to bachelor strangers when visiting R\*\*e.

I was glad her courses were on, knowing it might stop her advances for two or three days, and then perhaps I might get the maid. An irritation set up in my urethra, which for the moment I thought was clap; but it was caused by contact with the menstrual discharge. I have experienced similar irritation, after having had women in a similar state. The effect was to make me furiously randy, and to lust for the maid with an almost maddening desire. But how was I to get her? — I only knew her Christian name — and she couldn't read or write.

I called next morning (only with the object of getting to the maid) with a bouquet for the Marchesa, and said I would give it to her maid. Alone with her a minute, I begged her to give me five minutes talk, and said I was mad, was dying to have her again, and I promised much. She told me the luncheon time of the servants, and if I would then go to the top of the house, and open a door which she indicated, she would come to me there. I did, and found it was a large bedroom in the roof. — She came and told me in a few hurried words, that she, being married to the Valet, had a bed-room there, all other servants had rooms on the Marchesa's floors (two floors over part only of a big Palace not their own). Whilst her husband was away, she some-times slept in a room near the Marchesa — but she would if she could, be that night where we at that moment were —. My best way would be to get to her room and wait till she came. — She would leave the door open. If she couldn't come to sleep there, she would go up, and tell me. How long I might have to wait she didn't know. Certainly until the Marchesa dismissed her for the night. On no account was I to have a light. If I saw anyone about, I had better go down the stairs and come up again. — The staircase, it must be mentioned, was not the great staircase of the Palace.

I didn't much like that — her husband might return — and I did not fancy a stiletto in me for the sake of poking this woman, much as I lusted for her. — I asked her to sleep out with me at a house, but she wouldn't. — I tried to fuck her then and there, and got a feel of her hot quim, but she resisted much, and implored me so to leave off, for that she must get back to the servants' luncheon, that I desisted, and got back to my hotel, where I passed the afternoon resolving in my mind the risks and pleasures of getting into her; and altho she said her husband could not possibly re-turn, I determined not to go to her bedroom.

But at about ten o'clock, when digestion had done its work, and the heat of good food had got into my prick, I thought about her so much, that dressing my-self plainly, and putting on a cloak, for the night was cold, I found myself, tho rather in fear, at her room door. — It opened, and to my joy there she was. — She had been there expecting me a full hour. Then we risked all. She had, like me I expect, been thinking of fucking all day. The sperm was seething in my ballocks — her cunt was like a hot stew-pan, with voluptuous expectations, and randy exudations, and before we had been in bed together five minutes, my spunk was running out of her wet cunt copiously on to the towel I had placed beneath her handsome buttocks. — I never enjoyed a woman more, and she in her pleasure ecstasy bit at my neck when spending. I don't recollect any other woman having done exactly that, tho they have caught my tongue in their teeth.

"Let me wash, pray do." — But I refused, and clipped her arse tightly, pressing her belly close to mine, wriggling my prick as I love to do up a cunt which is full of sperm; for it prolongs the

voluptuous sensations in the tip, and keeps delicious bawdy ideas alive. My prick seems then to bathe, and float almost in a mixture of oil and ivory together. — But she begged me much, and uncunted me quickly, spite of my endeavours to prevent her. "Why, cara mia, you don't with your husband I'm sure." — "Yes I do if he does it inside, but he nearly always spends outside," — said she quite coolly, as she washed. — "Let me look at your cunt now, then." "Bene, eccola," said she, opening her thighs when she had got into bed again.

I brought her to the side of the bed, and with a miserable oil lamp which scarcely gave any light, saw her beauties; and a very sweet, fine woman of Italian type, she was. Her cunt was unspeakably handsome, with dark crisp hair in moderate quantity round it, and curling but a little way up the mons above the upper edge of the split, and with scarcely a sign of hair in the space between cunt and bumhole. — I kissed it, and the lovely thighs, and praised it much. Her bum was large, but not heavy, and she had the sweetest shaped arms. Her breasts were full, firm, and elastic. I kissed her all over in delight, and she was much gratified with my praise. Then into bed I got with her, cuddling close, kissing and talking, with my finger in or on her cunt, till we fucked again. Again she washed her cunt carefully.

But neither of us could sleep. Somehow the fear of being surprized by her husband haunted me, and she, I know spite of her assurance that he could not possibly return, felt the same. If we dozed, it was only for a few minutes at a time, and then we lay talking. Her mistress was not well — what was the matter, I asked. — Her monthlies were on. (How little she dreamed that I knew that.) She suffered severely at those times. — She didn't know what her mistress did for love, when her husband was away so much. "Perhaps she has a lover, who knows?" Her husband was also away quite as much, and she had to bear it. "But you get a sweetheart to kiss you." — "Never by the Holy Mother of God." — I was the first who had made her forget her marriage vows, and perhaps she would be punished by being with child. The Marchesa would have no servants about her who had children, and she should be dismissed if such ill luck befell her.

Then I got curious. For, not sleeping, there was nothing to be done but to talk and fuck, and I am always curious about the sexual strength of a husband. With lips to hers, my fingers on her clitoris, hers round my stiffening prick, I heard that her husband's prick was certainly not as big as mine, that either she put a sponge up her cunt when they fucked — or he pulled his prick out at the critical moment and spent on her thighs. — It was hard to have to do so, but better than having children, and losing a good place.

He only fucked her about twice a week. Sometimes he had a hot fit, and then did it twice in a night, but never more than that. — No, not on their marriage night, she recollected that well. She was a virgin then, she could swear by the holy sacrament — and he got into her at the first fuck. Yes, she was quite sure his prick was not so large as mine, tho there was not much difference. So we talked on for hours. Most other married women whom I have had have seemed much annoyed at such questions, for I have asked all of them. — Some have refused to tell me anything. But this Italian seemed pleased to talk about it, and when it was a question of size, felt my prick about most carefully before she replied. I fucked her six times. It is so upon my notes. Long before day-break, off I went.

I tried hard to get her to sleep out with me. She would ask leave to see her parents — say they were ill, and other lies I suggested. — But all her relatives were in the country, at first she said. Then either under the stimulus of the flesh, or my liberal offer, "I've got a sister married here, and she is just going to be confined I hear, perhaps I could get to see her, but we are not friends." After much thinking, and hatching of lies and excuses, she said she would if she could. — "Not to-night tho." — I didn't want that after my six emissions, — but the day following. If I would call on the Marchesa exactly as the clock struck four, she would be at the door, and standing at the back of the manservant. — She would either nod, or shake her head. — With all the signs and arrangements carefully made, I left her in bed, and got back to my hotel.

There I found a pressing letter from my solicitors urging my return, and saying that on account of

my absence, the case would go probably against me. Altho I knew that I should lose a large sum of money if it did, I had such a litch for the woman, that I would not leave till I had a chance of having her again. But I packed up everything, ready for an immediate start.

On the day, at the appointed hour, I was at the Palazzo. The door was opened by the man, and at his back was the maid. — My heart actually beat violently with expectation as the door opened, and I felt intense delight as she nodded her head. To make sure that I understood, she nodded two or three times to me, moving about the large stone ante-room on some pretext, and keeping well in the rear of the man. A few minutes after, I was with the Marchesa, who looked quite ill, and who seemed quite anxious, when I told her about my solicitors' letter.

I soon left her and got back to my hotel, where I rested, and feasted, and did up a bottle of wine and some sausage, bread, and cakes, which I had bought to take with me. At dark I went to the house and hired a room. At about eight o'clock, there was Marietta, at the corner of the Piazza di \* \* \* \* \*. The next minute we were in a carriage, and five minutes after in the boudoir. She eat my cakes, we drank the wine, she on my knees, my hand on her quim whilst she was eating. In less than half an hour we were in bed together, and having as delicious a fuck as I ever had in my life. Her cunt seemed exquisite. I fucked her till I lost count, but it was certainly a night of my supreme efforts, and when we left in the morning, I was utterly exhausted, and she much the same. — "Oh, what will the Marchesa think when she sees me? She will ask where I've been, what I have been doing," said Marietta in dismay, as she looked at herself in the looking-glass.

The lie she told to get leave of absence was a most ingenious one. Trust a woman on the scent of a prick, to find an excuse for following it up. I have rarely known them fail, and what risks they will run. — Marietta had. — But she would not, could not do it another night. — She might be with me for a hour perhaps at a time in the attic, or elsewhere, till her husband re-turned, and she willingly would when she could, but the risk of absence she could not incur, it might be ruin. — I never had her again. Certainly she gave me one of the most voluptuous nights I ever had, and the only drawback was her persistence in jumping out of bed, and washing her cunt after each performance in it.

Another letter reached me that morning. I called on the Marchesa, who seemed I thought inclined to let me do what I liked with her, but she was still, I was glad to say, in an unfit state of body for carnal de-lights. I shewed her my letters, promised to come back to R\*\*e in the spring, saw my friend, and called on a few others, and the same night took boat from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles. (That was then the quickest road to London.)

It was a smooth passage. A night's rest set me up, and by the next night, good sleep, food, and sea air, gave me the surprize of a stiff prick unsolicited. There was a spicey-mannered, little, plump, dark-eyed French woman on board, travelling alone, who in conversation told me that she was coming from Palermo, was a ballet dancer, and was going to Marseilles to fulfill a professional engagement there. — The evening was dark and warm, we sat on deck close together till almost all the passengers had gone to bed (there were not many). Our conversation got warm — warmer — warmest. I found there was no other passenger in her cabin. I had its number, it was not far from mine, and at about midnight I crept to it, found the door unlocked, tho she had said she should lock it, and five minutes after I was between her thighs, her heels on my calves, and we were fucking in a miserable little box called a berth, not much bigger than a coffin. A couple in rut would somehow fuck in a coffin, I'm sure. She didn't wash her cunt, but sat up with me on the side of the berth feeling my prick, and talking, till I tailed her again, and then got back to my cabin, I suppose unobserved.

The next day I tailed her in my cabin, when all the passengers had just sat down to luncheon — and we both went to luncheon the instant my cock left her. She neither washed, nor pissed, nor did I. How we looked at each other when at table. — Soon after we were at Marseilles, and I parted with her in a polite way. — I never saw her cunt, nor even the hair on her motte, but she was a plump, randy little devil, and talked baudiness joyfully. It was quite an affair of love, for I gave her nothing



but my prick.

## Vol. 6 Chapter IV

**A piece of luck. • In a dull street. • A violent step-mother. • Rosa W\*\*\*e. • A runaway. • My good advice. • In the Cab. • "I'm so hungry." • At J\*\*\*s St. • Sullen, staring, and taciturn. • Fed, felt, and fucked. • The bloody chemise. • Her fears. • "You can't set things right." • Stern intentions. • A new night-gown. • Oysters and Champagne. • Taciturnity gone. • Making a clean breast. • Her history. • Her misfortune. • The music hall. • Liquoring after. • Drunk or drugged? • Virginity taken. • Forsaken. • Her misery, wanderings, and return home.**

The law suit terminated. Well or not, matters not here. — I had been to my stock brokers, one Tuesday towards the end of October, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, took a fancy to wander unheeding where, thro dull, old-fashioned, brick-built streets, on the confines of the City, and was in one, in which the dwellers once perhaps were well to do people, but now was inhabited largely by small traders, and by poorish people, but there were no shops. It was a cold, damp, sunless, and misty afternoon.

Sauntering along, I heard a shrill, woman's voice, evidently in anger; but took no notice till when near me I heard plainly, "You dirty little bitch, wait till your father comes home — ah — yer — nasty — dirty - hussy." — Turning round, I saw a well grown, sturdy-looking girl, walking along, and behind her a middle-aged woman, who every now and then gave the girl a half push, half punch in the back. A push which quite shook her. The girl's face was quite white, and dirty, the expression on it was stolid, dazed, almost like — that of one stupefied by a drug, or drink. She did not resist the elderly female, but walked on quickly, the woman behind her. I stood still. As they passed me, the elder said almost in the girl's ear, "Yer dirty little beast, yer always were running after men — er — er — er," and she gave punch after punch. I followed close on them, till they turned down a narrow court on the left, and went into one of several small houses in the court. Houses which looked as if inhabited by working people.

She's a fine girl, and has been caught with a chap, thought I, and walking on had passed into a street of more traffic, and forgotten the girl, when she ran past me as hard as she could, and when far off and nearly out of my sight, turned down a street and I quite lost sight of her. I was walking on, when suddenly she emerged, and again ran rapidly on. I became curious, and quickened my pace. She turned down another street, and when I got there, I saw her leaning against a wall, panting, and breathless. Said I to myself, that girl's running away. What's her game? — Quickly I walked up to her, for some vague notion stirred my concupiscence.

"What's the matter with you, my girl," — I said kindly, and repeated it several times, without getting any reply. She stood breathing hard with her running, and staring at me. I saw she was handsome, pity came over me, and I told her she had better go to her home, where I had seen her followed by the woman a few minutes before. — Then she broke out violently. — "I won't — I won't. I'll never go home again. — I won't" — and her eyes glared on me, but suddenly they altered again to their stupid expression. — "What's the matter, tell me" I said, repeating that several times, but she made no reply.

"I'll go and fetch your mother then." She made a half start as if to run off, but stopping herself, — "What business is it of yours? Leave me alone, who are you?" — "Go home, it's best for you, you'll come to harm." — "I won't, you go and mind your own business." Again we stood looking at each other, I scarcely knowing what to say or do.

I noticed that her dress was neat, and very respect-able for a girl of her class, but was rumped, and that her bonnet had been flattened, and put somewhat into shape again. She looked what may be called draggled, and the vague idea I had formed at first from the been caught with a man in an equivocal position, perhaps has been tailed, I thought. Then I looked again, and she seemed to me handsomer than she had at first, and a lust for her sprang up, but it was mixed with pity, and a firm intention to help her if I could, yet with a curiosity to find out all about her.

"Where are you going?" — I at length asked, and again had to repeat it two or three times before I got the reply. — "Nowhere — I don't know." — "You are going after your young man, and he's got you into trouble." — No reply. — "Come with me, if you won't go home, and let us have a talk." — She rubbed her eyes with her dirty hands, as if a tear had started, but I did not see a tear. Then, she looked at me with a stoney stare. "Now, my good girl, listen to me, — go home, go home now, or you'll get into worse trouble." — "I shan't. I'd sooner drown myself," — she said fiercely. — "Can I help you? — If you are in trouble, I will." She answered not. — Again I advised going home — again came the enraged reply. — She'll go wrong somehow I thought, and as well with me as another, and then, — "Come home with me then."

Again a long pause, again I repeated my offer. She eyed me closely, seemed almost to be trying to look through me, her lips moved as if she was speaking, but not a sound came from them. — Tired of this, and people noticing us as we stood together, tho but few passed in the by-street, and thinking now that I was only wasting my time, I said, "Good bye if you won't go home, and won't come with me — I'm going" — and I turned to go. — As I turned round, — "What are you going to do, where are you going?" said she hurriedly. — "Take you to a house where we can talk comfortably, for we can't stand here longer." — "I won't — "Good bye then." — A pause. — "I don't care, — said she sullenly — and she stood upright, still looking at me curiously. — "Will you come at once?" "I will."

Side by side we walked to the larger thorough-fare. I hailed a cab, and held the door open, when with one of her feet on the step, — "You are going to take me back home," said she, and stepped back from the cab. — I told her I would not, and in a minute we were on our road to J\*\*\*s St. It was a full twenty minutes' drive.

In the cab I asked her questions, and got nothing but yes — or no — and sometimes no reply at all. — She kept eyeing me in a strangely sullen, fixed, manner. — Now I saw she was very handsome, and my prick tingled and rose up. — I felt for the moment sure there was a man in the case, and wondered if she'd been fucked, and why the sullen mystery, and longed to put my hands up her clothes and feel her slit, yet fearing I might spoil my chance, did nothing of the sort. Then I laid my hand on her clothes outside her thigh, in a careless, friendly manner, of which she took no notice, but began staring out of the window. We passed a baker's shop. — "Oh, give me a bit of bread or a bun, I'm so hungry," said she in a plaintive tone. — "Hungry?" — "Yes, I've never had a bit in my mouth since six o'clock last night." — "Nonsense." — "I haven't in-deed, sir," — and she put her hand to her eyes again, and I saw a tear that time, but it seemed as if her tears would not flow.

"My poor girl, you shall. In five minutes I'll give you some food." — Directly after, I got out at a shop, bought some ham, beef, and rolls, and at \*\*\* a bottle of good sherry. In five minutes we were at J\*\*\*s St., and in the room in which I first had Sarah Mavis. — It was not a busy hour there. How many times have I had fresh women in that room, I almost seem to have a property in it.

The servants have been changed many times since I first went there, but I was still well known, being frequently at the house, for I liked it, and whoever the servants for the time might have been, they soon knew me. "Get me knives and forks, plates and glasses." "And what will you drink?" — "I'd like some ale, sir," said the girl with a little hesitation. — Soon a tray with the needful implements was in the room, together with bottled ale. I turned out the food on to the plates, poured out the ale, and the girl began to eat ravenously, almost as if famished, but she ate and drank in silence, looking at me intently the whole time, as I sat opposite to her, pleased to see her enjoying the repast. In ten minutes she had eaten up nearly every scrap of food, of the ale she drank but

moderately.

Then I brought her to the sofa, sat down besides her, and asked if she was not eighteen years old, for I had been struck whilst watching her eating, with the solid flesh about her, tho her face looked young. She said she was sixteen and a half. But still she was taciturn, and when I asked her questions, and I did many — it was always only, yes, or no, that I got in reply; and still that stolid, half sleepy, half stupid stare continued, which quite perplexed me. When she did not answer my questions at all, and several she would not answer, she stared harder than ever, and I felt quite irritated at it.

But now I began to think of getting into her, for tho I could not make her out, I felt convinced she had got in-to some scrape about a man. — Has she been stroked, or hasn't she? kept passing thro my mind, and was answered variously. — Of course it was stupid of me to think so much about those possibilities, but at the moment, I felt exactly what I write.

Then I wanted to piddle, and taking up a pot, emptied my bladder in very open fashion before her, and ex-posed my prick as much as I could — (It is a thing I always do as soon as I can before a woman, whom I want to get over.) and I asked her at the same time, — "Don't you want to piddle, my love?" — The girl turned away her head, and blushed strongly. Her whole manner was so unmistakably modest, that I was per-plexed again. It was quite clear to me, that whether she had been tailed or not, that she was not a strumpet in the least degree. With that, pity came over me, and a desire to save her from harlotry. All the weak, sentimental nonsense of my youth crowded my brain, and forgetting what I know to be the fact, that she and such as she, probably would do better, and be happier as a harlot, than as a poor work girl, if such she was; determined to get her home, and not to fuck her. — With some effort it was that I then put a bridle on my desires, and urged her going back.

All was useless — no she wouldn't — never — "Why?" — She wouldn't — she would do anything else rather. — How could she, — now that she had run away? — What would be said? — I didn't know, I re-marked. — No, and I shouldn't know. Much in that style ran her answers and remarks, to my advice, supplication, and offer of assistance. Then I sat silent for a minute or so, wondering at the strangeness of the incident, and thinking what I should do.

Whilst sitting so, thinking and not speaking, she whined out, — "Oh, I'm so tired and sleepy." — My lust came on strongly at once on hearing that. "Lie down then," — and I put her upon the ample sofa, got her legs up, and into the exact position to begin amorous preliminaries. But I felt strangely nervous at my intentions. I can't understand now how it was so. It must have been her modest manner and looks, which made me hesitate, for I did. Then I put my arms round her neck and tried to cuddle her, and after a little restiveness, she let my arm lay there, whilst I sat on the sofa's edge, half turning toward her. Then all was impulse, under the pressure of love, lust, sexual want, the need of emptying the sperm out of my balls, or whatever the mainspring may have been. She was evidently sleepy and weary, and again gave me the impression of being half stupefied. — Then all at once, Is she quite right in her head? I wondered.

"You'll give me a kiss now," and kissing her, she re-turned it, but hesitatingly. I kissed on for she was nice, my fondling began to soothe her, and I asked her to tell me why she had run away. Then she became again taciturn. "No — it is no good telling." — "I guess why your mother beat you so." — "She's not my mother — mine's dead — it's father's second wife, and I hate her." — "She caught you with your sweetheart." — "No she ain't." — "She has, and he's put it in there," and I poked her clothes between her thighs. "He's done it to you, put his prick in your cunt, and she's found it out." Whilst saying this and kissing her, I put my hand rapidly up her clothes and touched her thighs. She firmly closed them and yelled out. "Oh, now — don't sir — pray. — Oh, don't you." — "Non-sense, my darling, I'm sure you've been fucked, now haven't you?"

She struggled, but could not rise, for I had her down, leant over her kissing, and feeling, till I got my fore-finger on to her clitoris, and looking along sideways, saw that my arm had lifted her clothes

above her knees, and that her stockings and under linen looked clean. — Then my cock stiffened hard. I told her of it, and rubbed on her clitoris gently tho with difficulty, so close did she keep her thighs. But lewed talk, and the slow friction was telling on her. "Now let me feel it properly, love, and I'll give you such pleasure." But she crossed her ankles, and her thighs pinched together tighter than ever, and she positively trembled, saying at each stage of my fingering progress, — "Oh — Oh — don't now — leave off," — in a perfectly modest manner.

I took my hand away, pulled out my engine and whilst doing so, saw her face was again scarlet. It had been unnaturally white. "Look here, my love, now let me have you." — She fixed her eyes on it, again made no reply, and her lips moved as if speaking, just as they had done but without utterance, when in the street with me. Then with a rush I pulled up the clothes to her belly, saw the slight hair on her motte, and before she could prevent me, my lips were upon it and kissing it, whilst my hands prevented her pushing her clothes down. — With a sharp cry of modesty and fear, she pushed the clothes over my head, and energetically with hands, backside, and legs, tried to dislodge me. But this was for a second or two only. Then she laid perfectly tranquil, and let me do pretty well as I liked, in a sullen, resigned sort of way.

After a minute's kissing, I drew my head gently away, and pushing her petticoats up with my hands, had a momentary look at her motte and thighs, and saw much blood on her chemise. Astonished, I looked at her, and saw tears running down her cheeks, but she made no noise, and in a leisurely way pushed her petticoats down. — "There's blood on your chemise," — said I. "Hoh," — said she, sharply but sulkily. — "You are either poorly or we fucked today for the first time." Her whole history seemed to be known to me at once. — She never answered, but struggling, sat up, and I by the side of her.

Now I kissed, and kissed her, without hindrance. "Tell me all about it, my darling." — But she would not — even when my fingers were on her quim, which she now permitted there, but in a way which seemed as if she thought it hopeless to try to prevent me. — "Your face is so dirty, look," — indeed it had become like that of a dirty, blubbering child. — "Get up and see," — getting up and looking in the glass. — "So it is

— may I wash it." — "Wash yourself all over, my love." — I poured out water for her, she washed, and brushed her hair, and then was a very handsome girl.

— "Shall I wash your cunt for you." — "Hoh —if ever I heard such a thing," said she, quite startled, and she colored again. Then she sat down, and tears came into her eyes, which she let me kiss away, sitting by the side of her with my prick not now stiff, yet swollen, and dangling before her. I kept it out intentionally.

— She sat sullen, silent, staring at the fire, evidently thinking, and taking no notice of my tool.

I was getting impatient for results, though my lewed courting was pleasant enough. — "Have a glass of wine," said I, opening the bottle. — Without a word she took one, and then another quickly. Still she was unsociable, tho now looking at me, instead of at the fire, but she seemed to take no notice of my prick. — I began pulling up her clothes. — She resisted. "Come on to the bed, dear." — "No, I won't." — I tried to pull her up from the sofa, but she resisted that violently.

"What nonsense, I shall leave you if you won't. So put on your bonnet, for they won't let you stop without me, and where are you going then?" — "I don't know." — "Then don't be foolish, take off your things, and let's get into bed together, I'm sure you've been fucked. — Come, dear." — She sat without movement, and I sat down again beside her. Soon after, she let me pull her back on the sofa, and begin feeling her thighs. Then I got to her cunt and began frigging her, half laying on the sofa beside her. "I'm so sleepy," — said she again, and her eyes seemed closing and her face assumed the stupid expression, which I first had noticed in her. Was this all sham? — passed thro my mind.

Kissing, coaxing, rubbing gently through thighs tightly closed again, on a scarcely perceptible

clitoris, asking her all the time to come to the bed with me, and getting no reply, I again rose. — "If you won't, I shall go, for if you stay with me here all night, we are going to sleep together. If you won't, let us go, and I'll leave you where you like." — "Oh, don't — don't." — "Well, you can go home." — "I won't." — "What will you do?" — "Don't know, and don't care, drown myself," — said she in the same sullen, determined manner, yet with a sob as if choking with suppressed emotion. — "Don't be foolish then, and let me do what I want." Then I sat down again on the sofa, and without hindrance began frigging and kissing her as before. All was now quiet. At length voluptuous feeling came over her, as I knew by her manner (for I have frigged many women now), and that she was half way to a spend. "Come to bed love, take off some of your things. — We will sleep together tonight, and I will see what's best to be done for you tomorrow." She made no reply, nor looked at me even.

I pulled her up from the sofa, and standing, began undoing her frock. — She neither helped nor resisted, till the last petticoat was reached. — "Oh — no, nothing more," said she with a start, and stopping me. — "No, don't — oh, don't — pray don't," said she quite touchingly and feebly. She put her hands down, pre-venting me from pulling up her chemise. — It struck me instantly, that she wanted to hide its condition. Was she a maid, or had she been fucked? — Modest she certainly was, and even distressed at what I was doing. — Was she poorly? — all this passed thro my mind. I inclined to the belief she was virgin, but she was mysterious. My prick was standing. I was irritated by delay and impatient for a treat. — "Get on the bed, dear — stop — I'll pull off your boots," and did. — On the bed she got slowly, and turned away from me, putting her hand to her head. Stripping myself rapidly to my shirt, I was by her side in a minute.

I cuddled her, kissed her rapturously, my fingers on her cunt, frigging it gently. She lay unresisting, silent, with eyes closed. Then my fingers sought the pas-sage for my prick, and burrowing with difficulty between tightly closed thighs, as she lay half on her side facing me, I could not reach the tube. Then, pressing her gently with my body, I got her more on to her back, and inserted my fingers roughly between her thighs. "Oh — ah — oho — don't" she murmured. — "Let me, love," and I pushed, and titillated, till she sighed. — Is she virgin? — Conjecture was over the next second, as her thighs opened, and my finger went up her vagina. Then impatiently pressing her body with mine, she turned on her back, I on her belly, I felt her an instant, and guided my prick, and without obstacle it glided slowly up a tight cunt. Grasping her buttocks fiercely as I felt the lodgment, I fucked her with strong impulse to empty my semen in her. My God! What delight I felt, as faint murmurs of pleasure came from the dear girl's lips, which I stifled with my kisses, as her sheath tightened, and my prick shed a torrent of sperm in her clipping little cunt, and her body and backside writhed in the pleasure of her spending.

What delicious thoughts crept through my brain, as the pleasure in my prick subsided, and the soft, enervating, voluptuous sensation pervaded me, which follow the discharge of one's sperm. She seemed to me divine, her cunt perfection, and she had spent with me. But her cunt had been pierced. — Was it her first spend? — Who's fucked before? — Thinking of such things, gradually I slipped off of her, and my prick left her cunt. I heard a snore. She was fast asleep, and the next instant I was asleep by the side of her, and slept for an hour or more.

When I awakened, there she lay in a profound sleep. She had not stirred an inch from the position in which she had been fucked, but was on her back with thighs slightly apart. — I leant over and kissed her, she did not move a muscle, and gently I pulled down the bed clothes. Her chemise was up above her motte, but it lay beneath her bum. I saw on it, and just where it naturally would have issued from her cunt, patches of blood and semen, dry. There was unmistakably se-men and blood in patches here and there as well, and instantly I felt convinced that she had been fucked the previous night, and that her mother had found her out. Or were her courses on?

I pulled her chemise about, for the traces of seminal discharge and sanguinary evidences delighted me. Baudy possibilities in wonderful variety came thro my mind. I got out of bed and stood looking at her thighs and cunt. I kissed her belly, slightly pulled apart the cunt-lips, and did all quietly and

tenderly, but it was enough to have awakened any woman in ordinary sleep. At last I pulled one thigh away from the other, and slowly put my middle finger up her cunt, felt it full of sperm, and smooth, and found no redness on my finger. There she lay still as if dead, at times snoring in a most profound sleep. Two gas jets were brightly burning in the room.

My prick stood stiff again, as I felt the firm, white, round, handsome thighs, and saw the pretty cunt, with the merest sign of red separating the lips and the soft chestnut coloured hairs, curling round the top of the split, and scarcely further. Tiptoeing, I put my prick against her thigh. What voluptuous whims come across me. How delicious and how harmless to satisfy them. Then I began playing with her clitoris, which was all but visible.

I have done that to many when asleep. — I like to arouse sexual want in a sleeping beauty as she lies by my side, but don't recollect anytime, at which I have stood by the bedside, and done it whilst the woman lay with the light of two gas burners on to her. Gently, so gently I friggged, watching the girl's face, my fingers scarcely moved, they touched the sensitive little red button so gently. I friggged long without affecting her. Suddenly, I then saw her white face flush quite redly. I never noticed that before, in any woman whom I friggged in her sleep, that I can remember. Her thighs twitched and moved, then her hand went down to her cunt, her eyes opened sleepily, and she laid hold of my hand. — "Who are you? — Oh!" — and she sat up, then fell back again with eyes closed for a second. Then she realized her position, and saying, "It's a shame," — pushed her chemise over her cunt.

In a minute I was telling her all I had seen, and done. "It's nonsense, darling, I've seen all, I know you've been fucked before — haven't you? — let me see again, I will," — and I pulled up her chemise, laid my head on her belly covering her navel with it, and inserted a finger in her lubricious cunt. Then I rose to her face, and kissed and kissed, and friggged all the time, and harder, till she pushed my hand away. Then I knew that lust was on her, and at once mounted her. She opened her thighs, but she had never uttered a word, and her eyes were always fixed on me.

Up the well lubricated, tight little cunt, my prick glided, and there it rested long, whilst I talked bawdy, and asked lewd questions, looking in her face, and every now and then giving a hard ram of my prick, to make her cunt know its size, and vigor, and probe it to its innermost depths. Soon, at each thrust she sighed. Then with all my art, and skill, and force, I fucked and fucked, thinking of her pleasure more than of my own; till I felt her clasping me, and with the instinct of her sex, giving that involuntary clutch on my naked loins, which all the dear creatures give, as their pleasure increases, and soon, in a spasm of bliss, prick and cunt were shedding their juices in loving harmony.

She slept again at once. I did not, but lay thinking about what I knew. — My curiosity was now greater than ever, but still feeling pleasure, my prick lingered in her long. — Then I began to want food. It was seven o'clock, and it so happened that a biscuit had been my only lunch. I had no clothes for change, and was expected home. So I got out of bed, and said I must leave her for a couple of hours, would dine, get my things and return. She sprang up like a jack in the box. — "Oh, don't you go. — Why do you? — What shall I do? They will turn me out perhaps." — "Nonsense, love." — "But they did this morning." — "Where, — when — why?" I asked. — She fell back on the bed, would make no reply, and began to sob.

I talked, comforted her, allayed her fears, told her she had only to wait my return, that I was well known there. Calling the chambermaid, I told her I was leaving for two hours, should then be back and stop the night, and that she was to lend, or to buy me a night-gown for the lady. — The girl listened with dilated eyes, looking first at me, then at the servant, and got out of bed as soon as the servant had left, walked up and down uneasily for a minute, and then asked if she might speak to the servant.

Accustomed to the ways and wants of women, it struck me at once what she wanted. She had never piddled since she had been with me. — "You want the water-closet, don't you." — "Yes sir," said she faintly. — I got the maid to show her where it was, first telling the girl to put her dress loosely

over her, and neither to speak to, nor answer any questions to anyone. She came back looking quite ashamed. — I was then dressed, and telling her to wash her cunt, and get into bed, I pulled off her petticoat (spite of her) and telling her on no account to open the door, nor to answer any-one, I left, after hearing the bolt of the door shot, and paying thirty shillings for the room.

Taking a cab home, and saying I was going to stop with a friend, I brought away in a small portmanteau all the clothes needed, dined at my club, and in the two his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world. hours, was back at J\*\*\*s Street. The night-gown was ready. I knocked at the door several times before I got a sleepy answer. — "Who is it?" — "It is I." — "Is it you?" — "Yes, it's the gentleman," said the maid who was behind me, and then shouted down-stairs. — "Wait a minute, sir, in the parlour." (How well I knew those words.) — The door opened, and there was I with her for the night. I felt joyous, there was such an air of intrigue about the affair. My curiosity about the girl was intense, and I thought now more of hearing all about her, than about fucking her.

I made her put on the night-gown. She wanted to hide her chemise, but I showed that I was master, examined it before her, and made my remarks in the plainest words about its condition; holding it to the light, and looking and laughing. "I wonder if his prick hurt you, tell me dear. How often did he do it — was his prick large? — do tell me" — and so I went on. She never smiled, nor answered, nor moved a muscle: but sat looking at me fixedly. She seemed an odd one — no other in all my amatory acquaintances behaved a bit like her.

Then I drew her on to the sofa, pulled off her stockings, and undressing to my shirt, sat with naked bum on my naked thigh, and with fingers on her cunt twiddling it, began coaxing, and begging her to tell me all. I could get nothing out of her, and her taciturnity annoyed me. Angrily I said I should stay the night, but unless she had confidence in me should leave her next morning. That opened her mouth a little. — "What's the good of telling you my misfortune? You can't set it to rights, but my name is Rosa W\*\*\*e."

I replied that perhaps I might, and at all events might prevent worse befalling her. At length she said, "Perhaps I will, but I'm so sleepy and tired." — "Didn't you sleep last night?" — "I never wakened all the night till I got up." — "Tell me then, how it all happened." — She shook her head, and lapsed into taciturnity.

A couple of hours passed in chat, looking at her, feeling her plump young body all over, which she now permitted in a shrinking, resigned sort of way, and struggling with her when I wanted to expose her belly. Then 'I asked if she liked oysters. "Oh, don't I," said she vivaciously. It was the only spark of interest I had seen. "Champagne?" "I never tasted any." — I made them bring Champagne from a place I named, and a bill to show they got it from there. — Oysters were brought. — Well I recollect the first time I had them in that house with Louisa Fisher. The girl eat them with pleasure, Champagne she drank, first remarking that she ought perhaps never to drink a glass of wine or spirits, as long as she lived. Then when I asked why, she only shook her head. She got livelier soon, and actually at one of my remarks laughed. Then getting from the chambermaid candles and lucifers, for I knew they turned off the gas at about three o'clock, I said we would go to bed, and, "Show me now your dear little cunt."

She resisted, and burst out crying and sobbing, tears ran now fast enough, but not for long, tho the sobs lasted and were violent. I can't bear to see a female in distress, so desisted. "Shall we go to bed then, Rosa, and fuck again?" — I loved to say that word, it seemed to upset her so. — "If you like," — said she, colouring up. "Another glass of Champagne then," — and sitting her on my naked knees again, so that her flesh touched mine, we drank. I begged her to tell me all, or I shouldn't know what to do for her, for I could not stop with her long. — "It's no good telling," — was all I could get out of her. She wouldn't feel my prick tho I put her hand to it. — So putting out one gas

burner, and turning down the other, into bed we went.

There she lay close to me. I put my finger up her cunt. — She winced, and in reply said, "It hurts a little only now." — "You've washed." "Yes, when you went out." "Fucking gave you pleasure, didn't it? — Now say. What stupidity to be silent, tell me." — "Yes." — said she at last. At length cuddling to me, she admitted she'd been fucked the night before, and never before. She didn't know how it came about. She was drunk she supposed, and that was all she would say. — We fucked again and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened at times by the noise of amorous couples. She slept and snored all night profoundly, a lethargic sleep, and was fast asleep when I awakened her at about ten next morning. — I opened the blinds, let in light, and saw that she looked fresh and well, and had quite a different expression on her face, but the face had strong resolve in it. My fingers went to her cunt, I placed hers on my prick and again saw that she coloured up. — "You want to piddle." No answer, and I got angry. "What nonsense, my dear, your naked belly's been against mine, my fingers on your cunt, I've fucked you and yet you seem ashamed to piddle, now get out and do it, for it's all sham modesty." Out I got and pissed. — "There is the pot." — "I don't want." — "I'm sure you do, after the ale and Champagne you drank. I'll look through the blinds." Rosa got out and half filled the pot. Then in the bed I fucked out a healthy, copious, morning's emission. Afterwards I talked seriously about her future. — I had once or twice felt sorry I had brought her here, thinking that had she been left to herself, she might, when still more weary and hungry, have gone home again. — Now I suggested her going home, — told her how to act — what to tell — and that I would give her money. — "No" — nothing should make her go home again. — "You will go on the streets then." — She made no reply to that. I went on advising, and after saying that if she did not tell me all, I really must leave her, she burst into tears, laid her head against my chest, and told me all.

Few women tell their escapades clearly and consecutively, but she told the most important part of her misfortune, as she termed it, quite coherently. Other parts were given in answer to my questions, and I firmly believe, truly given.

Her Father, a smith by trade, and a W\*\*\*e by name, had married a second wife, and Rosa and she didn't agree. Rosa had learnt stay-making, but grew tired of it, so went to service, grew tired of that also, or didn't like her place, and had been home a week doing nothing but help in their lodgings, and do needle-work. — A friend of hers and her sweetheart were going to a mu-sic hall, and Rosa with her father's consent went with them. There they met a young man of their own class in life, who paid attention to Rosa. All four had drink there. When they came out they had more drink at a public house. Her female friend suggested that the new acquaintance should see Rosa home, she going off with her sweetheart. All were seemingly a little screwed, and the couples separated in great jollity. Then the young man, Rosa said, "Made love to me, but nothing improper." They had some more liquor at a public house, and when she came out she staggered, and felt she was drunk. She was frightened about getting home late. He said he would see her home safely, but she scarcely knew why, or how, she found herself in a bed room with him, and felt so sleepy that she couldn't keep her eyes open, or even stand, and he laid her on the bed.

Up to that time, she was sure he had taken no liberties with her, now he pulled up her clothes. She recollected struggling with him, that she saw his prick out, and the next minute that with a pain to her, something went up her cunt. She was laying at the side of the bed, but all was so confused that she could tell no more. How she got undressed she knew not, but she did, and was in bed with him in the morning, and in the night she thought he did it to her again, but was not sure. — She neither recollected pain or pleasure; only some-thing heavy on her, and something in the cunt, and nothing more till the next morning, when with a sense of stupidity she awakened, and saw him dressing.

Then, still half asleep and stupid, she became conscious of her "misfortune." He said he must get to his work, told her he had paid for the room and left. She immediately fell asleep again, and was awakened by the coffee-house keeper about eleven o'clock. She got up and dressed somehow, and asked for a cup of tea. He asked if she had money to pay for it. — She had not a farthing, and it



ended in his saying that she couldn't stop there any longer, and she was turned out into the street at midday, dizzy and stupid, unable to think or to go home. She wandered about for a couple of hours, till she found herself at the steps of one of the bridges. She sat down on them, and then thought she would drown herself.

Then she determined to go to a friend, a woman who knew her and her family. There she told she had been out all night, walking about, and was frightened to go home, but told nothing more. The woman sent for the stepmother, who fetched, punched, and abused her all the way home. She was ashamed to look the neighbours in the face, tho still half stupid with the drink or the drug she had had the night before. Stepmother, when in their lodgings, threatened her with all sorts of vengeance, went out to fetch the father, and left her, as she thought, locked up in the kitchen, but in her anger made a mistake, did not lock the door properly, and as soon as she had gone off, Rosa bolted, ran past me, and the rest has been already written.

I questioned her closely about this affair, and her previous habits and life. Was questioning her all that day, and much of the following night, indeed scarcely talked about anything else, and feel convinced I had the truth. The girl had either been made completely drunk, or had been drugged — drugged did not seem probable, yet was possible, and I incline to the belief that she had been drugged, and that her friends who introduced the young man, knew certainly that he would be at the music hall. It seemed to me a cruel case. However that might be, I was certain that Rosa had been fucked for the first time on that night, that the sperm and blood on her chemise marked the sacrifice of her virginity, and that my prick had gone up the same channel, unwashed since the lucky young man left his sperm in it. A good lot he must have put out of his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world.

## **Vol. 6 Chapter IV**

**A piece of luck. • In a dull street. • A violent step-mother. • Rosa W\*\*\*e. • A runaway. • My good advice. • In the Cab. • "I'm so hungry." • At J\*\*\*s St. • Sullen, staring, and taciturn. • Fed, felt, and fucked. • The bloody chemise. • Her fears. • "You can't set things right." • Stern intentions. • A new night-gown. • Oysters and Champagne. • Taciturnity gone. • Making a clean breast. • Her history. • Her misfortune. • The music hall. • Liquoring after. • Drunk or drugged? • Virginity taken. • Forsaken. • Her misery, wanderings, and return home.**

The law suit terminated. Well or not, matters not here. — I had been to my stock brokers, one Tuesday towards the end of October, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, took a fancy to wander unheeding where, thro dull, old-fashioned, brick-built streets, on the confines of the City, and was in one, in which the dwellers once perhaps were well to do people, but now was inhabited largely by small traders, and by poorish people, but there were no shops. It was a cold, damp, sunless, and misty afternoon.

Sauntering along, I heard a shrill, woman's voice, evidently in anger; but took no notice till when near me I heard plainly, "You dirty little bitch, wait till your father comes home — ah — yer — nasty — dirty - hussy." — Turning round, I saw a well grown, sturdy-looking girl, walking along, and behind her a middle-aged woman, who every now and then gave the girl a half push, half punch in the back. A push which quite shook her. The girl's face was quite white, and dirty, the expression on it was stolid, dazed, almost like — that of one stupefied by a drug, or drink. She did not resist the

elderly female, but walked on quickly, the woman behind her. I stood still. As they passed me, the elder said almost in the girl's ear, "Yer dirty little beast, yer always were running after men — er — er — er," and she gave punch after punch. I followed close on them, till they turned down a narrow court on the left, and went into one of several small houses in the court. Houses which looked as if inhabited by working people.

She's a fine girl, and has been caught with a chap, thought I, and walking on had passed into a street of more traffic, and forgotten the girl, when she ran past me as hard as she could, and when far off and nearly out of my sight, turned down a street and I quite lost sight of her. I was walking on, when suddenly she emerged, and again ran rapidly on. I became curious, and quickened my pace. She turned down another street, and when I got there, I saw her leaning against a wall, panting, and breathless. Said I to myself, that girl's running away. What's her game? — Quickly I walked up to her, for some vague notion stirred my concupiscence.

"What's the matter with you, my girl," — I said kindly, and repeated it several times, without getting any reply. She stood breathing hard with her running, and staring at me. I saw she was handsome, pity came over me, and I told her she had better go to her home, where I had seen her followed by the woman a few minutes before. — Then she broke out violently. — "I won't — I won't. I'll never go home again. — I won't" — and her eyes glared on me, but suddenly they altered again to their stupid expression. — "What's the matter, tell me" I said, repeating that several times, but she made no reply.

"I'll go and fetch your mother then." She made a half start as if to run off, but stopping herself, — "What business is it of yours? Leave me alone, who are you?" — "Go home, it's best for you, you'll come to harm." — "I won't, you go and mind your own business." Again we stood looking at each other, I scarcely knowing what to say or do.

I noticed that her dress was neat, and very respect-able for a girl of her class, but was ruffled, and that her bonnet had been flattened, and put somewhat into shape again. She looked what may be called draggled, and the vague idea I had formed at first from the been caught with a man in an equivocal position, perhaps has been tailed, I thought. Then I looked again, and she seemed to me handsomer than she had at first, and a lust for her sprang up, but it was mixed with pity, and a firm intention to help her if I could, yet with a curiosity to find out all about her.

"Where are you going?" — I at length asked, and again had to repeat it two or three times before I got the reply. — "Nowhere — I don't know." — "You are going after your young man, and he's got you into trouble." — No reply. — "Come with me, if you won't go home, and let us have a talk." — She rubbed her eyes with her dirty hands, as if a tear had started, but I did not see a tear. Then, she looked at me with a stoney stare. "Now, my good girl, listen to me, — go home, go home now, or you'll get into worse trouble." — "I shan't. I'd sooner drown myself," — she said fiercely. — "Can I help you? — If you are in trouble, I will." She answered not. — Again I advised going home — again came the enraged reply. — She'll go wrong somehow I thought, and as well with me as another, and then, — "Come home with me then."

Again a long pause, again I repeated my offer. She eyed me closely, seemed almost to be trying to look through me, her lips moved as if she was speaking, but not a sound came from them. — Tired of this, and people noticing us as we stood together, tho but few passed in the by-street, and thinking now that I was only wasting my time, I said, "Good bye if you won't go home, and won't come with me — I'm going" — and I turned to go. — As I turned round, — "What are you going to do, where are you going?" said she hurriedly. — "Take you to a house where we can talk comfortably, for we can't stand here longer." — "I won't — "Good bye then." — A pause. — "I don't care, — said she sullenly — and she stood upright, still looking at me curiously. — "Will you come at once?" "I will."

Side by side we walked to the larger thorough-fare. I hailed a cab, and held the door open, when with one of her feet on the step, — "You are going to take me back home," said she, and stepped

back from the cab. — I told her I would not, and in a minute we were on our road to J\*\*\*s St. It was a full twenty minutes' drive.

In the cab I asked her questions, and got nothing but yes — or no — and sometimes no reply at all. — She kept eyeing me in a strangely sullen, fixed, manner. — Now I saw she was very handsome, and my prick tingled and rose up. — I felt for the moment sure there was a man in the case, and wondered if she'd been fucked, and why the sullen mystery, and longed to put my hands up her clothes and feel her slit, yet fearing I might spoil my chance, did nothing of the sort. Then I laid my hand on her clothes outside her thigh, in a careless, friendly manner, of which she took no notice, but began staring out of the window. We passed a baker's shop. — "Oh, give me a bit of bread or a bun, I'm so hungry," said she in a plaintive tone. — "Hungry?" — "Yes, I've never had a bit in my mouth since six o'clock last night." — "Nonsense." — "I haven't in-deed, sir," — and she put her hand to her eyes again, and I saw a tear that time, but it seemed as if her tears would not flow.

"My poor girl, you shall. In five minutes I'll give you some food." — Directly after, I got out at a shop, bought some ham, beef, and rolls, and at \*\*\* a bottle of good sherry. In five minutes we were at J\*\*\*s St., and in the room in which I first had Sarah Mavis. — It was not a busy hour there. How many times have I had fresh women in that room, I almost seem to have a property in it.

The servants have been changed many times since I first went there, but I was still well known, being frequently at the house, for I liked it, and whoever the servants for the time might have been, they soon knew me. "Get me knives and forks, plates and glasses." "And what will you drink?" — "I'd like some ale, sir," said the girl with a little hesitation. — Soon a tray with the needful implements was in the room, together with bottled ale. I turned out the food on to the plates, poured out the ale, and the girl began to eat ravenously, almost as if famished, but she ate and drank in silence, looking at me intently the whole time, as I sat opposite to her, pleased to see her enjoying the repast. In ten minutes she had eaten up nearly every scrap of food, of the ale she drank but moderately.

Then I brought her to the sofa, sat down besides her, and asked if she was not eighteen years old, for I had been struck whilst watching her eating, with the solid flesh about her, tho her face looked young. She said she was sixteen and a half. But still she was taciturn, and when I asked her questions, and I did many — it was always only, yes, or no, that I got in reply; and still that stolid, half sleepy, half stupid stare continued, which quite perplexed me. When she did not answer my questions at all, and several she would not answer, she stared harder than ever, and I felt quite irritated at it.

But now I began to think of getting into her, for tho I could not make her out, I felt convinced she had got in-to some scrape about a man. — Has she been stroked, or hasn't she? kept passing thro my mind, and was answered variously. — Of course it was stupid of me to think so much about those possibilities, but at the moment, I felt exactly what I write.

Then I wanted to piddle, and taking up a pot, emptied my bladder in very open fashion before her, and ex-posed my prick as much as I could — (It is a thing I always do as soon as I can before a woman, whom I want to get over.) and I asked her at the same time, — "Don't you want to piddle, my love?" — The girl turned away her head, and blushed strongly. Her whole manner was so unmistakably modest, that I was per-plexed again. It was quite clear to me, that whether she had been tailed or not, that she was not a strumpet in the least degree. With that, pity came over me, and a desire to save her from harlotry. All the weak, sentimental nonsense of my youth crowded my brain, and forgetting what I know to be the fact, that she and such as she, probably would do better, and be happier as a harlot, than as a poor work girl, if such she was; determined to get her home, and not to fuck her. — With some effort it was that I then put a bridle on my desires, and urged her going back.

All was useless — no she wouldn't — never — "Why?" — She wouldn't — she would do anything else rather. — How could she, — now that she had run away? — What would be said? — I didn't

know, I re-marked. — No, and I shouldn't know. Much in that style ran her answers and remarks, to my advice, supplication, and offer of assistance. Then I sat silent for a minute or so, wondering at the strangeness of the incident, and thinking what I should do.

Whilst sitting so, thinking and not speaking, she whined out, — "Oh, I'm so tired and sleepy." — My lust came on strongly at once on hearing that. "Lie down then," — and I put her upon the ample sofa, got her legs up, and into the exact position to begin amorous preliminaries. But I felt strangely nervous at my intentions. I can't understand now how it was so. It must have been her modest manner and looks, which made me hesitate, for I did. Then I put my arms round her neck and tried to cuddle her, and after a little restiveness, she let my arm lay there, whilst I sat on the sofa's edge, half turning toward her. Then all was impulse, under the pressure of love, lust, sexual want, the need of emptying the sperm out of my balls, or whatever the mainspring may have been. She was evidently sleepy and weary, and again gave me the impression of being half stupefied. — Then all at once, Is she quite right in her head? I wondered.

"You'll give me a kiss now," and kissing her, she re-turned it, but hesitatingly. I kissed on for she was nice, my fondling began to soothe her, and I asked her to tell me why she had run away. Then she became again taciturn. "No — it is no good telling." — "I guess why your mother beat you so." — "She's not my mother — mine's dead — it's father's second wife, and I hate her." — "She caught you with your sweetheart." — "No she ain't." — "She has, and he's put it in there," and I poked her clothes between her thighs. "He's done it to you, put his prick in your cunt, and she's found it out." Whilst saying this and kissing her, I put my hand rapidly up her clothes and touched her thighs. She firmly closed them and yelled out. "Oh, now — don't sir — pray. — Oh, don't you." — "Non-sense, my darling, I'm sure you've been fucked, now haven't you?"

She struggled, but could not rise, for I had her down, leant over her kissing, and feeling, till I got my fore-finger on to her clitoris, and looking along sideways, saw that my arm had lifted her clothes above her knees, and that her stockings and under linen looked clean. — Then my cock stiffened hard. I told her of it, and rubbed on her clitoris gently tho with difficulty, so close did she keep her thighs. But lewed talk, and the slow friction was telling on her. "Now let me feel it properly, love, and I'll give you such pleasure." But she crossed her ankles, and her thighs pinched together tighter than ever, and she positively trembled, saying at each stage of my fingering progress, — "Oh — Oh — don't now — leave off," — in a perfectly modest manner.

I took my hand away, pulled out my engine and whilst doing so, saw her face was again scarlet. It had been unnaturally white. "Look here, my love, now let me have you." — She fixed her eyes on it, again made no reply, and her lips moved as if speaking, just as they had done but without utterance, when in the street with me. Then with a rush I pulled up the clothes to her belly, saw the slight hair on her motte, and before she could prevent me, my lips were upon it and kissing it, whilst my hands prevented her pushing her clothes down. — With a sharp cry of modesty and fear, she pushed the clothes over my head, and energetically with hands, backside, and legs, tried to dislodge me. But this was for a second or two only. Then she laid perfectly tranquil, and let me do pretty well as I liked, in a sullen, resigned sort of way.

After a minute's kissing, I drew my head gently away, and pushing her petticoats up with my hands, had a momentary look at her motte and thighs, and saw much blood on her chemise. Astonished, I looked at her, and saw tears running down her cheeks, but she made no noise, and in a leisurely way pushed her petticoats down. — "There's blood on your chemise," — said I. "Hoh," — said she, sharply but sulkily. — "You are either poorly or we fucked today for the first time." Her whole history seemed to be known to me at once. — She never answered, but struggling, sat up, and I by the side of her.

Now I kissed, and kissed her, without hindrance. "Tell me all about it, my darling." — But she would not — even when my fingers were on her quim, which she now permitted there, but in a way which seemed as if she thought it hopeless to try to prevent me. — "Your face is so dirty, look," — indeed it had become like that of a dirty, blubbering child. — "Get up and see," — getting up and

looking in the glass. — "So it is

— may I wash it." — "Wash yourself all over, my love." — I poured out water for her, she washed, and brushed her hair, and then was a very handsome girl.

— "Shall I wash your cunt for you." — "Hoh — if ever I heard such a thing," said she, quite startled, and she colored again. Then she sat down, and tears came into her eyes, which she let me kiss away, sitting by the side of her with my prick not now stiff, yet swollen, and dangling before her. I kept it out intentionally.

— She sat sullen, silent, staring at the fire, evidently thinking, and taking no notice of my tool.

I was getting impatient for results, though my lewed courting was pleasant enough. — "Have a glass of wine," said I, opening the bottle. — Without a word she took one, and then another quickly. Still she was unsociable, tho now looking at me, instead of at the fire, but she seemed to take no notice of my prick. — I began pulling up her clothes. — She resisted. "Come on to the bed, dear." — "No, I won't." — I tried to pull her up from the sofa, but she resisted that violently.

"What nonsense, I shall leave you if you won't. So put on your bonnet, for they won't let you stop without me, and where are you going then?" — "I don't know." — "Then don't be foolish, take off your things, and let's get into bed together, I'm sure you've been fucked. — Come, dear." — She sat without movement, and I sat down again beside her. Soon after, she let me pull her back on the sofa, and begin feeling her thighs. Then I got to her cunt and began frigging her, half laying on the sofa beside her. "I'm so sleepy," — said she again, and her eyes seemed closing and her face assumed the stupid expression, which I first had noticed in her. Was this all sham? — passed thro my mind.

Kissing, coaxing, rubbing gently through thighs tightly closed again, on a scarcely perceptible clitoris, asking her all the time to come to the bed with me, and getting no reply, I again rose. — "If you won't, I shall go, for if you stay with me here all night, we are going to sleep together. If you won't, let us go, and I'll leave you where you like." — "Oh, don't — don't." — "Well, you can go home." — "I won't." — "What will you do?" — "Don't know, and don't care, drown myself," — said she in the same sullen, determined manner, yet with a sob as if choking with suppressed emotion. — "Don't be foolish then, and let me do what I want." Then I sat down again on the sofa, and without hindrance began frigging and kissing her as before. All was now quiet. At length voluptuous feeling came over her, as I knew by her manner (for I have frigged many women now), and that she was half way to a spend. "Come to bed love, take off some of your things. — We will sleep together tonight, and I will see what's best to be done for you tomorrow." She made no reply, nor looked at me even.

I pulled her up from the sofa, and standing, began undoing her frock. — She neither helped nor resisted, till the last petticoat was reached. — "Oh — no, nothing more," said she with a start, and stopping me. — "No, don't — oh, don't — pray don't," said she quite touchingly and feebly. She put her hands down, pre-venting me from pulling up her chemise. — It struck me instantly, that she wanted to hide its condition. Was she a maid, or had she been fucked? — Modest she certainly was, and even distressed at what I was doing. — Was she poorly? — all this passed thro my mind. I inclined to the belief she was virgin, but she was mysterious. My prick was standing. I was irritated by delay and impatient for a treat. — "Get on the bed, dear — stop — I'll pull off your boots," and did. — On the bed she got slowly, and turned away from me, putting her hand to her head. Stripping myself rapidly to my shirt, I was by her side in a minute.

I cuddled her, kissed her rapturously, my fingers on her cunt, frigging it gently. She lay unresisting, silent, with eyes closed. Then my fingers sought the pas-sage for my prick, and burrowing with difficulty between tightly closed thighs, as she lay half on her side facing me, I could not reach the tube. Then, pressing her gently with my body, I got her more on to her back, and inserted my fingers roughly between her thighs. "Oh — ah — oho — don't" she murmured. — "Let me, love," and I pushed, and titillated, till she sighed. — Is she virgin? — Conjecture was over the next

second, as her thighs opened, and my finger went up her vagina. Then impatiently pressing her body with mine, she turned on her back, I on her belly, I felt her an instant, and guided my prick, and without obstacle it glided slowly up a tight cunt. Grasping her buttocks fiercely as I felt the lodgment, I fucked her with strong impulse to empty my semen in her. My God! What delight I felt, as faint murmurs of pleasure came from the dear girl's lips, which I stifled with my kisses, as her sheath tightened, and my prick shed a torrent of sperm in her clipping little cunt, and her body and backside writhed in the pleasure of her spending.

What delicious thoughts crept through my brain, as the pleasure in my prick subsided, and the soft, enervating, voluptuous sensation pervaded me, which follow the discharge of one's sperm. She seemed to me divine, her cunt perfection, and she had spent with me. But her cunt had been pierced. — Was it her first spend? — Who's fucked before? — Thinking of such things, gradually I slipped off of her, and my prick left her cunt. I heard a snore. She was fast asleep, and the next instant I was asleep by the side of her, and slept for an hour or more.

When I awakened, there she lay in a profound sleep. She had not stirred an inch from the position in which she had been fucked, but was on her back with thighs slightly apart. — I leant over and kissed her, she did not move a muscle, and gently I pulled down the bed clothes. Her chemise was up above her motte, but it lay beneath her bum. I saw on it, and just where it naturally would have issued from her cunt, patches of blood and semen, dry. There was unmistakably se-men and blood in patches here and there as well, and instantly I felt convinced that she had been fucked the previous night, and that her mother had found her out. Or were her courses on?

I pulled her chemise about, for the traces of seminal discharge and sanguinary evidences delighted me. Baudy possibilities in wonderful variety came thro my mind. I got out of bed and stood looking at her thighs and cunt. I kissed her belly, slightly pulled apart the cunt-lips, and did all quietly and tenderly, but it was enough to have awakened any woman in ordinary sleep. At last I pulled one thigh away from the other, and slowly put my middle finger up her cunt, felt it full of sperm, and smooth, and found no redness on my finger. There she lay still as if dead, at times snoring in a most profound sleep. Two gas jets were brightly burning in the room.

My prick stood stiff again, as I felt the firm, white, round, handsome thighs, and saw the pretty cunt, with the merest sign of red separating the lips and the soft chestnut coloured hairs, curling round the top of the split, and scarcely further. Tiptoeing, I put my prick against her thigh. What voluptuous whims come across me. How delicious and how harmless to satisfy them. Then I began playing with her clitoris, which was all but visible.

I have done that to many when asleep. — I like to arouse sexual want in a sleeping beauty as she lies by my side, but don't recollect anytime, at which I have stood by the bedside, and done it whilst the woman lay with the light of two gas burners on to her. Gently, so gently I frigged, watching the girl's face, my fingers scarcely moved, they touched the sensitive little red button so gently. I frigged long without affecting her. Suddenly, I then saw her white face flush quite redly. I never noticed that before, in any woman whom I frigged in her sleep, that I can remember. Her thighs twitched and moved, then her hand went down to her cunt, her eyes opened sleepily, and she laid hold of my hand. — "Who are you? — Oh!" — and she sat up, then fell back again with eyes closed for a second. Then she realized her position, and saying, "It's a shame," — pushed her chemise over her cunt.

In a minute I was telling her all I had seen, and done. "It's nonsense, darling, I've seen all, I know you've been fucked before — haven't you? — let me see again, I will," — and I pulled up her chemise, laid my head on her belly covering her navel with it, and inserted a finger in her lubricious cunt. Then I rose to her face, and kissed and kissed, and frigged all the time, and harder, till she pushed my hand away. Then I knew that lust was on her, and at once mounted her. She opened her thighs, but she had never uttered a word, and her eyes were always fixed on me.

Up the well lubricated, tight little cunt, my prick glided, and there it rested long, whilst I talked

baudy, and asked lewd questions, looking in her face, and every now and then giving a hard ram of my prick, to make her cunt know its size, and vigor, and probe it to its innermost depths. Soon, at each thrust she sighed. Then with all my art, and skill, and force, I fucked and fucked, thinking of her pleasure more than of my own; till I felt her clasping me, and with the instinct of her sex, giving that involuntary clutch on my naked loins, which all the dear creatures give, as their pleasure increases, and soon, in a spasm of bliss, prick and cunt were shedding their juices in loving harmony.

She slept again at once. I did not, but lay thinking about what I knew. — My curiosity was now greater than ever, but still feeling pleasure, my prick lingered in her long. — Then I began to want food. It was seven o'clock, and it so happened that a biscuit had been my only lunch. I had no clothes for change, and was expected home. So I got out of bed, and said I must leave her for a couple of hours, would dine, get my things and return. She sprang up like a jack in the box. — "Oh, don't you go. — Why do you? — What shall I do? They will turn me out perhaps." — "Nonsense, love." — "But they did this morning." — "Where, — when — why?" I asked. — She fell back on the bed, would make no reply, and began to sob.

I talked, comforted her, allayed her fears, told her she had only to wait my return, that I was well known there. Calling the chambermaid, I told her I was leaving for two hours, should then be back and stop the night, and that she was to lend, or to buy me a night-gown for the lady. — The girl listened with dilated eyes, looking first at me, then at the servant, and got out of bed as soon as the servant had left, walked up and down uneasily for a minute, and then asked if she might speak to the servant.

Accustomed to the ways and wants of women, it struck me at once what she wanted. She had never piddled since she had been with me. — "You want the water-closet, don't you." — "Yes sir," said she faintly. — I got the maid to show her where it was, first telling the girl to put her dress loosely over her, and neither to speak to, nor answer any questions to anyone. She came back looking quite ashamed. — I was then dressed, and telling her to wash her cunt, and get into bed, I pulled off her petticoat (spite of her) and telling her on no account to open the door, nor to answer any-one, I left, after hearing the bolt of the door shot, and paying thirty shillings for the room.

Taking a cab home, and saying I was going to stop with a friend, I brought away in a small portmanteau all the clothes needed, dined at my club, and in the two his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world. hours, was back at J\*\*\*s Street. The night-gown was ready. I knocked at the door several times before I got a sleepy answer. — "Who is it?" — "It is I." — "Is it you?" — "Yes, it's the gentleman," said the maid who was behind me, and then shouted down-stairs. — "Wait a minute, sir, in the parlour." (How well I knew those words.) — The door opened, and there was I with her for the night. I felt joyous, there was such an air of intrigue about the affair. My curiosity about the girl was intense, and I thought now more of hearing all about her, than about fucking her.

I made her put on the night-gown. She wanted to hide her chemise, but I showed that I was master, examined it before her, and made my remarks in the plainest words about its condition; holding it to the light, and looking and laughing. "I wonder if his prick hurt you, tell me dear. How often did he do it — was his prick large? — do tell me" — and so I went on. She never smiled, nor answered, nor moved a muscle: but sat looking at me fixedly. She seemed an odd one — no other in all my amatory acquaintances behaved a bit like her.

Then I drew her on to the sofa, pulled off her stockings, and undressing to my shirt, sat with naked bum on my naked thigh, and with fingers on her cunt twiddling it, began coaxing, and begging her to tell me all. I could get nothing out of her, and her taciturnity annoyed me. Angrily I said I should stay the night, but unless she had confidence in me should leave her next morning. That opened her mouth a little. — "What's the good of telling you my misfortune? You can't set it to rights, but my

name is Rosa W\*\*\*e."

I replied that perhaps I might, and at all events might prevent worse befalling her. At length she said, "Perhaps I will, but I'm so sleepy and tired." — "Didn't you sleep last night?" — "I never wakened all the night till I got up." — "Tell me then, how it all happened." — She shook her head, and lapsed into taciturnity.

A couple of hours passed in chat, looking at her, feeling her plump young body all over, which she now permitted in a shrinking, resigned sort of way, and struggling with her when I wanted to expose her belly. Then I asked if she liked oysters. "Oh, don't I," said she vivaciously. It was the only spark of interest I had seen. "Champagne?" "I never tasted any." — I made them bring Champagne from a place I named, and a bill to show they got it from there. — Oysters were brought. — Well I recollect the first time I had them in that house with Louisa Fisher. The girl eat them with pleasure, Champagne she drank, first remarking that she ought perhaps never to drink a glass of wine or spirits, as long as she lived. Then when I asked why, she only shook her head. She got livelier soon, and actually at one of my remarks laughed. Then getting from the chambermaid candles and lucifers, for I knew they turned off the gas at about three o'clock, I said we would go to bed, and, "Show me now your dear little cunt."

She resisted, and burst out crying and sobbing, tears ran now fast enough, but not for long, tho the sobs lasted and were violent. I can't bear to see a female in distress, so desisted. "Shall we go to bed then, Rosa, and fuck again?" — I loved to say that word, it seemed to upset her so. — "If you like," — said she, colouring up. "Another glass of Champagne then," — and sitting her on my naked knees again, so that her flesh touched mine, we drank. I begged her to tell me all, or I shouldn't know what to do for her, for I could not stop with her long. — "It's no good telling," — was all I could get out of her. She wouldn't feel my prick tho I put her hand to it. — So putting out one gas burner, and turning down the other, into bed we went.

There she lay close to me. I put my finger up her cunt. — She winced, and in reply said, "It hurts a little only now." — "You've washed." "Yes, when you went out." "Fucking gave you pleasure, didn't it? — Now say. What stupidity to be silent, tell me." — "Yes." — said she at last. At length cuddling to me, she admitted she'd been fucked the night before, and never before. She didn't know how it came about. She was drunk she supposed, and that was all she would say. — We fucked again and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened at times by the noise of amorous couples. She slept and snored all night profoundly, a lethargic sleep, and was fast asleep when I awakened her at about ten next morning. — I opened the blinds, let in light, and saw that she looked fresh and well, and had quite a different expression on her face, but the face had strong resolve in it. My fingers went to her cunt, I placed hers on my prick and again saw that she coloured up. — "You want to piddle." No answer, and I got angry. "What nonsense, my dear, your naked belly's been against mine, my fingers on your cunt, I've fucked you and yet you seem ashamed to piddle, now get out and do it, for it's all sham modesty." Out I got and pissed. — "There is the pot." — "I don't want." — "I'm sure you do, after the ale and Champagne you drank. I'll look through the blinds." Rosa got out and half filled the pot. Then in the bed I fucked out a healthy, copious, morning's emission. Afterwards I talked seriously about her future. — I had once or twice felt sorry I had brought her here, thinking that had she been left to herself, she might, when still more weary and hungry, have gone home again. — Now I suggested her going home, — told her how to act — what to tell — and that I would give her money. — "No" — nothing should make her go home again. — "You will go on the streets then." — She made no reply to that. I went on advising, and after saying that if she did not tell me all, I really must leave her, she burst into tears, laid her head against my chest, and told me all.

Few women tell their escapades clearly and consecutively, but she told the most important part of her misfortune, as she termed it, quite coherently. Other parts were given in answer to my questions, and I firmly believe, truly given.



Her Father, a smith by trade, and a W\*\*\*e by name, had married a second wife, and Rosa and she didn't agree. Rosa had learnt stay-making, but grew tired of it, so went to service, grew tired of that also, or didn't like her place, and had been home a week doing nothing but help in their lodgings, and do needle-work. — A friend of hers and her sweetheart were going to a mu-sic hall, and Rosa with her father's consent went with them. There they met a young man of their own class in life, who paid attention to Rosa. All four had drink there. When they came out they had more drink at a public house. Her female friend suggested that the new acquaintance should see Rosa home, she going off with her sweetheart. All were seemingly a little screwed, and the couples separated in great jollity. Then the young man, Rosa said, "Made love to me, but nothing improper." They had some more liquor at a public house, and when she came out she staggered, and felt she was drunk. She was frightened about getting home late. He said he would see her home safely, but she scarcely knew why, or how, she found herself in a bed room with him, and felt so sleepy that she couldn't keep her eyes open, or even stand, and he laid her on the bed.

Up to that time, she was sure he had taken no liberties with her, now he pulled up her clothes. She recollected struggling with him, that she saw his prick out, and the next minute that with a pain to her, something went up her cunt. She was laying at the side of the bed, but all was so confused that she could tell no more. How she got undressed she knew not, but she did, and was in bed with him in the morning, and in the night she thought he did it to her again, but was not sure. — She neither recollected pain or pleasure; only some-thing heavy on her, and something in the cunt, and nothing more till the next morning, when with a sense of stupidity she awakened, and saw him dressing.

Then, still half asleep and stupid, she became conscious of her "misfortune." He said he must get to his work, told her he had paid for the room and left. She immediately fell asleep again, and was awakened by the coffee-house keeper about eleven o'clock. She got up and dressed somehow, and asked for a cup of tea. He asked if she had money to pay for it. — She had not a farthing, and it ended in his saying that she couldn't stop there any longer, and she was turned out into the street at midday, dizzy and stupid, unable to think or to go home. She wandered about for a couple of hours, till she found herself at the steps of one of the bridges. She sat down on them, and then thought she would drown herself.

Then she determined to go to a friend, a woman who knew her and her family. There she told she had been out all night, walking about, and was frightened to go home, but told nothing more. The woman sent for the stepmother, who fetched, punched, and abused her all the way home. She was ashamed to look the neighbours in the face, tho still half stupid with the drink or the drug she had had the night before. Stepmother, when in their lodgings, threatened her with all sorts of vengeance, went out to fetch the father, and left her, as she thought, locked up in the kitchen, but in her anger made a mistake, did not lock the door properly, and as soon as she had gone off, Rosa bolted, ran past me, and the rest has been already written.

I questioned her closely about this affair, and her previous habits and life. Was questioning her all that day, and much of the following night, indeed scarcely talked about anything else, and feel convinced I had the truth. The girl had either been made completely drunk, or had been drugged — drugged did not seem probable, yet was possible, and I incline to the belief that she had been drugged, and that her friends who introduced the young man, knew certainly that he would be at the music hall. It seemed to me a cruel case. However that might be, I was certain that Rosa had been fucked for the first time on that night, that the sperm and blood on her chemise marked the sacrifice of her virginity, and that my prick had gone up the same channel, unwashed since the lucky young man left his sperm in it. A good lot he must have put out of his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world.

## Vol. 6 Chapter IV

**A piece of luck. • In a dull street. • A violent step-mother. • Rosa W\*\*\*e. • A runaway. • My good advice. • In the Cab. • "I'm so hungry." • At J\*\*\*s St. • Sullen, staring, and taciturn. • Fed, felt, and fucked. • The bloody chemise. • Her fears. • "You can't set things right." • Stern intentions. • A new night-gown. • Oysters and Champagne. • Taciturnity gone. • Making a clean breast. • Her history. • Her misfortune. • The music hall. • Liquoring after. • Drunk or drugged? • Virginity taken. • Forsaken. • Her misery, wanderings, and return home.**

The law suit terminated. Well or not, matters not here. — I had been to my stock brokers, one Tuesday towards the end of October, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, took a fancy to wander unheeding where, thro dull, old-fashioned, brick-built streets, on the confines of the City, and was in one, in which the dwellers once perhaps were well to do people, but now was inhabited largely by small traders, and by poorish people, but there were no shops. It was a cold, damp, sunless, and misty afternoon.

Sauntering along, I heard a shrill, woman's voice, evidently in anger; but took no notice till when near me I heard plainly, "You dirty little bitch, wait till your father comes home — ah — yer — nasty — dirty - hussy." — Turning round, I saw a well grown, sturdy-looking girl, walking along, and behind her a middle-aged woman, who every now and then gave the girl a half push, half punch in the back. A push which quite shook her. The girl's face was quite white, and dirty, the expression on it was stolid, dazed, almost like — that of one stupefied by a drug, or drink. She did not resist the elderly female, but walked on quickly, the woman behind her. I stood still. As they passed me, the elder said almost in the girl's ear, "Yer dirty little beast, yer always were running after men — er — er — er," and she gave punch after punch. I followed close on them, till they turned down a narrow court on the left, and went into one of several small houses in the court. Houses which looked as if inhabited by working people.

She's a fine girl, and has been caught with a chap, thought I, and walking on had passed into a street of more traffic, and forgotten the girl, when she ran past me as hard as she could, and when far off and nearly out of my sight, turned down a street and I quite lost sight of her. I was walking on, when suddenly she emerged, and again ran rapidly on. I became curious, and quickened my pace. She turned down another street, and when I got there, I saw her leaning against a wall, panting, and breathless. Said I to myself, that girl's running away. What's her game? — Quickly I walked up to her, for some vague notion stirred my concupiscence.

"What's the matter with you, my girl," — I said kindly, and repeated it several times, without getting any reply. She stood breathing hard with her running, and staring at me. I saw she was handsome, pity came over me, and I told her she had better go to her home, where I had seen her followed by the woman a few minutes before. — Then she broke out violently. — "I won't — I won't. I'll never go home again. — I won't" — and her eyes glared on me, but suddenly they altered again to their stupid expression. — "What's the matter, tell me" I said, repeating that several times, but she made no reply.

"I'll go and fetch your mother then." She made a half start as if to run off, but stopping herself, — "What business is it of yours? Leave me alone, who are you?" — "Go home, it's best for you, you'll come to harm." — "I won't, you go and mind your own business." Again we stood looking at each other, I scarcely knowing what to say or do.

I noticed that her dress was neat, and very respect-able for a girl of her class, but was rumbled, and that her bonnet had been flattened, and put somewhat into shape again. She looked what may be called draggled, and the vague idea I had formed at first from the been caught with a man in an

equivocal position, perhaps has been tailed, I thought. Then I looked again, and she seemed to me handsomer than she had at first, and a lust for her sprang up, but it was mixed with pity, and a firm intention to help her if I could, yet with a curiosity to find out all about her.

"Where are you going?" — I at length asked, and again had to repeat it two or three times before I got the reply. — "Nowhere — I don't know." — "You are going after your young man, and he's got you into trouble." — No reply. — "Come with me, if you won't go home, and let us have a talk." — She rubbed her eyes with her dirty hands, as if a tear had started, but I did not see a tear. Then, she looked at me with a stoney stare. "Now, my good girl, listen to me, — go home, go home now, or you'll get into worse trouble." — "I shan't. I'd sooner drown myself," — she said fiercely. — "Can I help you? — If you are in trouble, I will." She answered not. — Again I advised going home — again came the enraged reply. — She'll go wrong somehow I thought, and as well with me as another, and then, — "Come home with me then."

Again a long pause, again I repeated my offer. She eyed me closely, seemed almost to be trying to look through me, her lips moved as if she was speaking, but not a sound came from them. — Tired of this, and people noticing us as we stood together, tho but few passed in the by-street, and thinking now that I was only wasting my time, I said, "Good bye if you won't go home, and won't come with me — I'm going" — and I turned to go. — As I turned round, — "What are you going to do, where are you going?" said she hurriedly. — "Take you to a house where we can talk comfortably, for we can't stand here longer." — "I won't — "Good bye then." — A pause. — "I don't care, — said she sullenly — and she stood upright, still looking at me curiously. — "Will you come at once?" "I will."

Side by side we walked to the larger thorough-fare. I hailed a cab, and held the door open, when with one of her feet on the step, — "You are going to take me back home," said she, and stepped back from the cab. — I told her I would not, and in a minute we were on our road to J\*\*\*s St. It was a full twenty minutes' drive.

In the cab I asked her questions, and got nothing but yes — or no — and sometimes no reply at all. — She kept eyeing me in a strangely sullen, fixed, manner. — Now I saw she was very handsome, and my prick tingled and rose up. — I felt for the moment sure there was a man in the case, and wondered if she'd been fucked, and why the sullen mystery, and longed to put my hands up her clothes and feel her slit, yet fearing I might spoil my chance, did nothing of the sort. Then I laid my hand on her clothes outside her thigh, in a careless, friendly manner, of which she took no notice, but began staring out of the window. We passed a baker's shop. — "Oh, give me a bit of bread or a bun, I'm so hungry," said she in a plaintive tone. — "Hungry?" — "Yes, I've never had a bit in my mouth since six o'clock last night." — "Nonsense." — "I haven't in-deed, sir," — and she put her hand to her eyes again, and I saw a tear that time, but it seemed as if her tears would not flow.

"My poor girl, you shall. In five minutes I'll give you some food." — Directly after, I got out at a shop, bought some ham, beef, and rolls, and at \*\*\* a bottle of good sherry. In five minutes we were at J\*\*\*s St., and in the room in which I first had Sarah Mavis. — It was not a busy hour there. How many times have I had fresh women in that room, I almost seem to have a property in it.

The servants have been changed many times since I first went there, but I was still well known, being frequently at the house, for I liked it, and whoever the servants for the time might have been, they soon knew me. "Get me knives and forks, plates and glasses." "And what will you drink?" — "I'd like some ale, sir," said the girl with a little hesitation. — Soon a tray with the needful implements was in the room, together with bottled ale. I turned out the food on to the plates, poured out the ale, and the girl began to eat ravenously, almost as if famished, but she ate and drank in silence, looking at me intently the whole time, as I sat opposite to her, pleased to see her enjoying the repast. In ten minutes she had eaten up nearly every scrap of food, of the ale she drank but moderately.

Then I brought her to the sofa, sat down besides her, and asked if she was not eighteen years old,

for I had been struck whilst watching her eating, with the solid flesh about her, tho her face looked young. She said she was sixteen and a half. But still she was taciturn, and when I asked her questions, and I did many — it was always only, yes, or no, that I got in reply; and still that stolid, half sleepy, half stupid stare continued, which quite perplexed me. When she did not answer my questions at all, and several she would not answer, she stared harder than ever, and I felt quite irritated at it.

But now I began to think of getting into her, for tho I could not make her out, I felt convinced she had got in-to some scrape about a man. — Has she been stroked, or hasn't she? kept passing thro my mind, and was answered variously. — Of course it was stupid of me to think so much about those possibilities, but at the moment, I felt exactly what I write.

Then I wanted to piddle, and taking up a pot, emptied my bladder in very open fashion before her, and ex-posed my prick as much as I could — (It is a thing I always do as soon as I can before a woman, whom I want to get over.) and I asked her at the same time, — "Don't you want to piddle, my love?" — The girl turned away her head, and blushed strongly. Her whole manner was so unmistakably modest, that I was per-plexed again. It was quite clear to me, that whether she had been tailed or not, that she was not a strumpet in the least degree. With that, pity came over me, and a desire to save her from harlotry. All the weak, sentimental nonsense of my youth crowded my brain, and forgetting what I know to be the fact, that she and such as she, probably would do better, and be happier as a harlot, than as a poor work girl, if such she was; determined to get her home, and not to fuck her. — With some effort it was that I then put a bridle on my desires, and urged her going back.

All was useless — no she wouldn't — never —. "Why?" — She wouldn't — she would do anything else rather. — How could she, — now that she had run away? — What would be said? — I didn't know, I re-marked. — No, and I shouldn't know. Much in that style ran her answers and remarks, to my advice, supplication, and offer of assistance. Then I sat silent for a minute or so, wondering at the strangeness of the incident, and thinking what I should do.

Whilst sitting so, thinking and not speaking, she whined out, — "Oh, I'm so tired and sleepy." — My lust came on strongly at once on hearing that. "Lie down then," — and I put her upon the ample sofa, got her legs up, and into the exact position to begin amorous preliminaries. But I felt strangely nervous at my intentions. I can't understand now how it was so. It must have been her modest manner and looks, which made me hesitate, for I did. Then I put my arms round her neck and tried to cuddle her, and after a little restiveness, she let my arm lay there, whilst I sat on the sofa's edge, half turning toward her. Then all was impulse, under the pressure of love, lust, sexual want, the need of emptying the sperm out of my balls, or whatever the mainspring may have been. She was evidently sleepy and weary, and again gave me the impression of being half stupefied. — Then all at once, Is she quite right in her head? I wondered.

"You'll give me a kiss now," and kissing her, she re-turned it, but hesitatingly. I kissed on for she was nice, my fondling began to soothe her, and I asked her to tell me why she had run away. Then she became again taciturn. "No — it is no good telling." — "I guess why your mother beat you so." — "She's not my mother — mine's dead — it's father's second wife, and I hate her." — "She caught you with your sweetheart." — "No she ain't." — "She has, and he's put it in there," and I poked her clothes between her thighs. "He's done it to you, put his prick in your cunt, and she's found it out." Whilst saying this and kissing her, I put my hand rapidly up her clothes and touched her thighs. She firmly closed them and yelled out. "Oh, now — don't sir — pray. — Oh, don't you." — "Non-sense, my darling, I'm sure you've been fucked, now haven't you?"

She struggled, but could not rise, for I had her down, leant over her kissing, and feeling, till I got my fore-finger on to her clitoris, and looking along sideways, saw that my arm had lifted her clothes above her knees, and that her stockings and under linen looked clean. — Then my cock stiffened hard. I told her of it, and rubbed on her clitoris gently tho with difficulty, so close did she keep her thighs. But lewed talk, and the slow friction was telling on her. "Now let me feel it properly, love,

and I'll give you such pleasure." But she crossed her ankles, and her thighs pinched together tighter than ever, and she positively trembled, saying at each stage of my fingering progress, — "Oh — Oh — don't now — leave off," — in a perfectly modest manner.

I took my hand away, pulled out my engine and whilst doing so, saw her face was again scarlet. It had been unnaturally white. "Look here, my love, now let me have you." — She fixed her eyes on it, again made no reply, and her lips moved as if speaking, just as they had done but without utterance, when in the street with me. Then with a rush I pulled up the clothes to her belly, saw the slight hair on her motte, and before she could prevent me, my lips were upon it and kissing it, whilst my hands prevented her pushing her clothes down. — With a sharp cry of modesty and fear, she pushed the clothes over my head, and energetically with hands, backside, and legs, tried to dislodge me. But this was for a second or two only. Then she laid perfectly tranquil, and let me do pretty well as I liked, in a sullen, resigned sort of way.

After a minute's kissing, I drew my head gently away, and pushing her petticoats up with my hands, had a momentary look at her motte and thighs, and saw much blood on her chemise. Astonished, I looked at her, and saw tears running down her cheeks, but she made no noise, and in a leisurely way pushed her petticoats down. — "There's blood on your chemise," — said I. "Hoh," — said she, sharply but sulkily. — "You are either poorly or we fucked today for the first time." Her whole history seemed to be known to me at once. — She never answered, but struggling, sat up, and I by the side of her.

Now I kissed, and kissed her, without hindrance. "Tell me all about it, my darling." — But she would not — even when my fingers were on her quim, which she now permitted there, but in a way which seemed as if she thought it hopeless to try to prevent me. — "Your face is so dirty, look," — indeed it had become like that of a dirty, blubbering child. — "Get up and see," — getting up and looking in the glass. — "So it is

— may I wash it." — "Wash yourself all over, my love." — I poured out water for her, she washed, and brushed her hair, and then was a very handsome girl.

— "Shall I wash your cunt for you." — "Hoh — if ever I heard such a thing," said she, quite startled, and she colored again. Then she sat down, and tears came into her eyes, which she let me kiss away, sitting by the side of her with my prick not now stiff, yet swollen, and dangling before her. I kept it out intentionally.

— She sat sullen, silent, staring at the fire, evidently thinking, and taking no notice of my tool.

I was getting impatient for results, though my lewed courting was pleasant enough. — "Have a glass of wine," said I, opening the bottle. — Without a word she took one, and then another quickly. Still she was unsociable, tho now looking at me, instead of at the fire, but she seemed to take no notice of my prick. — I began pulling up her clothes. — She resisted. "Come on to the bed, dear." — "No, I won't." — I tried to pull her up from the sofa, but she resisted that violently.

"What nonsense, I shall leave you if you won't. So put on your bonnet, for they won't let you stop without me, and where are you going then?" — "I don't know." — "Then don't be foolish, take off your things, and let's get into bed together, I'm sure you've been fucked. — Come, dear." — She sat without movement, and I sat down again beside her. Soon after, she let me pull her back on the sofa, and begin feeling her thighs. Then I got to her cunt and began frigging her, half laying on the sofa beside her. "I'm so sleepy," — said she again, and her eyes seemed closing and her face assumed the stupid expression, which I first had noticed in her. Was this all sham? — passed thro my mind.

Kissing, coaxing, rubbing gently through thighs tightly closed again, on a scarcely perceptible clitoris, asking her all the time to come to the bed with me, and getting no reply, I again rose. — "If you won't, I shall go, for if you stay with me here all night, we are going to sleep together. If you won't, let us go, and I'll leave you where you like." — "Oh, don't — don't." — "Well, you can go

home." — "I won't." — "What will you do?" — "Don't know, and don't care, drown myself," — said she in the same sullen, determined manner, yet with a sob as if choking with suppressed emotion. — "Don't be foolish then, and let me do what I want." Then I sat down again on the sofa, and without hindrance began frigging and kissing her as before. All was now quiet. At length voluptuous feeling came over her, as I knew by her manner (for I have frigged many women now), and that she was half way to a spend. "Come to bed love, take off some of your things. — We will sleep together tonight, and I will see what's best to be done for you tomorrow." She made no reply, nor looked at me even.

I pulled her up from the sofa, and standing, began undoing her frock. — She neither helped nor resisted, till the last petticoat was reached. — "Oh — no, nothing more," said she with a start, and stopping me. — "No, don't — oh, don't — pray don't," said she quite touchingly and feebly. She put her hands down, pre-venting me from pulling up her chemise. — It struck me instantly, that she wanted to hide its condition. Was she a maid, or had she been fucked? — Modest she certainly was, and even distressed at what I was doing. — Was she poorly? — all this passed thro my mind. I inclined to the belief she was virgin, but she was mysterious. My prick was standing. I was irritated by delay and impatient for a treat. — "Get on the bed, dear — stop — I'll pull off your boots," and did. — On the bed she got slowly, and turned away from me, putting her hand to her head. Stripping myself rapidly to my shirt, I was by her side in a minute.

I cuddled her, kissed her rapturously, my fingers on her cunt, frigging it gently. She lay unresisting, silent, with eyes closed. Then my fingers sought the pas-sage for my prick, and burrowing with difficulty between tightly closed thighs, as she lay half on her side facing me, I could not reach the tube. Then, pressing her gently with my body, I got her more on to her back, and inserted my fingers roughly between her thighs. "Oh — ah — oho — don't" she murmured. — "Let me, love," and I pushed, and titillated, till she sighed. — Is she virgin? — Conjecture was over the next second, as her thighs opened, and my finger went up her vagina. Then impatiently pressing her body with mine, she turned on her back, I on her belly, I felt her an instant, and guided my prick, and without obstacle it glided slowly up a tight cunt. Grasping her buttocks fiercely as I felt the lodgment, I fucked her with strong impulse to empty my semen in her. My God! What delight I felt, as faint murmurs of pleasure came from the dear girl's lips, which I stifled with my kisses, as her sheath tightened, and my prick shed a torrent of sperm in her clipping little cunt, and her body and backside writhed in the pleasure of her spending.

What delicious thoughts crept through my brain, as the pleasure in my prick subsided, and the soft, enervating, voluptuous sensation pervaded me, which follow the discharge of one's sperm. She seemed to me divine, her cunt perfection, and she had spent with me. But her cunt had been pierced. — Was it her first spend? — Who's fucked before? — Thinking of such things, gradually I slipped off of her, and my prick left her cunt. I heard a snore. She was fast asleep, and the next instant I was asleep by the side of her, and slept for an hour or more.

When I awakened, there she lay in a profound sleep. She had not stirred an inch from the position in which she had been fucked, but was on her back with thighs slightly apart. — I leant over and kissed her, she did not move a muscle, and gently I pulled down the bed clothes. Her chemise was up above her motte, but it lay beneath her bum. I saw on it, and just where it naturally would have issued from her cunt, patches of blood and semen, dry. There was unmistakably se-men and blood in patches here and there as well, and instantly I felt convinced that she had been fucked the previous night, and that her mother had found her out. Or were her courses on?

I pulled her chemise about, for the traces of seminal discharge and sanguinary evidences delighted me. Baudy possibilities in wonderful variety came thro my mind. I got out of bed and stood looking at her thighs and cunt. I kissed her belly, slightly pulled apart the cunt-lips, and did all quietly and tenderly, but it was enough to have awakened any woman in ordinary sleep. At last I pulled one thigh away from the other, and slowly put my middle finger up her cunt, felt it full of sperm, and smooth, and found no redness on my finger. There she lay still as if dead, at times snoring in a most

profound sleep. Two gas jets were brightly burning in the room.

My prick stood stiff again, as I felt the firm, white, round, handsome thighs, and saw the pretty cunt, with the merest sign of red separating the lips and the soft chestnut coloured hairs, curling round the top of the split, and scarcely further. Tiptoeing, I put my prick against her thigh. What voluptuous whims come across me. How delicious and how harmless to satisfy them. Then I began playing with her clitoris, which was all but visible.

I have done that to many when asleep. — I like to arouse sexual want in a sleeping beauty as she lies by my side, but don't recollect anytime, at which I have stood by the bedside, and done it whilst the woman lay with the light of two gas burners on to her. Gently, so gently I frigged, watching the girl's face, my fingers scarcely moved, they touched the sensitive little red button so gently. I frigged long without affecting her. Suddenly, I then saw her white face flush quite redly. I never noticed that before, in any woman whom I frigged in her sleep, that I can remember. Her thighs twitched and moved, then her hand went down to her cunt, her eyes opened sleepily, and she laid hold of my hand. — "Who are you? — Oh!" — and she sat up, then fell back again with eyes closed for a second. Then she realized her position, and saying, "It's a shame," — pushed her chemise over her cunt.

In a minute I was telling her all I had seen, and done. "It's nonsense, darling, I've seen all, I know you've been fucked before — haven't you? — let me see again, I will," — and I pulled up her chemise, laid my head on her belly covering her navel with it, and inserted a finger in her lubricious cunt. Then I rose to her face, and kissed and kissed, and frigged all the time, and harder, till she pushed my hand away. Then I knew that lust was on her, and at once mounted her. She opened her thighs, but she had never uttered a word, and her eyes were always fixed on me.

Up the well lubricated, tight little cunt, my prick glided, and there it rested long, whilst I talked bawdy, and asked lewd questions, looking in her face, and every now and then giving a hard ram of my prick, to make her cunt know its size, and vigor, and probe it to its innermost depths. Soon, at each thrust she sighed. Then with all my art, and skill, and force, I fucked and fucked, thinking of her pleasure more than of my own; till I felt her clasping me, and with the instinct of her sex, giving that involuntary clutch on my naked loins, which all the dear creatures give, as their pleasure increases, and soon, in a spasm of bliss, prick and cunt were shedding their juices in loving harmony.

She slept again at once. I did not, but lay thinking about what I knew. — My curiosity was now greater than ever, but still feeling pleasure, my prick lingered in her long. — Then I began to want food. It was seven o'clock, and it so happened that a biscuit had been my only lunch. I had no clothes for change, and was expected home. So I got out of bed, and said I must leave her for a couple of hours, would dine, get my things and return. She sprang up like a jack in the box. — "Oh, don't you go. — Why do you? — What shall I do? They will turn me out perhaps." — "Nonsense, love." — "But they did this morning." — "Where, — when — why?" I asked. — She fell back on the bed, would make no reply, and began to sob.

I talked, comforted her, allayed her fears, told her she had only to wait my return, that I was well known there. Calling the chambermaid, I told her I was leaving for two hours, should then be back and stop the night, and that she was to lend, or to buy me a night-gown for the lady. — The girl listened with dilated eyes, looking first at me, then at the servant, and got out of bed as soon as the servant had left, walked up and down uneasily for a minute, and then asked if she might speak to the servant.

Accustomed to the ways and wants of women, it struck me at once what she wanted. She had never piddled since she had been with me. — "You want the water-closet, don't you." — "Yes sir," said she faintly. — I got the maid to show her where it was, first telling the girl to put her dress loosely over her, and neither to speak to, nor answer any questions to anyone. She came back looking quite ashamed. — I was then dressed, and telling her to wash her cunt, and get into bed, I pulled off her petticoat (spite of her) and telling her on no account to open the door, nor to answer any-one, I left,

after hearing the bolt of the door shot, and paying thirty shillings for the room.

Taking a cab home, and saying I was going to stop with a friend, I brought away in a small portmanteau all the clothes needed, dined at my club, and in the two his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world. hours, was back at J\*\*\*s Street. The night-gown was ready. I knocked at the door several times before I got a sleepy answer. — "Who is it?" — "It is I." — "Is it you?" — "Yes, it's the gentleman," said the maid who was behind me, and then shouted down-stairs. — "Wait a minute, sir, in the parlour." (How well I knew those words.) — The door opened, and there was I with her for the night. I felt joyous, there was such an air of intrigue about the affair. My curiosity about the girl was intense, and I thought now more of hearing all about her, than about fucking her.

I made her put on the night-gown. She wanted to hide her chemise, but I showed that I was master, examined it before her, and made my remarks in the plainest words about its condition; holding it to the light, and looking and laughing. "I wonder if his prick hurt you, tell me dear. How often did he do it — was his prick large? — do tell me" — and so I went on. She never smiled, nor answered, nor moved a muscle: but sat looking at me fixedly. She seemed an odd one — no other in all my amatory acquaintances behaved a bit like her.

Then I drew her on to the sofa, pulled off her stockings, and undressing to my shirt, sat with naked bum on my naked thigh, and with fingers on her cunt twiddling it, began coaxing, and begging her to tell me all. I could get nothing out of her, and her taciturnity annoyed me. Angrily I said I should stay the night, but unless she had confidence in me should leave her next morning. That opened her mouth a little. — "What's the good of telling you my misfortune? You can't set it to rights, but my name is Rosa W\*\*\*e."

I replied that perhaps I might, and at all events might prevent worse befalling her. At length she said, "Perhaps I will, but I'm so sleepy and tired." — "Didn't you sleep last night?" — "I never wakened all the night till I got up." — "Tell me then, how it all happened." — She shook her head, and lapsed into taciturnity.

A couple of hours passed in chat, looking at her, feeling her plump young body all over, which she now permitted in a shrinking, resigned sort of way, and struggling with her when I wanted to expose her belly. Then I asked if she liked oysters. "Oh, don't I," said she vivaciously. It was the only spark of interest I had seen. "Champagne?" "I never tasted any." — I made them bring Champagne from a place I named, and a bill to show they got it from there. — Oysters were brought. — Well I recollect the first time I had them in that house with Louisa Fisher. The girl eat them with pleasure, Champagne she drank, first remarking that she ought perhaps never to drink a glass of wine or spirits, as long as she lived. Then when I asked why, she only shook her head. She got livelier soon, and actually at one of my remarks laughed. Then getting from the chambermaid candles and lucifers, for I knew they turned off the gas at about three o'clock, I said we would go to bed, and, "Show me now your dear little cunt."

She resisted, and burst out crying and sobbing, tears ran now fast enough, but not for long, tho the sobs lasted and were violent. I can't bear to see a female in distress, so desisted. "Shall we go to bed then, Rosa, and fuck again?" — I loved to say that word, it seemed to upset her so. — "If you like," — said she, colouring up. "Another glass of Champagne then," — and sitting her on my naked knees again, so that her flesh touched mine, we drank. I begged her to tell me all, or I shouldn't know what to do for her, for I could not stop with her long. — "It's no good telling," — was all I could get out of her. She wouldn't feel my prick tho I put her hand to it. — So putting out one gas burner, and turning down the other, into bed we went.

There she lay close to me. I put my finger up her cunt. — She winced, and in reply said, "It hurts a



little only now." — "You've washed." "Yes, when you went out." "Fucking gave you pleasure, didn't it? — Now say. What stupidity to be silent, tell me." — "Yes." — said she at last. At length cuddling to me, she admitted she'd been fucked the night before, and never before. She didn't know how it came about. She was drunk she supposed, and that was all she would say. — We fucked again and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened at times by the noise of amorous couples. She slept and snored all night profoundly, a lethargic sleep, and was fast asleep when I awakened her at about ten next morning. — I opened the blinds, let in light, and saw that she looked fresh and well, and had quite a different expression on her face, but the face had strong resolve in it. My fingers went to her cunt, I placed hers on my prick and again saw that she coloured up. — "You want to piddle." No answer, and I got angry. "What nonsense, my dear, your naked belly's been against mine, my fingers on your cunt, I've fucked you and yet you seem ashamed to piddle, now get out and do it, for it's all sham modesty." Out I got and pissed. — "There is the pot." — "I don't want." — "I'm sure you do, after the ale and Champagne you drank. I'll look through the blinds." Rosa got out and half filled the pot. Then in the bed I fucked out a healthy, copious, morning's emission. Afterwards I talked seriously about her future. — I had once or twice felt sorry I had brought her here, thinking that had she been left to herself, she might, when still more weary and hungry, have gone home again. — Now I suggested her going home, — told her how to act — what to tell — and that I would give her money. — "No" — nothing should make her go home again. — "You will go on the streets then." — She made no reply to that. I went on advising, and after saying that if she did not tell me all, I really must leave her, she burst into tears, laid her head against my chest, and told me all.

Few women tell their escapades clearly and consecutively, but she told the most important part of her misfortune, as she termed it, quite coherently. Other parts were given in answer to my questions, and I firmly believe, truly given.

Her Father, a smith by trade, and a W\*\*\*e by name, had married a second wife, and Rosa and she didn't agree. Rosa had learnt stay-making, but grew tired of it, so went to service, grew tired of that also, or didn't like her place, and had been home a week doing nothing but help in their lodgings, and do needle-work. — A friend of hers and her sweetheart were going to a mu-sic hall, and Rosa with her father's consent went with them. There they met a young man of their own class in life, who paid attention to Rosa. All four had drink there. When they came out they had more drink at a public house. Her female friend suggested that the new acquaintance should see Rosa home, she going off with her sweetheart. All were seemingly a little screwed, and the couples separated in great jollity. Then the young man, Rosa said, "Made love to me, but nothing improper." They had some more liquor at a public house, and when she came out she staggered, and felt she was drunk. She was frightened about getting home late. He said he would see her home safely, but she scarcely knew why, or how, she found herself in a bed room with him, and felt so sleepy that she couldn't keep her eyes open, or even stand, and he laid her on the bed.

Up to that time, she was sure he had taken no liberties with her, now he pulled up her clothes. She recollected struggling with him, that she saw his prick out, and the next minute that with a pain to her, something went up her cunt. She was laying at the side of the bed, but all was so confused that she could tell no more. How she got undressed she knew not, but she did, and was in bed with him in the morning, and in the night she thought he did it to her again, but was not sure. — She neither recollected pain or pleasure; only some-thing heavy on her, and something in the cunt, and nothing more till the next morning, when with a sense of stupidity she awakened, and saw him dressing.

Then, still half asleep and stupid, she became conscious of her "misfortune." He said he must get to his work, told her he had paid for the room and left. She immediately fell asleep again, and was awakened by the coffee-house keeper about eleven o'clock. She got up and dressed somehow, and asked for a cup of tea. He asked if she had money to pay for it. — She had not a farthing, and it ended in his saying that she couldn't stop there any longer, and she was turned out into the street at midday, dizzy and stupid, unable to think or to go home. She wandered about for a couple of hours,

till she found herself at the steps of one of the bridges. She sat down on them, and then thought she would drown herself.

Then she determined to go to a friend, a woman who knew her and her family. There she told she had been out all night, walking about, and was frightened to go home, but told nothing more. The woman sent for the stepmother, who fetched, punched, and abused her all the way home. She was ashamed to look the neighbours in the face, tho still half stupid with the drink or the drug she had had the night before. Stepmother, when in their lodgings, threatened her with all sorts of vengeance, went out to fetch the father, and left her, as she thought, locked up in the kitchen, but in her anger made a mistake, did not lock the door properly, and as soon as she had gone off, Rosa bolted, ran past me, and the rest has been already written.

I questioned her closely about this affair, and her previous habits and life. Was questioning her all that day, and much of the following night, indeed scarcely talked about anything else, and feel convinced I had the truth. The girl had either been made completely drunk, or had been drugged — drugged did not seem probable, yet was possible, and I incline to the belief that she had been drugged, and that her friends who introduced the young man, knew certainly that he would be at the music hall. It seemed to me a cruel case. However that might be, I was certain that Rosa had been fucked for the first time on that night, that the sperm and blood on her chemise marked the sacrifice of her virginity, and that my prick had gone up the same channel, unwashed since the lucky young man left his sperm in it. A good lot he must have put out of his balls, as the chemise showed. Before that day was out, Rosa and I talked it over, both looking at the chemise together, for I have a faculty of upsetting quickly any woman's modesty. Besides, a night's fucking at once alters any woman's feelings and behaviour towards the man who spermatized her cunt, and gave her sexual pleasure. Fucking is the great humanizer of the world.

## Vol. 6 Chapter VI

**Big-eyed Betsy Johnson. • Early acquaintance. • Brothels closed. • Ten years later. • It's you Betsy! • Her huge nymphet. • Protuberant eyes. • Witty baudiness. • My erotic requests. • Her help. • With Betsy and a man. • Hesitations. • His offers. • I frig him. • His arsehole offered. • No erection available. • Pestles and bumholes. • Spunk and a toothpick. • I poke Betsy. • His thumb on my bum. • A little virgin wanted. • One found. • At J\*\*\*s St. with her. • Another Molly. • Betsy's boudy antics. • Molly modest, stripped, and liquored up. • Pitching shillings at cunts. • Molly refuses my amatory advances. • Betsy's threats.**

[Before I tell about my acquaintance with this woman, — I must recall some facts to explain how that acquaintance was first made.

Some time before the termination of my acquaintance with Sarah Mavis, with whom I was so desperately infatuated, the London public had a fit of virtue to which it is subject periodically. It commenced a crusade against gay women, and principally those frequenting Regent and Coventry Streets, and others in that neighbourhood. Many nice, quiet accommodation houses were closed, and several nice gay women whom I frequented disappeared. Indeed, for a time, the police were set on with all their brutality. Women by dozens were taken before magistrates ruthlessly, and altho mostly cautioned and set at liberty, some were imprisoned; and the effect was, that for a short time the streets named, and a few others, were all but cleared of gay women.

Among the women who disappeared was one named Betsy Johnson, a lovely little creature under twenty, and in the perfection of her youth. Just before she disappeared, she said one night to me in her jocular way — "Fucking is done for here except for love, so I shall take to washing for my

living." — She disappeared, and I was now to meet her again some nine or ten years after].

It was in the middle of November, and but about a month only after I had said good bye to Rosa W\*\*\*e. — I was walking along the Strand, one very nasty, muddy, dank, dark night. The whores were lifting up their petticoats, partly to escape the mud, but more I expect to show their legs, as high as they dare. and I was gazing on them with pleasure, my mind wandering from their legs to their backsides. I passed a female nearly, then stopped — as I seemed to recognize an old carnal acquaintance.

"Why, it's you Betsy." — I turned round, and passed into a side street, followed by the female. "I don't recollect you, yet I know the voice," said she. —I made myself known. Several years had passed since I had seen her. It was Betsy Johnson, whom I had fucked just after she had turned gay, and at about the time I was in love with Sarah Mavis, and had quarrelled with her.

Betsy was a middle-sized female, but her plumpness and roundness were delicious. Her form was lovely then. She had a delicious skin, as smooth as ivory, fine chestnut hair, the same color on her cunt hair, of which she hadn't much. She had two defects. Her eyes were excessively prominent, the clitoris was large, and the nymphae very large. They hung out when first I knew her, and when she was not twenty years old, full half an inch below the outer lips, and for the entire length of the split. I did not like that, yet I used to have her, for she was so beautiful in form, so smooth in skin and fucked so divinely and her cunt fitted me heavenly. She was the wittiest woman of her class I ever met — it was good neat wit — and bawdy wit as well at times for she was fond of bawdiness — She enjoyed it. She at that time took a fancy to me, but I did not return it — tho I saw her once or so, when I quarrelled with Sarah, as to the best of my recollection I have already narrated.

We went to a house and she stripped. She was as beautifully shaped as ever — but her genital deformity had increased. — The nymphae hung down outside the cunt lips, I am sure one inch and a half along her whole split. — We had a long conversation about it and I told her of women having them cut off, I had read of that being done. — She was immensely interested in that, and also had heard of its being done. — She must muster up courage to have them cut, she said. — Men, she was sure, didn't like those flaps — tell her, "Did they?" — Since she had been back in London, she could not secure any regular friends, and kept very poor. "These precious nymphae must be the cause, they do not please I expect."

She was always lascivious. — "Your fucking is delicious, me dear. You still do it well." — On my pre-paring to leave. "Why sure, and you're not going after doing it once, and all these years since I've seen you?"

— I recollect you, when I had to tell you you had done enough for your money. — Ah, I'm older, but sugar me if you go yet," — said she, clutching hold of my prick. So we fucked again and again, for I could not resist her. — "You'll go home straight me dear tonight, won't you, a fresh cunt won't make it stand again, till you've laid on your back a little, and filled yer belly with grub, me dear." — "Won't you see me again?"

"Perhaps." — "Ah," said she reflectingly. "You don't like me, I'll go back to S\*\*\*b\*\*ry. I'm not getting on here — whoring is not my game now." — She was one of those who boldly spoke of whoring for her living — I did not like that. — "Why, it's what it is, isn't it?" she had said when I checked her for her plain speaking.

I did see her again, but her large flapping nymphae rather turned my lust off. I wanted to go to her rooms.

— "You can't, it would horrify you," said the poor woman. — "You see, I've only a gown and chemise on

— it's all I've got, but I must show my legs nice." — "My legs are my fortune sir," she said. — She had a lovely leg still, and had silk stockings on, and nice boots, tho almost without under-clothing. "I sleep on the floor on a mattress, there is no bedstead, only a mattress, a table, and a ferry in the

room that's all. I've not even a blind me darling." — She was not Irish, but affected the brogue.

When we were parting, "Can I do anything for you?"

— she asked — what she meant I didn't exactly know, but chaffingly I replied. — "Yes, Betsy. Get me a nice young cunt without a bit of hair on it— and a man to frig." "Och, yer baste, is it a young cunt yer wants, - not for Joseph. But I'll get you a man easy enough if you mean it." — "I do," said I — suddenly thinking I should. — "Well, there are plenty of them" — "But in your room." — "Impossible, you and the sod too, would not stop in it five minutes." When I told her those wants, I didn't mean what I said, but at a subsequent meeting she suggested them, and it ended in my arranging to meet her with a man, and we were to go to his rooms together two or three days after, for she had stimulated my curiosity.

I met them in S\*\*o S\*\*\*\*e. — He took off his hat respectfully. — "Go ahead, and I'll follow," said I, and on they both went. — She then fell back — I was nervous and told her so. "If I go with you and him is all square?" — "It's all safe, but mind he shan't touch me, he shan't fuck me if that's what you mean — I can't bear the beasts." — "All right, go on, I only want to see what a man of this sort is like." — On the two went, crossed O\*f\*\*d St., to a long street, out of which turning up a paved court, he opened with a latch key a door and up we all well went to a first floor over a shop, and into a well furnished sitting-room, and bed-room. As we entered she again fell back, and whispered, — "Mind he don't touch me." — "All right, but no plant Betsy, eh?" — "All square, my pet." — It was a dark night, and I was awfully nervous, but an extraordinary curiosity was on me. I wondered if it was great pleasure to bugger — Betsy had said that men had told her it was.

At last then, the erotic caprice, which I been thinking of at intervals for years, a caprice which had sub-sided, been forgotten, but from time to time been roused by the sights through key holes and peep holes, of couples fucking: a caprice which had got strength, by each succeeding prick I had seen, and specially by the big furnished young man, whom I last saw (poking his wife at Paris) was to be gratified — I had over-come all scruples, and satisfied myself that there was no more harm in feeling another's prick, than in feeling my own. — There was the man before me, on whom I might satisfy all my curiosity — and yet I began to tremble. — Once indeed on the road I stopped Betsy, and said I should not go home with them — but on her laughing at me, I persevered.

Indeed my heart had palpitated so violently as I followed them, and I felt so afraid of what I was doing, that once I thought of running away — (I have since that time, had a similar fear) — Pride, bravado, and the curiosity of handling another man's prick, of seeing his emotions in spending, kept me going. — It was nothing but curiosity for I never liked a man even about me. — But to frig one! — Ah! So many years had elapsed since I had done that, that I seemed to have forgotten all about it.

We went into the bed-room together. She stayed in the sitting-room. — "She is better there," said he. — "Let's see your prick," I said as soon as I had a little overcome my tremor. — He pulled it out, it looked small. I touched it with a sort of dislike. — "Are you fond of a bit of brown?" — he asked. — I did not under-stand and he explained. — "We always say a bit of brown among ourselves, and a cunt's a bit of red." — I had a feeling of nausea, but went on. — "Let's frig you." — He took off all but his shirt, and seating him on my knee I began to frig him. He questioned me whilst doing so — had I been up a man? — "No." - Then there was no pleasure like it. — I fringed violently but his prick would not stand, I talked bawdy and about women. He said "A bit of brown is worth a hundred cunts." I felt quite disconcerted, for his cock remained small and flabby. I had thought that talking about cunts would stiffen it.

The conversation, then led by him, took an arsehole turn. — He asked me to let him feel my bumhole. — I consented. — In for a penny, in for a pound, I began to think. Taking down my trowsers, he looked at my bum, and his prick stood at the sight. "Is it virgin?" said he, and felt it. — Then, standing by my side, my left arm round his waist to steady me, I fringed him and the little bugger spent but a very little. I rushed to wash my hand.

When he had composed himself, he washed his tool, and became very curious about me, and most

energetically felt my prick. — "Put it up me," — said he. — "I can't, my prick won't stand." — "Shall I suck it?" — "You?" — "Yes." — "Do you do so?" — "Lord yes, I have had it so thick in my mouth, that I've had to pit it out of my teeth with a toothpick." — I turned sick, but after a time I turned his arse towards me, and got my prick stiff by hard frigging, determined to try what buggery was like. But the moment I put it against his arsehole down it drooped — He was kneeling at the side of the bed. — "Wet it well with your spittle," said he, wetting his own hole. — It was useless, and I desisted. — "You will presently," he re-marked. — But tho I tried again and again, determined to know everything, and to do everything once in my life, it was useless.

Then he went to a drawer, and produced a small marble pestle such as chemists use, and asked me to let him put it up my bum, extolling the pleasure I should have. — "It must hurt," I said. — "Oh dear no, look." — Going to the side of the bed, he laid down, and cocking up his legs, shoved it up his own arsehole a little way. — That only made me feel more sick, I was so unsophisticated in such matters. I expect he saw that, for he took it out. But then he produced two more of different sizes, one quite a large one, and told me there was a friend he visited every week, who met him in his stables, and he put the larger one up his fundament. — That man said it was not large enough to give him pleasure. "I put it up him to there" said the sodomite marking with his thumb the spot on the pestle. But the description made me feel more modest. — "You should have the small one up first, I will do it for you, and I know such a sweet young man who would suck your prick at the same time if you would like." — "Oh, no." — "Do let me sod you," — said he all at once and quite affectionately, "I should so like to do it to you and take your virginity," and he shook his prick, and frigged it a little. — It was not stiff, and was very sharp pointed, but not at all a large one.

I was now quite flabbergasted. His coolness and his tale of picking his teeth free of semen, made me actually shudder. — Then the pestles. — Fancy two men to-gether in a stable, one shoving a pestle up the other's bum. — How curious I thought, yet how abominable — it's incredible. Yet still I felt curious. — "Does it make him spend" I asked — "His prick stands after I have worked it up and down in the brown for a while, then I go on gently, and suck his prick, till he spends," — he replied coolly. Again I frigged him curious to see his emotions, and watched his face when with difficulty he spent slightly. — But my cock would not stand. — So I went into the room to Betsy, determined to try her cunt. — She had been, she told me afterwards, looking thro, and listening at the door all the time. "Don't come near me" said she to the sod. — After much ado she made my cock stand, I mounted her, and fucked, feeling his prick whilst I did so — that either suggested itself to me, or he suggested it — and it seemed to increase my pleasure.

Then as I rammed up Betsy's cunt I became conscious he was feeling me behind, and that his thumb or finger was intruding into my bum hole. — "Feel her brown," said he. — I was in the height of my pleasure. "You beast," said Betsy. — Whether I obeyed his ad-vice or not, I can't say. I spent, and fetched her and then we quickly parted. — I gave him a sovereign, no more, and her two, before each other. — They made no remark. — I promised to see him again but had no intention of doing so, and never did.

I met her soon afterwards, and she was curious. "Did his arsehole seem large?" I was unable to tell her, disliked even to refer to it, yet my curiosity seemed unsatisfied and I had a sort of desire to learn more, yet a dislike to myself for desiring it. — When she asked me if she should get him again, I refused point blank, yet all the time longing to try, and dissatisfied at not having put my prick up him to see if it gave some unknown pleasure or not.

But I spoke to Betsy again about an unfledged virgin cunt. — She shook her head — did not know where to get one — the boys had all the girls when quite young. — Didn't she know what games boys and girls were up to when quite young. — She had lived at \*\*\*\*\* — and there was not there a girl over fourteen who had not had it done to her — and by the boys — boys not men and in the fields, tho sometimes at home. I had heard similar accounts from women years before, and believed her. — "I'll get you half a dozen little ones without hair, but they all know as much as I do about fucking." — That offer I declined, for I knew there were plenty like that about the streets, whom I

could get without her assistance. — "A virgin, a virgin, and with no hair on her cunt, or nothing." — Well she would if she could, but she shook her head. — Her last words were "Just a little hair on it you wouldn't mind, would you?" — "Perhaps if only just shewing, but mind, I'll have a good look at her cunt, with thighs open, before I have her. No virgin no pay. I won't be gammoned." — "All right, me dear, but you'll have to wait pretty long."

I met Betsy a little time afterwards by mere chance, and was going to pass her, but somehow she recognized me and touched me on the elbow, saying hastily, — "Come here, come here I've been looking for you for a week." — We turned up a side street. — "Oh if you mean it, I think I've got such a nice girl for you, but I shall run a risk." — We had a long conversation, I gave her money to make presents to the girl, and some for herself, but not much. — "I think she will, but if I can't get her, I can't, and then you'll think I've chiselled you." — "No I shan't," and we parted.

I looked for Betsy and a few days after saw her. — "She's a virgin," — said she, "but I don't see my way to it yet." — "Ah, the old game." — "Thought you'd say so, you old fox." — Betsy tried hard to make me go to a house with her but I would not, tho I made her again a little present, and agreed also the price for her services if they were of use. — "I fear I can't manage it," said she, "tho she is a randy little bitch, and is longing to know what fucking is like, the boys have felt her cunt and she their pricks — she's told me so — ah! she is a regular hot-arsed one and you may as well have her whilst she's got it to give, and you'll give me the money on the night you have her first?" — "Yes, if she be a virgin, not otherwise, and I'll see her cunt well before I do her." — "All right, you old fox she was a virgin last night I'll take my oath."

More than a week passed. Then I looked out for and saw Betsy. — I passed her, touched her lightly, said "hish" — and passed on, turning up the next convenient by street. — Betsy followed me and began breathless. — "Oh! It's such a chance, — I've walked up and down here for three nights, and never left the street till midnight, nor left with a man, for fear of missing you."

"She is a virgin." — Then she told me that the lass had only the signs of hair on her cunt. — Yes, she had seen her cunt, and had looked at it well. — "Yes — wide — wide — open — and you can scarcely get your little finger up the hole, me dear — it's just large enough to let her monthlies through — and she's only had her monthlies twice, — you've got a rare chance — and such a plump, fine, little divel, I'd like to do her myself. But give me a sovereign to rig her out you'd like to see her look nice. Honor bright — did I ever deceive you? Oh no, not next week, meet us tomorrow night, don't lose a night, or you may miss your chance, she has been sleeping with me three nights and I don't let her out of my sight. She is such a hot-cunted little devil, that God knows what she'll be up to. — I'll give her boots and stockings, and say you sent the money for them — and you tell her you'll give her a silk dress — and a crinoline — don't forget the crinoline, she is mad for one (they were just in fashion), you'll be pleased, she is as well shaped as I am. — I'm only frightened they won't let her in the house, but they know you well there in J\*\*\*s St., and that's a good deal. — If they do object you must come to my garret, tho I fear they'd hear us there." — Thus she talked on energetically, without stopping, and saw her ten pounds almost in her pocket.

Next night was dark and cold, and they met me in L\*\*c\*\*t\*r S\*\*\*\*e. — The girl looked young and a little object. — Betsy told me to say the girl had been in with me before if they objected. — We entered. The door sounded the warning click. I went in first, feeling a little nervous, and had gone up a few stairs, when the door-woman said, — "She can't go in Miss, I can't let her — she is very young." — "Oh, she's not young at it — she has been half a dozen times before with me and my friend — hasn't she sir? — For she is sixteen, tho she looks so young," said Betsy in a low tone.

"She looks very young," said the woman hesitating and standing at the door. I turned round. "It's all right, she's been in here with me before, why object now?" — "She looks very young," the woman said again — just then another couple pushed open the street door. — "Go on, go on," — said the woman — "first floor front," and up Betsy and the young one came with me. — The door-keeper was anxious to get us out of sight of the couple just entering, they helped to settle the question.

The woman soon followed us into the room, and staring hard at the young one, — "If it's all right, I've nothing to say," said she. I put a sovereign into her hand. "We shall stop all night." "Two ladies sir." I gave her another, shut the door in her face, and bolted it. — Betsy winked at me. "I knew she would if you spoke, and you've stumped up handsome." I had in-deed, and had never been charged for two ladies before in that house.

Betsy had made up the girl in the oddest way with a big bonnet, and she looked almost a bundle of clothes too big for her. — It was an error in the disguise I saw at a glance. — But there we were, all three snugly in the best room in the house. Betsy pulled off her bonnet and shawl as quickly as possible. Then she pulled a great shawl off the little one, and a bonnet big enough for a grenadier, and I saw a lovely girl of about fifteen, looking up earnestly from rather deep-set eyes. — "This is the friend who sent you the boots and stockings, and he'll give you a lovely crinoline," said Betsy. — "Won't you, sir?" — "Yes," — said I.

I stood staring with delight whilst Betsy undressed both of them in an agitated manner. First she pulled off her own gown — then the girl's. — Then she stripped herself to her chemise, then the girl. — When the girl was in her chemise, Betsy pulled her slap down on the sofa, and put her hands under charming plump, little breasts — "Ain't they a pretty pair," said she — "and, oh! she has such a fat bum and pretty little cunt." — She lifted the chemise, and the girl pushed it down. — She had never taken her eyes off me, nor I off her. "Don't, Betsy." — "Don't you be a little fool, look here," — and Betsy throwing up her own chemise rolled back on the sofa threw up her legs, opened her thighs well, and pulled her cunt lips wide open. — "There look at that, me dear — there's a sight for a stiff prick." — "Oh! — Oh! Betsy, don't,"

- said the girl. — "Didn't we do so last night my dear." — "Oh, not before a man," — said the girl, colouring up and trying to pull Betsy's chemise down.

— "Don't — for shame." — "Shan't — Pough — all my eye, Molly — show him yours." — "Shan't — you're dirty." — "Didn't we look at each other's last night, Molly?" "Not before a man — don't now, Betsy. — Oh, don't before him." — It was said quite naturally.

But Betsy pulled right off her own chemise, turned to the girl, and in a jiffy had pulled hers off also. — There they were, both naked except their boots and stockings. Then with a laugh, she threw herself back on the sofa, and pulled her cunt lips open again — calling on Molly to do the same. The girl timidly looking at me, putting one hand modestly in front of her cunt to hide it, and trying to regain the chemise, which Betsy Johnson had put under her own backside.

I sat down, pulled the little one to me, felt her pretty breasts, her plump round little bum and thighs. She all the time kept her hand in front of her sacred split. I pulled her then on to the sofa, and got my hand between her thighs, talking bawdy, and kissing her. — Betsy had got up, and stood naked with her arse to the fire looking at us letting out bawdiness, and inciting the young one to comply with my wishes. — Then I pulled off my clothes to my shirt, and showed her my pego, stiff as a poker and like a burning coal. "Oh! There's a glory," said Betsy. — "Oh, don't hide it Molly, I wish it were going up my cunt instead of yours." — and stooping she kissed it and pulled me towards her by it. — "Kiss it, Molly," — said she — "kiss it before it goes up you. — Oh! Wow — wow — wow" — and she put my prick in her mouth till it was nearly out of sight. The little one stared. "Oh, ain't you dirty?" — "Dirty, you little fool — a prick's nice wherever you put it, nice anyhow, and anywhere. — You'll think so before a week — you'll be ready to eat one a week after it's been up your cunt, Molly." — "Oh — oh," and she went on putting it in and out of her mouth, and kissing it down to my testicles.

I sat down again, got the little one on my naked thigh, and put her little fist round my prick. — Betsy keeping up her bawdy patter all the time. Then I pulled the little one to me, her legs apart, mine between them, and my pego rubbed between her plump thighs. I grasped her plump little bum, and kissed her, whilst she kept struggling — mildly tho — "Oh, don't now — oh, Betsy — don't let him — it's dirty — don't" — and so on. Then I got out wine and liqueur which I had brought with

me. — There was only a water tumbler in the room and we all three drank out of it. I would not ring for glasses lest the servant should come in, and see the youth of the lass. The liquor was nice to her for she drank freely, became talkative, and laughed. — Up to that time she had, tho tolerably passive under my handlings, looked scared and fixedly at me only uttering, "Oh Betsy, don't do so — Oh I'm — astonished." — Now she was more at home. —

I delighted in talking to her — anticipating the de-light to follow. — "You've never had any man's hand between your thighs have you dear?" — "No sir." "And never put your finger up your cunt?" — "Lord," said Betsy, "you could not get your finger up it. I tried the other night, didn't I Molly?" — "No." — "Oh, you little liar. — I did and I showed her the difference, and told her she couldn't have any pleasure till her hole was as large as mine, and she put her fingers up mine to feel." — "Oh — o-oh — o-oh Betsy, I didn't." — "You did, you little fool, you got your hand nearly up it." "Oh, you beast you said you hoped you might be struck dead if you told of me," — said the young one looking quite aghast. — Betsy laughed. — "I said any girl but not a man it don't matter to him. — He's a man and going to make your cunt like mine. — Oh, won't your little hot arse shake, where his balls are close up to it. — You'll bless me tomorrow, when you get your new dress and crinoline — and you'll be asking him to put his prick into you again and again."

"Let's look at your cunt Molly," said I, trying. I threw her on her back on the sofa and knelt down in front. She resisted vigorously. Betsy caught hold of her arms and pulled her back, whilst I pushed her legs wide open — the little pink gash widened, but I could not in the struggle and excitement satisfy my curiosity, so desisted for a while. We then drank and talked more, till my lust made me furious to begin.

What strange whims and caprices I have had with women, and usually quite impromptu. I wonder if other men have suddenly thought of such amusements and tricks. — I now had one. I took some shillings out of my pocket, and sitting down on the floor with my back to the fire, — "Open your legs wide Betsy," said I, "as you sit on the sofa and I'll throw shillings at your cunt. Every time I hit between its lips the shilling is yours — if I miss, I'm to have three throws more with it and then it's yours." — Betsy screamed with laughter, brought up both heels to the level of her buttocks on the sofa, and spread out her thighs, shewing a wide split, that a half crown could have gone into. I pitched the shillings at her cunt — one on two hit it and she made Molly pick them up. — The girl stood looking at me — then at Betsy, and repeating, "Well, you are dirty," astonishment in her eyes manner and voice but she picked up the shillings fast enough — and gave them either to me or Betsy as she was told. — At length she laughed and hid her face with her hand. — "Oh, ain't he one," said she.

"Let's throw at yours, my darling," said I — "Let him" said Betsy "or I shall have all the shillings." — The girl hollowed refused, resisted, till Betsy lost her temper, so we had more wine. At length, "Now I'm going to look at your cunt." The wench was now well warmed by wine, bawdy conversation, and tricks, yet still there was delay, and she refused. — Betsy said she was not going to be fooled — what she had come to do, she would have to do. — She might go away if she would not. — Go and get a lodging where she could. — "Lay on the steps all night if you like, you shan't come home with me — and you know," she said in a significant tone to the girl which I did not then understand. — With a little more persuasion, the naked lass laid on her back on the edge of the bed, her legs hanging down. — It was at the side of the bed away from the gas, Betsy had pushed her on that side of the bed.

For half a minute I gazed at her with delight as she lay with wonderfully large thighs, and legs, and would never have believed her youth, had it not been for the hairless cunt, and youthful face. She was country born she had said, and early used to work in the fields, such work soon develops the form, and hence her beauty but I soon began my investigation into her virginity.



## Vol. 6 Chapter VII

**Molly's virginity verified. • All three on the bed. • Molly refuses me. Betsy's rage. • My prick up Betsy temporarily. • Molly convinced. • I mount her. • A wriggler and screecher. • The bed pillow employed. • Stroke number one. • The bloody sequel. • Stroke number two. • Betsy screwed. • Stroke number three. • Molly spends. • A night's cock-work. • Three in a bed. • Three weeks with Molly. • My erotic whims. • Difficult postures. • Betsy's assistance. • Molly on Betsy. • I fuck Betsy. • Molly jealous. • Betsy frigging herself. • Sudden disappearance of the two. • Reasons months after. • The washerwoman in quod. • The Priest's interference. • With Betsy in a Bath. • Fucking under water. • The Brothel in J\*\*\*s St. closed.**

I had doubted Betsy, and thought she was going to sell me about the virginity, spite of her protestations, and spite of my telling her that if not satisfied, I would only give her the price of a fuck of herself, and a little present to the girl: and knowing the room and the way the furniture was placed, and where the gas was, this now occurred to me again. I had to prevent my being cheated, and to get a good look, brought a candle with me which I now lighted, and stood by the side of the bed, — Betsy close to me. — I took one of the girls' legs, Betsy the other. — "Open your thighs and let him look, you said you would — you promised me you would — there's a darling," said she.

The girl's legs opened wide — I gave Betsy the candle, and with the vacant hand pulled open wide the lips of the little cunt, which was of a delicate pink, with the slightest signs of dark hair just on the mons. — excited as I was, and with a prick throbbing as if it would burst, or spend without a touch, I saw that the cunt had never had anything larger than a finger up it. With an impulse I have always had with hairless cunts, I put my mouth to it, and gave it a little lick. Such a mouthful of saliva came, and ran out of my mouth at once. — The girl struggled as she felt my tongue, and closed her thighs on my head. The spittle had covered her cunt — I threw off my shirt, pushed Molly straight on the bed, got on it by the side of her, and Betsy got on the other side.

But she would not let me mount her. In vain Betsy coaxed and bullied by turn. — "No — no," — she had altered her mind. — She was frightened — it would hurt, — it would make her bleed. — Then she burst into tears and cried. I desisted, Betsy quieted her, for fear of the people of the house, and when she had done she spoke to her in a subdued voice as nearly as possible thus.

"You bloody little fool. I had pricks up me twice as big as that, and longer than his, before I was your age — don't I get a living by fucking? — Don't I get silk stockings and dresses by fucking? — How are you going to live? — Who's going to keep you, I want to know? — What did you come here for? — Didn't you promise me? — Didn't you say you'd let him? - Didn't you say you'd like to be fucked if it was nicer than frigging yourself"

The girl made no reply, and was confused and shaking. "All right, you may go, and you may get home as you can," — saying that, she jumped off the bed and rolled up in a bundle the girl's chemise and petticoat, which were quite new. — "You shan't have the things I've given you, damned if you shall." Then she came to the bed, violently pulled off from the girl both boots and stockings, and rolled up the stockings with the petticoat. — "Now you may go — put on your dress and your boots, and go, you're not wanted here, my friend and I will stop all night."

The girl scared out of her senses. "Don't Betsy, where am I to go to?" — "Go the Hell and buggery, go and shit yourself, I don't care a bloody fart where you go to." — The girl blubbered and sobbed out, — "I will then, I will let him." — "Hold your sniveling, and don't make that noise. — Someone's at the door perhaps, — let him do it to you, — if you don't — go — and you know. — You know what," — Betsy, tho slanging in the foulest way (and I have not told a quarter what she

said), — did it all in a suppressed voice.

I got on to the bed again. So did Betsy, who helped the girl to her old place. Again the girl said she should be hurt and refused. — "You do it Betsy, with him — you let him do it." — "Lord," said Betsy, who had re-covered her temper, "he may fuck me till his spunk come up into my mouth if he likes — show her how to do it — let's have a fuck, my dear," — and she winked at me — "show her how it's done, and then she will let you, won't you Molly" — Molly made no reply.

I knelt between Betsy's legs naked, with prick stiff, dropped on to her, and put my prick up her — "There, feel, Molly." — She took hold of the girl's hand and guided it between our bellies — "Feel, his prick's right up — turn a little on the side," said she to me. We did, keeping copulated. When her arse was a little turned towards Molly, she threw one thigh high up over my hips so that the girl could see the prick as it lay squeezed into Betsy's cunt — "Look under, look Molly — look there, nothing but his balls to see, is there." — The girl put her head down, and curious, touched my balls. — "Oh fuck, fuck, isn't it lovely my darling," said Betsy.

We turned flat again and Betsy began fucking and heaving in earnest. She thought she was going to have the treat for she wanted it. — But I slipped my prick out of her cunt, tho I kept on ramming and driving, as if I was going to fuck her backside up to her blade bones. — "Sham," — I whispered. — Betsy, tho disappointed, took the hint, and we heaved and pushed to-gether, my prick now outside her, and at length screaming out, "Fuck — cunt. — Oh, lovely — ah my spunk's — coming — oh, push hard — dear — fuck — hick." — We both shammed ecstatic pleasure and sunk quietly down, whilst the lass sitting up naked on the bed by our side looked at us all the while intently.

"Let him now do it to you," — said Betsy, again coaxing and threatening Molly. — My prick had drooped, just as the girl at last allowed me to get between her thighs — but it sprung up stiff directly I dropped on to her. I worked cunningly, rubbing the tip just outside till I had lodged it. She trembled. I pressed her, and gave a tremendous thrust, and was on the right road. — "Oho — hah — ar," — she screamed — "You hurt — get off — I won't let you — har." — She screeched loudly, and struggled violently. "Hish, you damned howling little bitch," said Betsy, pushing a pillow right over the girl's head. I pressed my head on the pillow, the girl's head was hidden from me, but I could hear her cry. — I had not got up her, was funky about the noise we were making, but in the excitement thought only of my work. — "Hish, they will hear," were the last words I heard Betsy say. — Then I felt my sperm was coming, and with a violent effort, and grasping the fat little buttocks like a vice — my prick went up her, leaving my sperm all the way up as I entered. I felt the tightening of her hymen round my prick, as it went through it with a cunt-splitting thrust.

It was all over in a minute. Then, "Oh, don't," — I heard in muffled tones. — "Have you done her?" — said Betsy. — "Y— hes — y — hes." — She pulled away the pillow, and there I lay with the little naked one palpitating, but quiet in my arms, my prick up to its roots in her. I kept it there, tho it was shrinking' but I kept on gently thrusting, just enough to keep it half stiff. Then I partially withdrew it, the girl winced and murmured. — "Oh, take it out, you do hurt," that stiffened me quite. — "I am fucking again. — I shall spend again," — I said to Betsy, who turned on her side to see better, and in a few minutes of exquisitely prolonged pleasures — I spermatized again the little virgin quim.

[It is the last time but one or two that I recollect doing so without uncunting, for I am approaching a time of life, which makes a pause between fucks usual with me.]

I rose on my knees, and looked at the girl, who lay quite quiet with her thighs wide open, and her hand over her face. — A bloodier mass of spunk I never saw on a cunt. — Her blood had run down on to the counterpane, and lay in a red rim all round my prick near to its root. I was delighted beyond measure. She bled more than any virginity of her age which I ever yet have had, I think.

Betsy chuckled. — "Well, Moll — you've been fucked and no mistake, ain't you? — How do you like it? — It didn't hurt you, did it?" — The girl made no reply, but lay with her nice round thighs

wide open, her eyes covered with the back of one hand. — Betsy got off the bed and put a towel under Molly's buttocks and thighs. "You've spent enough and you have spoiled the counterpane." — The girl closed her legs on the towel, turned on one side, and began to cry. Betsy pulled her up and gave me the towel. I wiped my prick, and we all three got up — the girl ceased crying, and then sat on the sofa naked, in front of the fire; and we began drinking again.

Our talk was all about fucking, and we chaffed the former virgin, who sat without answering in a meditative way, seemingly wondering and upset by what had taken place. — At length, looking at Betsy. — "What will mother do if she finds it out?" she said. — "Find it out, how is she to find it out? — You won't tell her, and she does not look at your cunt, does she?" — "She might find it out." — "You little fool, she can't — and if she asks you, tell her to ax your pooper — and come to me, I will get you on to earn your living." — "She might find it out, tho," said the girl, giving her head a hard shake, and looking at the fire and as if speaking to herself. — "Say it's one of the boys in the court who did it, but I'll tell you what to say tomorrow," said Bet.

Betsy had had so much liquor that she was very jolly. The girl was on the sofa between us, when Bet put her hand across and began frigging my cock. "Is the next for her?" said she. — "Look Molly, that's what did it

— isn't it nice? — Tell us how does it feel when it's up you? — It didn't hurt you, did it?" — "It hurts me now," said Molly sullenly. — "Wash it, Molly." — I would not hear of that, — I wanted her as she was, I wanted her as she was, I liked to see the bloody smears on her belly and thighs, and know her cunt was full of my semen. "Don't you want to piddle" — "Yes," said the girl in a whipser. — "Do it then." — "I shan't"

— "Why you little fool, you must, we'll all go to bed directly, and you must before you go to sleep. I'm not going to bed with you, unless you do, you'll be pissing over us in the night." — The girl piddled, singing out — "ooooho" in a whisper, as the piddle I suppose touched the torn edges of her virginity.

Time had passed on in this amusing and exhilarating conversation till again I wanted the lass. She would not consent, she would not be hurt again, but we persuaded her, got her on to the bed, and again I sent my pego up her. At first she gave little subdued cries, and then took the thrusts very quietly. — "Isn't it nice now?" "No." — "Don't it give you pleasure?" — "No — no — no," — was all I got out of her. But I raised my self upon my elbow to look at her, whilst I went on fucking. She laid so quiet and closed her eyes in such a manner, that I am sure it did give her pleasure, tho she might not have spent.

We got hungry, and did not like the woman to fetch it Betsy for her. I was fucked out. How many times I did it I don't know, but had rarely been baudier and stronger. I so enjoyed the girl, that my cock stood the moment I laid my hands on her thighs, and I parted with her longing to meet her again.

The next night but one I again had them both, and passed a delicious evening. — The baud no longer objected. The girl came naturally dressed and looked older than she did in her makeup, which was a failure. — This night was, if less exciting, more enjoyable in its lasciviousness. The lass raised no objections, and for some hours my eyes were feasted and my fingers or my prick were investigating her cunt. What a delicious satisfaction to push into the little tight tube, and compare it mentally with full grown capacious cunts, to compare the jagged, pink slit, with the open port of Betsy, who told us about the pricks she had seen and had up her, and of such baudy pranks, that the lass declared she did not believe them. I did. What pleasure I had when again the girl spent, and admitted that it was better than frigging — even if Betsy did it to her. — "You seem comfortabler after it," said she, "than when you do it yourself, don't you Betsy." — It was an evening of mental and physical enjoyment to Molly and myself, and even to Betsy, who kept frigging herself.

Night after night, almost without intermission, did I then have Molly. — One night, Betsy said it was a shame that I did not give her a turn, and Molly consenting, I fucked her whilst Molly looked

on. — Molly seemed to think she had a right to all that would come out of my doodle.

I now get more whimsical in my lusts and more versatile in my enjoyments. Different poses suggest themselves to me continually. I have bent most women to obedience in these, of late years, those who would not obey I ceased to visit. But if a woman liked fucking, she takes as much pleasure in lasciviousness as a man does. — Betsy with her witty lewedness was fond of lascivious postures, but altho she did lewed things, she always seemed to do them with a certain witty gentility that was peculiar to her. The great pleasure she had in placing Molly, and shewing her how to move, and perform with me, was evident. — It was a bawdy play, or a rehearsal.

I wanted to fuck Molly dog fashion. — When she leant over the bed she was too low when she knealt on the bed too high. Bet, who always watched our fuckings, was ready with a suggestion. — She threw herself on her back at the edge of the bed with her legs dangling. — "If she lays on me, her cunt will just be at the right height," — "Nonsense." — But I put Molly, laughing, on the top of Betsy and they were naked belly to belly, face to face. — Bet clutched her threw her heels up on to Molly's buttocks and jogged up and down for a minute, as if fucking. "Now you can see two cunts with one eye shut, said Bet, if you look." — Puffing open the little ones' legs, I saw two cunts nearly meeting. Have I ever seen that before? — I forget.

I did not think of flat-cocking (tho I have often thought of it since) — but easing Molly down towards me a little, I got her cunt just at the right level, and drove my prick pretty well home, then holding her legs with difficulty on each side of my hips, began fucking.

Betsy threw her legs up high, when Molly's were so placed. I placed one of my hands between their two bellies, and could just feel with my knuckles the hairy surrounding of Betsy's split, whilst with my fingers I felt Molly's clitoris. Then with my hand thus, I fucked and spent. Then I shoved Molly up higher on to Betsy, stooped, and saw her cunt dripping out its sperm onto Betsy's cunt.

Betsy, thoroughly worked up, having felt every jog and my balls almost knocking against her, as I poked Molly, as she now felt the spunk drop on to her cunt, pushed Molly off of her, and shutting her eyes began frigging herself. — "You're not going to have all the pleasure, my darlings," she said. — Molly and I looked whilst she frigged. "Let's feel your prick," said she suddenly, I moved close to her — she seized it. — "It's sticky. The spunk's all over it." She gasped out, squeezing it hard, — "Oh, ahar my God." Her imagination as she felt my cock, helped her, and she spent. It is wonderful what ungainly attitudes and what difficult uncomfortable poses men and women will put themselves in, to get variety of attitudes in fucking.

"Do you often frig yourself?" I asked her. — "Yes she do," said Molly, "she likes it." — "Shut up you," said Bet, "I frig when I can't get flicked and I haven't had much chance lately I've been with you every night — the other night I gave a Peeler a treat." — "Where did he have you?" — "Against a shop door," said Betsy, nothing abashed. — "I don't believe you." But Molly told me that she saw Betsy and the Policeman at it. So the girl was training up very nicely in the way she should go.

I tried to ascertain where the little one lived but never could get at it from either of the girls. I wanted Molly alone, and to save the expense as well, for I had to pay double for the room, and to pay both Betsy and Molly. That the girl went home with Bet, and that she had a mother, I learnt from scraps of conversation, especially when the flap-cunted one had had her full share of wine, yet the home was kept secret and Bet, when questioned at length said, "you'd better not bother yourself — or you'll get perhaps into more trouble than you'll like." — So I ceased enquiring.

Nearly a month had passed away, when Bet said the girl was going back to her mother. "She must stop at home three days, and then I'll get her out again, but she must go home early." That I agreed to. At the house on a night arranged, the mistress told me that Betsy had called to say she should see me soon, but not that night, nor did she meet me afterwards, and some months rolled by, before I met Betsy again. She was then looking very poor and unwell. — We turned an accommodation house, and then she told me all that had occurred.

The girl was the daughter of a laundress, a friend of Betsy's, and she was allowed to be much with her, tho the mother knew how Betsy got her living. The girl was growing, had had her courses, and wanted fucking. — "Fucked by someone I knew she would be soon. — Some ragged-arsed coster perhaps. She'd been felt by youths, and had felt them, and as you wanted a fresh one, I thought I might as well have a few pounds for the virginity,. as let it go for nothing" — So she led the girl up to it. It was easy enough, the little one nothing loath, was longing to have a prick up her, and get a silk dress, but Betty scarcely knew how to get her away. Just then the mother got drunk, assaulted a policeman, was abusive, and was quickly sent to quod for a month. — Betsy said the girl should stay with her, till she was out of prison, and so she did, and she was then brought to taste my prick.

After the last time I had Molly, the mother came home, and soon told Bet her daughter had been ruined, and that Bet was at the bottom of the business. She denied it — and Molly denied it, but it ended in a row. The mother got again drunk and assaulted Betsy. The whole neighbourhood got to know and was up in arms. Betsy was obliged to leave her lodgings and at last to leave the neighbourhood. — She was afraid even to take to her old Strand walk, because of the mother. Since then, Molly and her mother had gone she knew not where.

Betty's belief was that it was owing to a Priest, for Molly had sworn she had never told her mother. When a doctor to whom she took the girl, had examined her cunt, he said that if a man had not been up her, she had put something up as big as a man. Molly still resolutely denied knowing anything about the matter, or that her cunt was any larger than it always had been, and said that she had put things up it. They were Roman Catholics. The mother took Molly to confess. The girl would not tell Betsy anything she had told the Priest, saying that she should go to hell if she did tell — and declared in ambiguous terms that the Priest had never asked her that — but only what he had asked her other times before — and she had taken care not to say too much. For all that, Betsy declared that from what the mother had let out that the Priest must have cautioned her, against letting her having anything more to say or do with Betsy. It seems that whilst Molly had been living with Bet, the two had talked a great deal about Priests, and what women told those holy men when confessing — and Betsy declared that tho the Priest might not have said the actual thing, he had said enough to the mother, to put her on the scent and make her do what she did.

I fucked Betsy that night but never afterwards, and gave her what I could to compensate her for her trouble and loss, for it seemed a probable story. I soon afterwards lost sight of her, and Molly I have never seen since.

The episode lasted about four weeks, and I had plenty of amusement during the time. — I was delighted with the little one. I could gaze for half an hour at a time at the little delicate pink slit, its jagged rupture, its little hairless lips: and then look at Betsy's well-haired cunt, as she laid by the side of her. When the little one's cunt was fresh washed I would tickle the little clitoris with my tongue till she closed her thighs on me — or pushed my head away, but I never made her spend that way, nor thought of doing so, nor desired it. — It was simply instinctive, lascivious play which pleased us both — and delighted Betsy to witness.

In arranging these later portions of manuscript, I came upon a narrative of copulation in a bath, which I had with this big-eyed Betsy — I knew that I had written it, and at one time looked for it fruitlessly, then forgot it, and only thought about it again, when in arranging the loose leaves telling of my secret life at about this date, it suddenly turned up. It must there-fore be kept in place here, altho what occurred took place certainly ten years earlier. — It was the only time I ever fucked a woman under water.

I have since tried to stroke a woman in a bath in the southwest of Europe, and failed, but fucked her directly we left the bath (in which I let as much water play-fully up her cunt as I could) on a sofa in the dressing room. — It was at about 10 o'clock a.m. She was a lovely-formed, dark-eyed, dark-haired creature, a ballet girl, and an Italian about twenty years old, and for now my amusements were far wider in range, obscenity, and eccentricity) I made her piss over me from the edge of the bath, and I pissed against her cunt, before our ablution. This was to her great amusement — and

during all breakfast time afterwards, she did nothing but talk about it, for it was her first essay in such class of erotic diversion. — After breakfast, we adjourned again to the bath, under pretence of taking one, and I fucked her twice in the dressing room and then I went back by myself to P\*\*\*h.

One night, Betty and I talked about the bath which we took together years previously, for it was she who told me of the bathing place. It is strange to me that I have never written full narrative before, for I made the notes at the time, as I well recollect. And now to the narrative.

One day when I had her on my first acquaintance with her, the subject turned on baths, and she asked if I had ever had a woman in a bath. "It takes a good man to fuck under water," said she. Then she told me where I could try, and I met her there soon after.

In J\*\*\*s St., not far from my favourite boudoir, was a small building on the outside window of which in large letters was written "Baths." There were there indeed baths for gentlemen, yet I expect the paying business was the double bath to which the initiated only had access. — Betsy told me not to go in with her, for men and women never went in together, but to wait a few minutes, as she had to see if a bath was ready, and let the keeper know who to expect. I did as told, and was soon in a comfortable little room where Betsy was awaiting me.

Against the wall was a bath like any other bath, but large enough for two. Hot and cold water could be turned on at pleasure. There were several different sized, but large flat cushions covered with soft leather, or something smooth, intended to be placed at will in the bath, for bum, back, knees, or head. We soon stripped, and filled the bath to a height just enough to cover our bodies, and then got into it together. Having heard from Betsy of the difficulty, I had kept my-self from fucking for a few days, and now had a rigid prick, and plenty of sperm in my testicles.

Laying by her side I began to feel her cunt. She told me the more I let the water up, the greater difficulty I might have in fucking her. I soon began the work, and to my annoyance could not get my prick up her comfortably. Her cunt felt sloppy, yet dry to my tip, and my prick did not seem so stiff as it had been a minute or two before. She laughed. Then I arranged the cushions differently, so that her cunt might be higher up, for me to get at it more readily. Then I had to let water out, and then in, because it either covered her too much, or me too little. Then her head was too low and so on. But at length all being carefully adjusted after much time and trouble, again I mounted her under the water, and got my prick into her cunt. Then the motion of my arse and belly, and her wriggling up to me, sent the water up in waves, slopping all over her face, and directly afterwards, one of the pillows slipped away from under us, her head sank down clean under the water, my face went under the water filling my nose, out slipped my prick, and we both got up drip-ping, she annoyed because she didn't want her hair wetted, I annoyed because I hadn't finished my fuck. Indeed I had scarcely began it, yet now found my prick quite limp.

Again we went in. We had been a longish time now in and out, and were getting saturated, and my prick wouldn't stand. — In vain she frigged it under the water, so I rose up on my knees, and frigged it stiff, sank down, entered her orifice, but I couldn't do it. I got up angry and swearing, she rose laughing. Then I turned her arse towards me kneeling, and knelt my-self, trying it from behind, but both cunt and ballocks were above the water then, but I pierced her and shoved for a minute or so up her, and got it well stiff again.

But having come to fuck under the water and not out of it, I began readjusting the water level, so as to cover her arse and my prick. Then it was too cold, then too hot, and it took time to get it right, but at length it was. With difficulty I then got my prick up her when just under the water, when the cushion on which her hands were placed as she knelt, slipped away. A little only, but anyone floats so easily, that directly she had lost her pose, down she went on her belly, her head clean under water again, down I sank on the top of her, out slipped my prick of course, and out of the bath both got again.

"I told you it took a good man to do it in the water," said she. — So I found, but was determined to do it, for I knew the spunk was in my balls ready for issue. Again I tried various positions. Her cunt

had lost all its lubricity, the water had acted on my cock prejudicially, and though wanting it, I had to frig it up each time to stiffen it, and at length I could not get it into her when under the water at all.

She began to feel chilly, so did I. We stirred the fire, and made the water hotter. I got furious. She wanted to frig me under the water, I would not let her. Had she ever friggged herself under it? — No, but she would try, and she began, the water surging all about, as her hand moved. "I can," said she. But I pulled her hand away, and suspended the operation for I wanted her to spend with me.

At length determined to do it somehow, we put the water very shallow, I turned her arse again towards me, and we fucked kneeling, until our mutual pleasure was just increasing. Then, uncunting, I turned her on her back, and myself on to her belly, and my throbbing prick went up her as she lay with the water just touching her arsehole. Then we shagged on, till I felt that nothing could take the stiffness out of my prick, but a spermatic discharge, and she seconding me with intelligence (for she wanted to fuck under water, as well as me), she lifted her arse and me up with her slightly, I withdrew the pillow, her arse then sank under the water, which just covered her cunt and my balls, and in a few pushes my spunk filled her cunt, and restored its smoothness. — We lay with our organs in the water, her breasts and my back out of it, and so we lay till my prick slunk out of her cunt, which it soon did.

There was a bed in the room, and a warmer in it. Rapidly drying ourselves, we jumped into the bed. The woman brought us some warm brandy and water, and we laid in bed talking over our adventure, and the difficulties of aquatic copulation, till we wanted each other. Then lecherously we flicked between the warm sheets, and fell asleep.

Before we left the bath, I had felt up her cunt. The water followed my fingers, which in retiring brought with it my sperm, which we saw laying on a cushion, when we looked in the bath afterwards.

Betsy spent with me in the bath. "I was as lewed as you. — Lord God! ... One fuck in a bed is worth fifty in a bath, me dear, but you did fuck and finish in it. — You're the fourth man who has been in the water with me, but the only one who spent under the water, the others flicked just outside it. — You've something to be proud of. I'll tell Mary S\*\*m\*\*rs."

Mary S\*\*m\*\*rs was a big woman whom I also had at the time I knew Mavis. She was about twenty-four years old, and weighed fourteen stone I think. She was big all over, but had no undue stomach, no over fat arse, but the flesh was evenly distributed about her. She had the loveliest eyes I ever saw, of the lightest hazel, and a large easy cunt. I recollect that cunt well. She was very handsome, and was always in the Quad-rant in daylight, I don't recollect seeing her of an evening. She tried to attach me, and used to say I was the loveliest poke she ever had, but there was something about her which I didn't like, and could not at first comprehend. I thought she was lazy and dirty, from an oppressive odour about her. At last I discovered that her feet had a strong smell, and avoided her. But when she saw me she would follow me. — Women spoke much more importunately in those days to men. "Come along with me dear, I haven't seen you such a time." "I can't, I'm in a hurry and am poor today." — "Never mind the money, I want to see you so."

## Vol. 6 Chapter VIII

**Promiscuous whorings. • Mrs. Eliza F\*\*\*m\*\*g. • Her fling. • An expensive establishment. • Mutual likings. • I am her fancy. • Lord E\*\*t\*r. • Caught by her with a woman. • My gift. • She marries. • A Rotterdam saloon. • A flaxen-haired North Hollander. • The young Englishman. • An Amsterdam bitch. • A difficult poke and queer cunt. • A Dutch sailor's whore. • Polyglot baudiness. • A pomatum pot. • At B\*\*\*s\*\*s. • Mrs. W\*\*\*t\*r again. • Acquaintance renewed. • A shallow cupboard. • A cough and a fart. • Four brothels and eight whores. • A larkish maid-servant. • Unsuccessful attempts.**

Then I went promiscuously with women, until one night when quite early in the year, going to the A\*g\*\*e rooms, I saw on entering Eliza F\*\*\*m\*\*g. — Ten minutes afterwards I was in her brougham, soon at her house at C\*\*\*s\*a, and within an hour after had fucked her twice, and we were at supper together. I found my way home at 3 o'clock next morning.

She had quarrelled with Mr. F\*\*\*m\*\*g, left him, and turned gay. He had given her a house full of handsome furniture, had paid the rent for one year of a handsome house, and had gone abroad. I don't think that he expected her to turn on to the town — but rather that some other man would take her as mistress, for she had a good class of male acquaintances thro their visiting him. Moreover, she was altogether a superior woman for her class, and had been very well educated indeed. I have met but few who have been much educated at all, altho most of them pretend a lot. I never got the facts of her birth and relations, nor very much about F\*\*\*m\*\*g, for she was reserved on all those topics.

However, there she was, going as she said "to have a fling" and was doing well. Expecting ten pounds for giving a man "a night's lodging and breakfast," she said jocosely, and getting it, but she didn't tell me that that night, I learnt it afterwards.

She was just as exquisite in form, and in sexual pleasures. I had been unusually unhappy just before I met her again, and drowned my sorrow with women, and said I would stop with her a week. — "Oh — do — but wait until Monday. I have promised Lord E\*\*t\*r on Saturday, but on Monday next I shall be disengaged." — On that day I took up my quarters with her, and such a week's fucking I have rarely had. I was insatiable, and she was willing to indulge in love frolics to any extent. At the end of the week I was hollow eyed and hollow cheeked, and she much the same. She was one I found who when her passions were roused, could keep on spending twice to my once, till she was half dead with pleasure, and her eye sockets were blue with sexual exhaustion; yet still she could not keep her hand from my prick when I was near her. This prick which I once thought so small.

Then I learnt how very heavy her expenses were. — She had several servants, and a brougham to keep. It made me anxious, for I could not bear to give her less than others. Speaking delicately about it — "I don't want any money from you. — Give me another bracelet some day (She had the one already given her.) but you had better now leave me for a week, then come and stay with me again" — and I did. Eliza liked me much tho I don't say she loved me, and I began to like her too much as well as liking her cunt, and at the end of another week, I had so exhausted both her and myself, that I felt nearly in the same condition that I was in, when with Mrs. O\*b\*\*\*e at the hotel in Switzerland, a few years ago.

There is, I find, one way of testing a woman's liking for me. — Those who have liked me much, have been pleased to let me pose them at will, and contemplate them, just as long as I liked. Eliza F\*\*\*m\*\*g did — and she was so beautiful that I was always at it. An hour after dinner (we nearly always dined at her house where she had a good cook), we were in night-dresses, and then our fun began. It being winter, nudity was not quite so pleasurable in itself — but we made the room as hot



as fires would make it, and stripped or half stripped, and began our lascivious play. — Between each fuck I scarcely took my eyes off of her, so enamoured was I of her beauty, unless lying quite close to her, with her hand round my prick — which was her favourite place and pastime. I have lain half an hour with my head resting on her thigh near to the knee, looking at her cunt, and puffing it about, as she lay with thighs wide open to indulge me. — Or looking at her whilst laying on her belly, so that I might contemplate the clink in its hairy snugness, between thighs and a backside, in themselves exquisite to look at, from their shape and whiteness, without thinking of the temple of love they enclosed. — She never that I can recollect, shewed anything but pleasure at my doing this. — Others who take such amusements as a matter of business, or a lustful preliminary, always get impatient if my curiosity lasts too long.

Then I found that she made from fifty to seventy pounds a week, by the exercise of her profession, whilst I had given her nothing in money. — Lord E\*\*t\*r just then sent her a cheque for a hundred, together with a note saying he was coming to town on a certain day, to stop a few days, and that the cheque would pay some of the expenses. I saw both note, cheque, and the money she got when she had cashed it. This was too much for me. I drew a cheque for her for thirty pounds, and insisted on her taking it. But she refused it. "You know you can't give me so much," — said she. I told her that unless she took it I would not see her again. She took the money, and I stopped with her nearly till the day when Lord E. was to arrive. On my leaving she gave me a very nice cravat pin, which I accepted. Then I avoided seeing her for some time, tho much against my will, so as neither to get more spooney on her, nor to encourage too kindly a feeling on her part towards me. I went to the Argyle, made acquaintance with a swell woman there one night, and was just leaving with her when I met Eliza. She looked so dreadfully hurt, that I gave the woman a sovereign and returned with Eliza, who cried all the way to her house. I slept with her, and never had a more voluptuous night. She complained of my absence, and wished to know what women I had had, and I told her truthfully. "What a pity it is you're not better off," said she, "for you'd keep me wouldn't you? But I should only get you into debt, for somehow I never can make any money I have, do." She was in debt I found then even, with all the money she had. God knows how she spent it.

Then E\*\*t\*r offered to keep her. She sought my ad-vice, which was to accept him, and ultimately she did, tho she said she hated him. She sold off her furniture, and he took a house for her in R\*g\*\*s P\*\*k. I gave her a handsome bracelet when we parted, but she only accepted it on condition that I would call and see her; and altho disliking to poach on another man's manor I said I would, and once or twice had her there. All I now tell of did not occupy more than about seven weeks. Then I went out of town mainly to get away from her, tho I loved her embraces.

I had women for a time, but will now finish about Eliza F\*\*m\*\*g. A very short time afterwards, I saw her in the park driving, made an assignation, and had her at a boudoir house. There she told me that F\*\*m\*\*g had written to her, that he was coming back, and said he would marry her, what should she do. — "Marry him, of course," said I.

Two or three months after, she married him, and disappeared from London altogether. I was told that he had an estate in one of the colonies, and had gone there. I never verified that. I felt sorry at her loss — thinking she was a woman I could have been happy with. But who can tell? She was one of those who was voluptuous in the highest degree and would do all amorous tricks. She made no pretense of modesty, yet in all she did there was a certain refinement, and delicacy in her manner. Pulling the lips of a cunt apart for male inspection, seems an act not very elegant, and as if the way of doing it must be the same with all women; yet it is not so. There was a certain lady-like manner in Eliza's doing it, which differed somehow much from that of nine women out of ten, and I have noticed that delicate difference in other women, tho I cannot describe the difference. It is indefinable. (Now I like, I think, the boudoir manner of a randy woman, to whom all modesty is a nuisance, and who is lewd both in deed and word. What a difference twenty years have made in my tastes. Eliza F\*\*m\*\*g never used lewd words at all.)

Then I went on the continent, whilst the weather was yet cold. I saw the dancing rooms at

Rotterdam, and poor and cheap as they were, had two or three of the women at them. I had one, really a fine, tall, beautiful woman with flaxen hair, and who wore large silver ornaments like shields, or saucers, on each of her temples. Her flesh was beautifully white — I was cunt-struck and had her within a few minutes after I had entered the saloon, and felt ashamed of going out of the room with her as other couples did with women. But no one seemed to notice the couples retiring, tho all knew what they left the room for. The ladies re-turned generally alone, the men after their love-making usually going off by a side door, tho I have seen a man and woman come back into the saloon together, tho every one must have well known what they had been doing upstairs.

I didn't like her flaxen-haired motte, it was never a colour I liked, yet I hadn't left the house a quarter of an hour, when I took a fancy to return to the saloon, and there was the North Hollander, dancing with quite a handsome English youth, well dressed, and seemingly not more than eighteen years old. In another minute he had retired with her, and in about ten minutes more I should think, she returned to the dancing room. She had been fucked, and had cunt-washed in that short space of time. The idea (and what a strange idea it seemed to me) of putting my prick into her after the handsome youth, gave me a cock-stand, and just then noticing me, she came smiling and sat herself by the side of me. At once filled with lust I went upstairs with her again. There I began to wonder at myself, and thought I would leave, but a curiosity sprang up in me about his cock, and in German I asked her if she'd been fucked since I had left her half an hour before.

She said "No." — Then I told her what I had seen, whereat she laughed, and acknowledged it was true. I asked questions about him. His prick was big, "Big, and oh! So stiff." He would not wait till she took off her clothes, but put her on bed-side, his prick went up, and almost directly he spent. — I was specially curious then. "Ach Gott — he spent wonderful. Ach Gott, drowned was mine cunt with it, he, was ein English Man."

Then I looked at her flaxen-haired slit, and to make sure of its being free from his sperm, made her wash it well out before me, and then I entered it again and enjoyed her, thinking of his prick having rubbed where mine was rubbing. What strange fancies come into my head now! They never used to run so much on the male, but they seem to do so more, since Betsy John-son got me the sod I should like to feel another, and one with a big prick I begin to think. And what harm can there be in doing so?

At Amsterdam I went to the best boudy house, which faced one of the canals, and saw a consequential bitch, who began bargaining with me before I had felt her garters even. To satisfy her I gave her about five times what I had given at Rotterdam, and paid down. Then she shammed modesty till I lost my temper, for I know when a regular whore does that, she is a humbug, and has something to hide. I went in my anger to the door to leave, but calling out for the baud to tell her. That brought the bitch to her senses. Taking about ten minutes to do it, she undressed, and a poor, skinny, bony female she was, and one who could not put her thighs wide apart, or who would not, but I think could not. I have had several women who could not, whose thigh bones seemed nearer together than those of most women. — There seemed scarcely room for my hand between this one's thighs, as I grasped her cunt with my whole hand as I like to do.

The hair of her cunt was dark, and it had two, funny looking, thin, yet fully developed lips. It was an ugly cunt, but for all that I spent in it, and did it standing by the bed side. Unable to get her legs conveniently over my hips, I put them high up, and she then doubled them up till her knees were near her chin. That facilitated my entry, and I fucked her in that attitude. — She said my prick hurt her, which I don't believe, and then she asked me for a further present, which I refused, and did not go to her again.

There was something about this woman's cunt, and the closeness of her thighs, which set me thinking and comparing. I have as before said if I recollect rightly, had women whose thighs did not seem to open wide enough, to let me lie comfortably between them, but this woman's thighs, cunt, and build, seemed to remind me of some woman whom I had had in my youth. At length it occurred to me that she resembled a maid in my mother's service who was named Harriett. The re-semblance

came into my mind suddenly, and I recollect that I have said a good deal about her. When how-ever I attempt to go into particulars of resemblance, my memory fails me.

A day or two after, going down an alley about five feet wide, I saw a big woman sitting with a low dress at window, showing nearly all her breasts. It was as day-time, but giving her about three shillings in English money, I had a very satisfactory poke, in a fully-haired cunt, between a big pair of white thighs, and a stunning backside, and was so well contented, that I had the lady again the next day. Certainly I have had on chance occasions, and for very small money payment, as fine women as a man need desire. — Only they were generally so coarse and vulgar in manner.

This woman spoke German, but in a dialect which I could scarcely understand. But all the bawdy words explanatory of fucking, she spoke in good German, and in English, and in French as well. I expect many sea-faring men had her. As I examined her perfections whilst she was naked (and willingly) with me, I looked at her bum-hole, and touched it out of fun. Thereupon she told me, and made me understand somehow, that if I wanted to "bougarr" her, I must pay "one Victoria," she never let it be done for less. — "It can't be done," said I. "Yah — yah — hier," said she, jumping up and taking out from a closet a pomatum pot. Then in her dialect, she explained I suppose, but I did not understand, nor did I expend "one Victoria."

At the H\*g\*e, I got a really splendid woman, and then I fucked my way to Belgium. At B \* \* \* s\* \* s, the first person I saw at the hotel was Mrs. W\*\*\*t\*r. — We were both astonished, and I think she was vexed at meeting me, but that soon wore off, if it had been so. A hot-arsed widow I expect gets hotter arsed, when she meets a man who has tailed her pleurably, and certainly we had enjoyed each other well. I also when I meet a woman some time after I have fucked her, nearly always desire her again. I seem to want to see if she is changed in form, cunt, and amorous performance. I long to talk with her, and recall former pleasures. I felt that towards the heavy-arsed, maturecunted but devilish fine fuckstress, Mrs. W\*, and felt also on the instant that I was sure of having her.

She was there with the same party — which now included the young man, whom her niece had declared she would have, whether her father permitted it or not. He seemed a nice young fellow. I used to sit and look at the niece, and it pleased me much to think I had seen her naked, and knew the color of her cunt wig: whilst her intended might have to wait long before he saw as much. I told Mrs. W\*\*\*t\*r my thoughts, when I got a tete-a-tete with her. She laughed at the affair and said, "Yes — unless he gets a look at it on the sly." — Then she turned modest, and said it was really too bad of me, to have been looking at her niece naked through the key hole. But I saw plainer than ever that she was lewed to her very marrow — no whore after twenty years' fucking, more so.

There was great difficulty in getting Mrs. W\*r be-cause of the situation of our respective rooms, and circumstances generally. — But cock and cunt won't be kept asunder, if they don't mean it. — I tried to get a room next hers but failed. At length I got one opposite, but two or three days passed without my having a chance. At length we copulated at dinner-time. She shammed being unwell, and staid in her room. I sup-pose they thought I was out. I hopped across to her, and we fucked three times in an hour and a half. A day or two after, the party went off to Waterloo. — She was to have gone also, but again pleaded being unwell, tho she looked as strong as a horse. I passed the entire day with her, and had a hard balloocking bout. She had food sent up to her room for herself of course, but enough for two was there, and we eat it together. I hid myself in a cupboard when the waiter brought it in, but the cupboard was so small, that the door would not quite close on me, so she pulled some dresses right over me as they hung up there. I had a bad cough, and unfortunately a fit of coughing came on just as the waiter was leaving, and in trying to check the cough, I farted rather loudly. The waiter most likely thought it was she who had let it go.

I felt much annoyed at what I had done, but took no notice of it till we had dinner. Then the comicality of it made me suddenly burst out laughing. — She did the same. "Hish," said she, "they will hear us outside." — "What are you laughing at?" said I. — "What are you?" Both then recommenced laughing in a sup-pressed manner. "He thought it was you." "I'm afraid he did," — she replied, and then we adjourned to the bed, and no further remark was ever made about the

flatulent noise. — It was funny, tho — I got away without being noticed I believe that day.

I had Mrs. W\*\*\*t\*r once again only, and am of the same opinion that I was, about her sexual skill and beauty. For a quite middle-aged one, I don't recollect any woman who gave me more pleasure. Her cunt was perfection tho I can say that of scores. The difficulty of getting her was great.

I had a run at the boudy houses in the town, where the women were both wholesome, and very cheap, both of which conditions for the time were agreeable to me. Altogether I had quite seven or eight of them, my favours being distributed among four houses. — Five francs was then the price at three of them, and at the other (a splendidly furnished house) the price was a Louis. — But not one of the eight women were really handsome, tho half of them had fineish forms, and all were boudy beyond my requirements.

I went on from that town to \* \* \* \* where I nearly got into a servant of a family who were travelling, but did not succeed. I got her out in the dark one night, and felt her cunt whilst she had her back against a wall. I afterwards got her into my bed-room, and there, tho I felt her, and made her cunt sweat with her lust, tho she felt my prick till I nearly spent, tho I am sure from the intrusion of my fingers that she was no virgin, tho she subdued her voice almost to a whisper when refusing me and defending herself, tho I threw her on the bed, and kissed her thighs, yet I never succeeded. I had to let her go, on her saying quite seriously, and sternly. — "Now we've had our fun, but if you're rough I'll cry out — that I will — for you shan't do it to me and I don't want your money neither, never you mind if I've done it or not, you shan't." "I expect you've got the pox," said I, leaving her. I have had others who would go to any lengths, but stop at fucking.

## Vol. 6 Chapter IX

**Fornication on a prospect tower. • At a Restaurant. • Two sisters, shop-women. • The drive to the tower. • A randy quartette. • On the tower stairs. • Legs felt and prick produced. • Fucking near the sky. • The second ascent. • The half-way landing. • Adultery at night. • A woman's intentions. • At Paris. • A creole for variety. • Tobacco versus fucking. • A negress for a change. • Amusements with a comb. • A recusant prick. • A determined entry. • Black on white, and white on black. • Fucked at last. • A sudden summons. • Free! Hurrah!**

This tour gave me one novel but short adventure, which I find narrated at length, and is worth preserving.

At the not very large town of \* \* \* \*, I called on a friend, who had resided there some years. He was married, and indeed went there for economy, and largely to bring up a family which was not a small one, among a good circle, and to learn continental languages. His means would not let him do that in England. — He was a very loose fish however, as I speedily found out, indeed knew him always to have been so, yet he was on the whole a good husband and father.

It was an exceedingly hilly, almost mountainous country. There were rides and walks to the summits of the hills, and on one of them they had erected a big tower of rough stone about ninety feet high, from the top of which was a superb view. — We were going to see this, and take an early meal in the open air at mid-day, at a restaurant, before driving there.

Whilst doing so, I noticed a tallish, dark-eyed, hand-some woman, looking about twenty-eight years old, with a shorter one looking about eighteen. They were plainly and modestly, tho well dressed, as small trades women, as I found they were. They were sisters, my friend told me, adding that he should like to have the younger, and had tried without success. The elder he said was, or had been, married he had heard, and he guessed liked the feel of a doodle, as well as most women. Looking round to see if there was any one there whom he knew, he suggested talking to them. I was nothing

loathe of course, being quite a stranger there, and it ended in our going into a corner of the garden, and all feasting together, and then in driving the two women (who it turned out were going there) to the tower at \*\*\*\*.

The country and place must remain unnamed, for to name it would disclose too much. I spoke tho but in-differently the language. — There was something about the elder female which made my cock tingle, and I came to the opinion (how I form such opinions I know not) that she was hot-cunted. We had at the meal, (for which we paid) wine, after beer — (beer was their usual drink) and after the wine something a little stronger. Getting up to leave, the two went off to an angle dedicated to female necessities. We did the same. There was a mere wooden division separating the male place from the females. The rattle of each sex could be heard by the other. The customs of the country wisely made no secret of such matters as pissing. The women came out smiling with empty bladders, and we all got into the vehicle. I began our fun by telling the elder, that I had heard her through the enclosure, which for the moment seemed to shock her.

Then there was a little anxiety on their part. — They were of the town, and so were known, and didn't know what might be said if with us seen. They could easily walk there. It was compromised by closing up the carriage, and setting them down at about five minutes walk from the tower.

At the base of that structure we all met. They got lively, seeing none but a few peasants there. No one knew any of us. We gave the women more to drink, for the benefit of the tower guardian, who sold liquors — and milk and cakes — and then we all went up the tower together, laughing and talking loudly, being all, and especially the women, much elevated by good food, and rather too much liquor. The elder sister I had by this time found had been married, had only quite recently come to \* \* \* \* where her father and sister lived, had never visited the tower, and hence her visit to it now. It so happened, that we had by chance chosen a day and hour, when there were usually but very few visitors to the tower, which was fortunate for all of us.

In the carriage, I sat opposite to my fancy, pressed her knees with mine, and joked her about her thighs and legs making me hot. — "Let me take them away then." — "No, I like them there." — "You're making me hot," — said she. "But Fraulein, you're making me hot everywhere." — She looked with eyes filled with lust, and my prick stiffened as I sat. My friend was chaffing his girl, we took no notice of each other, but as the conversation got warmer, the women giggled, and spoke to each other in whispers. As we got out of the carriage, "Damned if I wouldn't give ten pounds to fuck that girl," said he in a low tone to me.

The stone stairs of the tower were only wide enough for one to go up, and one to pass. — They were steep, and wound round, so that you could only see four or six steps ahead of you, further on they were lost in the curve. The girl went first, my friend followed, and I let them go well ahead. My woman and I came last, she in front of me. When she had gone up a few steps, I peeped up her clothes, but could only see a pair of fat calves in dingy stockings. She turned her head and saw me, for I made no secret of my action. "What are you doing?" — "Looking at those thighs of yours." — "Oh," said she, "you can't see them, I know," and stopping. "You go first." — "No, you go on." — "I won't." — "You must." — I had then got on to the same step and kissed her. She didn't resist it a bit, but remarked that her sister would hear. Then she went a few steps further up, then stopped again. "Oh, I want you so" and I pushed my belly as well as I could against hers, and again kissed her on the stairs. "What will they think of our stopping so." — "Look what a state you've made me in," — and I pulled out my pego. She looked at it. — "Oho — o — oo" she laughed, "for shame, I'll tell your friend, and we'll leave you," and turning, she ran as far as she could up some stairs, I following her quite closely and pinching her legs. She stopped, and then ran up to a landing, half way up the tower stairs, where the other couple we found resting. They didn't seem to notice our having been long in coming up. My friend winked at me in a satisfied manner, as if he had taken some liberties. Just then a man and woman came down from the top of the tower, and said no one was up there when I asked him, so now, thought I, the coast is clear.

On went the other couple, and directly I lost sight of them, I kissed my woman and showed my

prick again. — "Oh, take care of my sister," — said she. That was encouraging. I tried to get my hand up her clothes, but didn't succeed. — "No, you shan't," and turning, she ran up fast, I after her, and just as we neared the other couple, I managed to put my hand up her clothes on to her naked bum. She gave a loud cry. — "What's the matter," I heard shouted out. — "Oh, I've stumbled up stairs," she replied. She then turned round and shook her head at me. — She's game for a feel if nothing else thought I, and I pulled out my prick, she ran up faster then, after giving a good look at it and laughing, and in a minute we were at the top together.

It was a fine view, but I thought of nothing but fucking. It had been fine when we started, but had become cloudy, and threatening rain. — "No one will come up the tower to day" said my friend, and not a person had been, or was visible on the road, which we could see for a long distance. — After stopping a quarter of an hour, my friend said it was cold, and he and the girl went down, refusing to stay. I said I should stay longer, to enjoy the view. In a minute my woman said she should go down. "What, leave me alone? That's unkind." She didn't need much persuasion. All sound of the other two was lost. Then I assaulted my lady. — "Let's do it, love — look" — "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't, they will see you from below." — There was certainly some, tho but little chance of that, so I got her up against the enclosure which covered the top of the stairs, and hid us from one side. She resisted and made a noise, but the tree tops alone heard it. I got my fingers on her cunt, and friggd and felt. — "Oh, if any one should see — now don't — leave off — pray do, if any one on the hills should have a telescope." — "Non-sense, love, but come in here," and I turned her inside the enclosure. She was yielding. At the top of the stairs was a covered landing about three feet wide only, for the enclosure was intended only to keep snow and rain from drifting down the stairs. Her back was against it in an instant — her hand was on my prick, my fingers again on her cunt. A grope up her, a tight grab of hers on my prick as our mouths joined, and then and there we fucked gloriously, for she was a good height for me. It was a short business, and what a trickling ran down my balls, whilst I still stood with my prober up her. She was a juicy cunted one, and wanted a prick badly.

"What will my sister think of our being so long up here?" — were the first words uttered. Down we went, I buttoning up as we descended. I don't think that my friend, or her sister, had noticed the time, or had the slightest suspicion of our little game, they were too much engrossed with themselves. I never enjoyed a fuck more, for all the circumstances gave a spice to it. It dwells in my remembrance now, that fuck a hundred feet above the top of the mountain, and on the top of a flight of stairs, and it stimulated me to fuck on a church tower, which I since have done.

I wanted her again, and sat scheming how to get her. There was a short thunder shower, we waited till it was over, and then out came the sun. My friend said we would go home. "No, wait, I'll not go till I have seen the landscape with the sun on it, I may never be here again." He wouldn't go up the stairs again, nor would the lass, she had seen it often. I saw that he wanted to get rid of me. I certainly wanted to get away from him. My woman said she shouldn't fatigue herself, but pressed a little, consented. On the half-way landing, I pulled out my prick which was again stiff, for I talked bawdy all the way up and occasionally felt her cunt. "Oh, don't sir, you've made me in such a mess." — Wet indeed her thighs were, from her cunt half way down to her garters, but her cunt felt lovely as my prick fucked in it again. We were in no anxiety about being caught, but we nevertheless hurried up to the top to show ourselves, and as quickly went down again. She agreed before we got to the bottom to meet me that night at a place I named.

We got back to the town and separated, before entering it, putting the women down. He showed me the shop as we passed, where the young one helped her father, and then without hesitation, showed me a bawdy house when I asked him. The girl had promised to meet him some day, and he meant to take her there, for have her, he felt sure he should some day. I met the other woman and took her to that very house that night, and fucked her twice. She was a fine, strong woman, with an arse like marble, and a dark haired cunt. She had had one child which was dead. Her husband was a bad fellow and had run away from her. She suspected he had gone to America with a young friend of hers, so she had come to live with her father and sister, who had not been long in the town. Her

husband had disappeared six months, and by all that was good, she had been a chaste wife, nor ever had been fucked since then until that day. This she said after gushing out her history, and crying a bit.

I had intended leaving but now stopped. My friend was surprized at that, and at my disappearance of an evening, but said nothing further. For three nights I had her and what delight it was to poke her, for she was hot-cunted, and no mistake. How she admired my prick and played with it, as if she'd never felt one before, and how she spent. What would she do I asked if her husband didn't return, nor let her know anything about him. That made her cry. She didn't know, she said, but certainly she wouldn't pass her life without love, if any man whom she liked would keep her, she would go and live with him. She had a strong clitoris, and longish nymphae. I am sure she was hot-cunted, she shewed it in her eyes, but she was not a whore. I saw her serve in the shop afterwards.

I bought her a pair of gold earrings at a shop she told me of. The day after I gave them to her I left the town, for my onward travel. My friend at parting told me he had felt the younger woman's cunt on the tower landing, and was sure she would let him fuck her some day. [I never heard whethr he did or not.]

On my way back I stopped at Paris. At a brothel I had a lovely creole, such a tall, handsome creature, but who annoyed me with her smoking. She was naked, all but stockings and slippers, when she came in. After washing her cunt, or as they call it there, making her toilet, she was smoking then. She laid down for my inspection of her cunt and backside, which took me a long time, I was so pleased with her, she smoking all the time, and contemplating me and her self, in the looking-glass which formed the top of the bed. I stripped myself naked, so that I might lay all over her, and enjoy the contact of her lovely flesh with mine, a thing I am fond of doing with women before I fuck them, and there she laid smoking, seemingly quite unconcerned, and I believe was thinking of something else than what was taking place between us. "Put out your cigarette, you don't fuck with that in your mouth, do you?" "I've done so before now," she replied placidly, but she put it down. Then at once she laid hold of my prick, to insert it in her cunt. It was stiff against her thigh touching her cunt, and I was enjoying its stiffness without immediate intention of putting it into her, so I took it away from her cunt, as she put to that orifice "You're in a hurry, ma chere." — "Not at all," said she, stretching out her hand for the cigarette, which was still alight and within her reach. But I knocked it out of her hand. "Let's think of fucking, ma chere." "Volontiers." Being deprived of her cigarette, she began the proper preliminaries, most voluptuously, and was soon rewarded with a gluey injection.

That over, I questioned her about her parentage, feeling desirous of knowing the breed, for the tone of her flesh was most delicate, and made me curious. Then seeing my curiosity about parentage, "Did you ever have a black woman?" she asked. I never had. She told me then that there was a fine Negress in the house. At once I sent for her, but she had just been engaged by a man, so I fucked my creole again and de-parted.

A day or two after, I had the black woman, who was, I should say, about twenty or twenty-two years old, and 11 woman. She came in dressed, or half dressed in :o)w satin, and with a silk handkerchief of the bright-possible colours, wrapped round her head. She {e French well, and said she was born at Guadede. Whether that is a place inhabited by a Negro or not, I don't know. was impatient to examine her, and my hand sought cunt under her single garment without delay. I there hair, short and crisp, and close, which re-minded me of the vegetable called a loufah, with which ntals rub themselves at the baths, and one of which friend gave me recently to use, for the first time. He travelled much in the east and had brought home many things novel to me, loufahs among them. stripped her forthwith. She had on white silk stock-s, and bright coloured slippers, which made a funny contrast with her flesh, for she was very dark. She was exceedingly well made from her knees upwards, a handsome round backside, and lovely breasts, the calves of her legs were miserably thin, and she had very large ugly feet, and her hands were also large. Her face really did not strike me as ugly, and had splendid white teeth, shewing thro very thick. Her face seemed in one perpetual grin,

and her shewed incessantly, perhaps purposely.

But her cunt was the most important part to me, I find the split very much like that of any other female, it had smaller inner lips, with a clitoris which stuck out like a very little prick, and seemed to have little connection with the inner lips, which however, commenced by a junction with it, and enlarged lower down. All this was almost a black red, the vagina looked pink. The outer lips were quite round, and of moderate fullness. The hair every where about her cunt, was quite black, and like horsehair with intense curliness, and laid flat on her mons. There was only a moderate quantity of hair about her cunt and belly altogether. The effect of the deep colored split, with the pink interior, cutting as it were thro the surrounding blackness, interested me but did not stir my lust at all, which surprized me, so I sat to look more closely at her cunt.

The hair interested me. Not only was it crisp, but each hair curled right round, and as it was short and not in large quantity, I could easily trace the curls. I have never seen cunt hair exactly like it before.

[In one or two Negresses since had, I have seen some resemblance, but they had longer and much more hair on their cunts, than this woman.]

I asked her for a comb, and when she had fetched one, I combed, with the finely toothed part, the hair on her mons. Immediately it had passed thro the comb, it curled up and laid flat as before. The Negress laughed her funny laugh, loud and long — never had a man combed it before, she said. When she fetched the comb she thought I wanted it for my own hair.

Then I put her on the side of the bed, and stood holding her thighs. My prick was not stiff, but with some difficulty I made it so. — She wanted to suck it up, but I would not let her. At length it was up her, and I began the to and fro movement, looking at her handsome breasts as she lay now naked. — But not much fancying her, my prick began shrinking. To stimulate it I relinquished holding one of her legs, which she herself then kept well up in the air without my assistance, and with my free fingers distended her cunt lips at the top, and watched my prick moving in and out of her dark orifice. All was useless, a nervous feeling that I could not fuck her came over me and out my prick came as big only as a walnut. It is always so directly I have such a fear.

It was useless rubbing it against her curly wigged slit. Nothing stiffened it. Saying I was fatigued, I laid on the bed by the side of her. She, cleverer, and I imagine in thinking over the affair, not unaccustomed to such masculine failures, said I had over excited my-self, should be all right soon, and so on, and fondling my cock, and lending herself to all my fanciful investigations with my fingers and eyes. In about ten minutes (I suppose) I was stiff again — "Now," said she gaily, and anticipating what I would do, put herself quickly in the same position as before, on the bed side.

Up went my prick again, stiffer now. Shove, shove, shove. A slight thrill of pleasure beginning at my prick tip, running to my bum hole, and from those two centres of lust, right thro my body, passed through me — "A — her — ha — ha — ha," — sighed she, jerking her buttocks, as if about to die with sexual delight, and sob out her life under my thrusts.

But as she sighed, her eye balls turned up, the pupils were nearly hidden by the lids, and I saw that the balls looked quite yellow, instead of white. At once all lust left me, the nascent pleasure in my prick stopped short,

' quickly as the blood could leave the veins, my prick shrunk, and shrunk, till out of her cunt it came. I had not the power, or the wish, to move or thrust, or to try to keep it up her. Her yellow eye balls had annihilated desire in me, lust had fled — "I can't kiss you," I said, and sat down on a chair feeling my prick, and looking at her naked body with her legs dangling down.

Jumping up "Mais oui, you can, you must — lay down, I will make it stiff again," yielding I laid on the bed, wishing to have a black woman much, and ashamed of my impotency, feeling for the minute that fucking a black was almost as unnatural as fucking a monkey, yet with a strong will to do it, tho without the sexual desire to do it — What was the cause of my prick slinking so I



wondered.

Without a word, without a request from me, for I had never thought about it, she pulled off her white stockings, mounted the bed, and naked, laid herself on the top of me. Then as if thinking of it, got up and pulled off my socks (I had only my shirt and socks on) and replaced herself on the top of me — "Regardez — look up," said she.

I did, saw in the top glass my white flesh legs between hers, my prick just showing beneath her black buttocks. "Put your legs outside mine," obeying her as mistress in the craft of salacity, I did. Then I went back to the former position, then I mounted her. Then she laid by the side of me, pulled up my shirt to my neck almost, and placed her body and legs on mine in various ways. At each change of pose she said, "Look at the dark and white, together, oh, the white men are nice." -- "Do you like white men!" — "Yes, I love the white man," she cried, and so we moved about. I got excited by the contrast of the colors, and my lust came on.

But my prick didn't stiffen, spite of the sight, and her fondling it. Off the bed she got, with a wet towel wiped my prick top, carefully wiped her own cunt, threw the towel on the floor, and mounting, straddled across me, and bending down, took my prick in her mouth. Her buttocks and cunt being within a few inches of my face. The play of her tongue on the gland, the feel of her smooth black bum, the sight of the cunt (tho I did not admire it, still it was a cunt), stiffened me. Impatient to consummate, and fearing limpness again, I turned her on to her back, laid on her, and fucked. I did not look at her face for fear of seeing the yellow eye balls, and after a while, fucking far longer than usual, my pleasure came on and I spent on her.

She retired and came back with purified genitals. Curiously and dispassionately, I looked her over from head to foot, from bum hole to navel, bestowing most of my attention on her cunt, its intensely curly hair, and the funny little clitoris like a nut. The inspection gave me no desire to have her again, and after a conversation about black men's cocks, which I had heard were very long and big, and which interested me immensely, I left.

Tho I thought over her much, and was interested in what she told me about Negresses and Negroes it left me with no desire to have her again, nor did I. Since then I have had desire for another black woman, but have not gratified it. [I since have.]

Then I sped towards the centre of the continent, till a special messenger overtook me and brought me news. — I had missed letters at the poste restante. — Death had done its work. Hurrah! I was free at last. I travelled home night and day, hurriedly arranged affairs, gave carte blanche to solicitors, and agents, and with lighter heart than I had had for years, went abroad again.

## **Vol. 6 Chapter X**

**My social conditions. • Dainty whoremongering. • Difficulties in selection of women. • Eccentric fucking attitudes. • Writing my narrative. • The uniformity of fucking. • A peep over folding doors. • Amorous Americans. • The swain's lecture. • An obstructive table. • The lady's legs. • The swain's prick. • An inquisitive look. • I hear but see not. • Sobs and tears. • Momentary nudity. • Next day's repetition. • Conjectures. • A semi-eastern harem. • Beautiful courtezans. • A beauty selected. • "I've no hair there." • Other beautifuls. • A noisy neighbour. • Male inspection of male erection. • England again. • Many expensive mercenaries.**

Under changed social conditions I now travelled, I was free from care, had plenty of money (tho getting rid of it fast), and altogether it was a happy time. I raced about Europe for two or three months, and had constant change of scene. When I got to a town, I sought the best brothels, and

with my physique in first rate condition, revelled in female charms. After perhaps a week abstinence, that time spent in comfortable travel, how instantaneous my selection of the woman, with what burning lust I clutched my woman when I got her, how rapid my thrusts, how maddening in its ecstasy, as my prick throbbed, and the hot thick sperm gushed up her cunt copiously as ever. Indeed, some-times I think more copiously than it ever did, but that is improbable.

Yet I gratified my sense of beauty largely. Some-times when I had fucked a woman, chosen in hot haste, I could scarcely tell why, I again had the women of the house exhibited to me, and selected another for the second libation of my prick. More frequently tho, the first one had my second emission. Then cooled, I left; and waited till the next day, before I had further sexual enjoyment.

Then I had at times woman after woman to look at, dressed, half-dressed, or naked to my eyes, so that I might judge fully of their charms before selecting one for my sexual homage. Then I began to have two at a time, and sometimes three even, in the chamber with me. There, at my leisure, and without observation but that of my Paphian divinities, I could place them in every attitude, and see every perfection, before I chose the one to fuck. I had modes of payment of my own, would give half fees to those whose cunts I had only looked at or felt, and full fee to her whom I spermatized, and so on. At some places they would not agree to this, at some they would.

This contemplation of female charms makes me think I am like Paris, when selecting a Goddess for the golden apple, and I wonder if he made a mistake. I often do, and get so bewildered in my choice, that I do not know which to take. This one has such a lovely backside, but has hanging breasts. That one has too much hair on her cunt, and her nymphae hang out too much, but she is otherwise beautiful. That one has a lovely face, but too light a hair on her cunt, and her legs are thin. So I inspected and thought, till my prick would wait no longer, and urged me to let it taste its pleasure. Then when it left their cunts, how different some ladies looked to me, to what they had before. Surely a prick stiff and throbbing, and a prick flabby, affect the powers of imagination very differently.

But it was very charming always. At times I paid the full fees for a trio, and placed them as I have seen in engravings, and I invented myself combinations quite as beautiful and exciting. — I discover now, that I have as fertile a fancy as erotic artists, and moreover begin to delight in fucking, in different and oftentimes difficult postures. Postures which give not the voluptuous ease when the prick is in the woman, which the old fashioned way of belly to belly, or belly to backside give, but which nevertheless fire me with a sensation of intense lust, and fill my imagination with ideals of voluptuousness.

During this time I travelled alone, and had no one to interrupt me, or to make demands upon my time for companionship, and so I could arrange my erotic intentions beforehand and surely carry them out. In the intervals of my enjoyment of female society, I amused myself by making notes, or writing the narratives fully. [This I find now by rough perusal of manuscript not yet touched, has a freshness which is not in some of that revised, and which I think I have already said else-where, was written out from memoranda (memoranda very copious it is true) many years after and I had at the end of two years a very large mass of manuscript, mostly relating to my frolics with professed Paphians. This I largely abbreviated soon after, and shall do so, still more now. This following paragraph I leave exactly as I then wrote it.]

On perusal I find I think much repetition, much which must have been written elsewhere, tho where, and when, I cannot recollect. Even with my good memory, I cannot at once bring to my mind what I have written in a narrative of the amours of nearly twenty-five years. But I shorten it. The roads to copulation are like the act, very much the same every-where. Prince and beggar do it the same way. A policeman thrusts and wriggles his prick like a Duke. A milkmaid heaves her buttocks and tightens her cunt like a Duchess. It will be wearisome to tell how I tailed Mary one night, if I have told that I did it the same way to Fanny the night before. Yet when I had women I mostly wrote about my doings with them at great length, described in detail as well as I could our voluptuous movements, and the sensuous ideas which rushed through my brain as I fucked then.

That writing in-deed completed my enjoyment then. Now my pen may run through the greater part of it.

What is a little odd, is that I got few chances of seeing thro key and spyholes, much worth recording. Perhaps that may be in a degree attributable to spending so much of my time with harlots, and when at my hotel, being usually very tired, and recruiting by repose for my next orgie. Yet I saw one or two pretty sights.

At \* \* \* \* \*, after a mid-day meal, I heard a male and female voice in the chamber adjoining, which was connected with mine by folding doors. I had only arrived there that morning. I looked for a peep hole but saw none. A big chest of drawers was placed across the door, obscuring the key hole. It was empty, yet with much difficulty I moved it aside, and then found that a piece of furniture was placed in a similar way on the other side. Balked, I looked for my gimlet and couldn't find it. Then I noticed that the doors, very badly made as they usually are abroad, did not shut into a recess, but folded on my side against the architrave or top framework (I expect there were also folding doors on the other side, but if so they were open), and did not at the top appear to fold close owing to their having warped. I mounted the drawers, but was then not tall enough, so putting one of my trunks on them I mounted that, and then thro a long chink at the top, saw half over the room, which was like mine, an unusually large one; for the hotel was not of modern build. [This took place quite twenty-five years ago.]

There opposite to me on a large sofa, sat a man and woman. He with his arm round her waist, and his head on her shoulder. She was sitting and quite pensively looking down, and listening attentively to all he was telling her. She looked about twenty, he about twenty-five years of age, and they were Americans. Every-thing was quite quiet, and I heard word by word nearly everything he said to her. — She scarcely uttered a word in return, and was absorbed in listening.

He was telling her the whole process of conception as he understood it, how the female got impregnated, and how an unwelcome foetus could be got rid of. What he said indeed was in some respects new even to me — al-tho it is a subject on which I don't think I am quite ignorant. Every now and then, she turned her head round towards his, and said something which I could not catch, it was said in so low a tone, and then resumed her pensive look on the floor. — When she made a remark — he said "Yes," or "no — poor dear," — and kissed her. — I had seen neither of them before, and did not know what relation they bore to each other. I first thought when I peeped, that they were a newly married couple. Then from some remarks, that they had been illicitly fucking, or as I suppose it would be said, that he had seduced her

He must have talked on this subject I think some-thing like half an hour, and in a tone as monotonous as that of a lecturer on science — he never raised his voice a bit, was in no respect excited, but went on speaking with the American nasal accent. Then somehow I fancied he had got her in the family way, for his remarks, were interlarded with "you." Then he took to kissing her, and then gently he put his hands up under her clothes, and I heard him say "cunt."

But in front of the sofa was a table, which partly hid his middle, and hid hers entirely. So tho I knew that he put his hand up there, for the lift up of her clothes, and his position shewed that, I could not see more than to her knees, the table in front of her, tho a foot or so away from her, hid her middle. — But I saw that she put her legs apart to help, and soon after leaning more back on the sofa, pushed her bum forward, to facilitate his feeling whatever it might have been that he felt; and certainly it must either have been her bum or her cunt.

In doing this he leant forward, stooping for his feel up her, and tho he went on speaking, I then entirely lost all hearing, excepting of mere sound, for his face now was turned upwards towards hers, and the back of his head was towards me. Probably he may have dropped his voice, for we all I think do so when lust comes on us. A soft murmuring voice is the voice of love. A man doesn't bawl out that he wants a woman to let him fuck her. Then I could see that she lifted her clothes entirely up, and his head bending lower went out of sight, all being hidden by the table, but the

bunch of her clothes, which shewed above the table. He unmistakably was looking at her cunt, or kissing it. Lick it, he scarcely could in that attitude, and they remained like that for a minute or two.

Then he resumed his seat, putting one arm round her, but keeping his right hand out of sight, and unmistakably (the table hid it) under her petticoats, and he went on explaining and lecturing. Then smiling, and relinquishing her waist, he opened his trowsers and pulled out his prick. That I could see as he sat. Then he said something which I could not catch, she turned to him, I saw her right hand lay hold of his prick, and she began frigging it clumsily. He pulled it then more out of his trowsers, and laughing said quite loudly, "No — so," and gave it himself a gentle frig or two. She took it in a pretty little hand again, and soon got it by a little frigging up to a fine erection. — Then they turned half towards each other, and they kissed, but the table now hid her hand and his machine, tho I knew she had it in her hand, and that his hand was on her cunt. I could see a little more of her legs sideways, but could hear nothing for a minute or two. They were in silent enjoyment of feeling each other's privates. Then they put arms round each other's necks, and cuddled. Oh how I envied him, and my prick stood stiff, but I resisted my desire to masturbate.

Then both got up. He stood with prick out stiff, and a fine one it was. She for a moment looking at it. Then both went out of sight alas, to a bed which I could not see, and there they fucked, for I could hear his murmurs of pleasure as he spent. But I could see nothing of their action, nor of her, or his subsequent ablution, tho I heard the splashing of water. — Both came into sight, and again sat on the sofa, and he felt her, and they talked long about consequences. — "Have no fear, my love, at a proper time I know what to do," said he. — "Oh, I'm so frightened — so miserable that I can't sleep," said she. — "Who's in that next room?" said he, all of a sudden. — "No one, I think, there was no one last night." — I kept as quiet as the grave. — "I'll look," — I heard her say, tho when she said it, I could see neither of them. I think she looked out of her bed-room door, for soon after she came into sight, and I knew she was in the room by herself from her manner. She sat down at the table, and buried her face in her hands long. Then she cried, and began writing a letter.

I was very tired and sleepy, for I had been travelling nearly all the night before, but the affair fascinated me. I could not keep my eyes off of her. I felt intense delight in knowing that the fair creature had been fucked, and that that pretty hand had before my eyes frigged a great cock up to a stiff stand. — My prick stood asking for a spend, but I resisted frigging. At last I grew so tired that I got down, and laying on my bed slept long. I got ready for the evening table d'hote. There I saw the lady sitting at table, with her swain not far off. He and her party were all travelling to-gether, there was a lot of them, and all Americans. She had two brothers I think, both mere boys, friendly with the man who had fucked their sister, and they I knew were ignorant of their sister's amorous games. Had I been her brother, I think it would have been different. But what vigilance can keep a willing cunt from an aggressive prick? All history, all experience, tells me that they will come together. — Vigilance grows weary of watching, and lulled into security, whilst lust is ever vigilant and ready to seize the slightest opportunity, is cunning in making them, and five minutes suffice for a randy prick to fill a cunt with sperm.

Expecting a nocturnal visit of the man, I kept awake — but nothing was to be seen. I saw the lady undress, and stand for a minute naked by the table, rubbing her breasts and body with her hands, before putting on her night-gown. I saw that she had not much hair on her motte, and that she was very thin, but she was very handsome faced. Next day at the same time, the man was with her. They evidently knew that I or some one was in my room, for they spoke in so low a tone that I could scarcely hear a word they said. They played with each other's genitals, more than the day before, but the table still hid their hands and their middles from me, till he pulled her on to his knee, and then I saw his prick out, and more of her legs, tho but for a minute or two only. They went soon out of my sight, I heard them fucking, and did not see him again.

After she had washed, she undressed and came in chemise only, straight to my door, and I imagine there was a glass there for she was evidently looking at her-self in one. — Such furniture arrangements in foreign hotels are common. Then she laid down on the sofa, leaning her head on

one hand, whilst with the other she felt her cunt. The confounded table let me see her thighs as she lay, but just hid the hand which was on her cunt from me — she didn't frig herself. After a little time she laid quiet on her back and began to cry hard. I could hear her sobbing. Tired of looking, I got down. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, I saw her sitting up, still in her chemise and writing a letter seemingly, and so I left her and went out to see the town.

I saw the party at the dinner table, but was not near them. I never took my eyes off the couple, for to look at a woman whom I have secretly seen naked, or fucking, gives me the intensest pleasure; and still more so if I can speak with her. I feel almost a friendship for her and would do anything to please her. — After dinner, I tried to get into conversation with some of the party, so as to get to speak with her, but they were unsociable and I failed. At night, beyond seeing her again put on her night-gown, and her rump as her chemise dropped down, I had no treat, and next morning early, the party left the hotel. I came to the conclusion that the girl was in the family way.

Then I found my way without the aid of a guide to a brothel, where in all my life, I never saw such a selection of beautiful, healthy women. They were not like so many of the flabby breasted, highly got up, yet fucked-out looking women one sees at the houses of certain of the capitals of Europe; but resembled healthy lasses who had just come from the country. — But it was in a country where the women are very beautiful, and I was at a town where the poor women of easy virtue are not used and then abused, kicked, and hooted, and almost branded, but where they often marry and marry well. — A well known traveller is said to have got his wife from one of the houses at this town, and a charming wife and woman she has ever since been, I am told. After a midday meal, walking along in a by, but quite a good street, I heard the merry laugh of women just by my ear, for I was close to the wall in the shade, it being a hot day. Stopping, I could just distinguish female forms thro the close outer blinds, and looking up saw that all the blinds of the house were shut. Fancying it was a harem, I pushed the door, which opened, and I found myself in a fine hall, and mounted a staircase to a very handsome large saloon.

The Abbess of this open-thighed nunnery spoke bad French, but enough for me. Soon trooped in a dozen of the most beautiful women I think I ever saw together in a bagnio, or in any society. I have often been bewildered in my choice at a boudoir, and more so I think when the ladies were naked than when clothed. Here they were clothed, but it was of loose or open make. All were more or less decollete, their breasts were seen nearly to their nipples, in some the nipples shewed, in some I could see the enticing darkness of the hairy armpits. The majority had the most lovely, tho not flashy or stagey boots on, and the display of calves was fine. They did not all stand up, but most sat down, as if they had taken their places on chairs for the evening. One or two addressed me in a language I did not understand. I spoke then in a language which was replied to by one or two, and I talked compliments and nothings for delay, for I was confused by their loveliness, and a desire to fuck half a dozen of them at the same time.

At length, almost at hazard, and spite of my looking round till my eye balls seemed to ache, I patted a not very tall girl on her lovely shoulders, and left the room with her. She was an exquisite creature, with cheeks like a rose, tho her skin had a darker hue than our English women. She had eyes like a gazelle, and dazzling teeth. In our bed-room, in a second she sat on my knees, and I glued my lips to hers. On a gesture which she understood, she threw off all clothing but boots and stockings, and stood naked, a sight of glorious beauty. She was but eighteen years old. Tho my prick was stiff before I had got up stairs with her, I sufficiently restrained my self to look over, and feel her exquisite form. From neck to breasts, breasts to arm-pits, armpits to cunt, my fingers ranged, and my lips followed, feeling and kissing, kissing and feeling till I longed to lick her. Then after, opening her lovely cunt-lips, I went on to looking at her bum furrow — for all parts of the pretty creature it seemed, must be pretty to me. To my astonishment she moved herself from off the bed, and turning round with her bum towards me, and pulling the ivory cheeks asunder, so that I could see her anus, "I no hairs there," she said in broken Italian, which with German I found we could best communicate with each other in, tho she belonged to neither nation.

What her object was in informing me of the condition of that part — whether it was an invitation to it — whether its beauty caused it to be often investigated by friends, it never occurred to me to think about, until I began to write this narrative of my visit to the nunnery house, which I did next day. — But the instant she had spoken, so exquisite did her cunt with its crisp dark hair, and pouting lips, look between her buttocks furrow, and lovely thighs, that I inserted my prick, and almost instantly spent the semen in her, which had been boiling in my ballocks, since the time I saw the couple in the bed-room at the hotel: for I did not frig myself there, restraining myself with much difficulty from doing so.

The nymph stood quite still, with my prick in her, satisfied to let it rest there and soak. It showed no signs of shrinking, whilst I stood feeling her marbly buttocks, putting my hand round to feel her clitoris, feeling her breasts and armpits — revelling in her beauty. — Then her cunt clipped it. It was an invitation to go on fucking. But I now wanted her sweet face, her lovely lips towards me. Pulling my prick out of her lubricated cunt, "Get on the bed and lie down, cara mia," I said.

Without reply, and putting her fingers on her cunt, to prevent spilling my spunk out of it, on she got, and smiling, asked for a towel. I gave it her, and she dried her fingers with it. For an instant only, I saw between her wide apart thighs, the red slash, covered with the pearly essence of my testicles, and then plunged my wet prick up it again. She met me with ardour in a fuck worth two of the first in duration, bawdy thoughts, and voluptuous enjoyment of her spunk filled genital. It ended in her spending when I did, and our mouths overflowing into each other, as the juices of both cunt and prick mingled in her.

Then all is told, excepting that I stopped hours with her, conversing in polyglot, but mainly kissing and feeling her, in delicious, thoughtful, bawdy half silence, during the hot afternoon.

The next day I had her again, and thought I should never care about another woman. The day after that, I could not go to the house, but the following evening did. She was engaged I found for the night by a gentle-man. Disappointed, I yet saw some of the other ladies. Tho some were then fucking in their chambers, I got one taller, but in every other respect, as beautiful and perfect, as the one I had had. The charm was now broken. I had her again once, but my love of change, the desire to see and know what other women were like, was too much for me. I stayed a fortnight at the town, and had fucked half a dozen of the women before I left.

I kept to my bed-room, hoping to see some other sights there, but to my annoyance, two officers took possession of it, and walked about as it seemed to me both night and day, with boots and spurs on. There were military doings in the town. They smoked also incessantly, and had a party one night, on which occasion I don't think they went to bed. Being much annoyed by their noise, I asked for another room, tho for many reasons I liked the one I was in. — The manager told me the officers would leave the next day: which they did.

But the same night, two other men connected with the army, tho apparently not soldiers, were put there. They were quiet, and at night hearing them preparing to go to bed, I had the curiosity to get up and peep. To my astonishment one was naked, and the other, in his shirt, was looking attentively at the naked one's stiff prick, and feeling it. What he was doing it for I can't say, for he soon relinquished it, their light was put out, and both almost immediately snored. Who were they -- was one a Doctor, but why a stiff prick? All was so solemn and business like, so unlike erotic amusement, that to this day I can't make the affair out. The day after, I left \* \* \* and went on travelling, but returned to England soon. I had no intrigue on hand, tho I had thought when free that I should soon have one. I had not a servant even to meet. Those nice, little, randy-arsed, well-fed devils, who can only get fucked now and then on the sly, and of whom I have enjoyed dozens in my time, and hope to enjoy as many again. As it was, the mercenary frail ones, of the highest and most expensive class, absorbed my manhood, and my pocket. Cunt, silk stocking, diaphanous chemises, laced night-gown, and jewels, are costly. Then I found one I liked much, and tho I did not keep to her, for I never can to one woman alone, I frequented her for a couple years. Other adventures occurred between my visits to her, but I have collected all about her into a consecutive narrative,

and also all relating to an intrigue with a French lady of a very curious kind, which began at Paris at about the same date.

## Vol. 6 Chapter XI

**At Cremorne. • Amelia German. • A fair-haired beauty. • A voluptuous bed-fellow. • Tongues and lips. • Small entrance, large interior. • Her house and her captain. • Mrs. A\*t\*n the house-keeper. • The house-keeper alone. • Why does she sleep with Amelia. • Reasons suggested. • Mrs. A., on the sofa. • Hesitation and consummation. • Regrets after fucking. • Mrs. A's history. • On Sapphic tastes. • Mrs. A\*t\*n at a brothel. • A telltale belly. • Amelia with child. • A\*t\*n's produce. • Still-born or murdered? • House-keeper departs. • Gamahuching in a new attitude. • Repetition. • Liking and disliking. • Amelia's accouchement. • She disappears.**

At Cremorne one night late in the summer, I saw a tall, fine woman, whom I mistook for a German. Her hair was of a darkish, half flaxen hue, tho not flaxen. It was a color I did not admire, but it seemed in her very handsome, and to suit her • face, which was round, with a thickish, but prettily retrousse nose, sweet, languishing, half-sleepy, blue eyes, and pouting lips, such as I love; in a small mouth full of fine teeth. She had a lovely, transparent, white complexion, tho too white and colorless perhaps. She had a quite unusual graceful, undulating motion in her haunches, indeed of her whole body as she walked. Not a vulgar swing of her rump, which some women affect, but quite an easy movement. It was as if the bum was too heavy for her legs. But the graceful undulations seemed to go over all her body. I went home with her to the extreme west of London.

I have blotted out her surname on my notes, and al-tho I visited her at intervals quite two years cannot now recollect it. Her Christian name was Amelia, and I call her Amelia German, on account of her German, or perhaps Hollandish look.

She stripped, and in doing that, her movements were graceful, and I found her as I expected, beautiful in form, with thighs which were a perfect model, and a large, tho not overpowering backside. Her cunt was not very hairy. It was small, delicate looking, and retained somewhat the pink or coral tint of youth, and this made it very pretty, coupled with the light colored fringe. The color however was much darker than that of the hair of her head. Clitoris and nymphae were small, and delicate, and barely shewed thro the full lipped slit. Altogether, it was sweetly pretty, and scarcely looked like the cunt of a full grown woman of two and twenty.

I slept with her, and found her a most charming bed-fellow. She had much of the manner of fucking that Camille has. — A slowish, reciprocating movement of her haunches to my thrusts, and when spending, no violent action (which I hate in a woman), but a sort of squeezing, prick engulfing, wriggle of her cunt, and heave up of her backside, which was most exquisite. When found in other women I expect I have always told of it. We both slept stark naked, for her body was of exquisite plumpness, yet without fat. Her mouth and teeth had first attracted me and I fastened on it. I could scarcely keep my tongue from her mouth, nor she her tongue from mine, for she liked that sensuous junction of the mouth as much as I do, when I get the mouth I like. At my wish she did not wash after copulation, she did not care to if she liked the man, she said. I fucked her to my utmost and passed a most delicious night. We both slept profoundly till about eleven o'clock next day. Kissing her in the morning, I said to her, "You spent with me always." — "I don't know who wouldn't spend with you, your way of doing it would make any woman spend if she liked men at all," she replied. She was one of those who didn't use language either bawdy or blasphemous. Yet she was lustful, full of juice, and as greedy of sperm, as well nigh any woman I ever yet have had. A strong, healthy woman, in the very prime of life, and quietly fond of all voluptuousness.

I had her a night or two after, and then satisfied by a more careful look, that which I had fancied by fingering and fucking her before, that the opening of her vagina, or mouth of the prick tube, was very small, and that immediately the mouth was passed, it grew if anything larger than it usually is in women. As I fucked, I found that sensation of undue capacity even round my prick. At a future day, I noticed this particularly at the second poke, if she had not washed my sperm out. It was the smallness, and the shape of this opening of the vagina, which helped to make her cunt look so pretty. She told me it had been noticed by most of her friends, and she seemed very proud of it, for when I looked at her cunt as I always did before entering it, "Isn't it small?" she used frequently to say in a gratified tone. I once before had a woman who was proud of her smallness there. I never told Amelia that her cunt inside was extra sized. I never do anything which may vex or wound a woman I like, or cause her to think I am not quite satisfied with her charms. I have known many women much offended by remarks of mine about their person, remarks made quite innocently by me. Many gay women are as proud of their cunts as they are of their faces.

She was a voluptuous creature, and enjoyed my embraces much. I had ample signs of that and am not deceiving myself. She was not a talkative person either, and had a soft voice which I like. We used to pass much time when together, in billing and cooing, as it may be termed: for once on her bed, our mouths joined and our tongues set to work, and we did nothing else for a long while. We licked each others teeth, wetted copiously our lips with saliva, and rubbed them together till they dried, every now and then just protruding the tips of our tongues and all as silently as possible. — "You've a lovely mouth, Mealy." — "And so have you, and the sweetest breath." This was repeated often enough, just as if both were spooning. I don't usually take the wet mouth of women of her class, or of any woman, unless I like the look of their mouths; tho wet kissing of that sort, I love intensely now, and it is most exciting to me, and makes my cock stand without handling it.

She was skilled also in prolonging our sexual enjoyments. "Lay quiet in me, dear" — this was often said when my prick was up her, and quiet I used to lay as long as my prick let me, but it was an imperious organ. "Oh, don't move it," she would murmur thro our wet lips and tongues, when voluptuously slabbering each other. Then when she spent, the pupils of her eyes disappeared, the white only could be seen, her mouth opened quite wide, and she breathed short, and hard, for a second or two. But before the spend had quite finished, her liquid lips were joined to mine again, giving subtle enjoyment, till the luscious enervation came on. In fact she was gifted by nature with the art of love, and loved the art, tho she never seemed bawdy, nor talked it. Then I began to take to her, then resisted myself—no more affection for me if I can help it.

She had a nice ten-roomed house, well furnished. I found after a week, that she inhabited it all herself, and there was no lodger in it. Then I found that her rent was paid by Captain \* \* \* \* \* of the \* \* \* Infantry, the son of a Baronet and his heir. He was very fond of her, and came up to see her as often as he could. At the time I speak of, he was at Aldershot. This information was given me one day, when I said I was going to call on her. She begged me not as she would be engaged for a week. On other occasions that also occurred and then she told me further why. I saw, after I was better acquainted with her, his photograph, and also of that of his father's house. At a later date she shewed me photos of his sisters. All were taken by the same man in the country. (Photography then was not in its present state of perfection.) He promised he would marry her, she told me. I have a faculty in getting the confidences of gay women, and without soliciting it. — How many have asked my advice in their troubles, and in the belief that they have no true friend in their own sex.

She had at that time living with her, a woman whom she called her house-keeper and companion. A fine, well grown woman, about twenty-eight or thirty years old seemingly, and in tone and manner, quite superior to what is usually found in the house of a gay woman. In fact a gentle-woman. This very much astonished me. In bed with Amelia one night, after a champagne supper, and we had fucked once, talking about the house-keeper, she told me that she had been a governess, but had lost her position, and had had a child. Her manners indeed were quite those of a lady. When I called she placed a chair for me, and left the room in quite a different manner from a servant.



I did not always tell Amelia when I should be with her, but took my chance, calling sometimes even in the morning, but mostly in the afternoon or evening. Some-times I waited an hour or two for her, if she happened to be out, or engaged. I don't recollect her being with a man at home when I called, more than once, and think that two or three men mainly supported her. She told me one night that a married man was very good to her.

I had known her somewhere about two months, when one evening now quite late in the autumn I called. She was out and would not be in for an hour or two, would I call again. I preferred waiting. The companion who had opened the door to me saying that both servants were out (as was at times the case), was leaving the room. It was cold and there was a fire in the parlor, and thinking of her comfort only I said, "You can stay, unless you have a fire in the drawing-room." — No, there was no fire, but she could go to the kitchen. At my request she stayed in the parlor. We began talking, and I thought she looked very nice. She was a dark eyed, dark haired woman, tallish like her mistress, and was dressed nicely in a quiet colored silk. I began whilst conversing, to think over what had been told me about her having had a child. I wondered whether she was fucked by any one now, and arrived at the conclusion, that a fine woman like her in the prime of life, would not go without conjunction with the male, whatever might be said about her chastity to the contrary. No cunt can refuse a prick when once it has had it. Amelia had said, she was sure she was quite steady, having had enough of men, and being disgusted with him whose cock had produced her child, brought her to grief, and neglected her afterwards. How could a gay woman believe that?

I got lewed. "Sit nearer the fire, it's cold out there." She drew near it, and so did I. Something in her movement brought the easy swing of the haunches of her mistress to my mind. I had been longing to talk about love matters, but didn't know how to begin, had one of those stupid ignorant ideas about its not being fair, that her mistress would be told and mischief made, and so on, as if I had not as much right to poke the maid, as the mistress. But I was fondish of Amelia. This movement of her companion's haunches destroyed all such thoughts, and I burst out, — "Your bum moves just like your mistress' " (tho it was not a bit like it). "Does it?" said she, laughing. — "Yes, and I expect it's the same size." — "There's not much difference when we are both naked." "Really? I should like to see." — She never replied, but shook her head, laughing quietly all the while to herself.

I drew close to the tender and put my feet on it — "Put your feet up, Mrs. A\*t\*n (She was spoken of always as Mrs.). — She did. — "Lift your clothes and give it a warm." — "I'm warm enough." — "I'm too hot," said I, adjusting my prick in my trowsers, for it was stiffening, and could not rise up owing to my drawers, and I pulled it about outside my trowsers, in such manner that she must have known the reason, for she laughed, then stopped herself and looked demure. But I'd made her want to open her thighs I was sure, lust is so contagious, words raise ideas, ideas heat cock and cunt quickly.

"Did any man sleep with Mrs. German last night?" I asked. I had been several times in the room with the house-keeper before, but had never asked any question, knowing that I should only get a lie in reply. — "No." — "Someone did, now." — "Yes, some one did." "You told me just now no one did." — "Oh no I didn't, you said a man — I slept with Mrs. German;" — She told me that when her mistress was alone, she slept with her, and that was most frequently, for that she only let one or two men sleep all night with her.

Then I rattled on, forgetting quite that I was waiting for Mrs. German — did they sleep naked together as I did with her? Had she as little hair down there as her mistress? I knew it was dark whilst Amelia's was light. Did she cuddle her? — Mrs. A\*t\*n answered those, and a lot of other questions, quite discreetly and evasively, said she slept with her because she was timid. She did her hair — dried her after her bath, did all sorts of things for her to make her comfortable, for she had been very kind to her. I hesitated to say it, but at length, — "You've seen her cunt I expect." — "Of course." — "You've frigged her." — "Don't be a beast and ask me such questions," said Mrs. \* \* \* \*, all on a sudden turning half indignant. "Well, don't tell Amelia what I've been saying." — "It's not likely that I shall."

That somehow encouraged me. I got up and kissed her. "Don't tell her that," and I tried a feel. — "Don't be foolish sir," — "Let me, my prick's bursting, and I can't wait for Mrs. German — look." — Out I pulled my pego on a state of high inflammation, — "Don't you now be foolish — I won't feel it. — She'll be in directly, or the servants will, — Don't — I'll tell her — now don't you." — I was standing up now. She still sitting with feet on the fender. I stooped quickly, ran my left hand up her petticoats, and touched her cunt in a trice, holding her back in the chair with my right hand whilst I felt with the other. She did not resist much, did not even close her thighs, and my hand easily covered the whole slit from clitoris to vagina. I kissed on and fumbled about, and thrust a finger up her cunt for a minute, she half laughing. Then she closed her thighs. — "No, leave off, that's enough, you did not come here for that."

Relinquishing her quim, "Let's do it," I said. — "No, that I won't." — "You shall." — "Mrs. German may come in at any minute." — Well she can't get in with-out ringing." — "Yes she can, she has the latch key." — "I'll bolt the street door." — She didn't say no. — I bolted it, and returned. She now was standing by the table, I pulled her on to the sofa and felt her cunt again. — "You'll never tell Amelia." — "Never, how can you think I should be such an ass." — "I don't know about that." — Not another word she spoke, but laid hold of my prick which had been out all the time, we kissed, she laid in a hurry almost her length on the sofa, I threw up her clothes, saw that it was a dark, fully haired cunt, as I guessed it must be and the next minute my prick was at work up it we were fucking energetically, and finished our pleasures at the same moment. — Said she as she arose. — "If Amelia knew about this, she'd turn me out the next minute — so don't you do me that harm, God knows I've had enough misery."

I felt immediately as if I had been treacherous to Amelia. — Of course that was very foolish, but I did. — Mrs. A\*t\*n went to the kitchen and washed her cunt, came up, sat down on the sofa, and said that if her mistress was not home soon, probably she wouldn't be home till late, as she had gone to dine with a friend, and might go from there to the Argyle rooms, but I had better leave. — I wouldn't go. — If she came in she could say I hadn't been there long. "We'll do it again." — Mrs. A. was of opinion evidently, that in for a penny in for a pound was a good motto, and tho she had told me to go, was awaiting another cunt basting. She wouldn't undress, but all that could be seen by lifting her petticoats above her waist I saw. All I could see and feel by loosening her dress above, I did. I investigated her cunt, held a candle to look at it, and a good, bold looking cock trap it was. She helped me quite willingly in my inspection for she had nothing to hide, till I took a candle. Then she resisted. Directly I had satisfied my eye-sight, — "You'd better make haste," she said, and laid down with thighs wide open. She was either hot cunted or fearful of her mistress returning, and I think both, but certainly hot cunted — and as I feared being interrupted by Amelia's return I shagged her again at once.

"You like fucking jolly well," — I remarked. — "Who doesn't, but it's brought me to grief, I'd vowed never to let a man again." — "Gammon, my dear." — Her re-mark might have been a pumper — and I had promised Amelia never to tell her companion what she had told me about her and never did. Then Mrs. A\*\*\* begged me to go. The servants would certainly be in soon, if I went off at once she should never say I had even called, that would be best, and I was never to tell Mrs. Amelia about my having done so. Off I went, called at the Argyle, saw Amelia there, told her I had merely looked in to see her, and went home.

Soon after, in conversation with Amelia, she told me that she felt timid, and frightened of being robbed or worse if she slept by herself, and that Mrs. A\*t\*n usually slept with her. "Does she gamahuche you?" — Amelia gave me a slap. — "Oh you beast, no. — I don't like women — I like poking too well." — Certainly she did that, there was no mistake about her voluptuous delight in coition, nor in her spending freely with me, but then might she not have liked the other variety of lustful enjoyment as well?

I told Amelia that I saw no objection to women amusing each other sexually if they liked, but she affected dislike — or really felt it. Did she? These thoughts only occur to me as I think over

matters, and write this narrative, and [still more as I revise them after many years], Amelia was a quietly voluptuous woman, Venus in all ways pleased her I am sure, and it is more than probable that she had Sapphic tastes as well as lechery for men, tho the double taste I believe is unusual, but there are such singular sexual idiosyncrasies. — If she liked a woman for lustful games, it did not prevent her getting in the family way by a man.

Other females, however, had my caresses. I did not keep to Amelia, nor disguise that from her. Then I went abroad (I put this part of my narrative separately) and when I returned, Amelia was in the family way by her caprain. In vain I told her before it was too late that she had better get rid of the foetus. No, she was delighted. — It was his, he knew it was his — he had stopped with her an entire month — she had had no other man all that time, and he wished for a child by her, said he would keep it, and so on. It was to me al-most incredible, that a woman with such experience as she must have had, young as she was, should have believed all that. — But she did. Now he was supplying her with plenty of money and did not wish her to see any other man. His regiment was ordered to \* \* \* \* and he could not see her for many months. I guessed how all that would end, but attempted no more to destroy the happy illusion she was under. — She was fond of the captain, poor thing. But whatever the captain might have been, or whatever her promises, it did not prevent Amelia from fucking heartily with me. Her enjoyment of my prick indeed got intense. She certainly ceased going to the Argyle almost entirely.

I like to see all of a nice woman when I have once had her, and altho I did not really care about her, got Mrs. A\*t\*n to a boudoir, and passed about four hours with her there. Having made several calls hoping to find Amelia out, and to have Mrs. A\*t\*n, I failed in doing so. Difficulty in some cases increases desire, and it was so with me now. I thought that I longed exceedingly to have the woman, so wrote her, and slipped it into her hands when I called, and told her where to write to me. She named a day, and eleven o'clock in the morning. It is funny that the woman never appeared to leave the house, I never found her out of it, or heard of her going out, and she frequently was in the house alone. She said one day that she never wanted to go out, which I believe to have been a lie. I fancied she was hiding there, and feared to go out, tho my reasons for that belief are not very strong.

Soon after eleven o'clock, there we were in a house (not my favorite one) and ten minutes after that, she in chemise, I in shirt were on the bed together. I inspected her charms which she seemed a little modest about, she inspected mine, which pleased me much. Now I looked out for the signs of childbirth. — She was absorbed intensely in handling and contemplating my prick, when I began the search. I was standing by the bed-side. Suddenly she relinquished my prick, and pushed down her chemise. By my investigations she was evidently taken unawares. "Don't. I don't like to be pulled about so, don't," — said she very angrily. "You've had a child, my dear." — "I haven't." "Yes, I have just seen the marks." — "I haven't but what if I have?" — "Nothing, my dear." — "But I haven't, I've had a miscarriage." — "How did that happen?" — "I shan't tell you. — I'm sorry I've met you." — "Nonsense. It doesn't matter to me if you have, or not." A fuck restored her temper.

I tried to get out of her when she'd been fucked first, but learnt I expect nothing true. She'd been seduced, had been ruined by a scoundrel who had promised to marry her, her career was gone. She'd since had no other man but me. — How curious I was, did I ask all the ladies I had such questions. She didn't want men for she hated them. — Well! She did frig herself, if I wanted to know — why shouldn't she, she must do something, naturally. — "Frig Amelia?" — "Certainly not — she has quite enough of it without doing that." — "Enough of what?" — She hesitated. "Well fucking, there! — I knew you wanted me to say that word, and I've said it, and do you feel any better for it?" She was nasty, snappish, and disliked being questioned. So I desisted, having come out for pleasure, and not to annoy.

"I won't look at your belly" said I, after she had washed her cunt, for that she insisted on doing quickly after I had spent in her, and I wanted again to see her charms, for unless I am in bed for the night, I nearly always look at a woman's cunt before each fuck. I am indeed never tired of looking at a woman's hidden charms. "Now don't be nonsensical, you may pull your chemise down below your

navel, but I've seen all I want there, — and I pulled it down myself. — "Now open your thighs wider — you did it on the sofa the other night." — Open they went, for it makes some women lewed to have it looked at. I had a good look at a cunt of the usual class, a cunt of thirty, well haired and full lipped, nothing in it to call either pretty or the reverse. But she was tawny skinned, there was a slightly billious, brown tint in her skin, just as there was in her face. She was what may be called a dark skinned woman which I don't much admire, but fleshy and well proportioned. When I had seen all this, and done my utmost in tailing her that morning, I was satisfied, and never desired her again.

In the four hours, she kept me closely up to my work. She wanted fucking more than I did, but I did it four times. She was curious about my prick, and looked at it repeatedly. When I said after my second poke, — "Let me look at you, open your thighs." — "Let me look at you then," she said, and laughed. — Of course I let her. I couldn't help thinking that really it was a long time since she'd had a man, or she wouldn't have handled and looked at my prick so much. She was like a young girl with it, and her hurry to let me up her was undisguised. Yet as I had made up my mind from her evasive replies to my questions that she was lying, I didn't care to think much about her, or whether she had been much or little fucked, or by one man or more.

She had come out that morning to buy a dress, she said, which I think was true. I tipped her, which I half fancied she didn't expect, and we parted as if we were acquaintances, and nothing more. — Nor did she make any signs of recognition or pleasure when I saw her again at Mrs. German. (This all took place before Mrs. German told me she was in the family way.)

Some months elapsed during which I was much abroad, and I went a long voyage across the sea, which I omit telling here for the sake of continuing about Amelia. It was on my return that she told me she was in the family way and the particulars just given. Then I resumed sleeping with her, and did so at times for one or two months, till her belly began to get large. — After a while she got fretful and tearful, for her captain tho he sent her money and kind letters, said it would be long before he could see her again, that he had been found out, and had had an awful row with his governor about her. She began asking me if I thought he would do what he had said. How could I tell I replied when I only knew what she had told me. Then she said she was sure she could trust me, and showed me a bundle of his letters which I read, and saw he was cooling down. I did not like to add to her trouble by telling her that, but said if he didn't, she might perhaps sue him for a breach of promise, tho I didn't think she could — but that even comforted her.

I did not care about poking her with her big stomach, and left off calling much. She then went to the Argyle, as she said, only to divert herself. Whether she got friends there or not I didn't know, but she so managed to dress that there were no signs of the size of her belly. At the Argyle she came up to me one night directly she saw me (I had always told her never to notice me unless I made her a sign, it was my custom with all women). "I must speak with you," said she. "What do you think, I went home last night, and found my house-keeper had delivered herself of a seven month child and it was dead, and was lying on the table wrapped up in a napkin, she was lying on the sofa fainting — what shall I do — the dead baby's there still." — I suggested calling in a doctor. She said she was frightened to do that. — "Perhaps she's killed it," I remarked. — She was sure she didn't know, she hoped not — but Mrs. A\*t\*n wouldn't reply, would tell nothing wouldn't open her mouth. — There she lay now in bed ill, only saying that she wouldn't have a doctor and wished she was dead.

I could not assist her, but still advised a doctor. — She asked me to go home with her and see Mrs. A\*t\*n. — I declined doing so as long as the dead child was there. I could do no good, but would be at the Argyle a few nights after.

A week after, Amelia told me the child was buried and that it was stillborn. That A\*t\*n was ill, and that she meant to send her off directly she was better. A week after that she was gone, and I slept with Amelia. She was mysterious about her companion, and said she would never have believed that she would get into such a scrape again. I asked no further questions not wishing to know anything more about the matter, but had my suspicions that the child was born alive. — I never

heard of A\*t\*n afterwards. — But I wonder much at Amelia thinking that a woman who had once had fucking, would go the rest of her life without it. — There were fresh servants in the house soon after. If I had anything to do with begetting that child, it could not have been more than five months old, but suppose I had not.

But there is one thing I ought to have named before. I was very salacious one night, and delighted much in the beauty and whiteness of Amelia's form. She was, I think in much the same condition of lust. How exquisite is the pleasure when a man and woman are both lewed, and play erotic tricks together. Her belly had then scarcely began to swell. I postponed consummating, and indulged in many lewed preliminaries. I was fanciful in the highest degree and full of erotic inventions. — "Kneel over me dear, and let me see your pretty cunt" and I moved into the middle of bed. She was naked as she was born, for she had had her night-gown on ready to get into bed with me, and I made her take it off. Laughing she placed herself on her knees straddling across me, her coral split slightly opened by the position. I gazed with sensuous delight and stiff prick on the pretty light haired division, and fingered it using at times both hands at once. When doing so she put one of her hands behind her bum and felt my cock. — "Oh — hah — isn't it stiff. — Oh, do me." — "Not yet love, feel my prick again." — Kiss it, kiss, I'm so lewed," — said she, wriggling her thighs and buttocks, as well as a kneeling position permitted. "Come nearer then." — She moved on her knees more for-ward, they widened out as she came near my shoulders, and her cunt met my mouth. Rapturously I kissed it, then involuntarily put my hands round her smooth white buttocks and pulled her closer to me. "Get lower down dear." — Her cunt covered my mouth I put out my tongue and tickled her clitoris with it, then licked, then closed my lips on it, then licked it again. "Oh — oh, if you do that I shall spend. Oh — ohooooo," — she said and her cunt moved back-wards and forwards, covering my mouth and my nose. For a moment I desisted, saying "Shall I gamahuche you, Mealy?" — "Oh, do — go on, do, I'm nearly spending," and her belly and backside shook with her lust.

I clasped her buttocks with both hands and put my tongue to her clitoris again. "Keep your cunt quiet when you spend" for in her pleasure just before she had moved her cunt about so, that I lost the clitoris, my tongue went on to her vagina and her clitoris rubbed my nose. I don't like my nose and my lips to be covered by a cunt. Then I licked and gently bit and nibbled at her clitoris, till I felt her backside vibrating with pleasure, her whole cunt, spite of her, seemed to drop all over and cover my mouth and with a sharp cry of pleasure the dear creature spent. "You never did that before to me" said she, when she laid by the side of me a minute or two afterwards. — "Do you like being gamahuched?" — "Yes very much at times, but I want it done properly to me afterwards" — and properly it was done by me then in a few minutes.

Two or three times after that, the letch seized me for gamahuching her, and I always did it in that fashion. It was only done when she was hot cunted, when we had been talking libidiously, and when I had gone home with her after a good dinner. (For I had taken to give her dinners at \* \* \* then not long opened.) I was not ashamed of her, for she dressed well and quietly, and tho there was an unmistakably voluptuous air about her she scarcely looked like a gay woman when away from a harlots' gathering. The gamahuching al-so was due to her incitement, more than my own suggestion. Her captain always did it to her, she told me when I questioned her. — "Yes — yes, once another has." And so on, till talking begat the want. Then she washed her cunt, and mounted to my mouth again.

And this is what I wrote then. It is better left as it is, than put into narrative form like the rest. "Licked Amelia's cunt last night, did I want to do it or did she want me to do to her? I have done it to her several times, now don't like doing it, yet I do it. She seems to like it so. — Her frame as far as I can judge, lying under her cunt as I do, and seeing nothing, and only able to clasp her bum or her thighs, seems to thrill with a higher enjoyment than when she is fucked, and I like giving her pleasure for she deserves it, and she is so beautiful. But I want to wash my mouth and moustache directly after; whilst she says after a moment's repose only, "Go on, dear." But I don't like the taste, and eject my saliva both whilst doing it, and after it, till it runs down over my chin and I long to

wash my mouth. Yet last night I gamahuched her long without ejecting. But I do it as it seems to me through her talking about it. It is she who always be-gins talking about it first. I wonder whether Mrs. A\*t\*n did it to her. I half suspect it. I'll ask again. But why shouldn't she if they both like that fun?"

Again I was away from England. When I came back, she was very big and miserable. Her time was approaching for her confinement. The captain sent her money, but I saw from his letters (she insisted against my will on making a confidant of me) that he was cooling, and just before her accouchement, wrote to say he deeply regretted it but there was no help for it, if he didn't, his Father would leave him nothing, he should be ruined, so he was going to be married. I saw her a few days after she received this letter, and in a sad state of distress she was. At one time she cried and said she loved him, the next moment cursed him. She had lost her good friends thro him, they would not visit her with her big belly, and now she should have a wretched child to keep, and much more. She raved about it, and her energy (in one habitually so placid) surprized me.

She had the child and luckily it died. But it nearly killed her in coming into the world, and I wonder if it was owing to that small opening. I shall write no more about for this is not a history of Amelia German. She quite altered in appearance afterwards. I had other women, was much away, and only had her once or twice after she recovered from her confinement. Some months afterwards going to the Argyle, I met her and went home with her. She was then in lodgings, had lost her nice quiet manners, and was a flaunting vulgar whore. I was sorry for it. Suddenly she disappeared, no women whom I asked could tell about her, they hadn't seen her anywhere for a long time, was all I got from the sisterhood.

## Vol. 6 Chapter XII

**Reasons for omitting dates and places at this period. • A sea voyage. • Brother and sister. • Effects of sea air. • Nursemaid. • Mary's cabin. • A poke interrupted. • The brother's illness. • Bella on heat. • Nearly caught. • Mary's suspicions. • Arrival at \* \* \* \*. • A week at an hotel. • Brother and sister depart. • The voyage home. • The emigrant's daughter.**

For the sake of continuity in the narrative about Amelia German, incidents which took place have been placed out of proper order and date, but what follows occurred during my acquaintance with her. I now go back a year or so.

[For the reason that by naming either the season of the year, or the exact spots visited, clue may be given to identity, so both are omitted. For similar reasons, the narrative of some adventures, tho carefully written, will be destroyed. Unfortunately, soon after they occurred, I made them the subject of conversation at my clubs, and told some of the incidents to friends and relatives. To repeat them here would be to declare myself, and others still alive. So to the flames they go — how many, many pages of manuscript have been so destroyed).

I took a longish sea voyage. The big ship was pretty full. — Among the passengers were a tall handsome man about forty years old, and a splendid, well grown girl, seemingly from eighteen to twenty years of age, with dark hair and nearly black eyes. She didn't look immodest, but in her eyes was a soft look, as if healthy, youthful womanhood filled her with voluptuous desires. As if she was dying for fucking, as if half dozen rubs on her clitoris would make her spend.. Such were my impressions of her, after having been on board with her a few hours.

They were entered in the ship's books in the same name, as brother and sister, were both well dressed, and seemed well to do. She had got a cabin with two berths all to herself, which had of course to be paid for as two. She was not in the part of the ship where single ladies travelling alone are frequently placed, but in one not far from his cabin. This looked to me suspicious, after I had

watched them a while.

Before I had been two days on board, the sea air stirred up my prick to rebellion, and I saw no relief for it for a fortnight, unless I could get a bit of cunt on board, or frig myself, which I detest doing. This lady seemed to suggest herself to me, as the one destined to make me happy occasionally, so with the persistence which I have under such circumstances, I set to work cunt hunting. There seemed no probability of success, for there are great difficulties in getting at a woman privately on board large ships, even if both be willing for the congress, without observation by some one of the other passengers, But it's done. Cunt and cock are crafty coggers.

There seemed less chance on account of the habits of the two. She passed much of her time in her cabin, and when out of it, always walked about the deck with him. They entered into conversation with no one scarcely, and had none of that sociability with fellow travellers, which usually takes place on board ship. Soon they were remarked for that. People joked about the two, and though there was certainly a strong family likeness between them, said that he looked like a married man who was running away with his wife's sister. Others said he was running away in debt and that she was his daughter. — There was an anxious look about him, more so than on her.

They sat at a table some distance off from mine, and once placed there, were by ship custom not allowed to change during the voyage — but I could see her well, and she me; whilst the man could do so with difficulty.

On every opportunity I looked at her, indeed when not eating, kept my eyes nearly fixed upon her. She soon saw that, and naturally began to look at me. Once or twice, I thought I saw a smile coming over her face. I then tried to make a talking acquaintance with the brother, and succeeded to a small extent, but he plainly shewed that he didn't want to make mine, or any acquaintance.

Their two cabins and mine were in the same corridor and I also had a cabin with the double berths to my-self, just as she had, so as to avoid the annoyance of a stranger being with me, and to give me more room. The brother however was in a cabin with another passenger. Why did he not get the cabin opposite to hers I wondered, perhaps to avoid suspicion, or perhaps it was already engaged.

The petticoats of women were at that time worn shortish, which disclosed a good bit of the legs when they went up staircases. With my strong liking for female nudity, I used to post myself everywhere possible, so that I could see them on the staircases, and found that Bella (as I found her name was) had a full calved pair of pins, which increased my lust for her, and gave me a cock-stand whenever I saw them. Sick with desire, which it seemed impossible to satisfy, I turned my eyes elsewhere, and among others, to a sturdy maid who was travelling with a lady and two children. The youngest child, almost a baby, slept in the maid's cabin, which was not far from the mother's cabin, and opposite to mine.

The couple stayed on deck late, and so did I. Long after most passengers had turned in, I felt sure I saw him in the far distance of the deck kiss her. Then I went to my cabin, and watching with a patience I do not possess on other occasions, kept at the angle of the little passage between the two cabins one of which was mine. She came down and went to her cabin and he did to his. What it was that still kept me on the watch, I can't imagine. It must have been instinct. Lights were all out in the cabins, but still I kept watch. Every now and then I left mine, and peeped round into the corridor, and at length saw him come quickly along and go into the passage leading to hers. In half an hour out he came. All that time did I keep on the watch, thinking of what they might be doing. I imagined all things. Now his prick is in her. Now they are spending. Is he feeling her and going to do it again? Has he looked at her cunt? Did he spend much? I felt almost haggard with lust, as I thought and thought, and resisted frigging myself, and then I went to bed.

There I lay with inflamed imagination, wild with lust, and with prick throbbing for coition. I thought of the thick legged maid asleep within a few feet of me, of her legs, cunt, backside, and all her possible charms, of Bella's face and legs, her cunt, of the man's prick who had just left her, of the pleasure they had had to-gether. — I played with my prick, and could not keep my fingers from

it, but resisted frigging, tried in vain to rest, played with it again, and then irresistible lust conquered. I turned on my belly, put a handkerchief under me, wetted both hands with my spittle, and placing my prick in them, frigged through them with a fucking motion, with visions of Bella's saturated cunt, the maid's cunt, and endless bawdy sights, chasing each other through my excited brain, and then I fell asleep.

With the usual disgust with myself after masturbation, when I awakened I was as lustful as ever, and cast my eyes about at breakfast, to see if any lady looked liquorish enough, and was sufficiently unprotected to give me a chance. Bella made my cock stand the instant I saw her.

There were not many at table. We had had the sea quite smooth, now it was getting rough, and many who had been quite well, fell sea sick. I, quite well, went upon deck, and saw brother and sister sitting together. Soon after he was sick, and went down stairs. His sister remained and seemed a good sailor. Seating myself beside her, I got into conversation. She had never been at sea before, and did not know the sensation of sea sickness. Soon however I saw her face change, and I helped her down to her cabin. The ship was now rolling, and to prevent her falling, I put my arm round her, clutching her tightly, helping her along, and holding on by rails and anything else convenient. At her cabin door, "Leave me, thank you," said she. — "Let me help you." — "Oh you mustn't, oh I shall be sick." — I put her down on a little settee, caught her head in my hands, gave her two or three kisses as rapidly as I could, and said, "You are so lovely I wish I was sleeping in the cabin with you," and frightened at my own boldness left the cabin rapidly.

The storm increased, I kept below, and going soon after to my cabin, saw the maid putting the little child in the upper berth; her door was wide open. Most passengers were now in their cabins. I began talking with her and joking about sea sickness — she wasn't often ill, she had crossed before with Mrs. \*\*\*\*, she said. "If you're ill come into my cabin and I'll attend to you." She laughed, said her mistress was ill in her berth and would never move out of it so long as the sea was rough, it was so with her before. The little child was already asleep but she must stay with her. "Come into my cabin and talk." — She looked at me in such a way, as if it had just occurred to her what I was up to, and her manner at once lost its respect towards me. "No thankee, sir." with a laugh.

She was standing and holding on by the top berth where the child lay, for the vessel was rolling so. I stepped into her cabin and held the edge of the berth in the same way. — "Go please, sir, I want to shut the door." I caught her round the waist with my free arm and kissed her. — "Leave off, now don't, if a stewardess comes, what will she think, if you're in the cabin?" — I went on kissing, lowering my hand from her bum, pulled her belly to mine, and gave a significant jerk up against hers. She let go of the berth to get away from me. So did I, and the next moment almost in each other's arms, we both pitched against the side of the cabin, and nearly fell down. I felt reckless. I know now that her class never tells of such little liberties being taken with them, and recovering myself with her, gave her another kiss, poked my hand against the bottom of her belly, and saying, "I'll sleep with you to-night," staggered out of the cabin she slammed the door to, but said nothing to my suggestion.

I thought I would content myself with this maid, for chance seemed to favor me with her, she being in the cabin next to mine, and alone with a child not much more than a baby. But I yearned for Bella, tho getting her seemed impossible. Neither she nor her brother appeared at table, both being I supposed too ill. The storm increased, few were at meals, and after sup-per I went to my cabin. When I got there, the door of the maid's cabin was unfastened and banging to and fro as the ship lurched, and by the feeble light, I saw the maid laying on her back in the bottom berth, moaning in all the misery of sea sickness. Her petticoats were hitched up to her knees by her moving about, one hand was hanging down outside, the other was to her head, on the floor was a basin, above her the child asleep.

The pitching of the vessel made it miserable enough—the heat was oppressive, the noise of the vessel creaking and groaning, and the roar of the wind and waves made it difficult to be heard. I stood holding on to the door jamb looking at her, and longing to see higher. Lewedness came on



strong in me, and I stepped into her cabin. — "Can I get you anything," I said twice. — She opened then shut her eyes. — "Oh! Some brandy and water would do me good. — Oh! I'm so ill, oh! I've never been so ill at sea before. — Oh — is the child ill? Oho my head." — "She's all right, I'll get you some." I staggered to my cabin, and from my flask and bottle, got her brandy and water, spilling half on the way. I got her half sitting up, she took the liquid and fell back on the pillow again without thanking me, scarcely noticing me, and didn't seem to know me. I had seated myself on the edge of the berth with difficulty keeping myself there, and as she fell back I gently pushed her clothes above her knees and felt the flesh. She was in that state of prostration and indifference to which sea sickness reduces some people, that she took no notice of my hand, and the next instant it was on her cunt, which felt as if she'd pissed herself.

That roused her. She gave a cry which excepting for the tumult of the elements, and the position of the cabin door, must have been heard, and must I think in the cabin next to hers, and she sat up. "Oh you beast what are you doing here?" said she. "I thought you were the stewardess. Go away."

"Here's brandy and water, what's the matter?" I had withdrawn my hand. — "You beast, to come here and do that" — and becoming conscious of the state of her petticoats, she began to push them down, — a thing not so easy when in a berth, and when they have been gradually hitched and worked up, by turning and kicking about in that narrow box. — "I didn't pull them up, they were nearly up to your belly and I pulled them down," said I — "Oo — ho, you story — oho give me the basin." She began reaching. — "Oho I thought you were the stewardess, oh0000." — I gave her a basin. Into it went all the brandy and water, and again she fell back seemingly almost insensible, her clothes still up to her knees. Again I put my hand on to her cunt. "Oh, you beast. — Oh — I'll tell my missus," — and she tried to get up again.

"Lay still, don't be foolish I've done nothing, you don't know what you're saying — I'm going, don't get up, I'll shut your door." Going out I did so and waited some time to see if she came out, for I feared a little that I had gone too far too soon; but in a quarter of an hour during which I watched, she did not appear. I tried her door, it opened, I fancy she'd not got out of her berth, being overcome by her illness, for there she now lay sound asleep, with her petticoats up to her knees still. I closed the door and went to my own cabin and to bed.

The next day, the sea was but a little smoother. Mary (another Mary) was all right. She tossed her head at me in an indignant manner, when she saw me waiting at my cabin door, as she came to hers from her mistress. I laughed. "What's the matter, did the brandy and water do you no good?" — "Don't sir, I've a good mind to tell my missus." — "Tell her what?" — "What you did." — "She wouldn't believe you." — "Yes she would and she'd tell the captain." — "What did I do? I don't recollect." — "Yes you do." — "Tell me." "I shan't, you blackguard," and she opened her door. — "Where's the little girl?" — "With her ma." — "Oh, weren't you sick?" — "Yes, and never have been like it before, tho I've made two voyages with Mrs. \*\*\*\*. Now don't you do that." — I gave a punch on her belly as she was going to shut her door. "Stop. I'll show you something if you'll wait a minute." The bait took. I went into my cabin, pulled out my prick, gave it a frig or two and it rose proudly, then opening my door and standing well in my cabin, I showed it to her. She banged her door to.

My old instructor's advice, advice I have always acted on, was "Show her your prick, my boy, as soon as you can." Somehow I felt sure now I should have her. I caught her continually as she went backwards and forwards to her mistress. Waiting in my cabin, door open, she couldn't escape. I would talk to the children when with her, and she'd always be with one or other of them, and when talking, looked up and chaffed her. I said so often "Did you see it?" that one of the children said quite innocently, "What did Mary see?" — "The big wave yesterday," I replied.

"We didn't, we were too ill, did you see, Mary?" said one. I looked at her. "No, I was ill too," said she at length, both looking most uncomfortable. I did not think that such children would have noticed any remark, and afterwards was more cautious. At night when she put the child to bed, I waited her coming in, and told her I was going to sleep with her. "Not if I know it — leave me

alone. Don't, some one will see you." This was outside her cabin door, and there was the end of that day's work.

The next day was finer, the children were on deck with her. I played with them, and so did a young man, whom I suspected wanted of Mary what I did. The mistress I found suffered much at sea, and kept in her cabin when unwell. I progressed. Mary begged me not to speak to her before the children. More passengers were now on deck, and my constantly speaking with the maid I saw would not do. Another man then stayed with the children and spoke to her, and knowing my own little game, I gave him credit for intending the same, tho I may have been wrong. At all events, I began to think I might be forestalled, and determined on a bold attempt at once. I had done enough to stir up her lust if she had any.

Night came. She put the little girl to bed. As she came out of the cabin I caught hold of her, and with one pull jerked her into my cabin. "Oh, let me go now, I'll call out if you don't." — "Don't be foolish love, let us. I know you want it." I pushed her down on to the uncomfortable edge of the berth, slipped my hand up her clothes, and was kissing her and feeling her cunt before she was aware of it almost. She scuffled a little. "You shan't, now I won't — leave me alone — I shall be wanted. — Oh, now don't," and so on. But the feel of her cunt by a man upsets a woman, and boldness wins a woman soonest. In less than five minutes all was settled. She was on my berth, her petticoats up in a bunt, I on top of her, and my prick working energetically till it got relief, and she got pleasure and a cunt full.

Once done, you may always do it to a woman. That is my experience. The hint of a stiff prick after once fucking it, is "open sesame" to a cunt. I fucked Mary in her own berth that night, and twice the next day in mine, and again in hers, whenever sure that the little innocent over her head was either out of the way or asleep. That little cherub had also a cunt, and in the coming time she will get it plugged. Life to her will be a blank if she does not.

The next day and night, tho when I asked her favors she always said, "Oh, how you keep on aworrying me," I'll swear she got in my way as much as possible, and also at the right opportunities, for it always was when no passenger or waiter was about, when she made her appearance. I kept much in my cabin, and sat with my door open, reading and waiting for her, when lust moved me. As she appeared at her cabin door, I laid hold of her arm and pulled her into mine. She made no resistance, for she expected it, but always said, "Now don't yer," and gave an anxious glance towards the long passage way, to see if any one passed. In an instant my door was bolted, she on her back with belly and thighs naked, and in less than ten minutes she left with a slippery cunt.

She left in the following fashion. I went out first, and stood next to the long passage way to see if any one was coming along it. If no one was, I gave her the signal and she went to her cabin. Two steps did it, and it was always done securely. Then she made her ablutions quickly, and went to her mistress, I going to the saloon, or wherever I wished. After I first had her, I ceased to notice her or the children much, and no one I think could have guessed our little tricks, tho stewards and stewardesses must see a lot. But they have learnt to hold their tongues.

This fornication came temporarily to an end, by reason of her poorliness coming on, which it did, after I had had her three days and nights. Perhaps it was the lewedness which comes over some women before their monthlies, which gave me the chance with her.

For three days after the storm set in I did not see Bella, and having full pleasures with a healthy cunted woman, tho an unusually plain one (one of the plainest I ever stroked), I did not seem to care so much about her absence. I however made some casual enquiries; heard that she was very unwell in her cabin, and that her brother was worse. Just as Mary's quim began to run red, Bella appeared by herself at table, and I heard that her brother was so ill that they had removed him to the part of the ship specially set apart for sick people. I could not get at the facts, for they hide such things as much as possible on board ship, but believe he had a fever, for they would not let his sister nurse him.

She didn't seem offended with me for the kisses, which I feared she might have done but bowed in her usual reserved manner.

Immediately I made up to her, as did two or three other men, but I soon became the one whom she talked to most. She was exceedingly reserved, close as an oyster, I could not get out of her where she was going to when she landed. She didn't know exactly herself, she said, her brother of course did, but it was to an uncle who had no children, was old, and wished them to go to him about his property and business. All was so vague and the place so far off, that I made up my mind that her story was false from beginning to end.

We had now been at sea eight days, eight days more would, weather permitting, finish our journey. — My want of female society came on, after a day rest from my labour in Mary's receptacle, and Bella, directly my cock tingled, looked more lovely than ever. Her brother was out of the way, yet she kept so much in her cabin, or in the ladies saloon, and so carefully from anything like flirtation, that there seemed but little chance of my opening her thighs.

The next day, I helped her upstairs to the deck, and hesitating whilst I said it, remarked that the staircase showed the ladies ankles a bit, and that some of their boots and stockings might be better. "Yours are per- fection." — "Are they, then you've been looking." — "Yes, and would wait an hour to get a glimpse of such a pretty ankle and," — there I stopped. — "And what," said she laughing. — "A little higher up." — The flirt came out then. I'll put trowsers on with frills round my ankles." — "Don't, Miss \*\*\*\*\*, your trowsers are quite long enough already." — "What? I don't wear any," said she quickly. I laughed, then she laughed. She felt she'd been trapped into a confession.

"I often wish I didn't wear trowsers, for petticoats must be very comfortable wear, I tried them once," said I, when we were seated on deck together. "You in petticoats?" — "Yes, I was ill once, and walked about with a night-gown and dressing-gown only on, for a week, and that's the same as petticoats I expect, I liked the feel of the flesh of my thighs together," and I looked her in her face.

She coloured up a little. "I must go and see the doctor, and how my brother is. — No, don't you come, I'm going to my cabin afterwards." — "I wish I were going to your cabin with you." — Again she colored up a bit and looked confused. — "I don't, tho." — "Don't say that or I'll drown myself." — "There's plenty of water for you," said she laughing, and went off.

I was somehow sure I was getting on with her and that she knew I was lusting for her. I was sure she had been fucked, and that if so and her brother couldn't do it to her, that my words would set her thinking, and thinking would make her lewed. — Many women have confessed to me that my words have set them thinking till they were wild with randiness. — Ah, that desire for pleasure when once it has been tasted! Again to have that bit of stiff male gristle, poking and plunging up and down the cunt, knocking at the door of the womb to open to the life-giving seed — were it not for that, what woman would have her cunt deluged with the gluey essence of man's blood? And risk the troublesome consequences?

I waited in the corridor a long time. She returned in tears, and said her brother was very ill indeed, and went to her cabin, quickly. Other people also asked her. She appeared at the evening meal, I asked her to come on deck, and she did when it was dark. It was not by any means a quiet sea, but she had got over her sea sickness tho most of the passengers kept below. It got darker, I crept closer to her, my leg touched hers, but there were too many people about to take any lewed liberty. I talked her into half confidence, by expressing my regret about her brother and so on. The poor girl I found dying to unburthen herself of her grief, but for all that kept her reserve pretty well.

The doctor said the brother was very ill, he would get better, but not till he was ashore, he might have to be carried ashore, and was now slightly delirious. What was she to do? He had the money, papers, every thing, and suppose he were to die, what should she do? She spoke all that in the dusk of the evening after the supper, and sitting close to me on deck. I promised I would help her, find money, send her back to England if needful, and so on. I would do anything for a few more kisses.

I had never alluded to that before, nor had she. Now I spoke of the delight I had in the kiss, joked and said, I hope I should kiss her again. "I can't permit it," said she. Suppose any one was to see her, suppose it got to her brother's ears, she was deeply grateful for my kind offer, but I must not forget myself again. "Oh, now take your hand away, those men walking will see you." — I had put my hand on her knees, and was about to begin my old, old chaff about the position of her garters. Certainly one or two people were walking the deck, and at times came rather close to us, perhaps to spy us, for I know that watching a couple supposed to be spooning, is capital fun, I have done it so often myself. So I desisted, but got closer, and kept my leg close to hers. I felt the warm contact, and so must she, but she never moved hers away. I was thinking of her thighs and cunt, and wonder if she was thinking of fucking.

It grew darker. One by one the passengers went be-low, till at length but a couple remained, a man and his wife. The man was one who had joked most freely with me about the brother and sister. I felt sure they were watching us, said so to Bella, and suggested sitting them out. She agreed. Before long, the vessel lurched, the lady was nearly thrown down, which seemed to have given her enough of spying if such she had been doing, for the couple at once went below, and Bella and I were alone. The next instant I had kissed her a dozen times. "Now don't, pray, you've no idea the trouble you'll get me into if you're seen." — "Kiss me then." She did and my cock rose proudly as my lips met hers. Then reckless boudiness came on full steam. I pulled her close to me with one arm, kissed again, and said, "Oh, come to my cabin and let us talk there. My darling, my love, I'm dying for you." "Hish, how dare you make such a proposal." So for a minute perhaps we talked. No, she would do nothing of that sort. We were sitting, but both were holding on to the seat back, fearing some jerk of the vessel might unseat us — I put my free hand on her thigh whilst imploring her. She didn't seem to notice it. Again I kissed, then I pulled out my prick (I had an overcoat on) and laying hold of her free hand placed it on it. — "I'll go to bed, you're insulting me," said she, half attempting to rise. I held her from doing so. "Feel it, do, if you won't let me into your cabin, don't be foolish," and I put her hand on it again. — "Oh, here are sailors coming. — I must go to bed," and she rose. It was quite true, there were sailors. I saw her down the stairs As she said good night, boldly I said in a half whisper. — "Oh, let us be together for an hour, who would know? — I'm dying to fuck you." — "You're insulting me," she said, but in such a kind tone that it told me she did not feel the insult very strongly. How I should like to experience the thoughts and sensations which pass thro a young woman, when a prick has in such manner been put into her hand.

She went to the ladies' saloon, saying she should not yet go to bed. I went to my cabin, but only to think how I could induce her. My best chance would be to get her to my cabin, but how? Restless I went out and walked in the corridor. Then I peeped out, standing in my own little passage, wondering if Mary was asleep in her berth, and knowing that Bella must come that way to get to her cabin. — All the rest of the passengers seemed in their berths. — At length in the distance I saw her coming along. I drew back, and just as she came close to my passage I stepped out. For an instant only she paused. "Come here, just for an instant only, I've something particular to say to you." - "What?" — I drew her with force to my cabin and pulled her in. — "Oh now, my God don't," — but it was said almost in a whisper, as I closed the door and bolted it.

Then how difficult to describe exactly what followed, for altho no doubt with a method, all now seems a sweet confusion. Our voices mingling, — "Now — let us dearest." — "I won't, let me go." — I had one hand now up between her thighs, she pushing it away, and alternately ceasing that, and catching at something to keep herself steady as the ship rolled, and I doing the same, till I got down and we were sitting on the edge of my berth, my fingers on a prominent clitoris, our lips joined together. Then refusing all the time, — "No, no," — and feebly resisting, I got her down in the berth (and no man can I think get a woman down in a berth if quite against her will), and in five minutes more, we were rolling as the ship rolled, but fucking with might and main, till sweet Bella's tight cunt grew tighter and tighter, then seemed all at once to get loose, and my prick felt as if it would push up into her womb, and then was wallowing softly up her, in our joint effusions, in a flaccid cunt.

In an ordinary ship's berth, two people can't lay side by side, it's too small. A man lying on the top of a woman soon fatigues her by his weight. Whilst in the restless, never ceasing movement of the limbs and body in fucking, she feels not the weight; she very soon does when he lies heavily and motionless afterwards. I got off and left Bella lying. She modestly pulled her clothes to hide her cunt, but her beautiful limbs were exposed. I sat feeling her spermy cunt, bending over and kissing her, and making her feel my prick, till I fucked her again, and in the course of one hour fucked her three times. How quiet she now was, how expect-ant of another pleasure, how she widened her thighs, and put them up to get me a comfortable lodging between them, when rising with a stiff stander, she saw that again I wanted her.

Then to get out of the way and avoid chance of being caught, and suspicion as far as possible, I went out to the water closet, stopped there long, and when I went back she had gone. I had a good night's repose, satisfied in body, and love with my beautiful Bella.

Next day the ugly maid Mary coolly told me her poorliness was nearly over. It was as clear an invitation to fucking as ever I had from any woman. — I now wanted to reserve myself for Bella, but there seemed no help for it, and so I told her that some man had been joking me about her, and that we must be careful, for fear we were suspected. That scared her awfully, and if it did not stop her desire for rutting, it gave me an excuse for neither going to her cabin, nor letting her into mine.

How Bella looked at me at breakfast time, and I at her, far off as we were from each other. I meant to have her again and she to let me. She did not sham. It was not "I never will again," which I've so often heard from the modest woman, who has given way to her lust for the first time with me, and always does a second. On the contrary, she at once began to scheme with me, how we could fuck again without compromising her.

We arranged that she was never to lock her cabin door. I would give her a hint when I would go there, step in, and wait. She would come in a short, or a long time afterwards, as appeared best to avoid all suspicion. We did this for three days in day-time. Bella never made objection, and I think would have stopped with me fucking all day, and talking at intervals about her brother. She seemed in no anxiety about getting in the family way, but lay revelling in her saturated cunt till I left. Each night at about midnight, I got to her cabin, and left it unobserved, and thoroughly fucked out. During the day-time I now scrupulously avoided saying much to -her, and left her to the attentions of other men. That was to disarm suspicion. But as we passed each other promenading on the deck, her eyes met mine, and in hers I could read as plainly as possible, "We've fucked and shall fuck again presently."

But two days before we reached port and just as I slipped out of Bella's cabin in day-time, ugly Mary turned the corner and saw me. I nearly stepped back, but presence of mind did not leave me, and I went up to Mary saying, "Have you seen Miss \* \* \* \* \*, she's not in her cabin." — "No, but you were." — "What do you mean, I took her a book of mine and put it in there, not seeing her anywhere about."

Mary tossed her head, laughed in a sneering way, and said, "Oh, I dessay yer knows her whereabouts," and passed on to her mistress's cabin. — I was obliged to tell Bella of this, which threw her into a great state of consternation, but the brother was still ill, and we should all be separated before he could hear anything about it, so on reflection she was comforted. But I did not go into her cabin in daytime again, tho that night I was with her till daybreak, and left without a drop of sperm in my balls.

Next night I knocked at Mary's cabin door, for I thought it well to get suspicion out of her head, if any was there. Moreover with one of those sudden latches I cannot account for, latches which seem to spring up in me in a moment, I got a stiff one by thinking of her. She opened it. Was anything the matter she asked, not knowing for the moment that it was I. — I pushed into her cabin which was in absolute darkness. — "You go away, oh don't, the child will hear," she said in a whisper. — She was in her night-dress. I never spoke, but laying hold of her hand put it to my prick, knowing the

quiet persuasive eloquence of a stiff one, and almost at the same time, put my hand up her night-gown on to her cunt. — In a half minute she was on her back, and my stiffstander up her. Really, her cunt felt as nice as Bella's, I thought. — My spend over, prick still in her, — "What were you doing in that lady's bed-room," she whispered. — "What I told you, what could I have been doing? She wasn't there." — "I thought she was, and I know you've been sweet upon her, I heard some of the people saying so."

Suddenly the child in the berth above cried out. — "Oho — Mary — where are you, I want to pee so."

Staggered for an instant, I got off of her, she got out of bed and stood up. — "Here am I dear — I was asleep." — Then she lifted the child out, and put her on the pot, then back into her berth, standing in front of me all the time, tho it was too dark for me to have been seen, or scarcely seen — and not at all by a sleepy infant. There she stood talking to the girl for a minute for she seemed timid, whilst in lewed delight I put my hand up, and felt the lubricious quim which my prick had not left three minutes, feeling scared, yet pleased with the risk and excitement of the incident. Then leaving her standing and talking, I stole back to my cabin quietly.

The oldest incidents I am convinced are taking place daily everywhere, between men and women, who are, or who are going to, or have been fucking on the sly, but of which the world can know nothing. I suppose suck risks really add to our enjoyment. Such are my conclusions, after the experience of nearly a quarter of a century of intriguing and fucking women, including all classes, from a marchioness to well nigh a beggar.

Next day we were in port. Her brother was recovering, tho he had to be carried on shore. I took rooms for them at an hotel, and a room for myself. The plan of the rooms did not favor intrigue, few of them communicating, but I got one which communicated with hers, whilst her brother's tho next to hers did not. He was well enough to know what he was about, and what he would have to pay, tho he couldn't walk. I saw him in his room and he thanked me. She attended to him in the day, sat with him till late, and then in my bed she passed the night, turning into her own always in the morning for an hour or two, to rumple it. At the hotel I disclaimed all intimacy with them, went out and about all day, and acted the part only of a friendly stranger, but with what success in avoiding suspicion, I can never know. I spent an enchanting week with the lovely creature.

In the cabins, small in size, with light but thro a little hole in the side of the ship, nine inches in diameter, and closed generally with thick glass on account of the weather, and lighted by a small swinging oil lamp at night which gave a feeble ray (this was twenty-five years ago), in a berth where a woman could not open her thighs wide, and where a good look at a cunt could only be got by her sitting at the edge of her berth, and leaning back towards the partition with thighs well apart, I had not had a good look at Bella's organ (nor indeed at ugly Mary's), for she wouldn't for some reason of her own put herself in a favorable position for inspection. — In the hotel, I got all I wanted to see and to feel. Bella's reticence went, and she permitted all.

She was a lovely creature, eighteen years old she said, nor did her form or her cunt look more. Her limbs were most symmetrical, her bum large and full for her age, but she had none of the plentiousness of flesh, which comes on a well fucked, well fed woman, when she approaches twenty-five or thirty. Her cunt with but slight hair on it, was a pretty, little, full lipped slit, with a rather full sized clitoris, with small flap-pers. No hair was near her bum hole nor did it even come quite down to the lower end of the lips of her cunt.

The mons puffed out of her belly fatly, before the division of the cunt began, and altogether, it was one of the prettiest, most modest, yet voluptuous looking cunts I have ever seen, and its fuck was absolutely divine, and she spent copiously. I begin to think after all, that a cunt of that age is the loveliest to look at, as well as to fuck; there is nothing about it to offend, it has neither too much, or too little hair, nor is too fat or full. Yes, the cunt of the well formed, well fed woman is in perfection from eighteen to five and twenty, and I some-times think that its lubricity is more perfect than at

any other period. — That certainly is less perfect in a woman of forty, or after. She enjoyed me as I enjoyed her, and as usual at the end of a week I was exhausted with fucking her. She was not. Her brother was better, and for some reason, the first thing he did was to move himself and sister to bedrooms in another part of the hotel. He asked to see me, thanked me, and then said he could now do very well by himself; and then added "good bye" — as much as to say we don't want to speak again. His sister had told me what he was going to do.

The last night I slept with her, I tried to draw her out about herself. I told her all the passengers had said about them, and my belief that he was not her brother. I asserted indeed lots of things which I did not believe, with the object of getting some truth about her. I made her cry at one time, and say she hoped she hadn't made a false step, and immediately corrected it to mean her brother and self. Finding all useless, I ceased, and gave myself up to voluptuous pleasure, fucking as if I never should have another woman. After waiting a day, I went off to \*\*\*\*. Coming back three days after, I found they had left. I am quite sure she was not his sister, they hadn't a feature really in common, tho alike somewhat. To get over that difficulty, she had told me they were by different fathers.

Then I returned to England and had no adventure on the voyage worth speaking about. I felt a nice girl, who was a second-class passenger, and one of a family, once or twice in the darkness of the deck, and she felt my prick. We talked bawdy, but tho bursting, I would not frig myself nor propose to her to do it. She said she would let me have her if she could, but I never got the opportunity on board tho we both tried hard. — We landed at L\*v\*\*p\*\*l, where for one day only they went to a miserable hotel. I kept my eye on her, and in the evening got her to a bawdy house. I'd no sooner put my prick into her, than I spent without her doing it. Said she, laughing, but in a vexed way, "There — it's all over." — But I fucked her twice more before I left. Her family, disappointed with the country, were coming back to England poorer than they went. She was going to service, and had been a servant before.

I find that I said to Bella one night, "I wonder who had you first." Crying, she replied that she had been seduced about a year before, but that was no business of mine. — "Don't cry dear, forgive me, but I dare say your brother knows." — She reflected for a minute and then, "He cannot know, but he may suspect, and that is one of the reasons why he has taken me away from England." — I fancy that was a lie.

## Vol. 6 Chapter XIII

**London again. • Reckless whoring. • Cheap but wholesome. • At the back of the turnpike. • Against area railings. • Near the docks. • A sailor's taproom. • A sailor's woman. • A Ratcliffe high-way whore. • The landlady's little child. • What gin and ten shillings will do. • An infants pudenda. • At H\*\*b\*\*g. • Love by the hour. • The sailor's doxies. • An unlooked for exhibition of penis. • A rapid poke.**

On my return as already said I saw Amelia German at times, but towards the winter got quite reckless in gratifying my lusts. I took latches for quite poor and common women, on the spur of the moment, and had often tremendous stiffstanders when in the public streets. If I saw a handsome pair of legs, or a good waggle of the bum in a woman in a low neighbourhood, I went with her however poor she seemed, either to her home or to a brothel. It amused me that I could have a woman for five shillings or less. Half a dozen times at least, I also had women in the streets, up against the walls of houses, or railings, or fences, quite as in the days of my youth and the novelty seemed to increase my lust and my pleasure.

Going one night about eleven o'clock, along the road (tho I no longer lived in that neighbourhood) by the turnpike, where I first felt Victoria's quim on a foggy night some years before, I wanted to

piddle, and did so thro the open palings or fence, of a bit of grass land which was close to, and in the rear of the turnpike house. It was a quite dark, and rather misty night, there was scarcely any one on the road, and on the foot path on the side where I was, no one was passing at all. — Whilst piddling, I thought I saw the form of a man and woman standing at the back of the turnpike house, and always on the lookout for anything amorous, moved gradually nearer to watch, piddling all the time as I moved along, and saw a man and woman close to-gether. I then stood still, thinking he was having an uprighter, and the idea set me in a flame immediately.

All at once off he went quickly. I approached the woman. — "You've just been fucked." — "No I have not." — "I saw you." — "Yes, and I saw you looking, but I was frigging him, he was frightened to fuck, feel my cunt, it's dry." I did feel it and then she felt me, whilst I asked if he had spent much, and what manner of man he was and so on. Quite a young man she told me he was, and didn't want much frigging. She sup-posed he was pretty full, but she couldn't see, and his cock was a good big one.

By that time I was very stiff. "Frig me," not that I meant her to finish, but I love the gentle titillation of a woman's hand on my prick when it's stiff. She began the work. "Why don't you put it up me?" "I'm, like the young man, frightened." — "Lor, you needn't be." — Then I agreed the price. "Pay me first." I paid her and she pulled up her petticoats. — I felt her thighs and backside, but again refused. — "No, keep the money, I'm frightened, give me a toss off." "You'd as well have me, I'm quite clean, and I want a bit tonight, don't fear." — In a minute or two I was fucking her. — "Did you spend?" — "Aye and you may do me again." "The turnpike man may come around and see us." — "He won't take no notice if he do, he knows me, he and his brothers have many a time had me, they know I'm respectable, I don't live far off." — "Had you here?" — "Yes, just where we are standing." — I didn't poke her again, not fancying to poke after turnpike men, which seems very stupid now I come to write about it, for a turnpike man's prick is as good as anther's, and what thousands of pricks I must have fucked after.

Perhaps it was a month after this, that I came down P\*\*\*I\*\*d P\*\*\*e one night at about half past eleven. It had been raining hard, tho not at that moment, and it was a pitch dark black night, tho there was no fog. There were a good many women about, and I had one of my finger-stinking fits come on, and walked up and down, saying a kind word to women whose appearance I liked under the street lamps, and then felt their quims. This excited me, and at length one woman's cunt felt so nice, and clean, and smooth to me, tho perhaps it was my excited state which made me think hers better than the others. — But she was well dressed, that I said, "I've a good mind to fuck you but there is no quiet place about here." — "They won't see us in one of the door ways." (All the doors in that street lay back about eight feet between area railings.) She told me she often had gents there who were in a hurry, and at length I consented, gave her a small fee, saying that I hoped she wouldn't let me poke her if she was not quite well, nor if she had the least stain of poorliness in her. — No she was quite right. — "Walk with me till we've passed the Bobby and we'll go to a house on the right. The hall lamp is always out there about eleven, they are all going to bed." — Yes, she had had gentle-men there before. — I did as she advised, let the policeman pass well down the street, then close to the dark coloured street door, and of a house midway between gas lamps, and up against the railings, she held her petticoats up, until my prick was well up in her, and we fucked quite as pleasantly as an upstanding poke can be.

The impudence of this pleased me, for it was within three doors of a house at which I frequently visited. — "I've not been long about it," said I. — She replied laughing, — "No. Gentlemen are pretty quick when they won't come to my lodgings, — now I must go home and put a clean chemise on for you've spent such a lot, give me another half crown." — I did and off she went. — I had given her five shillings, she asked me a sovereign, but accepted my offer, saying, "I'm not in luck tonight and it's late, come along."

Just then I went one afternoon with a friend to one of the London docks. As we walked about outside, I saw a number of stout, vulgar looking, flamingly dressed women without bonnets, some



in twos — some alone — some with sailors — talking bawdily and openly in the public streets. It was to me quite a new phase of London life, for I had never seen it before — nor had I been at the docks for many many years.

My friend knew sailors' necessities, and their habits, and those of their female acquaintances ashore, for he was a large ship owner. He had been to the dancing places and taprooms, which sailors frequented, and knew the quarters where the women were to be found. To amuse me and satisfy my curiosity, we dined together a few days afterwards, and after our dinner, visited several of the public houses. To avoid remark and possibly offensive behaviour towards us, we dressed in the shabbiest possible manner, and with caps bought just opposite the docks, and such as were worn largely by the working people in the neighbourhood, we flattered ourselves that we looked as common a couple of men, as ever rolled barrows along the street.

Thus costumed, we spent the evening at public houses, among sailors, whores, and working men — in an atmosphere thick and foul with tobacco smoke, sweat, and gas. We ordered liquors which we threw under the table or spilt when not observed, we treated some gay women, but in very modest way, and altogether had a very entertaining evening. It was difficult to act up to our disguise. At one time I had a whore on my knee, and my friend another. We asked the woman to bet which of us had the biggest prick, and the girls felt us outside quite openly. There was however nothing likely to shock people there. Of lewd talk there was plenty, tho no gross indecency was practised. — The barman, or potboys, or the master, were always there and checked it. — "Now you Sally, none of that; or out you go." — "Now hook it smart you bitch," were phrases we heard with others, used by the master or servants, when things got too hot. — At one house, they turned a woman and sailor out by force, who were too noisy and rather drunk. — "Let's go and fuck, Tom," — said the woman, who was readier to leave than the man.

Coarse as they were, there was something about one or two of the women which gave me a letch. They re- minded me of some years back, when I had common women, and oftentimes only paid five shillings for their pleasures. — The next day I determined to have one, and to have a look at the quarters in which sailors' women lived. They are pretty numerous, and are distributed along the line of the docks from Tower Hill eastwards. I took a ramble in the day-time. I put on the same shabby things I had used when out with my friend, and took a cab to the locality, feeling much ashamed at my costume, and sorry that my servant should see me, but there was no help for that.

I walked thro several streets of small houses for some time, without finding the class I wanted, and up one or two courts with too many of the class. At length, in a quiet place I saw one or two stout women (they mostly seem to me to run stout) sitting at open windows, or standing at doors. Knowing their style, and that plain speaking was what they are accustomed to, I stopped at one, and asked her how she was. — "Why don't you come in?" — "I'll give you half a crown for a fuck." — "All right, come in." — In I went. — Then at once she began to ask me to double it, and if I'd been long ashore. — I refused but sprung to three and six-pence. — "Give us a glass then." That I was quite ready to do, and produced the money.

At the door was a woman seemingly about thirty years old, with a little girl about three years old. — She was the landlady, decently clothed as was the child. She fetched the gin, and the woman asked her to have a glass which she had. Then I began to want fucking, and being alone, had the woman stripped to her chemise, paid her more than the agreed fee, and then felt her cunt. She was about twenty years old, tallish and quite stout. I had thought she was bloated, but found her flesh was quite firm. A spanking large, and handsome backside enclosed her cunt, which had darkish brown hair in moderate quantity. — She was in fact as good in all particulars of thigh, belly, bum, and cunt, as any woman of a better class. Her linen was clean tho coarse, so was her bed seemingly, and the room was full of feathers, and objects which seamen bring home. She said they were all given her by her man, who came to her whenever he was in England. She had a coarse voice and was as vulgar as may be imagined, and I should think drank hard.

"I'm frightened to fuck you," I said — tho my prick was standing, and I had rubbed it up and down

against her buttocks, as she knelt on the bed rump outwards for my gratification. — "What are you feared on," and she turned round, and laying on the side of the bed opened her cunt lips. "Look for yourself, I'm all right" — but I resisted. "Sailors bring such diseases." — "No more than other men," — she replied sitting up. — "Give us another glass, I'm a bit low to-ay.

I complied, gave more gin, and the landlady and child came in, and drank with her. — I of course did not. — She asked if I was a teetotaller. No, but I wasn't well. — I'd been trying in conversation to assume a knowledge of ships, and shipping, but had failed, for bluntly she said. — "You don't come often to the docks. Were you ever in this street before?" — I was clearly found out, for then she called me a gent. — "This gent's frightened to fuck me," said she to the landlady and laughing. — "Lord you needn't, there's not a cleaner woman about here," the landlady re-marked.

Then the conversation took the subject of fucking generally, the landlady joined in congenially and got familiar. I encouraged it. "Perhaps he ain't got one to do it with, Polly." — "Oh yes he has, and a good un and a hard un." — After a little more talk, the landlady left, and again I looked at Polly's charms and still timid said, "That will do, I'm going." — She was again kneeling on the bed with bum outwards as I spoke. Turning her head round without moving her backside. "What are you feared on? — Don't be a bloody fool! Fuck me, I'm as clean as a new pin." — Then able to resist no longer, I put Polly on her back, mounted, and fucked her. — "Don't you be afeared," said she as she got up and washed her cunt. — "Did you spend?" — "No. You've left it hot."

I was still more amused now, for she laid hold of the tail of my shirt and examined the quality of the linen, whilst I washed my doodle. She had now I suppose thought I was not of the class she usually had. — "Give us another glass, I was drunk last night, and I'm low today." — More gin was sent for. Whilst it was fetching, she told me the landlady had once been gay, but was now married, and that the girl was her child. — Suddenly the litch coming into my head, — "I'd like to see her little cunt, I never saw one so young, I'd give half a sovereign to see it." — "Why, Mrs. Black will shew it you I dare say, if you mean it." Just then the landlady entering with the gin. — "The gent says he'd like to look at Lizzie's cunt, and will give yer ten shillings." — "Lord God! What next?" — said the landlady laughing. — Then — "Do yer mean it?" — "Yes." — "Then I shan't."

I was rebuffed, but the woman stayed and played with the little girl, looking hard at me. Said I after a time again, "Is a young girl's cunt much different from one who's older?" — "Lord! It's the same sort of article, aren't yer seen em? — There's lots of em younger and older playing about — it arnt very difficult to see what they are like," — said Mrs. Black. (It was true enough. In those days, children quite young, both boys and girls played about the streets, and squatted on the pavements, showing cocks and cunts plainly enough, but I wanted one close, to examine at my leisure). "Show us your young one's." — "Not I." — "Here's half a sovereign, let me just feel and have a good look at it." — Mrs. Black shook her head.

The gay woman began. "Lord! Mrs. Black, don't be a fool, ten shillings arnt got often as easily as that in five minutes. — She'll be showing her cunt soon enough, and a squint at it won't hurt her, nor no one else." — Mrs. Black again shook her head. The child began just then to cry, so she took it up, shook it, and as that made it worse, laid it across her lap, and slapped its naked little bum hard.

"A little more and I should have seen it for nothing," — I remarked. — The woman laughed, and set the child on her lap, shewing its legs. — "Here," said I, shewing the money. — "Honor bright," — said she. — "Of course." — "Shut the door, Polly." — The gay woman did so — the mother reversed the child on her lap, and pulled up its clothes, the gay woman pulled one leg a little apart, I the other, and then I opened the little split with my fingers, and had a good long gaze. "To think that that will take a big prick up it some day," I remarked. — "Aye, and before she's much hair on it too," said the gay woman.

The mother took my half sovereign remarking that it was a bit of luck. — By that time Polly was no longer low, but rather in high spirits, not that she was at all screwed. I expect it would have taken a

lot of gin to have screwed her, but she was talkative and communicative. Often a friend of hers when he came back from sea, gave her ten pounds, and lived with her as long as it lasted, she said. — After a while, the spirit moved me, and the spirit moving her, I turned her fat backside towards me, fucked her again, gave her a double fee, and departed. — I had been there two hours, and was much amused with the variety.

A friend then asked me to go to H\*\*b\*\*g with him, and we went — I had never seen that great shipping town before. There for the first time in my life, I paid for a gay lady by the hour, a thing which I had only heard of being done. In T\*\*r strasse, I found it to be the custom, and there a splendid big woman I had. She was one of the biggest, was perhaps five feet eleven inches high, but certainly was not more than twenty-three or-five years old. She was beautifully shaped, plump all over, and must have weighed fifteen stone. Her hair was a dark auburn, that on her cunt the same color, and small in quantity. — She had a small clitoris and it was a lovely cunt to look at. She had a tight prick-hole and I enjoyed her immensely, so much so, that I stripped to my skin, and laying upon her, delighted in seeing the reflexion of our bodies when fucking, in ample looking glasses, for it was a house which had those luxurious fittings. I stopped two hours with her, and until I had her three times. — Then to my amusement she computed the time I had been with her, and I paid accordingly. — I had her the next night, and got as much fucking as I could in less time than the day before.

Then I walked with my friend down a long narrow lane, which at one end abutted on the quay, and was al-most entirely filled with houses for gay women of an inferior class, and frequented by sailors. — There were a few grog shops, and others only in the street, which I should say had quite thirty, filled with gay women. There they sat, some in the full costumes of different parts of the country, or in evening dress, shewing al-most their entire breasts, and naked arms. In some cases their petticoats only reached to their knees, and they wore showy boots. I walked up and down with my friend several times, resisting their solicitations, tho my prick stood stiff, till one very big, handsome woman so attracted us, that we both went in together to see her naked.

She stripped, and posed herself as directed before our admiring eyes, and tho we had said we only wished to see her naked, evidently was under the impression that we were both going to have her. For when she thought she had exhibited herself enough, she laid her-self on the edge of the bed, and to our astonishment in broken English said, "Come on one, Goddam." — We shook our heads. — "I've a deuced good mind to have her," — I said. — "You'd better not." — Just then the naked beauty sat herself on my friend's knees, and in the twinkling of an eye undid his trowsers, and out came his prick like a red hot poker. He rose, buttoning up himself in a rage, threw down a thaler, and saying you give her the rest, left the room.

I put down a thaler, but being alone lust now over-came me. Without a word I pushed her to the side of the bed, inserted my prick, and in half a dozen thrusts spent in her. I was going, when she exclaimed. "Ein thaler vor der yuck." — I gave it her rapidly, joined my friend, and to his question, told him I had only looked at her quim more closely, and that she had to get me change. Five minutes had not elapsed, between the time he left the room and my joining him. I had fucked and paid her in that short time.

He said when I joined him, that he wouldn't touch any woman in that street with a pitchfork, but I have had dozens of women not so fine, at ten times the price. He suggested going to T\*\*r strasse which we did, and both of us had women there. I had two; so if I get the clap, it will be difficult to fix it on any one of the three women I had last night [I got no ailment from any of my loose female acquaintances that time]. I have heard more than one foreign harlot call me a Goddam.

## Vol. 6 Chapter XIV

**At B\*\*I\*n. • A meet in a street. • A mysterious lady. • A long walk. • The carpet hung out. • "You are Englishman." • My reward. • To Scotland. • The G\*\*\*c\*w dye-works. • The bare legged fore-woman. • In search of a brothel. • My noble spout. • White flesh and red hair. • Private instructions in dyeing. • A horse collar cunt. • Unusual continence. • At D\*\*d\*e. • A mill-hand with naked feet. • "By the sodgers' barracks." • The old mon's hut. • Janet in bed, simple and indecent. • "The sodgers' Whures." • Sister Ruth in the fog. • A convenient wall. • An uprighter.**

My friend went back the way he came, and I went on to B\*\*I\*n, intending to stop a few days only there — and met with a funny little adventure, on the next day but one after my arrival.

The weather was still hot. I rose early, and was walking at about 8 a.m. and before breakfast, on one of the principal streets with shops, when I noticed a lady looking in at the shop windows. — She was well grown, had bright dark eyes, a small nose, pretty feet, and she was very handsome, and widely different from the run of women in that town, who are mostly bony, hard featured, and light haired. She attracted my attention at once, and I attracted hers, for when I loitered at the shop windows at which she was looking, I managed to catch her eye, and did so at several shops. Then I fell behind and she looked back. After-wards at a shop, I fixed my glance in a loving way on hers, and unmistakably she returned the look. Then my prick gave me a hint that it would like to incorporate itself with her. My lust was stirred.

But there was not a trace of a courtesan about her, neither in dress, look, or manner, and I hesitated to accost her, fearing a rebuff, and not wishing to annoy, pondering on who and what she was, wondering one minute at my impudent intention, the next at my want of courage. Whilst doing that, she entered a shop. At once I was at the window. She bought a trifle, and whilst doing so I saw her looking at me, and fancied that she smiled. — Then putting her purchase into a small reticule she came out, looked me full in the face, with a look of invitation as I construed it, and walked on quickly, stopping nowhere any more.

I have been before lured on by smiles, to follow ladies long distances; ladies who knew I was following them, and that they were fooling me, and who at their own doors or gates, turned round with a stoney for-bidding stare, as if wondering who I was. — I have no doubt they were pleased at the admiration they had excited, and the trick they had played. — When at some distance from me, the lady stopped for an instant and looked around, and I thought then she was one of those coquettes. Yet on I went after her. — I have followed pretty women, a couple of miles, with a cock stiff more or less, all the time — and my cock was half stiff now, and with a voluptuous sensation pervading it.

On she went walking quickly, stopping nowhere crossing the road at times, and then looking I felt sure, to see if I was after her still. I got closer and closer behind her, till I could see, when I got the chance, her face. — Who and what was she, virtuous, loose, gay, kept woman, widow, wife, or what? I could not make up my mind, but followed her full two miles. — When we were almost in the country, I grew sick of it — I'm a fool, and being fooled, I thought, and stopped — just then, near a turning on to a one foot pathed road facing a small branch of a river, and before we turned on to that front, she stopped and with a smile, but in an agitated, anxious manner said, "You are an English-man." I told her I was [in German all this].

"If (said she in a whisper as if any one could hear, or even see us at that spot), on the first floor window I hang out a carpet, come up stairs; if I don't do so in a quarter of an hour go away. But come up quickly, and don't make a noise." She repeated this twice and walked off rapidly, being lost to sight round the corner in a minute. Where we spoke, there were no houses, nor had been on

the road for five minutes.

As she turned the corner I went to the corner, watched, and saw a row of largish and seemingly newly built houses. She disappeared in the fifth or sixth. — Agitated by the affair, I waited, sat down on the grass, looking anxiously for a bit of carpet, and had scarcely done so, when a piece was hung out of a window. — Quickly I was at the door, mounted the stairs softly, saw a door partially open and some one peeping, and in a second it closed behind me and I was in a handsome sitting room with the lady, who seemed greatly agitated, and immediately asked me again if I was an Englishman. — Then I found she spoke broken English as well as her (I suppose) native tongue, German.

"We must be quick, and don't make a noise," said she, leading the way to a handsome bedroom, in which were two unmade beds. "My servants are out." Then I kissed her, and she me, and we talked about our meeting, but she was much agitated and said I must go soon, so I began by putting my hands up her clothes after I had sat her on the sofa, and shewed her my pego, which had been ready for action a full half hour. She felt it with soft murmurs of delight, and for an instant with tongues joined, we played with each other's genitals. Then she arose and quickly pulling off her gown (nothing more) moved towards an unmade bed. I divested of coat and waistcoat followed, threw up her clothes, saw one of the loveliest fields of Venus, kissed it, took my trowsers off, and threw myself by her side on the narrowish bed, and in a few minutes more, my prick was tranquil in a deluged cunt, whilst our tongues were still toying with each other, in the dreamy voluptuousness of after fucking enervation.

Then hastily she washed, and we both sat on the sofa. I began questioning her, but she would not have that. — "Never mind me, and don't you come here again, will you?" — I promised what she wished. — "You are Englishman," she kept repeating, as if that gave her some special satisfaction. Unasked then she sought my prick, whilst I felt her cunt. — "Let me see your charms." Without hesitation she went to the bed. — "We must be quick," said she. On the bed, from bum-hole to navel I saw all, handled her handsome bubbies, kissed her thighs, and in a quarter of an hour fucked her again.

"Go now — go pray," said she uncutting me. I obeyed, and in five minutes was out of the house. If she could see me again, she would be in the street where I first met her, at the same hour, two or three mornings after — if not, I must be there each morning till I did see her. Kissing me voluptuously we parted. — I offered her no money, nor was any apparently needed. Two or three mornings after, I was at the appointed street, but she was not there, nor for two days after that, and I then left the city — I had told her my name, and hotel.

One evening, impatient and longing for her, I went to the street, and looked up at the house. All was dark. — For fear of compromising her I made no enquiries, and know nothing more of her than I have told. I fancy I was her lech, but who and what was she, virtuous, single, married, a widow, kept, gay, a whore or what? I am lost in conjecture upon all points excepting that she was not a whore, and that I feel sure she was not.

I came back by way of Paris, mainly to see if a lady whom I had loved had gone away, and then straight to London. Then with my gun I went to Scotland for some shooting. There my lust for the common, coarse, vulgar females revived, and was first shewn at G\*\*\*g\*w, where I visited a friend, who was one of the largest dyers and stainers in the town. I refused his hospitality, preferring an hotel. It gave me more of the freedom I like.

I have not told of three or four women, whom I had at five shillings a tail, on my return to London, nor of having fucked two of those in the open street. I can't account for this revival of taste for common women, and don't think their cheapness had anything to do with it, tho it was part of the affair. — It must have been their total difference in manner and talk, from what I have been so long accustomed to. It took me back to those days, when for want of money, I had nothing but cheap gay women, but all worth telling about them has been told. I went over my friend's works, and was

surprized to find nearly the whole of the women barefooted, whether it was rainy or dry. A sturdy, spanking lot of lasses and women they looked. Whilst standing in one of the yards, I saw a big woman who looked thirty, go up a step ladder. She had shortish petticoats, and showed nearly to her knees, her calves looked large, and her flesh as white as snow. She went up and down two or three times, whilst I stood talking, and saw I was looking at her legs, but she was in no way abashed. I noticed her to him as a fine woman. — Yes, she had been the wife of a foreman, and she was now a fore-woman in a department. — "She wouldn't be a bad bed-fellow," I remarked jokingly. — "No, and more than one's found it out — the first who had her, was \* \* \* \* \*." (It was one of his partners since dead.) She married a foreman who soon died, she was "a strong boddie, careful, reliable, and very useful," — said my friend. — "It would take a good man to give her all she'd take." At that my cock stood.

I dined with my friend. — After dinner we sat smoking and drinking whiskey and water with lemon in it, which left me with a bad headache next morning, but kept up our jollity during a very long evening. My friend, among similar subjects, told me that his dead partner after having had the firsts of the forewoman, got her her husband since dead, and afterwards, he suspected, she helped him to get young lasses at the works, whom he set his wishes on. He guessed that three dozen or thereabouts, could say that they first had it from him. I suggested to my friend that she was similarly useful to him. — That made him severe at once. — Did I think that he with seven children, and one just coming in as a partner, would do such tricks as that? I said I was joking.

I determined to have that woman, for a letch for the big, broad shouldered, handsome looking bitch came on strong, I thought she was one of those, who having no desire to lapse into whoredom as a calling, worked well at her business, and was a valuable servant, but who when not working, thought more about fucking than anything else. There are plenty of such, both men and women in all working classes, whom I feel sure from my experience, know how to get the fullest sexual pleasure out of life, without lapsing into mere animals of lust, idleness, and debauchery.

It seems to me, that both men and women may be straight, and fair in all they do, be as good and useful members of society as others, yet take their chief de-light in carnal pleasures. I am sure that it is so with hundreds of thousands of men, in the middle and upper classes, who are good husbands and fathers, yet who don't put a half of their sperm into their wives' cunts, and indulge in all the varieties, refinements, and eccentricities of lust habitually. But women can't act similarly without deteriorating.

I passed under excuse of being interested in the works, much of the next day there. When I wished to see one particular department, my friend who had to attend to his office work handed me over to a manager, who when I had to go over a special department said — "Send Mrs. \* \* \* \* \*." — Up came the big, naked legged forewoman, under whose charge the branch was. "Wull ye gang oup first sir?" said she at the foot of the step ladder. — "No, you go first, and I'll see those lovely white legs of yours." She gave me a look as if she knew what was in my mind, but never smiled, and went up first showing no more leg than usual.

In that department all the workers were females. She explained the works, but in such broad Scotch, that I could scarcely understand her, and had to make her repeat much. I was glad to do it, feeling a sensuous de-light at looking at her big, half naked arms; thinking of what she might be under her petticoats, and looking her in her eyes, when she was making an explanation. At length my cock stood stiff, and unmanageable in my trowsers. I grasped it outside, and set it up easy, looking her full in the face while I did so. — It could not have escaped her notice, and I fancied I saw color come into her face. Then whilst she was leaning over a vat by the side of a work-woman, shewing me some-thing, I pressed up against her big haunches, and my hard prick was against her hard bum, and I touched her arm with mine, as if unconscious of what I was doing, and that gave me intense pleasure. Did I stir her lust and set her thinking of fucking? I believe in lust between man and woman being communicated by touch, if the lewed one desires to influence the other. I knew her previous history, and felt sure that she dearly loved a man.

The noise of the workshop was great. Coming out at the top of the stairs when leaving, I said — "Mrs. """, I don't half understand. You shall give me more explanation tonight after working hours. — Where do you live? let me call on you, and I'll give you three, bright, golden sovereigns for your trouble." — I made the bold offer, thro knowing from my friend what her career had been. "Hoot awa" or something like that she said with a quiet chuckle. "Dye meane to set oop in the business, sir?" — I felt sure that she guessed it was not about dyeing and staining, that I wanted to see her; but that she didn't mean to let me think she understood what I really did want. — "Perhaps so. I may want a lot you can tell and show me, but I don't wish your people to know that. Let me go to your rooms, and I'll give you the three gold bits." — She looked down modestly. — "Ye'er vera gude, sir, but ar am a puir body, and I leeve in twa sma rooms, and the like of ye never was in em yet." — (I can't reproduce her Scotch dialect.) "Well, will you have the three bits of gold or not, come and meet me then, and come to my rooms, don't be stupid." — She then said after a brief conversation that she would after she'd — "gaad hame and a we bit cleaned hersel," but not at "her hame, whar her niece leevd wi her." But she couldn't tell me more she thought, than she had told me already. She must go to look after the work lasses, and off she went. I lingered about a while, went again into her department, got opportunity of repeating the time and place so as to avoid error, and bidding my friend good bye in his office, left.

But where was I to take her to? — I had luncheon, and in the afternoon walked about the principal streets, looking out for some one to give me an address of a good bawdy house, saw several professional fuck-stresses and accosted one, who said she had her own rooms. — "No, I'd sooner go to a house if you know one near." — She did, and took me there. I didn't mean to have her, wanting to reserve all my force for the fore-woman, but never had to put such restraint on my self in my life. — As I had to pay the lady, I thought I might as well see what she was like, and a most inviting creature she was, with lovely limbs and an entrancing cunt. Her astonishment was great, when I said I was satisfied with the inspection of her charms. What! Not have her, had I got a disease, well if I hadn't was I a man, had I a prick? "Not much of one, here is the money." — "I will see it," said she laughing, and almost rushing at me. — I couldn't resist letting her. It was rigid and florid. "Why it's a noble spouter, a regular rammer," said she with some other strange northern compliments. — "Put it into me, you shan't go without doing it, eh mon (she was Scotch), you're the queerest chap I ever coomd near. Look at me all over, and then yell fook me." Without ado, she pulled off the rest of her clothes as rapidly as she could, and stood naked. — Then laying hold of my spouter she gently let me to the bed by it. — I could resist no longer, my spout went up her, and spouted. Tho I delighted her, and was also delighted, I was vexed with myself. — She chatted on, asked if I'd do it again, wondered at my coming to a bawdy house when she had nice rooms of her own, gave me her card, and we separated. — I didn't tell her why I wanted a bawdy house. Then I fed myself up at my hotel, and rested till the evening, to keep up my strength and recover as far as I could, the loss my spouter had given me.

She was at the spot to a minute, but at first I did not recognize her, for she had a bonnet, and veil, and boots on, tho only still looking like a poor woman. She was agitated in manner, her voice trembled, and she spoke so quickly, and with such strong Scotch accent, that again I could not at first understand a word she said. — She didn't know exactly why she came, or what I wanted, or what made me ask her, she said. — I'm sure she must have supposed that I meant fucking, but had some fear of my disclosure about it afterwards, and curiosity, to learn if any one had suggested to me that her person was obtainable. She pumped me, and we talked in the streets, till I said, — "We can't stop here and talk, if you want your three bits of yellow gold, come with me." — I put her arm into mine and we entered the house. The vision of the gold did it. — I had bid high with reason, tho a forewoman, eighteen shillings a week, was all she earned.

She sat down with her veil on, till I produced a small bottle of whisky, asking if she'd have a glass. — "An it's Scotch whusky and yell be having a taste yersel ar wull." — She toppled off two glasses, smacked at her lips, said it was gude, took off her veil, and asked what I wanted to know about the dyeing. — "Nothing my dear, I saw your lovely legs, white flesh, and handsome face, and asked

you here to see if you'd let me see more of it." — "See mair, mair o ma flesh? Hoot mon, nae." — "Just up to your belly my dear and no higher do." — She got up shamming the indignant. I was pretty rude to her she thought. — "Not at all my darling, fucking won't hurt either of us, I know you like it from the look of your eyes, and I'm longing for you." — I determined to come to the point at once, thinking that with her career she would at once succumb.

I made a mistake in that. To my surprize she colored up scarlet, her voice trembled, she seemed as agitated as when she met me, saying "nae," she hadn't come to be treated "like a whure." Why did I treat her like a common "whure of the streets." She rose up to go, repeating the word "whure," over and over again. She evidently was affronted and wanted to be courted, to submit to me. I set to work to correct my error, said I was sorry I had spoken, that I knew she was a widow, and thought from the look of her beautiful eyes (which she had) that she was amative, and didn't mind a little straightforwardness. That the look of the whiteness of the flesh of her beautiful leg, had so upset me, that I had never slept since for thinking of it, and I guessed the exquisiteness of the charms she must have underneath her dress.

Tho I never have much flattered women, and have got on with them very well without it, now I buttered her with flattery till she seemed quite proud. She swallowed all I said like oil, sat down and had a third glass of whiskey, which however she wouldn't let me fill quite full. She was sure, "Ye've sin, mony a bit o whiteness afore ye'ed sin ma legs I ken" — and she laughed, and looked slyly at me. "Kiss and forgive me" and I suited the action to the word. Again she asked about my having seen white flesh elsewhere. I told her I had never seen any so white as hers, and with red hair, it must make a beautiful contrast there. — Did I like red hair? — I loved it I replied. Which is about as great a lie as I ever told. The lie however completed her satisfaction with me and herself.

Then she began about the dyeing business. I talked with her for a minute or so about it, but thought that if I couldn't have her, the sooner I knew it the better. I had got her to sit on the sofa by me, a table with the whiskey in front of us, — I turned the subject to her legs. Didn't she catch cold with bare feet and legs? — if her petticoat were still shorter wouldn't she? — "Nae it was all coostom nae, and she'd niver had a pair of drawers on in her life," what was the good of them. "To keep all warm higher up." — Nae she was warm enough there and every where. "Let me feel." — "Nae nae." — "Well, let me only to where I saw your legs naked on the ladder." "Weel a dinna mind that, but nae mair." — "But you've got stockings on, I can't feel the flesh, or see how white it is, pull the stockings down." — "Nae." — "Well! If I call at the workshop tomorrow, when they are naked, will you let me feel them there?" — "Nae, nae." — But the idea convulsed her with laughter. "Let me feel to just under the knee." — "Ye may then, but nae mair, ye'ar a funny mon."

All this was interlarded with kisses and pinches. — I still thought she might be coquetting with me, but directly I got permission, I put my hands upon her calves, and fell into rapturous praises of them. — "Now just, above your knees, just where you garters" (she'd placed her hands so as to bar me there, women always do that). — "A weel then, there." My fingers touched her flesh, and I pushed them between her thighs, which closed, tightly. — Up sprang my cock, and out I pulled it. — "Look, feel it — let me." — "Nae, nae." — With a sudden effort, I pushed my hand further, and she further back on the sofa, and my fingers touched her cunt. "Nae, nae, ye promised," said she. But I was stifling her with kisses, her scuffling was slight, her legs opened to let me, and I got her whole cunt, well in grip. — "Let's fuck you, you knew I wanted it, you know you came for it, now don't be foolish, feel my prick." A minute or two's sham coyness, and she did. Then we were silently kissing and feeling each other, I frigged away at her clitoris like a steam engine, till she wriggled. Dinna now, dinna, yell mak me be ar doin it mysel." The courting was at an end. "Don't be foolish now, let's get on the bed properly, undress a little, my dear." — Soon she was in chemise, and I in shirt. — I saw a spanking white arse, a red haired cunt, ponderous thighs, too big yet handsome, and all so dazzlingly white. What a lovely grind her cunt gave my prick, as I entered it. Soon I spent, and soon she spent. How I wished the thicker sperm had been up her instead of up the lady's cunt of the afternoon. But the forewoman knew nothing about the quality of her lubrication. Playfully she murmured as my prick dwindled in her. "Sure and ye've gat me a bonny bairn," and



we joked about that, my prick still up her, I laying between her ample thighs as we talked.

Then we sat by the fire awhile for it was cold, and talked, waiting for the resurrection of my cunt stopper. I wanted her to strip quite but she would not. She was certainly not a bit like a gay woman in her facility, but by dint of much flattery of her various parts, as I saw and felt them one by one for it was only the stripping quite ("Like a whore!") that she objected to, at length she did. She was big and full, much bigger than she looked in her clothes. She had almost the frame of a man, and could have knocked one down. Her flesh was as firm as ivory, her shoulders were big and square, her waist large, her breasts big solid globes, not flabby, tho they hung down, but big, solid lumps, and the whiteness of her flesh was dazzling. — Indeed her flesh where it was habitually exposed was white, and all the rest was snow almost, rather than cream.

"Now open your thighs, you shall, I will look at it." — She opened them, and her cunt looked a horse collar. Its long stretch from arsehole to motte, with its big thick lips, with a full clitoris, and the full haired mount, looked vast. The hair was a bright Scotch red, and there was quantities of it. — I've seen red and reddish sandy haired cunts before, a few of them, and indeed don't know the color I haven't seen on cunts, but I never saw one of such a genuine Scotch red as hers. — The bush was long and thick, and twisting, and curling in masses, half way up to her navel, thick down to her bumhole and round it, and thence it spread about five inches up her arse cheeks, gradually getting shorter there. It filled the buttocks furrow, till slightly past her bum bone. I set her down as thirty-six years of age at least at the sight. — I don't like this hirsuteness now, but in the midst of such white flesh, it looked to me for the moment beautiful, such is the result of novelty ("fresh cunt, fresh courage always"), and my libidinosity increased. Feeling that the sheets were dry (I had ordered clean ones in the afternoon), "Get into bed my dear," I cried. — On she got. I stopped her progress to see the horse collar from behind. A great, heavy, pouting lipped article it looked from that side, yet I swore it was lovely. She stretched her thighs apart, and it took my whole hand to cover the gap. — That finished starching me, I mounted her directly we were under the sheets, played with the hirsute gap for a while, dallying with my lust, frigging her now and then till we could both bear delay no longer, and then gave her an-other injection. — That completed my evening's exercise, for she said she must get back, her niece would be wondering where she was, and she was up at five o'clock each morning.

Curious about the work girls mostly with naked feet, some of them sandy or red haired, tho mostly dark haired, didn't they do a bit of fucking on the sly I asked. — "A weel — maybe they do." She didn't know. They often had a wee bairn before they were married; some were married, others had a young man, but they were not "whores" even if they had a bit on the sly. — The young masters (my friend had two young sons in the office) looked sharp when a fresh lass came, if she were good looking, but sure she didn't know if they coupled or not, it wasn't her business, it was a lone-some life for a lass without a man. She was very de-cent in her language, excepting in the use of the word "whore," as she pronounced it.

I gave her the three sovereigns for instructing me. She smiled and said I'd taught her more than she had taught me — "that I had spilt my seed about" pretty freely she expected. She'd put the gold in the savings bank, where she'd already a bit, and would meet me the day but one after without gold, and only for friend-ship. — She'd come for a chat and a glass of whiskey, and she hoped I'd never tell any one how she'd for-gotten herself.

I was expected further north, but my lech was not quite satisfied. I am not so young as I was, and four fucks are not to be repeated daily, so I gave myself a day's rest, calling however the next day on my friend at the manufactory, with the real object of looking at the forewoman. I had told her I should call, and asked her jokingly to lift up her clothes as high as she dare, when going up the step ladder. I have those letches. But she didn't; I barely saw to her knees. Next night I took a bottle of the finest whiskey, and we sat drinking and fucking the whole evening. She got a wee bit tight — I had half an hour's look at her red haired horse col- lar. There was an inch and a half of fat on the lips. I put three fingers up her vagina, and fancied she was very large, yet inside it felt tight enough.

— What sized prick could she have taken I wondered as I fucked her. I didn't so much care about her as I did on the first night tho I did her three times. Most of the lasses did a bit on the sly, she admitted that night. — Long live King cock and Queen cunt. The next day I left G\*\*\*c\*w.

Before I fucked this woman the second time tonight, I had a prolonged look at this red haired vulva, and to-wards the end of my inspection said jokingly, "Your bum's a hairy one." She was kneeling at the time with her backside towards me, and swung round saying, "You needn't look at it," and seemingly was much of-fended, I told her it was exquisite, which pleased her much. (One must always admire a lady's privates. There is one whom I have fucked at intervals for fifteen years, and have known her cunt and backside since the time there was not more hair on her motte than would cover a five shilling piece, and not a sign of it near her anus; I have seen it grow, and spread in all directions till her bum valley is hairy and the cheeks furry. But if I notice this she is evidently annoyed.)

My invitation north, was only for a fortnight, during which time I had no woman, a thing so remarkable that I note it. I attribute it in a degree to great fatigue, and also perhaps to coming middle age having tempered my lust. But I had little chance or temptation. Men servants were all I saw, I was fifteen miles from a town, cottages were few and miles apart, and the lasses I saw there were young, dirty, and unkempt, and were well looked after by their families I expect. — It was almost early winter, when returning I stopped at the town of D\*\*d\*e and the sight of a woman there, made my cock stand unmanageably, within an hour after I arrived.

It was a mild afternoon, and after washing at the hotel I walked out, and saw a well grown, dark eyed woman, looking about one or two and twenty, with bare feet, and a bundle, walking along quickly. She had large hips, and her bum moved in a manner pleasing to me. She had short petticoats, I saw her calves and thought she was a work woman of some sort, and not a bit like a gay woman. I walked after her half a mile, lusting for her, speculating upon her charms, and wondering if she'd let me have her. — Once or twice she looked round but it was after no one, nor had she looked at me, yet her doing so opened a suspicion that she was gay. But had she been gay, she would have had shoes and stockings on, or if too poor for them, would have been in the slums and dirty, whereas she was very neat, clean, and tidily dressed.

As she turned down a side street, I urged by a swollen prick, stepped up to her side, and asked if I might go home with her. — She stopped short, and scrutinized me for a minute without a word, and then said — "It's a long way off." — "Let me, and I will give you five shillings." — "Very well, but it's a long way off." "Where?" — "Up the \* \* \* \* road, and close to the sod-gers." I knew that there were barracks outside the town, tho I'd never seen them. — "How far?" "Twenty minutes good." — "Are you a mill-hand?" — "Yes at Mesrs. \* \* \* mill." — "Don't you know any house near here?" She didn't, and further questioned, said it was her father's cottage, and she and her sister both lived there. — "Your Father?" "The old mon won't mind," said she, as her remark about her father, she saw made me hesitate — "Will you come?" — I shook my head. "Vera weel," and turning round she walked off at a stiff pace, without ever looking back, or seeming to care. All was spoken by her in broad Scotch.

Her indifference surprized me — was she gay or a mill woman? — Thinking so I stood still. "Up by the sodgers." I saw a long road half in the country before me, it was getting dusk, and I thought I might if I followed her, get into some low brothel frequented by soldiers. I turned back, but she looked so healthy and nice, that my prick almost pointed after her, and turning, I ran partly, then walked very quickly till I over-took her, and said I'd go with her. "Vera weel," she said, scarcely noticing me and tramped steadily on, without looking at me, or addressing a word to me. Nor did I to her, and we didn't meet a person on the road.

In a quarter of an hour's tramp along a country road, with hedges, and stone fences at intervals I saw dimly buildings half in the fields. — It was the barracks, and a few cottages scattered about in its vicinity. — "It's up there, there," said she. Determined now to have her at any risks, I went on by her side, and turning a corner of a hedge into a cross road, I came on two cottages one story high,

with little forecourts to them, and gardens about them. — Against the wall of one sat a white haired old man smoking a pipe. — "Wait a bit there," said she. "It's father — I will tell the old man to get out of the way, and see if my sister's in." — The next minute the old man disappeared in the garden, which had a bit of a shed in it, and she bawled out — "Coom in Sir."

Inside it was dark — "I'll get a light," said she, striking one and lighting a candle. Then I saw I was in a mere hovel with a tile floor, the walls were nicely white washed, and with many showy colored prints in frames hung against them. There was a good large kitchen stove with a peat fire smoldering in it, and a large sheepskin in front of it — and pots and pans on a shelf, big wooden arm chairs, and a truckle bed in the corner. It was a mere peasant's hut without signs of poverty, and with some of comfort in it. — "Father sleeps there, sister and I sleep here," said she and opened the door of a bedroom, of much the same character as the kitchen. There was a large bed in it, sheets which looked whitish, and a dark thick blanket on it, a chest of drawers, and wash stand. She at once drew the pot from under the bed and pissed, remarking as it rattled, that her sister hadn't come home yet. "D'ye want?" said she pointing to the pot. All seemed so rough and peasantlike that it amused me. I lost all fear of a bawdy-house row with "sodgers."

Was she whore, or wasn't she? — Certainly she was, for she had made no difficulty about accepting the money for her person, yet had said that she worked regularly at a mill, as did her sister. — Then I thought she was a soldier's woman, that I was running risk of disease, and asked, "Do you bring soldiers home here? Here is the money, don't let me have you, if you have the slightest poorliness on you." — "What! A sodger ha me? — I'm not a sodger's woman — I wouldn't let one of the bouggers touch me with a pair o tangs, d'ye think I'm a sodger's whure?" She was most indignant. Poor Scotch women it seems to me use the word "whure" very freely, and as if it were no more indecent than any other word in the dictionary.

I told her I didn't, but had been misled by her words, and she was soon pacified. Going up to her, I put my hand on to her cunt. "Stop, I'll wash it first and make it nice for you." — With the same coolness she washed it in a basin, looking up at me and saying, "So you took me for a sodger's whure. — There's no sodgers' girls about here, they go to the town for their girls, and where there's liquor." Drying her cunt with her chemise, she got on the bed, quickly got off, put the money into the drawers, and got on to the bed again, saying "I'll wash my feet first an ye like, I do when I come home always." — Impatient to have her, I at once pulled out my prick which was rubicund, stiff, and ready. — "Ohoo," — said she, chuckling as she saw it, seizing and shaking it, and with her other hand pulling up her own clothes. — "Let me look," and I lifted them up to her navel, she had no stays on, all was natural form with her. The sight of her cunt made me jump on to her belly at once, the red split in a dark hairy frame looked lovely, and in a second we were fucking hard. "I've not fucked for a fortnight, my love." "And I haven't done it for a month" — she gasped. "Oh — o," she sighed and her cunt clipped me like a vice. — "Oh — what — ah — ah — oh," — was all I recollect her saying. — The next second her cunt was like a paste pot, and she was hugging and kissing me quietly. "I've spent your cunt full my dear." "Ye war just too fu," said she as she kept on kissing me.

My prick kept stiff in her long. Then I dropped off on to her side, my prick trailing across her thigh, leaving a moist line on it. She turned on her side towards me, took my adhesive tool in her hand, and meeting my lips with hers, we talked in the quiet, voluptuous, satisfied way, which man and woman do, when their lust has been mutually assuaged by fucking. — Yes it was quite true that she hadn't had a man for a month. They were born there, she and her sister and brother, who was a sailor. It was their father's and grand-father's before that, and longer back still, and the old man wouldn't move, and why should they? They'd a bit o' land, and a cow, and all their potatoes and greens they got from it. — He was too old to work excepting at breaking stones, but he kept the house clean and the garden, whilst she and her sister worked at mills. "Yes — both regular." She warn't gay, but if a gude man noticed her, and she liked his looks, she did it, and if he'd come out there at dusk she let him, and she got a bit o' siller mair. But men wouldn't come out so far, and she would not let them till it was dark. (There were no lamps for some distance from her cabin.) — "It's

stiff again," — said she, and turned on her back. We fucked again, and my balls stuck to her buttocks as I got away from her afterwards, so much had our spendings spread over bum and ball bag. I had felt it streaming out round my prick as I was stroking her the second time. Then she washed her cunt.

Tho I'd done her twice, I'd not seen her form. I had been wild for fucking, and she the same. — Now but with a little hesitation, she stripped and let me see her charms, and she was well worth looking at, was as fine a strapping woman as you might desire, large bummed and thighed, and with big hard breasts with scarcely a fall in them, a smallish quantity of crisp dark hair on a handsome slit, with small clitoris and nymphae. — I was delighted with it, but she did not seem to heed my compliments. She remarked when I felt her fleshy handsome arm, that she was strong enough to get a living if it was to be got, and she'd never had an ache or pain in her life, except a tooth ache. Then, "Oh! It's cold here, why dint ye get into bed wi me, it clan, Ruth and I wash every night there" (pointing to a small tub), — saying that she jumped into the poor bed, putting on her chemise, and I almost spite of myself undressed and got in after her. Where-upon she cuddled up to me and laid hold of my prick, saying, "Yell be mon enuff agin soon."

Just then we heard a door bang and she cried out, "Is it you Ruth? It's my sister — d'ye mind her coomin in? — Coom in," for I had said I didn't mind. — In Ruth came, and looked at her sister and me lying in bed, as if it were an every-day occurrence. Then she told her about getting the "wee bit supper ready," and as the sister left the room, she turned to me and grasped my prick again, and told me her own name was Janet.

I was much amused with the affair, for I've never met any thing like it. Here were peasant girls, fucking for money and a little for love, in their own home, their father knowing it, and temporarily put out of the way, and yet the two women were regular mill hands. Of that I hadn't the slightest doubt. Her sister she said in answer to my questions, had had a "mon or two," there, but she did not approve it, and now she had her own "young mon" to whom she soon would be married, so had no mon but him. Then with much pleasure to both of us we fucked again, and afterwards dressed, and I came to the conclusion that the woman had brought me home, quite as much to satisfy her carnal wants, as for the money.

All this had only occupied an hour, and with an easy prick and with my lust most pleasantly, and piquantly assuaged, and with our clothes on, we passed into the kitchen. Ruth had just turned out a dish of something which looked nice, and smelt savory. — "Will ye sup a bit?" — said Janet. I couldn't manage that tho I was hungry, for altho all looked fairly clean, I think Scotch peasants are for the most part a dirty lot. But I said I'd sit a while if they didn't mind — not they — they didn't repeat their offer, and they took no more notice of me when eating than if I had been a dummy, nor seemed at all abashed. — "Where is the old man?" said Ruth. — "Gone to \* \* \* \* \* till he's fetched," — Janet replied.

They drank water. — "You want a drop of whiskey but suppose you can't get it about here." — "The old mon knows where to get a drop if he'd got the money, there's plenty and good about here hidden away." — "Send him for a bottle, here's a half a crown." — Ruth without a word put a plaid over her head and went out. — "It's smuggled," said I. — Janet nodded. Soon Ruth came back with a funny shaped bottle full of good whiskey, and we all drank. They produced some oat meal cakes — nasty stuff — but I was empty and eat a lot, washing it down with whiskey and water. I was hungry and wanted dinner, but wouldn't leave, so amused was I with the company.

Ruth at once washed up the things. Janet sat in one arm chair, I in the other, as if we had been quite old acquaintances. — The oddity of the thing very much amused me. — I've been in the society of women of all sorts, and fucked in all sorts of places — but to be sitting with two mill hands, who took money for their pleasures, yet fucked for pleasure, and in their father's hut, and with his knowledge was new to me. Besides, they weren't a bit like whores in their manners. So on I went talking and questioning them, and they me. They couldn't leave their dad — he wouldn't move, he had been born and meant to be buried from there, and what could they do better? It was their aim —

if they got wet thro going and coming they changed, and a little rain didn't hurt a body. They evidently were as strong as cart horses. Then without remark, Ruth set an earthenware pan before the fire and washed her feet, a mere rinse it was, an- in drying them shewed to her knees. A sturdy pair of legs she had and my cock tingled. — "You will make my cock stiff," I cried. — Both women laughed. — "Ye'd best coom to bed with me again," said Janet. — "I will and stay all night," said I.

At that both shouted out at once "nae nae" that couldn't be. — The old man would be in the kitchen "asleepin" — and they two slept together. "I'll sleep between you." — They thought I was in earnest, and most energetically refused and said I'd better go, for the old man went to bed early. — And as it was now nearly nine o'clock, I put on hat and coat, after making Janet promise to meet me again next night, at a place named in the town.

The room, I noticed, had for some time got misty, and on opening the door there was a dense fog. What was to be done? — There was no light in the lane near the cabin. — Scarcely one along the mile of country road. To find my way back was impossible being a perfect stranger. I must stay all night. — "Nae nae, it manna be." — Ultimately Ruth was to go with me till well in the town, where I could ask some one to go with me to my hotel. With a big plaid shawl over her head and shoulders, and still with naked feet, off she went with me in to darkness. — A bugle in the barracks sounded as we set out. "If the sodgers ain't in in five minutes, they'll catch it and praps yell hear em arunnin," said she. Sure enough, just then we heard male feet rushing along, and male voices laughing and blaspheming. Then all was quiet as we trudged along.

"Stop, here's a turning I think, there's a stane tither side." — "Yes, we were right." "A stane fence is all along noo." — Stone fences, alternating with scrubby hedges, I had noticed as I had come along. — On we went slowly, for there were ditches. I began to talk about her sister. A lust for this girl had arisen in me when I saw her washing her feet, now it was between two and three hours since I fucked her sister, and I felt as if I could fuck again.

We went along very slowly. I laid hold of her arm. "I can't see you scarcely, let's walk together, why didn't you let me sleep between you?" — "Are ye mad, and the old man asleepin in the kitchen, nae nae!" — "Ah! And then I'd have fucked you as well as Janet. — I'm dying for you now." I sunk my voice, for the road was solemnly quiet, no one passed, not a sound was heard but the tramp of my own feet, her naked feet made no noise. — "Hush mon, you'll be dying for what ye won't have." — I put my arm round her and kissed her without any difficulty, stopped, pulled her closer to me, and putting my hand to her belly, — "Let me, my love, let me." — She broke away laughing, "If you go on like that, I'll leave you to get to the town as ye may."

To be left in a dense fog in that road, rather shut me up for a minute, but I was soon at my game again. The girl was fresh and handsome, my cock stiffened, I couldn't see her face or she mine, for the foggy darkness, but I talked all the libidinous talk I could, told how I had enjoyed her sister, she my prick, how quickly I had spent, the lot I had spent in her sister's cunt, to all of which she made no reply, only I heard the quietest chuckle now and then. Then I slackened my pace, she hers, whether intentionally, or unconsciously I don't know. Again I kissed, and "let me feel you" and then — "Nae, nae." — "Do, who'll know, feel my prick, do let me have you?" — "Ye can't want it."

— "Yes, feel it, its bursting." — "Nae, yell tell Janet."

— "So help me God I won't," saying that I stopped her, enfolded her in my arms and kissed her for a minute, then put my hand up her clothes on to her cunt, without any resistance, and at the same time placed her hand to my prick. She handled it, twiddled it in that excited, restless way, which I find all women, gentle or simple and whatever their condition, handle my tool when nature is stirring up their lust.

In the dense fog we stood without speaking, feeling each other. — "It's a fence," — said I, edging her on one side, and it was so. "The wall of the rope factory's just by," said she. — She seemed to know every inch of the road. Dropping her petticoats, we walked a few yards, came to a feeble oil

lamp, and just where its light was lost in the fog was a wall. Planting her back against it, again I felt her cunt, again she felt me from tip to testicle, and I fucked Ruth in a long, hard fuck. She felt pleasure quickly. — "You've spent," I said. — "Yes," she sighed. — Not being too ready, I withdrew my prick from her, and felt that her cunt was well wetted with her own spending. Then up went my prick again, better for the rest, and with a longish ramming, and occasional pause, I fucked her till we both spent. Directly after I pulled out my prick, and stood erect with back and knees aching, for she was a shortish girl, and I stretched out both legs, and twisted my body, to get to fuck her as she stood with her back against the wall.

"I'm tired," said I. — "Weel ye may be an ye-er dun Janet thrice, an it be true." — I swore it was. — "Ye'er a braw man but let's be ganging." — We walked on, as fast as we could. — Then in a minute, — "Wait a while till I peedle." — I did, and pissed by the side of her. — At the next lamp which became more numerous now, I gave her a half sovereign as a present. She was delighted. — We got near the town. — "Ye can't gae wrang noo." Then I felt her cunt, for the sisters had put me into rut, and made her feel my prick, kissed her, promised I'd not tell Janet (and kept my word), she went back to her hut, I with aid got to my hotel.

[Both sisters spent with me, I'm sure I make no mistake. — So many gay women have done the same and have offered me a second poke unasked by me, that I sometimes doubt whether they spent, or whether they shammed, as an inducement to get me to visit them again. Do they spend so with chance friends, don't they reserve their pleasure, and their spending, for men they specially like? I slept with Lillie M\*\*\*d\*n on my return. She is a whore to the backbone. "I spend when I want fucking," said she, "and I like the man tho he be a stranger I ask him to fuck again if he pleases me, why shouldn't we?"]

[Later experience teaches me that whores generally follow their instincts and their lusts with men, and spend whenever they feel the want of it.]

## Vol. 6 Chapter XV

**With Janet next day. • On the Quays at night. • Very cheap amusements. • Chaffing the "Whures." • A feel for sixpence. • A fuck for a shilling. • I give luck. • Reckless whoring. • Two sisters again. • Bonnetless and barefooted. • Uprighters. • Sukey holds the stick. • Adjacent copulators. • "Our claes air nae clan." • Sukey on the bed. • More finger-stinking. • Bilked at E\*\*\*b\*\*\*h. • Introduction and explanation. • An episode of war. • A Paris acquaintance. • The lady of the captain. • Lushing and blabbing. • His disclosures. • My lust for her. • The lady's suspicions and anger. • Her interrogatories. • My admissions. • Her revenge. • On the sofa. • A clandestine visit. • The captain's country visit. • A locum tenens. • Sixty hours of love. • Difficulties with the servant. • The lady's beauties.**

I had nothing to do at D\*\*d\*e, and no acquaintance. My sole object in going there having been to see the place. So I eat, drank, and reposed well, and in the same way as I had done at G\*\*\*c\*w, found out a bawdy house. But here I paid the "whure" for her in-formation, without taking her into the house. I hired a good room, and at dark (for she wouldn't come before) met Janet. — She, like the red haired forewoman, had put on boots, stockings, and a bonnet, and was surprized when I said I preferred her with naked legs. — But it was the nakedness I think, which had first stir-red my lust for her and the Scotch forewoman. For all that, I think I preferred her with her stockings on, when I began to maul her about, and rather against her will but to please me, she knelt on the bed with her arse towards me. Then with her petticoats and shift well up over her hips, the dark haired slit with full lips, pouting out between her handsome buttocks, the creamy flesh of her thighs and backside,

and her white stockings below, made a pretty contrast; and my rod erected itself at once, and throbbed and knocked, whilst I took to kissing the pouters, which I saw like the flesh of her arse, were as clean as cunt could be. — Then I opened the moist soft lips, and saw their carmine lining, and laid her down, gave her my prick to kiss (and didn't she kiss it.) Then the hot spunk filled her cunt and mixed with hers, and in a few minutes was trickling down towards her arsehole.

But the novelty was over with her. There was none of the amusement I had in the hut, and when I fucked her once I had had enough of her. But we sat and talked, for she was a nice healthy bitch, and pleasant and communicative, and had evidently come in the expectation of a good shagging again. She was surprized that I didn't admire her stockings, for she told me two or three times, that she only put them on on Sundays and holidays, and kept looking at her legs. "Oh deedn't a lass' legs look nice in seelk." She'd seen a "dancin' gal with 'em," didn't all the "whures" in London wear silk? She'd heard they did. "When was Ruth fucked?" I asked point blank. — She laughed, didn't know, her young man came to see her on Sundays only, and they talked in the bed-room, and she supposed he did it then. -- Pressed further, — "Yes, he did of course, or why were they in the bed-room together?" She had heard them at it. — "Nae, they wouldn't have a bairn till they were married," her sister had had trouble enough that way once, and wouldn't have any mair. "Then he pulls his prick out, and spends his spunk outside her cunt," said I, revelling in the baudiest language which I delighted to use, because funnily enough, she seemed to be ashamed at hearing it. — "Aye sure, and it's just that."

Then I gleaned all I could about the habits of mill-hands, and found that they were just like work girls elsewhere. — Nearly every one was fucked before they were sixteen — but there was not much disgrace in having a child without marriage, said she (there is with us). All on a sudden, "Shall I undress and get into bed?" — I agreed tho I'd not intended it, and into bed we got. She was as clean as any lady, but I wasn't some how in good force, and felt I'd had enough fucking, and so to amuse us both began frigging her. "Let me give you a spend with my finger, for I can't fuck again yet." — "Nae, I can do that by myself." But I would, and did frig her, and then to her astonishment said I must leave.

We parted after having been together about two hours or so. I had dinner, and strolled out afterwards. Ever on the watch for Paphian adventures, it pleases me even to see a man speaking to a gay woman, for it sets me thinking of her cunt, and his prick. Gradually loitering, I found myself close to the long line of docks, the quay and broad road on one side, dimly lighted, and leading out of the road, others in absolute darkness, with high brick walls enclosing rope yards and business places. I saw many gay women walking and standing about, most of them without bonnets on, tho most seemed to have boots and stockings. It pleased me to

watch them retire with men up the dark roads, and to know that in all cases they were going to feel, or frig, or fuck, up against the walls, for no boudy houses were there, I guessed.

As I loitered about, some women accosted me, and I chaffed them. — "Come up here and feel me cunt." — "Have you been fucked to-night?" — "No, wuss luck." — After a time I said joking, "I've nothing but sixpence." — "Come along." — Struck with the novelty of feeling a woman for sixpence, I turned up a dark road with her. It was a slightly foggy night again. She lifted her petticoats well up for me, nor did she hurry me, as I felt from her garters up to her waist, and she turned her buttocks round, and stood with her face to a wall, and all for sixpence. I've felt hundreds of women in the street, but never recollect one turning her backside round to me unasked, or at all.

I hadn't sixpence so gave her a shilling. Common as she was, she felt solid and smooth fleshed, and my cock stood as I fingered her notch, and noticed that she had a large clitoris. When I gave her the shilling, "Let's have another feel," I said. — "Aye mon," and up went her clothes again. Then I rubbed her clitoris with my thumb. "Leave off that and fook me, I'm ready for a bit." — "I've no more money." — "Put it in, mon." — The invitation staggered me. A seaside woman in a dark road for a shilling? — "I'm frightened, I'm married," which was half true, half a lie. "Put it in mon, I'm right as a trivet, you may find me here every night." I wouldn't, yet I lingered fumbling and feeling

her, and frigging her. "Frig me." — "Gie it me then? Oh, its a fine un and stiff," said she, giving it a frig, which made me so randy that I forced it from her hand, for I didn't want to spend. I went on frigging her with my thumb. — She shook her buttocks randily. — "Fook me or leave off, I'm not going to play at that," and she pushed down her clothes. "Do you want it, are you quite right, I've no more money." — "Fook a way," said she, lifting her petticoats, "I want a bit o stiff." Next minute we were fucking.

Whilst copulating I heard footsteps approaching. — "Someone's coming," and I paused and half withdrew my prick. — "Never mind — they'll only be fooking like us," — said the woman and grasping me tightly she shoved her cunt forward, and quite engulfed my prick again, and tightened her cunt saying, "Fook mon, fook," and in a minute the doxy and I spent together. "Ye'er a domd fine fooker," said she, as my prick was still up her. "Don't fear, I'm all right, good night, I'm always at yon corner." — I was buttoning up, she was pissing, I'd had a fuck for a shilling and never have I had one so cheap since my youth. So I gave her half a crown which was handy. It was unexpected. "If ye'er about, and wush me again, I'll be about and ye may ha me," — said she, as I departed. I give her dialect as well as I can.

I had a perfect mania for the Quay women, walked about the neighbourhood, and felt cunts at a shilling a piece, till I'd spent all my silver. Then I sought a low public house and demanded drink, in order to get change for a sovereign all in silver. I was clad in a well worn shooting suit, and had a roughish cap on, and imitated the manners of a poor man, yet didn't escape notice. Two good-looking girls seemingly about eighteen years old eyed me. — "Gie us a glass," said one. — I gave both glasses of whiskey. "I'd give a shilling to have a good feel of your two cunts," I whispered. — She tossed off the whisky, spoke to her companion, both went out, and in five minutes I was feeling both their cunts at the same time. One held my stick whilst I did so, and then both pissed over my hand. — "Gie us a bit siller mair, ye can an ye will," said one, and I did.

I suppose it's as difficult to behave like a costermonger, as it is for a costermonger to act the gentleman — for more than one woman or so said, — "Yer not a chap o' these parts," and imagined I could give them more than they usually got for their favors. But with them I amused myself, till all that silver was spent. I must have felt a dozen and a half women that night. Then I sought the woman I'd fucked. She was nearly at the same place, and I spoke with her. — Aye I'd brought her luck, she'd been fouking ever since I left her, would I have her again— I declined but had a feel and gave a shilling for it. Well at seven o'clock tomorrow night she'd be there sure, and no one should have her before I had, if I was particular. Clean was what she meant. Then I went home to my hotel.

A letch for these Quay harlots was still on me strong. I had intended leaving, but resolved to have another night's frolic with them. — Thinking about it made me lewed all day. I was glad when darkness set in, and I had had my dinner. — Then I sought the Quays, and with plenty of silver began my games. It was not foggy, yet was a pitch dark night without moon and star. — I had felt two or three whores, and found that two of them would let me fuck them for a shilling a piece. Curiosity was mixed with my letch, and I always asked them if they'd let me for a shilling. When near a lamp, I saw two well grown girls without bonnets standing, and they had bare feet. They didn't seem like the others, but held back. I stared and stood still. — "Coom and talc a wak we me Jock," said one. — "Come here," said I, and moved to a gas lamp. Both came, they struck me as good looking. "A shilling," I said. "Coom on," — and she moved quickly down a dark road.

Groping and feeling her moist, slippery slit, I asked if she were often about there. — No, they were mill hands, and both worked regularly at \*ms mill, but they had shortened hands a fortnight ago, and fifty women or more were without employment. — She could not hold out longer, for she had rent to pay, and had pawned many of her clothes. — "I don't want the other girl," said I noticing the other approaching. — "Never mind her, it's my sister, she'll wait for me. — You're not a man of these parts, are you?"

I talked on, feeling her split all the time, believing from the few questions and answers I had got, that she was not a regular strumpet. — "What's a poor lass to do, she can't stave?" — Yes, she'd got



a young man, and he did all he could, gave her all his spare money, but he'd his father and mother both to keep and now was in hospital with a broken arm. — She'd be sorry for him to know what she and Sukey were doing down there. — I was some minutes feeling her and talking, then I desisted. — "Arn't you going to do me?" said she, quite surprized. — "Is your cunt all right?" — She assured me it was. "Let me feel your sister." — "Sukey — Sukey," she bawled out, tho her sister was in sight. Sukey came and soon I was feeling her cunt also. — "Let's feel ye as weel," said one of them. I pulled out, tho her sister was in sight. Sukey came, and soon I was feeling Sukey who held my umbrella which I gave to her. I had an umbrella this night, not a stick. — The manners and speech of the two were different from that of most of the women, whose cunts I had been feeling that evening.

Whilst perfuming my fingers, a man and woman approached. Dropping the sisters' clothes by taking away my hands from their cunts, I stood upright, and talked. — "They won't notice us," said one girl, "they are going at it themselves." — Sure enough, the couple so close that I could see them well, set to work fucking energetically. I fingered both the girls' cunts, whilst we all three watched the copulation. — In a minute or two they had finished and walked quietly past us again. — "They've been quick," said I. — Both girls laughed. "Aye, ye see soomthing, an ye coom here o' nights," said one of them.

That randed me to the full! "Do you want to fuck?" — "I don't mind." — "I'll fuck you, shall I?" — "I don't mind." — I lifted the first one's clothes. "Hold up your petticoats, my dear." — Soon my prick was lodged, and the biggest of the two mill hands was wagging her buttocks with enjoyment. — "Let me feel your cunt." — Sukey came close, lifted her clothes, and I felt her cunt, till I had finished fucking her sister— then all desire for cunt left me.

"How do you wash your cunt?" said I, as the need of that being done suddenly crossed my mind. — "I go to the drinking fountain doon there" (fountains were a novelty then), "get some water in my hand and wash it." I gave her half a crown, saying I'd like to fuck your sister. — "Do, I'll be back soon." — Off she went leaving me with her sister, and in a few minutes she returned. — Meanwhile I had put my own back against the wall, and felt Sukey's cunt as she stood in front of me. — I was on full heat, and on her return resumed feeling both their cunts again. Another couple, and then another couple passed up the dark road, and didn't I talk bawdy to Sukey tho I had just fucked, and baudiness flags after a fuck I find, when I am standing up.

I asked if they got much fucking. — No, they hadn't much luck, they'd only done it a week. They'd get more at the end nearer the dockhouse, for many more people passed there, but the women, "the whures" there had a row with them. — Why did they come and get their men, and take their food out of their mouths. Let them keep to the mill, and so on. — It was perhaps true what they told me. — So giving Sukey a half crown (I'd paid the other) I walked with them to the Quay. — "Let's go home, Sukey." — "No, wait a bit longer, then maybe we won't want to coom out tomorrow night," said the younger sister.

I walked towards the town after leaving the two, and felt one or two other women's cunts. It was soon done, and in about twenty minutes I went back to the same spot, and there stood the two girls together. — They'd had no one else. — "I'd like to fuck you Sukey, but is there no house about here?" — They had heard that at the public house by \* \* \* \* St. they let people have rooms, but they'd never been there. — I asked them to go with me. "Our claes air nae sae clan," tho they'd washed their smocks the night before, for their linen was mostly pawned. — They evidently didn't want their clothes seen, or to go with me to a brothel.

But the letch was on me. I didn't seem to care about dirty and discolored linen a bit. — I, whom a speck on a chemise disgusted in a swell woman. So I bid money for both, and we found our way to a low pot house, gave a shilling for a dirty bed-room, and there by the light of a candle had both the lasses naked. I saw their white backsides, pretty brown haired cunts, and fucked Sukey backside to me, standing and also feeling her sister's cunt. Sukey spent. They were both fairly good looking, I gave them (being pleased) to their astonishment half a sovereign between them, and they hurried off

home. — I went to the Quay, felt half a dozen women, made two piss standing upright near a gas lamp, for it was getting late for that town, and few people were about, went back to my hotel, and next day left for E\*\*\*b\*\*\*h, but with a certain fear that I'd might have either the clap or pox.

At E\*\*\*b\*\*\*h I was bilked. I got a fairly well dressed woman, who half undressed, and then before I felt her, asked for her money—(It is a wonder that I did not offer it to her first as is my custom). And when I gave a sovereign, only let me feel her bum and thighs, and asked for more. — I wouldn't give more, and she said she was poorly. — I said she'd the pox. She retorted that I had insulted her, and that she would now neither let me see, or feel, or fuck. — I had had a little too much wine and was quarrelsome. — The woman of the house or rooms, to which the female had led me, opened the door, saying she could have no row there. — I told her she was helping a thief, and left heated, and lewed. — I walked up P\* \* \* \*s St., and wandered about aimlessly, found a common sort of woman, and for half a crown, shagged her up against some railings. — The next night I was in London.

At London I at first took fancy again for women in the suburbs, punks who would let me have them for half a crown, and several jolly fucks I had. — Then suddenly I took to those clad in silks and satins, and wondered at my recent low tastes, and at my immunity from ailment, for no harm came from my reckless fucking. — But when I come to think of it, nearly all my claps have come from swell women. My intercourse with these poor women gave me a curious insight into life, and makes me think what a Godsend having a cunt is to many women, who would starve without it. And what a comfort that is to men who cannot marry, and who if they couldn't get a cheap fuck, must either frig them-selves, or bugger each other, both of which habits are most objectionable, and to be avoided if possible. — But surely the seed in a man's testicles, will, and must come out by some process natural or unnatural.

What now follows needs a few remarks. — It is of an intrigue which began, when I had Amelia German, and went on during and after the time I knew her. — It has not been mentioned before, because it only terminated at about this time. — Nor could it have been narrated properly in fragments, which it must have been, if dates had been closely followed. — Moreover it is a history of events which only in a small degree happened to my-self, and all the facts were not got at once. — The narrative, together with that of my connection with the lady, was all but completed in its present form shortly after I saw her for the last time, and the fragmentary papers on which it was bit by bit, and time by time first written, were then destroyed.

(The ladies and others who may know something about the event may be alive. — I hope neither of them will see this. — The date is unfortunately fixed by that of a celebrated battle, and by the names of places which it is impossible to omit without throwing doubts on the story, which many will now even disbelieve, perhaps most. The nationalities of all the actors are those given, for without that some incidents could not be accounted for. The names of both women and the man, are not the true ones, but names have been as-signed them, in use in the countries in which they were born and lived.

(Unfortunately the narrative supplies a date, which gives a clue to all parts of this history of my private life, for that reason it has nearly been consigned to the flames.)

I have carefully avoided in these memoirs, introducing accounts of things which have not strictly occurred to myself. — When I have deviated, it was because the side stories were told me, by those with whom I was in the closest sexual intimacy, and they have formed in-directly almost part of my own history. — I have no doubt of the truth myself of these stories, for I have in all cases got at the facts from the women, by repeated siftings and questioning, sometimes when we have been lying side by side feeling each other's privates, and exchanging the voluptuous confidences, which are given when a man's mouth is close to a woman's, and his fingers are on her cunt. At other times when chatting after dinner and supper, in the satisfaction of full stomach and half satisfied lust. — Lust to be provoked and satisfied again at our leisure. — I must not omit this tale, for it was learnt that way from a woman who was fond of me, and who would have fled with me to the world's end.

It was two years after the battle of Solferino and I was then entering into middle age, was without any ailment, was strong, and with ample means. I became acquainted with a gentleman holding a semi-public, official appointment at Paris. He had been captain in the army, and been severely wounded and lamed at the battle of Solferino. His lameness compelled him to retire from the army, and his family being of great influence, got him what was unusual at his age, a good commercial berth. — He was a little, plain man, and limped sadly, but was an agreeable fellow, and had the habit, very unusual with his countrymen, of getting drunk. It was said that the habit was thro disappointment, at being obliged to leave the army; which is probable.

After a time he became unusually friendly to me, it was most marked. — He took me to his rooms or flat, and introduced me to his wife, and I became very intimate with them. — They had but little society, and that almost entirely of men. — She was a very well behaved woman, and good wife in every way he said. — But a variety of little circumstances, made me at last think he was not married to her. — She was an Alsacien, and he first had met her in Lombardy, after the great battle he had said. We talked as men always do, and all Frenchmen certainly do, often enough about women — and on bawdy subjects generally when we were alone. — Several times he was quite tight, and when so, was loquacious and let out freely. — But if he became too loose in tongue, she in a modest way rose and left the room, or else plainly asked me to leave, saying he was excited, and would be so much better if he went to bed. — Of course I always did leave, and afterwards knew the real reason why she wished me out of the way. She was a splendid big woman, of about twenty-two or -three years of age, tho she looked somewhat older, on account of her height and fleshiness. She had dark, beautiful eyes, and blackish hair — good teeth and complexion, lovely lips and teeth — and was altogether a very handsome creature. — I used to wonder how she came to marry him, who was so short a man, and jokingly told him so one night. — He laughed, said she had no money, and was glad enough to have him, that women in France did not easily get married unless they had a dot, and he winked at me in a knowing way which I did not understand then. She spoke, as all Alsaciens do, both French and German perfectly, and I found also that she spoke Italian. — This must be recollected to explain what follows.

One night he was much screwed as we sat smoking our cigars together. — She was out. — What led to the conversation, now I don't recollect, tho of course it was about women. With a chuckle, he said he knew a woman who had been fucked twelve times within an hour.

— I said, I did not believe it and thought he was going to tell some smutty story. But he nodded, and winked

— yes he did — I questioned him — well, he did not mind telling me, would I swear never to tell any one else? — I did. — "It was my wife," said he. — Now I felt convinced he was romancing, but for half an hour in a rambling drunken way, he said that a lot of soldiers had done it to her just before the battle of Solferino. The more I refused to believe it, the more de-tails he gave me, the more emphatically he swore it was true. — My cock stood awfully, when I thought that that fine young creature had fucked twelve times in an hour? — Ah my God I thought, did she like it, and spend, and a crowd similar of ideas rushed thro my mind.

As we were talking in came the lady. — There was a fierce look in her eyes. — "Pray go on talking," said she to her husband in an impatient, and unpleasant tone of voice (we had ceased talking suddenly as she entered). "What was it about?" she asked. — Her fuddled husband blundered out something, and I seconded him. — "Was that it? What did you stop talking for? It's something I'm not to hear, I'll leave," — and she looked like a devil. — "We were talking of nothing you can't hear of course," I said. — "Of course not" she replied, with a strange laugh. Looking me full in my eyes, she then sat down, and soon I left.

Things went on as usual, I visited frequently, but became now wild to have her, and to see them, or rather her, as often as possible. — When I did see her, my cock stood directly, for I pictured to myself her dark cunt, with prick after prick going into it, on the occasion the husband had told me of. — So I often not only dined there, but invited them to dine at restaurants, or at my hotel, and

took them to the theatre; all of which gave me the opportunity of taking her arm, and getting my legs close to hers. I gave her gloves with permission of her husband, and other trifles, and altogether got on very familiar terms with her.

At every opportunity when we were alone, I got him to tell me about the affair. But after once or twice he seemed frightened to recur to it, till one evening, when I had dined at his rooms, and his wife went to see a neighbour on a floor in the same house. Then I confess that I tried to fuddle him, and did so. Then he told me more about how he met and married her. — "Married," said he laughing. — "I say so but we are not married." — "She wants me to marry but I shan't." — Again as the devil would have it, she came in suddenly in the midst of our conversation. — There was a wild laughing look in her eye, and she gave particular attention to me. My cock was stiffening. When I left I squeezed her hand, and thought she returned it.

The next time when we were alone, on opening the subject again he avoided it, and laughing, said it was all a joke of his, that he was screwed, that it wasn't his wife who had been so fucked, it was really a story which a friend, a brother officer had told him. Then he turned the subject off nor did I refer to it seeing how the cat jumped. I yet brooded over the story till I was mad to have her.

One day a little time afterwards, just when she had had her luncheon, I called. I knew she would be alone, and that he would be at his bureau, tho I asked if he was in, when she opened the door herself. — She stood hesitating, not answering me for a such a time, that I thought she never would. Then she smiled, looking strangely into my eyes again, and said he was out, would I walk in. — I did so in an instant. — She sat down on a sofa, I on a chair close by her, and we talked on trifles for a short time. — "You knew he was not at home at this time," said she suddenly, "didn't you?" — "No." — "Yes, you did." — "Well I did, but I wanted a chat with you, have I offended you?" — "Oh no." — I moved on to the sofa, then I got nearer and nearer till quite close to her, talking and thinking, my cock swelling and rising. — I felt nervous. — She kept looking at me, biting her lips, and turned away her head every second. What was going thro her mind? — I could not imagine. There was a pause. — "What was my husband telling you about me the other night?" said she quite abruptly. — "When?" — "The night I was out and came in to you." — "Nothing, we were not talking about you."

— "You were, I know you were." — "No." — "Yes, tell me now, do," and she looked coaxingly. — "No." I persisted. — My cock was stiff, and inconvenienced me in my trowsers, so that I had to put my hand down to ease it up. She saw what I did. — "Now he did?" — "No, no." — "He did, for I was listening and heard."

— "I thought you were listening," said I, taken unawares. — "Tell me then, now do. Was it anything about soldiers?" and she laid her hand on my shoulder, and looked me in the face. — I hesitated, but said at length, — "Yes, it was." — She jumped upright. — "A brute, a beast, a pig," said she. "I knew it — I was sure of it," — and she walked up and down the room in a rage. Then she came and sat down. — "Tell me all he said." — I would not. "He's a pig, and you're not the first he has told, I wish I'd never seen him." — Tears rolled down her cheeks, but she soon dried them, saying aloud but to herself, — "Why could not the fool keep it to ourselves."

There was a long silence. Then she pressed me to tell her all. — I was getting reckless. — The lovely woman was close to me, I could feel the warmth of her body, and its perfume came up my nostrils. — "Do tell me." — "No." — The smell made me rutting mad. — "Give me a kiss, and I will." — Instantly she put her mouth to mine, and I pulled her close to me, and kissed her rapturously. — "Oh, I've been dying for you ever since I saw you. — Mad since I knew — I've scarcely slept since, and have been thinking of you night and day. Let me." — She made no reply, but stared at me full in the face. I pressed her with my hand close up to her stomach, she kept staring at me all the time and seemed to encourage me, then timidly I put my hand under her petticoats and felt her ankle, waited, then the calf, then thighs, and then unresisted, my fingers pushed through the crisp fringe and touched her clitoris. Then only did she put her hand down and stop me, looking at me earnestly all the time and still with-out speaking.

"Let me, for God sake let me. I love you so, am dying for you." I pulled my prick out of my trousers. — It was a sight of rigidity. I had taken away my hand from her cunt and put her hand to my prick. Then unresisted, again my fingers went up her petticoats on to her clitoris. For a second or two I rubbed and twiddled, pushed her gradually backwards, kissing her. She fell on her back and put her legs up conveniently. — I pulled up her clothes, kissed her motte, threw my-self between the thighs which she opened to receive me, and the next instant, our bodies were one and we were heaving in unison. — She had not spoken a word all the time, during all the preliminaries, not till the gush from my prick made her spend and voluptuous murmurs came with it from her.

We lay joined together by cunt and prick — and tongue with tongue, a very long time on that sofa. — Then when my prick had left her cunt, I got off her, and she resumed her sitting posture. — "It serves him right, a brute, a fool, a pig," said she, — "to tell people of all my troubles. — I've served him right. — I'm sure you're not the only one he's told — tho I can't prove it. — I told him I'd leave him if he ever told any- one," — and tears again rolled for a moment down her cheeks, but for a moment only. — Then she looked at me. "Is he not a donkey, a pig?" said she fiercely. — I said he was an ass and a pig, to have done so (but to myself I thanked my lucky stars that he was an ass), that he should never have told of his wife's misfortunes before marriage. — "We are not married, I'm his mistress, and I wonder he has not told you, the animal." — I let out no more, but pressed her to tell me the history. — "Not now, but another day perhaps," she said. — "Let us do it again." — "If you like," said she sullenly.

Then we kissed and fondled. How charming tho commonplace it is, as a man and woman sit with arms round each other, mouth to mouth, licking, tonguing, and slobbering, one's hand nursing and fondling the prick, the other's hand, gliding over the smooth surface of a cunt, and warming it up to randiness. — "Let's go to the bed, dear." — Without a word she rose and led the way to it, then on the top of her now, but first with a look at the lovely thighs and belly. — "Open your thighs, my darling." — "No, no, wait till I have washed." — Wait indeed! the next instant my prick was up that sperm filled cunt, was gliding into felicity, and giving it. — How we enjoyed it. — And some fools call this lovely act of copulation beastly. Beastly forsooth! — Well let it be, I like as much of the beastly work as I can manage.

"My servant will be in directly," said she. — "I will send her out again on some errand, and then you must go." — "What nonsense, my dear, wash before me, what can it matter now." — "Ah what indeed," said she, plumping her lovely buttocks over a basin and washing. — She had hesitated. — The servant was longer gone than she expected, and my prick had just gone up her again when she returned. — Out went my cock, she sent the slavey out again, and then directly we returned to our grinding.

I was now in a frenzy of voluptuous delight, with her spanking buttocks, and black, crisp haired cunt, in which I buried my mouth and kissed and smelt with rapture, directly she had washed it — My prick stood again. I was astonished at the rapidity with which I had got her. It seemed a dream. My balls seemed full of seething sperm and never had I been in finer condition nor sent more spunk out of me than I did in that hour and a half. It was no longer. — She met me too with ardor, and enjoyed my body as much as I did hers, but between each fuck she was dreamy and taciturn, and whenever I tried to make her tell me about the soldiers, she said, "Not now, another time perhaps."

Again I was at her cunt. On my knees, kissing between her thighs, as she sat in the bed-room, but she got up. "You must go before the servant comes in. If she should know, she will think it strange, and she won't be long. Call in tonight." — Off I went and in the evening called upon them. — I did not like shaking hands with him, I recollect. It seemed treachery — but there was no help for it. — There we two sat and smoked, all three of us together. — She knew more than either of us. I wonder what passed thro her mind, as she sat with the two men who had been up her? — She asked him when he was going to visit some relation of his, and I found he was to do so on the following Friday, and remain away until the Monday. Was it sure, certain? "Yes, quite," he replied. It was all arranged, he was expected there. — She looked at me, and I at her furtively, we were both of the

same mind. — "I must go tomorrow to call on so and so," said she, naming the time she should leave. — He left the room for a minute or two. "I'll be outside tomorrow," I said. She nodded and at the usual hour of the night I quitted them.

I waited in a fiacre for her the next day, and soon after we were in an accommodation house, where I had engaged a room, and had had clean sheets put on, but she would not get into bed and we fucked outside. — What a treat she was — I recollect now, burying my mouth in the hair of her cunt, and kissing and smelling it with rapture. — Still she would not tell me the story of the soldiers. — "No, another time, but was he not a brute to tell you, when every one thinks we are married? — and I serve him rightly don't I?" was her constant refrain. — It struck me that all she was letting me do and doing herself, was not out of liking for me, or out of lust, but out of revenge, and I felt a little mortified. — In my first impetuosity I had when waiting in the fiacre, and thinking about her, so heated my-self, that I gushed out my sperm into her, almost directly I was up her. — "You had no pleasure with me, and you don't love me," I said. — "Yes I think I do, but it serves him right don't it, a fool, a pig," but by the end of an hour or so, I had roused her lust, and she glued herself to me with rapture.

Then we arranged that I should stop with her in his absence from Friday to Monday. — Her one servant (as is customary at Paris) slept up in the attic with other servants, and went out in the morning to do marketing, if madame did not. — Gertrude would send her out on an errand in the evening, and during that time I was to be let in. — She would get a store of food in herself. — I was to take some. — On the Sunday she would give the servant a whole holiday, we then should be alone. — All this was jolly for me but what if he came home unexpectedly? — She did not care she said. — He was a pig, a fool, a brute. If he found her out she would go home to her parents, besides she had some money of her own. — I saw only a possible row, a fight, perhaps a duel, or even a murder, but deter-mined to risk it. — "No no, I'll tell you all about the soldiers then." — A note was to be sent me on the day, naming the hour. — I was to be there if all went right.

This was early in the week. — I kept away from women, waiting eagerly for the Friday. — All that day I had a stiff stander every hour. Evening was approaching and no letter had come. Curse him, he's not gone on his visit I thought, when by hand came a note with, "Come at eight." — No date, no signature was on it (I kept it for years) . I was at the house to a moment, it was dark, and she let me in. — The servant was out as arranged. — I took only as much linen as I could carry in a small parcel.

I rushed at her so soon as we were in the room to-gether, kissing her, and groping her cunt. She let me kiss and grope, but that, and the smell of my fingers was all I got for two hours. She would not let me have her at once. — "No, wait till the servant's gone for the night." — She had seen her husband off by train and all was well. — She put me into her bedroom, in which was a very large clothes closet — I could sit down in it. The servant came home, Gertrude was with her some time. She had put me into the closet mentioned, I had taken off my boots, and it was then that she called the servant into the room, and had a chat with her on domestic matters, and told her she might go to bed earlier if she liked, for she should go to bed early. — The servant gladly enough did. The house door was locked and we were alone. — We had both dined, but we had a nice little supper of sausage, with bread and butter and Champagne, and then to bed, to bed. — What a hurry I was in to get there.

Never in my life have I had greater delight than I had in seeing that woman undress. — It is always charming to see a lovely woman disclose gradually her charms. — I could not keep away from her, I pulled her about so that she could scarcely take off her things. I had stripped in a minute, and as she proceeded I kissed her, and I smelt her breasts and arm pits, and threw up her petticoats, and kissed her cunt as she stood. I knelt and pulled off her boots and stockings, felt her cunt by snatches as I did so, kissed her thighs, and played all the pranks that the randiest devil could think of. — Then just as she put her night-gown over her head, and her chemise dropt to her heels, I pulled the gown out of her hands, and she stood naked. — No, she wouldn't sleep without the night-gown and

I was obliged to give it to her. — Then into bed we went, and in five minutes her cunt was quite full of me, she had poured out her juices, my balls were wet, and we were in quiet, dreamy voluptuousness. — Nor is it of any use telling further how we spent the night. — We were both fairly fucked out in the morning. — In the night she told me very briefly the story of her fucking by nine soldiers, if not more, she told it again and again next day, and afterwards again. She told me all parts of it, on future days till I knew the story by heart. The tale is perhaps the most exciting I ever heard from a woman's lips, altho every story about a woman's fucking is exciting and cock stiffening. — I talked to her about it incessantly, till the reminiscences even made her lewed. — I questioned her as to what sort of men they were, what sort of pricks they had, did they spend much, what they said, what they did — I thought of everything. — "I won't tell you any more, I've told you all." But at a proper opportunity, and with my finger on her quim, or laying with my naked limbs entwined, with hers, — "Do tell me love, do." — Then again she told this and that — supplied this link — answered this or that question — till I knew it all. — It is never to be forgotten. It is so vividly in my mind, that I feel even now almost as if I had been present at the sight.

Our difficulty began in the morning when the servant came in. — "I'm not well," said she, "bring the break-fast in here." — Then I came out of my closet and fed.

— There was plenty of bread and chacuterie, and we made a nice breakfast. — Directly afterwards, alas I wanted to evacuate. I knew so little of her that I did not like to tell. Shitting is always unpleasant till well acquainted with a woman, but I could not help telling.

— "Oh, how can I get her out of the way," said she. — "Send her to the chemist for something." — She sent directly, my fundament was made easy, and all was well again. — I kept in the closet whilst she with the servant made the bed, and set things to rights. We had put towels under our backsides to catch any stray spunk. Then out went the woman to market and we fucked, I ate my luncheon in the bedroom. — Fuck again. — At one time I was sitting in the dark more than an hour, and the servant was purposely allowed to come in and out, and so we played the game till night came again, and didn't we sleep. — On the Sun-day when the servant was out all day, we spent it in eating, drinking, sleeping, and copulating — and the story was told over again. — "Now I'll never say an-other word about it." But when I questioned she answered me. — She could not help it. By Monday morning, her cunt and my prick were sore, our eyes were sunken, and my last fuck must have taken an hour. — I was got out of the house early without the servant knowing, and then to bed I went directly. — I got to my hotel, and slept all day. I did not want a woman I think till I saw her again.

I have said but little about her person. Now I must say that she was solid, fleshy, big breasted, and large thighed, had a small, tight, small clitorised and full fledged, black haired cunt. She'd ample black hair in her armpits. — I am fond of that ornament in a woman. She was altogether a choice morsel for those who like a woman full sized, but she was not in the least over-grown, although her form was quite that of a woman of seven or eight and twenty, and who had enjoyed a man. She was a most voluptuous fuckee. No amorous pranks, or baudy tricks were too much for her, and never did I enjoy two days and nights with a woman, more than I did with her. The only drawback was that I was dishonest with my friend, which cut me every now and then — but it was as she said his own fault. — Had he not exposed her, and in that made him unworthy of her? She wouldn't have come to my arms she said but for that, and that comforted me, as well as her.

## Vol. 6 Chapter XVI

**Gertrude's history. • Birthplace and parentage. • Her seduction. • Sister Margaretta. • Antonio's farm near Solferino. • Soldiers quartered on the farm. • The women hear and fear. • Before the battle. • Officers leave. • The soldiers lust. • The sisters ravished. • Twelve fucks in an hour. • The spend outside. • Gertrude's pleasure. • The gift of the watch. • The flight. • The battle. • Farm burnt. • The refugees in town.**

Now I will tell the story, the incidents of which I talked over and over with her for a few months, in fact until our liason came to an end. — All the details were not got at once. — She was incapable of telling it as I shall tell it — but tho there may be omissions I swear that nothing shall be invented by me, nor my imagination be allowed to supply any hiatus. — That I have kept to faithfully in writing all my secret life. — This which I shall now tell it is a narrative of wholesale violation.

She was one of a family living not far from Strasbourg, her father a very small farmer of his own land. Her sister had married an Italian who had a farm in Lombardy, not far from Solferino, and had two children. — Her husband's father (an old man) lived with them. — Gertrude (her name) had a lover at Strasbourg and she let him have her — but about her third or fourth poke, her father who had suspected some-thing, caught him on the top of her in a barn. — He pulled him off her, and he never finished his poke. — She was watched as a cat does a mouse, and care-fully kept from him after the event, till the young man was conscripted for a soldier, and she after a time never heard of, or from him, and believed he died. Her father to get her away, sent her to live with her married sister in Lombardy. He was not sure about the death of the lover.

The Italian and her sister, seem to have been comfortably off for peasants. The man, his father, and another man farmed — the two women, Gertrude and her sister, did dairy work. They had a house far larger than was of any use to them, but it had been bought with the land, and there it was. — They couldn't help that, but that big farm house, brought perhaps the things to pass I tell of. — Gertrude soon spoke Italian, and had just heard that her lover had been killed in Algeria, when the Franco-Austrian war broke out.

The Austrians retired gradually, being driven back by the French and Piedmontese, but made a stand at Solferino — most of the peasants on the line had left their cottages, taking their goods with them to the nearest large towns, fearing naturally that in war their cottages would be burnt, and they perhaps killed in the battles. This family had delayed moving, but were about to do so, when all at once about fifty Austrian soldiers were quartered on them, with two or three officers. They would let nothing go, not even the husband (Gertrude's brother in law), but they promised they should not be harmed, and be paid for everything by Government notes. They made them wait upon them, used up all they found in the way of food, made the husband (whom I will call Antonio) take his cart backwards and forwards to the nearest towns for things all day long, and soldiers went with him to ensure his not running away, tho they were but seven miles from the town. — The officers took their beds from them for their own use, and the family were compelled to sleep all in one room, on mattresses, or straw laid on the floor, as well as they could. — Soldiers occupied the rest of the premises, including barns. Most soldiers went off in the day leaving sentries, but came back in the evening or the night. — They said they would let Antonio's family go in time to take refuge in the town, before they would be in any danger, and that a battle must take place in a few days. — The women they said might go at once if they pleased, but they would not go without Antonio. Indeed they did not seem to know when to go, where, or what to do.

The officers and a few soldiers spoke Italian, which was the language together with French that Antonio, Gertrude, and the others, used to speak to them in, but they had very little to say to them. The soldiers' language was German, and they didn't guess that the two women spoke German. — So



the women heard every-thing that was said by them, and from morning to night it was talk in the bawdiest language about the two women. They joked about which of the two had the most hair on her cunt, wondered if Gertrude had been fucked. — One said he was sure she had — another thought not, a third believed that Antonio fucked them both, another that the old father licked Gertrude's cunt, to keep her from wanting men. — One officer said to another (the officers were not so coarse) he'd give the price of his horse to have her for a week, the other thought she would be a splendid bedfellow. It seemed to have struck one officer that they might possibly understand German, and he asked them if they did. — They said no. — So for four days, all the bawdy talk, all the lubricious suggestions and desires, that a lot of strong men, hot with lust at being near two fine women, gave utterances to, these two women heard. — Lewed the soldiers were I guess, for it transpired that they had been in tents for a month, and not near a woman to speak to. — This lustful talk amused the women, it was so complimentary to their charms, that they couldn't help it. — Margareta (the married one) said it made her want fucking, and Gertrude admitted to me, that it made her frig herself. — They however resolved not to tell Antonio, for he was a jealous man. Sometimes he asked them what the soldiers talked about. They told him much, but never told him if it was about their desires for the two women.

On the fourth morning, a mounted soldier galloped in. — There was instantly a great bustle, a general muster, and the officers and most of the soldiers went off, telling the women they had best get to the nearest town (Brescia) without a minute's delay. But Antonio had then gone with the cart accompanied by two soldiers, to get things for the soldiery, so they resolved they would wait his return.

The manners of the soldiers who remained changed at once, when the detachment was well away with the officers. They looked at the women in a rude lewd way. Gertrude heard one man say he'd have a fuck if he were shot for it. — A presentiment of harm came over the two women and they felt in very great dread. — Gertrude was in the kitchen, her sister with her children in the little room above, where all the family had been sleeping, when some men whispered together, and looked at Gertrude. — Something told her she was going to be attacked, and she walked to the door to go up stairs. — A soldier stopped her, kissed her, and asked her to go to the bed with him. She resisted. Four men laid hold of her, and pushed her into a room in which the officers had slept, — she kicking and screaming, begging and praying to be left alone. They had hitherto spoken to her in broken Italian. They kissed her as they pulled her along, two kissed her at once. "Let's fuck her, no one can hear," said one. She then begged and entreated them not, and in German. — "Hell, she speaks German," said one. — "Margareta — Margareta help me," she screamed. — "It's no use screaming — none can hear — no one help you," they said. — "We won't hurt you, but we will fuck you. — Come now, let's do it, mein lieben," and they tried kindness when they had her in the bedroom. — She struggled violently. "Look, you," said one, putting a sword to her, — "if you make a row no one can hear you, but if you're not quiet, we'll fuck you and your sister too, then kill you both, and set fire to the house — they'll think the French did it." — They then got her to the bed. One of them, and she thought two, had their pricks out even before they were in the bedroom. — They placed her on the bed side, two men held her arms, two pulled up her clothes and held her legs wide apart, and another soldier who pushed one away to get at her first, then fucked her. — In terror and confusion she struggled, and screamed till she became feeble or faint. "Never mind, mein lieben, said one, you need not tell. No one will know and you'll never see us again." — "A cunt cannot speak," said another, at which they laughed. — A few more things were said like it, and exhaustion now made her resist less. Besides, they kept saying they would not hurt her on any account, but fuck her they would, and they evidently meant to do their bawdy work kindly. — Except at intervals, the soldiers were very quiet, they were absorbed in the sight, silent with expectation of their turn up her.

As they first pulled up her clothes, they broke out into wild exclamations of delight, directly they saw her thighs and cunt, and one of those holding her arms undid her dress in front and pulled out her breasts. Then he kissed them whilst one was fucking her, and all spoke endearingly. From

faintness and fear, she now became quiet, ceased resistance, and she closed her eyes. — A third man fucked her, and she seemed then to recover herself in a degree, for now she was surprized at the quickness with which they finished up her. Then she thought it was the fourth, perhaps the fifth man was in her, when she heard a scream and knew it was her sister's.

"You're murdering my sister," she cried, and with a sudden violent effort of fear, she got half disengaged, and uncunted the soldier, who threw himself brutally upon her and hurt her thighs and bum. The bruises afterwards showed. One or two soldiers said, "Don't fear, its nothing, they are only doing to her what we are doing to you — they won't hurt her — and you know you like it." — Then was a squabble. One of the men holding her arm, his prick was out, and near her head, said it was his turn, and went round and fucked her. Then she got into a half stupid state. She felt it was hopeless to struggle more even if she could, and it passed through her mind that they would do nothing else to her. — They hurt her arms. She said so, and they let them go. — A man was then up her, and when she got her hands free, she tried to push her petticoats down. Then they pulled her arms back again, and hurt her worse. On her crying, they let them go again, but she made no more efforts.

Now she felt that she could do nothing more, and must let them do anything, submit to anything. She only moaned, and begged them to let her go directly each finished his fuck. "No more. — Oh, don't any more do it. — Oh, you'll kill me," said she. Meanwhile a voluptuous sensation crept thro her cunt, and thro her whole body, the continued friction of the pricks was stimulating her senses. Then lewed wants came which she tried to stop, but couldn't, just then another man was about to fuck her, when as he laid hold of his prick to put it in, his sperm spurted out. She told me that some fell on her breasts. The soldiers laughed. — "Come away," said one, "you've done without cunt." But he put his prick still stiff up her, and had her tho he was a long time fucking. Then spite of herself she spent with him. "She's ill, she's fainting," said one. — "Hell to you, leave her alone, it's brutally bad, — curse it you shan't, it's a thundering shame," said an-other. — "You go to Hell," said others to those two. — "We don't frig as you do." — "Make haste," said one, "the captain said half an hour." — "I'll have her before I go if I'm shot," said another. - She now looked on at the operators, she was less alarmed, and could not help looking. At first she had often closed her eyes she felt so horrified. — At one time two men had their pricks out ready. — Other soldiers came in, one said it was a shame and he would have nothing to do with it, and he left the room. — It did not stop the others. On they went fucking till all had had her, and two or three she thought had her twice. — "I'll have it again," said one.

Now she shut her eyes, feeling again faint. — "Look at Fritz' prick," said a man. "Frig it, Fritz." — She opened her eyes and saw what looked a larger prick than the others. She cried out. "Oh don't, for God sake, let me get up." But the larger prick did not hurt her, and again she spent. She now had long lost count of the men and the fucks. — "Lock the door," said some one, "or, \*\*\*\* (naming some man) will come in." — Her legs now felt painfully weary. — "Oh my legs," said she. "Get on to the bed my love." That she resisted, but they lifted her on it, and the next man laid on the top of her. He took off some of his accoutrements, to enable him to do so. As she moved she felt the wet spunk under her — it was in all directions about her thighs, belly, and chemise, eight or nine men she thought had now fucked in each other's sperm, but about numbers she was getting confused.

A bugle sounded, and some soldiers pulled at the door furiously. — "It's locked," said one. — Then all left her quickly, one putting his prick in his trowsers in great haste. She sat up by the bedside. One soldier came hurriedly back. — "Let me, mein lieben." — "No, no." — But he pushed her back, it was no use resisting, she was well nigh strengthless, and he fucked her. — Two others came back. — Said one, "If you say a word, mind, we'll shoot you, and all of you on the first chance." — "She won't tell, will you lieben?" said the other, — "she likes it. She's been fucked before — haven't you?" — The first speaker pulled out his prick. — "Have me again — here maiden," saying so he put a handful of money in her hand. — She threw it on the floor, — "You shan't, I don't want your money." — He pushed her back and put his prick in her. — "Oh, you're killing me," she cried, "I wish I was dead." — "You'll have a lot more of it before you die love," and he finished fucking

— he had done her before, she now recollected. — He was fucking her when a bugle sounded again. — "Bugger the hell of a bugle," said the other, and he buttoned up his cock which he was preparing to use directly the other had done and the two left in a hurry.

Alone. She sat up terrified with the threats, so feeble she could scarcely stand. — She went to both doors, they were locked. She was frightened to call out, went to the window, and saw the remainder of the soldiers as she thought marching off quickly. But the lock turned and a soldier came in by himself. — "Let me have you — pray do," — said he. "I'm a gentleman born, tho I'm a common soldier — take my watch and let me." — "I won't touch it," she said. "I'm not a prostitute." — "Do, for God sake, I don't want to force you like the other brutes, but I must, I will, I will have a woman before I die." She tried to get away. He pulled her gently on to the bed, unbuttoned, and knelt between her thighs, feeling her cunt, covered as it and her thighs were with sperm. — "See you let me, — do." She did not attempt to interrupt him, or reply, and he fucked her. He spent directly he had put it into her. Then with endearing terms he went on shoving, saying he'd not had a woman for weeks, and finally so stirred up her senses that she spent with him, for he fucked her twice without uncunting. Then he stood by her side for a minute, and said in kind voice, "How lovely you are. — I wish you had let me do you of your own free will, instead of my forcing you." She laid still, exhausted, not having even strength to pull her clothes down, but he did over her cunt. "Here," said he hurriedly, taking out a gold watch and chain and a purse. — "I shall never have a woman again. There will be a battle tomorrow, we are in the front, and I shall be shot. I meant these for my mother, and ought to have sent them to her a week ago, now it's too late. When I'm dead they will rob my pockets, and if I give them to a comrade the chances are he'll keep them — it's too late — it's too late — you may as well have them. I give them to you, good bye," — and he left. She rose and went to the window, and saw him with three other soldiers march quickly off. He seemed in command of them, but he was not an officer.

She waited a time. "Yes, I did feel my cunt, and there was blood on my fingers." At length she went up stairs, found her sister speechless with fear, and the door locked. — But she was not hurt. Four men had fucked her with similar threats, but kindly. The women looked at the clock. It was something over an hour since the detachment with the officers had gone off. All the fucking had been done in about an hour. Gertrude never could tell exactly how many men had her, sometimes she thought eight, sometimes ten, — or how many fucks she had. Certainly she had been fucked twelve times, but she thought it might have been fifteen counting each uncunting as two.

The women told all to each other then and there, listening and dreading lest soldiers should come back, but all was silent. In the sitting room lay the watch, chain, and a good deal of money in the purse. — Gertrude took it up, it was hers, and they agreed to say nothing about the whole affair to Antonio. — He was jealous and might not believe the story quite, especially on account of the purse and watch. — No, keep it to ourselves, never tell any one. They found the old man bolted in a stable, he did not know who bolted him in, or why. — He was there when they took out the officers' horses, and supposed they shut the bolt by accident. He had hollowed but in vain, and evidently suspected nothing. Two of four men had done Margareta twice, and she had not spent she told Gertrude, who doubted that.

Then was the sound of cannon in the distance — what were they to do? — The soldiers had told Margareta to leave within an hour, or they would regret it, for certainly the French would shell all the cottages to drive out the Austrians, if there. — For days they had packed up the little valuables they could not bear leaving, and would have moved to the town, only the soldiers had used their cart and horse and Antonio. — One soldier who had tailed Margareta had said, "If the French catch you, they will bugger, as well as fuck you, and certainly cut your throats afterwards." — The women and old man sat cowering for fear about their husband and selves. At length off they all trudged, and met Antonio and cart returning. They loaded it (re-turning for a little time) with what few goods they could, and got to the town of Brescia, where with hundreds of peasants and farmers driven out like them-selves from their homes by fear, they got a miserable shelter.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH