

## Vol. 8 Chapter I

**Sarah's jealousy. • Her ballet posturings. • My postures. • An escape of wind. • Wheelbarrow fashion. • A young lass suggested. • Harriet, sweet sixteen. • Financial arrangements. • Doctor H\*\*m\*\*d again. • Tooth brush and tooth powder. • Virginity doubtful. • Harriet, screwed, unscrewed, and opened. • A tight vagina. • Sarah's strange behaviour. • Three in a bed. • Harriet jealous. • Runs away. • The boudoir with spyhole closed. • On the size of my prick and others. • On the capacity, elasticity, and receptivity of cunts.**

When I went back to Sarah, she was surprised at the length of my absence, and thought she had lost me. I told her, without mentioning who the lady was, of my good fortune. She was spiteful, as gay ladies are when they have missed their man and their money. I expect she had begun to regard me as a regular source of in-come. She doubted if the lady was really married, nor altered her opinion when I told her I had had the first of the lady. She hoped the lady had not clapped me.

We went to the peep hole and for one or two evenings had various amatory frolics, and then I made a discovery about Sarah.

She had surprised me by the ease with which she posed in difficult, lewd, and odd attitudes that I put her in. — This evening we had been sitting drinking, and she was larkish. I remarked the ease with which she attitudinized. — She laughed and got up. "Look here then." — She threw off her chemise, put up one leg nearly to the level of her shoulder, and placing the tip of the toe against the wall so as to rest it, inclined her body downwards towards the floor with her hand touching it. — It was a sight. Her cunt was gaping, showing the broadest red face which a cunt can show without being pulled open by fingers, the dark thick hair shewing all around it, until lost at her bumhole. The thicket in one armpit was quite visible, and all this was seen at a glance. — I went on my knees to look at her split, and put my finger on it in boudoir ecstasy.

She stood upright and I begged her to do it again. — "Look, I don't think I can do it now but will try." Throwing up her leg, she caught hold of the toe with her hand, then pulling it higher and higher, she turned round and round on her left foot. It was a quite fresh view of the cuntal territory. The dark fringed lips were now not open, but were slightly squeezed to-gether, yet made prominent. The red stripe was scarcely perceptible but the lips shewed the crimson beginning, and a peep of the arse valley was got. The sight was entrancing, and in a minute hurrying her to the bed, I plugged her cunt. She was in rare lewd mood and soon spent. I had that night pissed against her cunt, and we now both spent together lusciously.

"I am as randy as be damned," said she. "I always am just before my month — fuck me again."

We sat down after our exercise. Said I, "You must have been a dancer." She laughed. — "Did you never see me before you met me in the street?" "Never." "Are you sure?" "I think so." "Did you ever see the play of \*\* at Convent Garden!" "Yes." "Ah. Then you saw me. — I used to dance in it." Then I drew from her that she had been a figurante — but never learnt why she left the theatre. She did not mean to go on again — altho she could if she wished. — "There are reasons, I'm not going to tell if you ask me all night."

In the attitudes then she placed herself again, then danced naked, and postured as the ballet dancers do. — "Come and hold me so, and so — take off your shirt." — I did. — Then she placed me so as to hold her in various attitudes, as men hold female dancers in ballets. — There were we naked before a large glass. — She in attitudes exposing her backside and cunt, — I now with stiff prick holding her. — Some-times she held by my prick. — Soon after posing in a few attitudes she again got my pego into her cunt, and again afterwards till I was fucked out. — She was hot that night.

This was at the boudoir house with the glasses.

I went away delighted. — Thought I, some fellows would give no end of money to see her. How often since I have wished as I saw the ballet dancers cocking up this leg, or throwing out that, that their drawers were away and I could see their quims. — Now it must be wide stretched, now what a sight it would be. — I fucked a ballet girl some years ago as I think I have told, but perhaps that is one of the narratives omitted in order to shorten this history, but that was for the pleasure of fucking thro a cut I made in her tights. I think I have told this but am not sure. She for a minute or two had pirouetted, but I only had with her a momentary amusement. — But now I have a fine limbed woman who can do it all, and will do it when I like — so I thought on.

A night after when I wanted her to posture naked she refused. — We had words, I paid her, and to her astonishment went away without fucking her. Again I met her and asked her. Again she would not, and again away I went. — The third time she said she would posture a little, and so to the A\*\*a we went.

When indoors she refused, was sorry she had ever "shown off so," wondered how she came to be such a fool as to let out about herself. "Champagne and lewdness did it, Sarah." — As she still refused, I put down the money and was going away, when, "Don't go without poking me, I'll do it." — Twenty minutes after-wards, altho sulkily, there she was, one toe against a metal shelf, I naked with a cock upright — now looking at her gaping quim, now peeping under her buttocks, now looking at the reflection of our naked bodies in the glasses. I made her throw up her leg and catch the toe, and as with an effort she did so, out slipped a little fart. — "There," said she, "I swear I will never do it again," and she wouldn't that night. — I fucked her and left her in the sulks.

I would not go with her again until she promised, and soon her posturing was part of my evening's amusement. We used to attitudinize before the looking glass, laugh at our postures, and say what money men would give to see us two naked together. — I dare say rich men have induced ballet girls to do as much, but more they could not; and I was fortunate to have had such voluptuous entertainments so cheaply.

Then I fucked her wheelbarrow fashion. I have tried that, I think, with other women but am not sure. It seemed now a novelty. With Sarah's long limbs I could accomplish it well. She put pillows on the floor for her head and arms to rest on. I sat myself at the side of the bed naked. She was naked also, put her legs gradually up on to the bed, one on each side of my haunches, then I held her legs at the proper level. It was a beautiful sight to see her bum gradually coming up. The buttocks' furrow only shewing a little at first, and then the dark hair, thick and curly on the sides of her cunt, coming into sight, and between it the red gap. Then I leaned back for a few seconds in admiration, pulling open the bum cheeks, and burying my finger in the red lane. — Then pressing down my prick, which resisted elastically, being moved out of its perpendicular, I inserted it in her cunt and drove it home, passing my hands under her thighs, shoving and exciting her to the crisis. My senses recovered, I sat down on the bed again, keeping my doodle as close into her cunt as I could, and passing one hand round to her belly felt her clitoris, till my prick came out of its pool, and the lascivious junction was over.

This was very exciting, but as a fuck the position is inferior in pleasure to many attitudes. The man's prick is bent down, the clitoris end of the cunt loses its friction. The woman's posture with both her hands and head down low is fatiguing. If they both spend there is no repose after the emission, and the tranquil, languid pleasure which follows the active ramming, ballocks wagging, bum wriggling, twisting, and after squeezing, is lost.

I had not thought anything more about little unfledged cunts, was satisfied for the time, I suppose, with my past amusement with deaf little Emma. I went then once or twice to Sarah's lodgings. She let me in herself for she didn't always keep a little servant, but had often only a charwoman. — There I made her do a little fantastic fucking, as well as posturing, when the following occurred.

I suppose that having got money by supplying me with a youthful virgin, she wanted another bonus,

and became the temptress. She said one night when I met her out and stopped only to have a chat that she'd just got such a nice young maid, would I have her? — My leech for youthful quims was, I suppose, smouldering, and it at once blew up into flame. I asked the price and agreed to pay as before, if the girl was virgin. But there was difficulty about the virginity, for the girl was quite sixteen, had had her courses for some time, and had been in service. Sarah thought she was virgin, but knew she couldn't deceive me — would I go and see her? She gave an inciting account of her nice looks, and as she was at a charming age, an age at which I had had of late years few, my women having been either younger or much older, I arranged to go and have a look at the girl.

I was to be Doctor H\*\*m\*d again, Sarah indeed always now called me Doctor — I went and saw a tall, thin, bright looking, dark eyed, dark haired girl, who looked quite sixteen. Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and I said that I fancied she knew a prick from a rolling pin. — Said Sarah, "I never knew a girl who was sixteen who didn't, girls who have nursed their brothers have seen a prick stiff, even if they haven't stiffened them — but she is worth a poke whether she's had one before or not, tho I believe if she had been poked, that she wouldn't come to me." She had done her best. — "She may never have been poked, even altho she may not give you trouble to get up her." — I made up my mind at once that the girl was not virgin.

Sarah was for my getting it over soon if it was to be done. She was not going to hide her being gay from the girl, as she had from the deaf girl at first, had al-ready told her how she got her living, and that a good easy living it was. This girl's name was Harriet. If I wanted to be sure that she was intact, making her drunk and looking was the way. Sarah would help me, but the sooner the better. It was of no use keeping her if I did not want her. — She did not want a good looking girl there. "Afraid of Mr. F\*z\*r?" Perhaps she was, but that did not matter to me, Sarah said snappishly.

The girl was told I was the doctor to Sarah and I once used to "Do her over" (her usual term) — but now tho I came to see her as doctor, I never fucked her, but I talked freely, bawdily, and never charged for my medical services, I was an odd but good man.

The girl I found answered perfectly to Sarah's description of her. Her flashing dark eyes had an unusually soft expression in them. A sweet expression of lewdness and voluptuousness, which some girls have just after their first menstruations have settled down to the exact monthly period, leaving them fresh tinted, soft skinned, and ready to receive the love of man. — This struck me to be the case with Harriet, who I think came from one of the outer suburbs of London, but somehow I was never as curious to verify this impression, or to learn anything about her, as I have been about some women.

In a day or two I was again at Sarah's lodgings. - "Do you mind Harriet sitting in this room? There is no fire in the bedroom." "No." I did not. The girl then sat down at needlework, I sent her for brandy and wine, giving her the change. We all drank, and the girl quickly enough. Sarah went into the bedroom. Whilst absent, after joking the girl I pinched her bum. She cried out. Sarah came in. — "What's the mat-ter." "The gentleman's pulling me about." "Lord, I thought he was kicking your arse you make such a noise." The girl opened her mouth wide, stared, and sat down confused. — We laughed. I said I should like to kiss Harriet's and not kick it, I was sure it was as pretty as her face.

Presently I went behind her, putting my hand under her chin, kissed her and noticed then that she had good teeth, but not too clean. "You have a nice set of teeth, but you don't clean them." "My brush is worn out, Sir."

"Let me see your teeth better." She resisted. "Don't be a fool," said Sarah, "let the Doctor see your teeth." When I had done so, "Here," said I. "Go to the chemist, buy a toothbrush and a box of tooth powder as quickly as you can." Off she went — I never could bear any woman with dirty teeth.

I had given her five shillings. She was back in five minutes, and pleased enough — especially when I told her to keep the change. — She opened the box to look inside at its contents standing close by the lamp. I was standing with my rump to the fire smoking. "When that is gone I will give you more

— clean your teeth every morning and night, and in a week your mouth will be as sweet as your cunt, just after you have washed it." The girl dropped the box, spilling the contents over the table — stared at me for a second — turned her back, burst out laughing, checked it, and rushed into the bedroom. Sarah cried out, "Damn you, you careless little beast, you've spoilt my table cloth," and fetched her back. "It's no use minding the Doctor." The girl got up the tooth powder, I threw half a crown to Sarah, saying, "It was my fault, black-cunt, and that will help to clean the cloth."

It's too long to tell all, but I kept up that style of talk, and got the girl to sit by the fire with us, her mistress saying, "Come if he wishes it, he always has his way here." And I talked bawdy enough to have turned a clergyman's hair grey. The girl's eyes from shunning at length looked at me, Sarah kept telling her not to mind me — not to be a fool — that she must hear men talk so some day. Perhaps she had already, I thought.

I asked her questions which a medical man might. When she did not reply, Sarah rebuked her. "What can it matter to him — you might be ill some day, and want him."

As I got heated by wine and the look of the girl, I promised her money for boots and stockings provided she would let me put them on. "Take the money — don't be such a fool — take it," said Sarah.

I took my leave, saying, "Dark hair, and dark eyes just like Sarah — I wager your cunt hair is dark like Sarah's." The girl blushed and did not reply. "It is black," said Sarah laughing. "I have seen it."

The girl became so quiet that I began to think she had heard such talk before — but her manner after-wards convinced me she was not accustomed to it.

I saw Sarah next night in the street. "We'll make her drunk and look at her cunt tomorrow night," said she. -- But we were balked, for the girl's menstruation came on, and we deferred the job. But I asked the girl all about her courses, as a doctor might. She gave me plain but modest answers. By the time her month-lies were over, she had ceased to evade my questions even when bawdy. When Sarah laughed, the girl did so altho uneasily — four or five nights' smutty talk were breaking down her modesty.

Then Sarah told me she had shown her my bawdy book and advised me to bring another, and we arranged that when she was tight, Sarah should go out and I should examine her cunt and do what I pleased.

I had taken quite a different liking to this girl from that which I had for the deaf one, who was like a child, and whom I desired because she was so. But Harriet, more than a year older, had made me feel Lewed in a different sense. — It was the charm of getting into a very young woman, whose passions were getting roused by nature and quickened by me. — She was not so young as I had wished, but young enough to be a pleasureable novelty. Tho I don't know really what can be called very novel to me in the way of women and the manner of playing with them.

One evening behold me at the house. Wine and brandy and water was had. It was a cold night and we sat facing the fire. — Bawdiness was on, altho we had not planned what to say, but it was to be enough to stimulate the girl's lust to the highest, and after having made her either screwed enough to permit me to do anything with her, I was to look at her virginity, or for it, and fuck it out of her if she got it as best I might. I did not like this business, tho I consented to it, as I have before in my career.

"Come and sit here," said I to the girl. "It's cold there." — She did, and we were all three in front of the fire, I in the middle. I gave her two glasses of wine without much effect. Sarah winked at me, half filled a tumbler with boiling water and lots of sugar and brandy. It was as strong as the devil but the sweetness disguised it. — "Here Harriet, take a good drop." She gulped it, Sarah and I took a little, then again the girl took large gulps. Soon her eyes brightened, and she giggled in the way girls are often affected, at the beginning of a lush, and before the stupid stage comes on.

Then Sarah raised her own petticoats to her knees, to let the warmth of the fire reach her bum, as the

most modest woman will do if by herself, or with her female friends, or husband, present. "Let me see your new stockings and boots," said I, for I had given the money for them. She hesitated. "Shew them to the Doctor." The girl let me raise her petticoats to her knees, showing a thinnish but neat pair of legs.

I praised and stroked them. "Keep the petticoats up like your mistress, you see she likes the fire to get to her cunt." "Oho," said the girl, dropping the clothes. Sarah laughed — "I like to warm my cunt. What do you drop your clothes for, you little fool." I pulled up her clothes again, she let me, and we had more brandy and water. Then I felt Sarah's thighs, then gradually felt the girl's thighs. — "I don't care — there," said Sarah in answer to me, and she pulled up her clothes quite to her navel, put one leg up against the chimney-piece and, half turning round in her chair, shewed her cunt. "I like my cunt looked at — like it fucked — you've seen and fucked it many a time, haven't you, Doctor?"

Harriet stared, said "Oho!" and giggled, but resisted me, who was now trying hard to feel her. She was gradually getting screwed, and her resistance grew less as I insisted.

Then Sarah pulled out my prick, I felt Sarah's cunt, got Harriet on to my knees, and felt all about her limbs, and then was a confusion of bawdy deeds and bawdy talk. Sarah rose, winked at me, said she must go out, and in a minute had gone — I locked the door.

Harriet seated herself in Sarah's arm chair, I dropped on my knees, throwing up her petticoats, and saw that she had slight blackish hair at the bottom of her belly. I pushed between her legs and pulled them round me, and that brought her bum to the edge of the chair, and my prick which I had pulled out just touched her cunt. With a cry she got back, but she being in a sitting position, easily I pulled her to me again, my stiff prick now touching her thighs. She was now laughing a drunken laugh. "Feel my prick," said I, putting down her hand. — "Oh! oh!" said she trying to do so as if delighted. "It's my prick," said I. "Yes," she answered.

"Let me fuck you — come to the bed." "Oh, no! I can't." — "Have you ever been fucked — wouldn't you like it." She giggled, and had just sense enough left not to answer. I had now my hand between her thighs, was fumbling at her cunt, and she did not resist.

Then I got up, sat on a chair, pulled her on to my lap, held her back, and putting my prick in her hand felt her cunt, and kissing her said, "Let me fuck you." I got no answer, but she kissed me, grasping my cock. — Her eyes closed. — Saying "oh — don't sir, —oh don't" — in a thick stammering manner. "Did not you hear what Mrs. F\*\*z\*r said." "Oh, yes," and she held my cock so tight that she hurt me. Sarah had not left ten minutes.

I led her to the bedroom and without resistance got her on to the bed. There was a candle left alight. — Partly by gentle force and partly by entreaty, I got up her clothes and separating her legs tried to look at her cunt. She tried to rise and I pushed her back. Her head fell on the pillow. I lugged her to the side — "Don't — don't" — forced apart her legs and pulled open her cunt lips. — Drunk as she was, she resisted enough to make my look uncertain, but I saw that it was an opened split. Passion then vanquished me, I forgot my object in looking, her flesh looked so nice, the slight hair on the pretty little pouters made me be-side myself — putting her straight on the bed again, I covered her without resistance, unconsciously she wanted fucking. The next instant my prick was lodged at the entrance.

"Oh you hurt — oh you mustn't — oh pray," was all she said. I felt I had broken thro nothing, no obstacle had met me, yet I seemed to make but very little way. Thrust after thrust, further I entered yet but slowly. At length I was up it to its top and spending. A tight fit and no mistake if it was not a virginity. — Beyond "Oh! oh! don't" — not very loud, she had given no utterance of pain, and by the time my prick could go no further, and my balls were banging against her buttocks, she was quiet.

I had spent too excitedly, was she or was she not virgin? The thought was working. With prick up

her still, I rose on my elbow to look at her and put my hand down to feel her cunt. By the light of the solitary candle, I could see no blood on my fingers. Just then she opened her eyes. "Oh I am so ill — I shall be sick, get away, sir, let me get up," said she in incoherent tones, and began to retch. I pulled out my prick, and with my shirt tail wiped the whole face of her cunt. Then I raised her up and got her a basin, into which she vomited. — "Oh my head, I am so ill." She kept moaning, I got her warm water and made her drink it, which brought up the remainder of the liquor. Then she fell asleep.

I looked at my shirt tail on which were spots of sperm, but no blood — I doubted if she were a virgin and resolved not to pay Sarah. Looking at her made me lewed again — I lifted her clothes and looked at her cunt, pulling wide apart her thighs, then put my finger up it — never had I felt anything so tight, even as the sperm rolled out round my finger. The little deaf one's cunt was loose by comparison. — Soon I mounted her, then she awakened but let me do what I liked. Again my prick went up inch by inch through her slimy tube, so tight was it, and enjoying it I consummated slowly. Stupid as she was, my prick roused her passions and she spent. She awakened to it, and gasped like a fish out of water.

Indeed I never saw a girl more agitated but in a peculiar way when spending. The majority of young ones are so quiet about it. But this girl's mouth opened, her eyes turned up till nothing but the white was visible, her lips quivered, and the next instant she seemed asleep. She had spent, but scarcely seemed to know it. Sarah just then came in and I told that she was not a virgin and should not be paid virginity price.

"I believe she is virgin, for all that — did you ever have a girl of that age with such a little quim?" How do you know that," said I. "I have seen it." "When?" Then came an account of doings which I have heard similarly before, and I believe it is much the way in which the elder female usually proceeds, when she wishes to seduce the younger.

Talking the night before with the girl about fucking, she had excited her by all the means in her power. — The girl, curious and finding her mistress so communicative, asked if it hurt at first, and was told some-times, but so little as to be a mere imagination. That many women it didn't hurt in slightest degree, and that she could tell by looking at her cunt if it would hurt her or not. — That and the offer to show Harriet her own cunt settled the matter. She had shown the girl hers, and had looked at the girl's. Sarah admitted that she had not seen what is usually a virginity, but was nevertheless sure if the girl had been fucked with a prick of the ordinary size her cuntal opening could not be as small as it was. "If you fuck her much, I'll bet her cunt gets much easier."

"You must like looking at cunts." Sarah said she did, at the cunts of girls who had never had it, but — "I did at Harriet's for your sake as well as my own, for I want the money."

But I wouldn't pay but half, with which she was not at all contented. I was in fact angry and under the impression that she had tried to sell me. I liked my girl — there was a genuine freshness about her, yet at times I thought the girl was shamming. Why did Sarah hide her being gay from the first young lass, and ostentatiously proclaim it to this one? I after-wards thought. The game for this one was clearly not the same as for the other. But why when she knew that the hymen was not there, did she not tell me? Because she thought I shouldn't find it out. — "You are a downy card," said Sarah. "For all that I believe that the girl never has had a man put into her, don't let's quarrel, I'll send her away."

I did not want that and said I should have her again.

This conversation took place whilst Harriet was snoring on the bed with two spermatic libations up her. Sarah spiteful about the half fee said she'd wake the girl — was I not going? No, I would hear. Sarah did not seem to wish that. — To the bedroom we went. "To think of that little devil having been fucked," said Sarah, as she looked at her. Shaking Harriet, the girl sat up bewildered — the fume of the liquor still strong in her. "What are you doing on my bed?" said Sarah. Rubbing her eyes — "I don't know — Oh my head — Oh, I'm so ill." "Why, you have made a mess on my bed."

"Oh I couldn't help it, I am so ill." "You have been on the bed with the Doctor — he has fucked you, you little bitch." No reply. "Hasn't he fucked you?" No reply. Another shaking, and the girl began to sob. "Hasn't he fucked you?" "I don't know." "You do, your clothes were up. — Hasn't he?" "I think so, but I don't know." "He has, and I will turn you out."

"Oh — Oh — Oh don't — you told me to let him do what he liked — Oh my head." "Yes, but I did not think you'd let him fuck you, at your age you little beast —how often did he do it?" "I don't know," said she blubbering. Then suddenly, "Oh don't hit me, I am going to be sick again" — and she went to the basin and retched.

It seemed cruel work — the tears and pain the poor girl was in. "It's my fault," said I. "Oh here he is," said the girl. "Tell mistress it arn't my fault." Sarah laughed. — "How often has he done it to you?" "I don't know. I was asleep. Oh don't let her turn me away sir, I am so comfortable here." — "I should think you are," said Sarah, "and to let him fuck you." "You told me to let him do anything." "I meant if he wanted to kiss you, and put his hand up your petticoats, and feel you — but who'd have thought of your letting him fuck you, at your age, you little beast." "I could not help it — Oh!" — and she tumbled back on to the bed.

We went into the sitting room, and saying that I meant to have the girl again I departed. The next night I was at Sarah's and, making no bones about the matter, said I wanted Harriet in the bedroom. Said Sarah, "It's funny, you come to see me, and yet want my servant, Doctor. — Well if you will, I suppose you must." The girl wouldn't come, so I pulled her gently into the bedroom.

I was thoroughly lewed, she sullen, had taken medicine, and what with that, the night before, and only having slept a drunken sleep, she gave so much trouble when I wished to look at her cunt, that I called in Sarah. — "You little fool," said she — "when a man has fucked you, you may let him do anything — let him see your cunt or anything else," and away she went.

The girl yielded. At the side of the bed, thighs distended, I opened her cunt whilst I held a candle to it.

Her love seat was that of a girl of full sixteen, an age at which I have seen but few. It looked long and delicate but with unusually pouting lips for her age. A strongish clitoris shewed and nymphae full and thicker than usual. — Clitoris and nymphae in fact, were much more developed than is usual in girls. (I wonder if that be a sign of a warm temperament.) The channel of coition was unusually small at the mouth, and I fancied looked as if it had been just torn or stretched at its upper part. — Was it that her hymen had only been partially destroyed, or stretched and opened, and had, I completed the stretching? — Altho the membrane with a small hole was not visible when I first saw it, was there a membrane with a large hole? In the excitement of my first look and hurried fuck, I now could not be sure. She had a very full mons or mount with short thick hair but small in quantity on it, close to the top of the nick, and but a little way down the lips. Al-together tho unusual in appearance, it was a pretty and libidinous looking, exciting cunt. There is a physiognomy in cunts, some are prettier than others, some more exciting to look at than others, tho it is difficult to say what it is in the appearance which excites in one more than in the other.

Tho I couldn't discern signs of hymenal rupture, on my putting two fingers up it she called out. Then lust stirred me to action, and pushing her on to the bed I entered her. Its feel was the same as on the previous night, and she said I hurt her. For about three hours I pulled her cunt about, for in her way she was a novelty. The deaf girl was a full grown child who would talk and fuck but not always spend. This girl was bursting with randiness, her young lusts were on with all their force. She soon took delight in everything I said or did, all was new to her, her lustful sensations were even new to her.

The look of a prick, the feel of its smooth skinned rigidity, its friction and lubricating overflow were all new to her. I believe absolutely new, spite of the absence of a hymen. So she took to all the preliminaries and exercises of love with delight and with the eagerness and ardour of a hot cunted one. I had not been deceived in my first impression about her. She was dying for the juice of the

male, restless with lewed sensations, in the springtide of her lust, and under the urging of sexual curiosity — I had just caught her in time, and she with me revelled for weeks in unrestrained lasciviousness. If I had not had her, some one would. The first man who had kissed and fondled her might have felt her cunt, she couldn't have helped letting him; and once felt she would have let him do anything. Her warm nature was commanding her to surrender her person to the male. She was dying for a prick.

I took a fancy with her (I always have some special fancy with each woman) to lay in bed both of us start naked. Thin as she was I somehow liked this — tho why I am unable to say. How give reasons for any letch? There in clean sheets which I made Sarah provide (and indeed bought one new pair) we used to indulge in lewedness. Her slim young form pleased me much, and naked I used to cover her, or put her on the top of myself — fuck her belly to belly, or to bum, till I was satiated. These varied postures test whether the female is a hack or a greenhorn. If accustomed to salacity they fall into them readily, and in a way which cannot hide their knowledge whatever innocence they may allege, whilst the neophytes show an astonishment and quiet delight not easy to imitate and deceive. — "You can't do it so, Doctor." "Yes, we can try — see — there" — was said more than once during my varied performances with Harriet.

I had her frequently for more than two months, and it is certain that the mouth of the vagina, the site of the hymen, got bigger. Whether it stretched or split I can't say — but easier for my prick to enter, it certainly got. Inside it remained a tight sheath to my penis, tho quite elastic, and perhaps large enough for the greatest male cunt stretcher. I incline to think she never had a true hymen, or had broken it early in life, leaving a larger orifice than is usually found before male penetration. — I used to fancy that the mouth of the prick hole had opened gradually more at the top than elsewhere, but cannot pretend to assert that it was so. She told me that when about nine years old, she and another girl, a schoolfellow, used to push their fingers up each other's cunt. At all events I came to the conclusion that a prick had never been up her till she had mine.

Sarah, after I had once or so had Harriet, used to go out leaving us together, first asking me if I wished her to stay. She felt sure of her double pay and wished to make a little more out of doors — I often let her go. If she returned before I had left, she would tell me before Harriet if she had had a man — or two — or none, as the case might be; but she didn't any longer use bawdy language before the girl, altho she had done so freely until I had fucked her. — Then she grew impatient about keeping her. Hadn't I done with her. — "Take her away and keep her, I can't have her here much longer. She won't work, and it won't do to have a charwoman in whilst she is here."

It is one of the charms of life that the pleasures of women never tire. When weary of one, I change and all old pleasures come fresh again. — One woman you may best like to fuck on her belly — another with her bum to your belly, another to grope, then one to frig, then one to gamahuche. It is rarely that the entire round is equally pleasurable with one. — When I change, almost forgotten pleasures revive. So it certainly is with me. — With fresh cunt not only comes fresh courage, but fresh amusements. The variety depends on the difference in the sexual make and tastes of the woman, for all women cannot fuck so well in the same fashions. They also like men, have when their passions are fully evoked their own lascivities and letches. — The man who is well versed in amorous games, is sure to hit on that fashion of fucking which is best suited to both. This is most true of modest women, but in larger degree of gay women. — "Men are fond of variety, I like to see what a new man wants to do with me," said Sarah one night when we were talking.

One night Sarah was in the sitting room, I in bed with Harriet with my finger up the tight little cunt, when I thought I should like to feel Sarah's cunt. — I jumped out of bed and to the astonishment of Harriet brought in Sarah and made her get naked into bed. I laid between them and quickly had a middle finger up each cunt. Then I put my prick into one after the other and probed alternately, comparing size and feel, and discoursing on the effects of age, growth, and fucking combined, in enlarging and stretching a pu- denda. However large a cunt it may be, it mostly sufficiently compresses the prick to make it spend. — Few exceptionally large cunted ones I have however



known in this particular.

Harriet, who used to nestle up to me and feel my balls incessantly, asking many questions about fucking, and so on, was now quiet altho I did not then notice it. — Soon I thought I would fuck Sarah, and got on to her, she nothing loath. "I think it's time I had a turn," she said, after I had put my prick in her. I wanted to compare, so out I pulled it and got on to the little one, who had turned her bum towards us. When I had a few thrusts up her, then again I put into Sarah, who was in a mood for pleasure, and we had a very voluptuous fuck. The girl had again turned her rump to-wards me.

I tried to pull her round — but she resisted, got out of bed, and ran into the other room start naked as she was. — "What's the little devil up to?" — said Sarah, who, also quite naked, followed her. — I went after them and there were we all start naked in the parlour. The girl wouldn't come back and made no reply. Sarah boxed her ears. — I swore. "You've done it to her," said Harriet. "You little bitch what of that," said Sarah. "He has a right, he would do it to me often if he had not seen you, blast you. You'll go out of my house, you shan't keep here." The young one was jealous, which was funny, and it both annoyed and amused me.

Sarah was slightly screwed, let out finely, and it took an hour to get things to rights again. Then in bed I began in Sarah and finished up Harriet, which terminated the night's amusement. I have had before a young girl, who grew ridiculously jealous of her mistress when I fucked her. — It was now late spring and light at nights, which interfered with my going to Sarah's lodgings. Then I went out of town and when I returned the girl was gone — Sarah said she had run away, that she would not work, was always frigging herself, and thought herself as good as her mistress. They had had words and the girl had bolted one night, taking her things with her. — I offered Sarah money to get her back. She said she tried, tho I don't believe she did. I never saw the girl again. — "I'm glad she's gone, for she is in the family way," said Sarah. "I don't believe it." "She is, she'd her courses on just before you had her, and hasn't since." "It's some other man." "None other has had her I'll swear." Had I done the trick again?

Some where about this time I went to the peep hole one day and found it closed. Perhaps as the baud once said to me it had been "blown upon." She may have caused that herself, may have slain the goose with the golden egg. It paid well, we began to find difficulty in getting the room, it was so often engaged. Too many knew of it evidently, and it no doubt was "blown upon."

Its rooms were arranged cleverly in every way, for the purpose of spying the temporary occupants of the back room; who whatever they did, and nearly wherever they placed themselves, could not escape observation, nor the glare of the gas which seemed to concentrate upon them. The partition at the peephole could not have been three quarters of an inch thick, so wide was the range of vision through it over the room. It was, I think, thicker in other parts, but we could hear well usually thro it. The way the hole was bored thro a dark spot in the pattern of the wall paper, the cork which filled the hole was colored to match, the way the pictures on each side could be raised and lowered, were all most cleverly managed. The house in a bye street which had but little traffic of any sort had only noise outside about every five minutes, and excepting then, we heard fairly the talk in the back room. It was not a swell bagnio, tho, and had but five available rooms. (I have since seen an equally well arranged house at Paris, where every word said by the per-formers could be heard, and everything seen.)

What I saw through the peephole had one special consequence. It satisfied me that my prick was a full sized one, and well beyond the average rather than less. — Out of a hundred which I saw, there were not as far as I could judge twenty larger than mine, and Sarah said there were not ten. I saw one or two Brobdingnagians, perfect battering rams, but the largest of all was the titanic shaft of the man who whacked Sarah's buttocks with it and knocked it hard on the table as well, tho its big plum shaped, swollen head was bare of foreskin, and was carmine with lust. Sarah said his was the largest she had ever seen, and that talking with others of her class who had also seen it, they were all of the same opinion.

But tho for some reason Sarah would not take that titanic, potential machine into her body, and tho I saw some Paphians' handle other Brobdingnagian tools hesitatingly and affect to think them too big, say they would hurt, and so on; they one and all did insert them in their cunts, and as it seemed to me with pleasure. I believe there never was a prick so big in any way that a cunt could not take it without pain, and even pleurably. Its tip might perhaps knock at the portals of the womb too hard for some, but that is all. I have heard women say that the harder those knocks were the more pleasure it gave them. All the talk I have heard of pricks being so large that women could not, or would not, take them up them is sheer nonsense. Several women have told me so. Some said that they loved to see and handle big ones. None said that such stretchers gave them more physical pleasure than those of moderate size. The elasticity and receptivity of a cunt is in fact as wonderful as its constrictive power. The small prick of a boy of thirteen it will tighten round and exhaust, as well as one as big as the spoke of a cartwheel, and it will give pleasure to both equally.

## Vol. 8 Chapter II

**Recherché eroticisms. • An outcome of the brothel spy-hole. • An abnormal lech. • A man for a month. • Alone with him. • Mutual nervousness. • The ice broken. • Pricks produced. • An exiguous tool. - - Unavailing masturbation. • Sarah's participation. • Cuntal incitation. • Prompt rigidity. • Onanistic operation. • Spermatic ejaculation. • Instantaneous copulation. • One on and one off. • A gorged cunt. • Masculine minetting. • A gristly mouthful. • Sucking cum fucking. • After supper. • Sarah's oration. • The end of the orgy.**

Then took place the crowning act of my eroticism, the most daring fact of my secret life. An abnormal lust of which I have been ashamed and sorry, and the narrative of which I have nearly destroyed, tho according to my philosophy, there was and is no harm in my acts, for in lust all things are natural and proper to those who like them. There can be no more harm in a man feeling another's prick, nor in a woman feeling another's cunt, than there is in their shaking hands. — At one time or other all have had these sexual handlings of others, yet a dislike to myself about this sexual whim still lingers. Such is the result of early teaching and prejudices.

Twenty-four years had elapsed since my frolics with the first Camille. — Then I had frigg'd a Frenchman. ten I did the same with the man that big eyed Betsy me. Then I'd felt the Captain in the dark at Lizzie M\*\*\*d\*n's. Since that I had not touched a male. What I witnessed through the baudy house partition put new inclinations into my head. The handsome pricks which I had seen women play with, the ease with which their doodles were handled, the ready way a girl brought a rebellious prick to stand and spend by coaxing it up in her mouth, etc., raised again desire to feel and play with a prick myself. Other men's seemed different to me, and at times I said this to Sarah in some such terms as these. — "I should like for once to feel a man's prick, to see closely his prick standing, see his spunk come out much or little." And so on.

The baudy house sights always terminated in fucking Sarah, and then for a time the desires which arose during my peeping ended abruptly. I talked about them at times when lewed nevertheless with Sarah, who said, "One man's prick stands and spends much like another, play with your own, but if you want, I can get one easily enough, and I'll let him come here for you, if Mr. F\*\*z\*r is out of town."

But I thought she meant a fellow who let out his rump and prick, and of that class I had an insufferable dislike and fear. They were I had heard thieves, their pricks used up, and I wanted nothing to do with an anus (at that time, not having found out the pleasure you both take and give by pressing the bumhole of a woman when fucking her) so for some months, al-tho she described some men as eligible, I would not see them.

At length in the winter she said, "My old woman (a crone who did her charring, and was in fact her servant altho she did not sleep in her rooms) can get a young man about twenty who's not a sod — he is a working man who has been without employment for two months and will be glad of a sovereign." I thought I was going to be sold, but as I had only promised her a sovereign for getting me a man, I came to the conviction that I had really a chance, so arranged that he was to go to her rooms.

But unpleasant notions came. A poor man! he will be dirty and smelling of sweat — be rough — his linen ragged. — To get over that Sarah said, "Give me a sovereign, he shall have a new shirt, and socks, and drawers, I will buy them" — so I gave that money.

The evening came. I felt so nervous and even shocked at myself that I wished I had never undertaken the affair. — It was in vain that I argued with myself, and spite of my conviction that there was no harm in my doing it, when I came to her door I nearly turned back. I had been trying to strengthen my intention by thinking over my former wishes and curiosities, of the various amusements I should have with him, and how much I should learn of the ways of a man, to add to the lot I knew about women. All was useless, I almost trembled at my intention. I entered, saw Sarah. "He is in the bed room — such a nice young man, and quite good looking, I never saw him till I went to buy the things." I said I felt nervous. "That is stupid, but you are not more nervous than he is, he's just said you were evidently not coming and he was glad of it, and would go." Again she assured me that he was all the charwoman had told, a young man out of work, wanting bread, and not a sodomite.

I followed her into the bedroom. Saying, "This is the gentleman," she shut the door and left me with him. He stood up respectfully and looked at me timidly.

He was a fine young man about five feet seven inches high, rather thin looking as if for want of nourishment, with a nice head of curly brown hair, slight short whiskers, no moustache, bright eyes, and good teeth. He was not much like a working man and looked exceedingly clean. "You are the young man?" "Yes sir." "Sit down." Down he sat and I did the same.

Then I could not utter a word more, but felt inclined to say, "There is a sovereign, good night," and to leave him. All the desires, all the intentions, all expectations of amusement with his prick, all the curiosity I had hoped to satisfy for months left me. My only wish was to escape without seeming a fool.

With the exception of the sodomite whom Betsy Johnson had got me, it was the first time I had been by myself in the room with a male for the clear intention of doing everything with his tool that I had a mind to. My brain now had been long excited by anticipation, and wrought up to the highest when this opportunity came, and every occurrence of that evening is as clear in it now as if it were printed there. Altho the exact order of the various tricks I played may not be kept, yet everything I did on this first night, all that took place, I narrate in succession, without filling in anything from fancy or imagination. I could even re-call the whole of our conversation, but it would fill quires (and I did fill two or three). — I only now give half of it, and that abbreviated.

I sat looking at him for some minutes — I can frig him, thought I — but I don't want to now. — What an ass he will think me. — Why does he not unbutton? - I wonder if he is a bugger — or a thief. — What's he thinking about. Is he clean? — How shall I begin — I wish I had not come — I hope he won't know me if he meets me in the street. — Is his prick large? — These thoughts one after another chased rapidly thro my brain, whilst I sat silent, yet at the same time wishing to escape, and he sat looking at the floor.

Then an idea came. "Would you like something to drink?" "If you like, sir." "What?" "Whatever you like, sir." — It was an immense relief to me when I called in Sarah, and told her to get whiskey, hot water, and sugar. — Whilst it was being fetched I went into the sitting room, glad of getting away.

Sarah, in the sitting room, asked, "How do you find him?" — I told her I did not know and was frightened to go on. — "Oh! I would now, as you have had him got for you, then you'll be satisfied." — Again she assured me he was not on the town, and I need not be afraid. The whiskey was got, and behold me again alone with him. I made whiskey and water for myself and him and took some into Sarah. I began to ask him about himself. He was a house decorator in fine work, such work was at its worst just then, being a young hand he had not full employemnt, had been out of work nearly two months, he had pawned everything excepting what he had on. This all seemed consistent. He told me where he lodged, where he was apprenticed, the master he worked for last, the houses he worked at. "If you are a decorator your hands will be hard, and if you kneel your knees will." "Yes but I have had scarcely anything to do for two months, and but one day's work last week. Look at my nails." — They were stained with something he had used. Then he had had one day's chopping wood which had blistered both his hands, for it was not work he was accustomed to. Blisters I saw. There was evident truth in what he said.

This relieved me, together with the influence of whiskey and water. I got more courage and he seemed more comfortable, but not a word had transpired about our business, and an hour had gone. Then my mind reverted to my object, and I said, "You know what you came for." "Yes sir." He changed white, then red, and began to bite his nails.

My voice quivered as I said, "Unbutton your trowsers then." He hesitated. "Let me see your cock." One of his hands went down slowly, he unbuttoned his trowsers, which gaping, shewed a white shirt. Then never looking at me, he began biting his nails again.

The clean shirt, coupled with his timidity, gave me courage. "Take off your coat and waistcoat." He slowly did so. — I did the same, gulped down a glass of whiskey and water, sat him down by me, and lifting his shirt laid hold of his prick. A thrill of pleasure passed thro me, I slipped my hands under his balls, back again to his prick, pulled the foreskin backwards and forwards, my breath shortening with excitement. He sat still. Suddenly I withdrew my hand with a sense of fear and shame again on me.

"May I make water, sir, I want so badly," said he in a humble way, just like a schoolboy. "Certainly, take off your trowsers first." He looked hard at me, slowly took them and his drawers off, and stood with his shirt on. I took up the pot and put it on the chair (my boudy brain began now to work). "Do it here, and I'll look at your cock."

He came slowly there and stood. "I can't water now — I think it is your standing by me." "You will directly, don't mind me." The whiskey and excitement having made me leaky, I pulled out my tool and pissed in the pot before him.

He laughed uneasily, it was the first sign of amusement he had given. Directly I had finished, I laid hold of his prick and began playing with it, I pulled back the skin and blew on the tip, a sudden whim that made him laugh, and his shyness going off, I holding his prick, he pissed the pot half full — I was delighted and wished he could have kept on pissing for a quarter of an hour.

The ice was now broken, I took off my trowsers, and then both with but shirts and socks on, I sat him at the side of the bed and began my investigation of his copulating apparatus.

"I want to frig you," said I. "Yes sir." "Has any man ever friggd you." — No living man touched his prick since he was a boy, he declared. — Then I began to handle his cock with the ordinary first fucking motion.

I had scarcely friggd a minute before I wanted to feel his balls. Then I turned him with his rump to me, to see how his balls and prick looked hanging down from the back. — Then on to his side, to see how the prick dangled along his thigh. Then I took him to the wash stand and washed his prick, which before that was as clean as a new shilling, but the idea of washing it pleased me. Then laying him down on his back, I recommenced the fascinating amusement of pulling the foreskin backwards and forwards, looking in his face to see how he liked it. — He was as quiet as a lamb, but looked

sheepish and uncomfortable. His prick at first was small, but under my manipulation grew larger, tho never stiff. Several times it got rather so for an instant, and then with the desire to see the spunk come, I began frigging harder; when instead of getting stiffer it got smaller. I tried this with him laying down, sitting up, and standing, but always with the same result — I spoke about it. — He said he could not make it out.

His prick was slightly longer than mine, was beautifully white, and with a pointed tip. I made it the stiffest by gently squeezing it — I had had no desire in my own doodle, but as I made his stiff once when he was lying down, my own prick came to a stand, and following a sudden inspiration I laid myself on to his belly, as if he had been a woman, and our two pricks were between our stomachs close together. I poked mine under his balls, and forced his under my stones, then changing, I turned his bum towards me, and thrusting my cock between his thighs and under his balls to the front, bent his prick down to touch the tip of mine, which was just showing thro his thighs. But his prick got limper and limper, and as I remarked that, it shrivelled up. We had been an hour at this game, and there seemed no chance of his spending. No sign of permanent stiffness or randiness or pleasure. He seemed in fact miserably uncomfortable.

Then he wanted to piss again from nervousness — I held his prick, squeezing it, sometimes stopping the stream, then letting it go on, and satisfying my curiosity. That done, I made a final effort to get a spend out of him, by squeezing, frigging slow, frigging fast. Then I rubbed my hand with soap, and making with spittle an imitation of cunt mucous on it, titillated the tip. "I think I can do it now," said he — but all was useless. "It's no good, I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't, that is a fact. — I don't know how it is."

The last hour had been one of much novelty and de-light to me, tho he couldn't spend; but the announcement disappointed me. It came back to my mind that he might be, after all that Sarah had said, but an over-frigged bugger, who could no longer come. For I had heard that men who let themselves out for that work at last got so used up that it was difficult for them to do anything with their own pricks, and that all they could do was to permit men to feel their cocks, whilst they plugged their arse-holes. So I repeated my questions, and he again swore by all that was holy that no man had ever felt him but me; and he added that he was sorry he had come, but the money was a temptation.

I laid him then again on the bed and felt his prick. We finished the whiskey, and I sent for more; and in a whisper told Sarah that there was no spunk in him. She brought in the whiskey herself, and laughed at seeing us two nearly naked on the bed together.

Then I asked him when he had a woman last, if he liked them, how he got them, and so forth. He told me that he liked women very much — sometimes he got them for nothing, and they were servant girls mostly. When at houses if servants were left in them, or even if the family were only for a short time out — young fellows like him often got a put in; or else made love to them, and got them to come out at nights. He warmed up as he told me this, and his prick began to rise, but on my recommencing to masturbate him, it fell down again. He declared that the woman he last had was ten days previously, when he gave her a shill- ing out of the trifle he had gained, and that he had never spent since. Then he began biting his nails, adding that he hoped I should give him the money, for he could not help not spending, and was desperately badly off — "I have had some bread and cheese, and beer, but I have not tasted meat for six days."

Three hours with him passed, the frigging seemed useless, but talking about women had brought my steam well up, so I began to think of letting him go, and plugging Sarah to finish. "Sarah is a fine woman isn't she? Did you ever have her, or see her naked," I said suddenly, thinking to catch him. — She was fine, but he had never seen her in his life, until the day but one previously. — "Would you like to see her naked." Oh! would he not. I knew Sarah would do anything almost, so called her in, told her his cock would not stand, and that we wanted to see her naked. "All right," said she, and began to undress.

He kept his eyes ardently fixed on her as she took off her things — I remarked to him on her charms as she disclosed them. He said "Yes — yes" — in an excited way. Then he ceased answering, but stared at her intently. When her limbs and breasts shewed from her chemise, a voluptuous sigh escaped him, and he put his hand to his prick outside his shirt. Feeling him, I found his prick swelling. "Don't pull off yet Sarah." She ceased taking off her chemise. "Pull off your shirt." Helping him he stood naked with his prick rising. — "Now show us your cunt." Down Sarah lay (after stripping off her chemise) on her back, one arm raised and shewing her dark haired arm pit, her legs apart, and one raised with the heel just under her bum, the black hair of her cunt curling down till shut in, by her arse cheeks, the red lined cunt lips slightly gaping. — It was a sight which would have made a dead man's prick stiffen, and mine was stiff at the sight altho I had seen it scores of times. I forgot him then, till turning my head I saw his splendid cockstand. -- His eyes were fixed full of desire on her, and he was a model of manly, randy beauty. — "Is not she fine?" said I. "Oh! lovely, beautiful, let me do it," addressing her. "No," said I, "another time perhaps," and I seized his tool with lewed joy.

For an instant he resisted. Sarah said, "Let my friend do it, you came for that." I frigged away, he felt its effects and sighed — I frigged on and felt the big, firm, wrinkled ball bag. A voluptuous shiver ran thro him soon. "Oh! let me feel her — do." "Feel her then." Over he stooped. "Kneel on the bed." Quickly he got there and plunged his finger into her carmine split. Again I grasped his tool and frigged. He cried out, "Oh! I'm coming. — I'm spend — ing" — and a shower of sperm shot out, covering her belly from cunt to navel. I frigged on until every drop had fallen. Then letting go his prick, he sat down on his heels, his eyes shut, his body still palpitating with pleasure and now fingering his still swollen doodle.

The effect on me was violent. Sarah's attitude on her back at all times gave me a cockstand — it had stood whilst frigging him. — There she lay now, a large drop of his spunk on her motte seemed ready to drop down on to her clitoris, higher up on her belly little pools lay. Tearing off my shirt, scarcely knowing what I did, crying out, "Move up higher on the bed" — which he did, I flung myself on her and put my prick up her cunt. — My prick rubbed the spunk drop on her

— 53 thatch, my belly squeezed the opal pools between us, the idea delighted me — I fucked away, stretched out my hand, grasped his wet prick, for he was now conveniently near me, and fucked quickly to an ecstatic termination.

The greater the preliminary excitement, the more delicious seems the repose after a fuck — the more it is needed, and I had had excitement enough that night. At length I roused myself. My cock did not seem inclined to come out of its lodging. I felt that I could butter her again without uncunting. So keeping it in, I raised myself and looked at him sitting at the head of the bed, naked and still feeling his prick, which was again as stiff as a ramrod.

"He can spend after all," said I, my prick still up Sarah. — "I told you he was a nice man." "Should you like to fuck her?" "Just give me the chance." The tale of the soldiers putting into each other's leavings came into my head. "Do it at once." "Lord," said Sarah, "you don't mean that." But I did. "Do it now." — I rose on my knees. — As I took my belly off of Sarah's, they were sticking together with his spunk. It made a loud smacking noise as out bellies separated. — My prick drew out sperm which dropped between her thighs. — As I got off, he got on, and as quickly put up her. The next minute their backsides were in rapid motion.

The second fuck is longer than the first, and I had time to watch their movements. — A man and woman both naked and close to me, were copulating — I could see and feel every movement of their bodies — hear their murmurs and sighs — see their faces. — There stood I with my prick now stiff again watching them. — My hands roved all over them — I slipped my hand between their bellies — I felt his balls. — Then slipping it under her rump it felt the wet spunk I had left in her cunt, now working out on to the stem of his prick as it went in and out — I got on the bed and rubbed my prick against his buttocks. I shouted out — "Fuck her, — spend in her — spend in my spunk," — and other obscenities I know not what. — I encouraged his pleasure by baudy

suggestions. A sigh, a murmuring, told me he was coming. My fingers were on his balls, and I let them go to see his face. He thrust his tongue into Sarah's mouth. — "You are spending, Sarah." — No reply. — Her mouth was open to his tongue, her eyes were closed, her buttocks moving with energy, and the next second but for a few twitchings of his arse, and their heavy breathings, they were like lumps of lifeless flesh. Both had spent. The fancy to do her after him came over me — my spunk — his spunk — her spunk — all in her cunt together. I will spend in her again. — The idea of my prick being drowned in these mixed exudations overwhelmed me libidiously. — "I'll do it to you again. — Get off of her." — "Let me wash," said Sarah. — "No." — "I will." — "You shan't." — He was getting off, she attempting to rise, when I pushed her down. — "It's wiser" — I didn't know what she said scarcely. — "No — no — no — I want to put into his spunk." — Her thighs were apart, her cunt hole was blinded, hidden by spunk which lay all over it and filled its orifice. I threw myself on her, my prick slipped up with a squashing noise — I know no other way of describing it. I think I hear it now.

I felt a sense of heavenly satisfaction. Her cunt was

— 55 so filled that it seemed quite loose, the sperm squeezed out of her and up, until the hair of both our genitals were saturated — I pushed my hand down, and making her lift up one leg, found the sperm lay thick down to her arse hole — I called out, "Your spunk's all over my ballocks," and told all the bawdy images which came across my mind. I told him to lay down by the side of us, and made Sarah feel his prick at the same time I did — I felt my pleasure would even now be too short and stopped myself. Sarah with a sigh cried, "Oh — my God — go on," her cunt tightened, she got his prick and clasped my buttocks to her — I held his prick, and tried to lengthen my pleasure but could not, her cunt so clipped me. Abandoning myself to her the next instant almost with a scream of pleasure, I was quiet in her arms and fell asleep — and so did she, and so did he — all three on the bed close to-gether.

Awakening, I had rolled off close to Sarah on to my side, my prick laying against her thigh. — She lay on her back asleep, he nearly on his back. All three were nearly naked, myself excepted who had on an under shirt next my skin. — She had silk stockings and black merino boots on. My foreskin had risen up and covered the tip of my prick. In the saucer at the top was spunk which had issued from me after I uncunted. — The lamp was alight. Two candles (they had been short pieces) had burnt out, and the fire had all but expired. The room had been hot all the evening, for there were three of us in it, three lights burning, and the fire. Now it had got cold, and a sensation of chilliness was over me.

I got up and looked at the pair. — She a splendid woman, firm and smooth skinned, and of a creamy pink tint — with the dark hair of her cunt in splendid contrast. He a fine young man with white flesh, and with much dark brown hair clustering and curling round his white prick, and throwing his balls into shadow. His prick still large was hanging over his thigh, the slightly red tip half covered by the foreskin pointing towards Sarah, and as if looking at it. Then sexual instinct made me pay attention to her. — She lay there with two libations from me, and one from him in her cunt. I desired to see how it looked and felt it, but was so distracted by my various erotic impulses that I cannot recollect everything accurately. — All I know is that I laid hold of her leg nearest to me, and watching, pulled it slowly so as to leave her legs slightly open. I put my finger down from the beginning of the cleft. It felt thick and sticky, yet but little spunk was to be seen — looking down towards the bum cheeks, I saw the bed patched in half a dozen places with what had run out from her — I thrust my finger up her cunt and she awakened.

She sat up, looked round, rubbed her eyes, said, "it's cold." Then she looked at him. "Why — he's asleep too, have you been asleep?" — Then she put her fin-gers to her cunt too, got off the bed, and on to the pot — looking at me smiling. — "You are a bawdy devil and no mistake — I don't recollect such a spree since I have been out." "Your cunt's in a jolly state of bat-ter." "It will be all right when it's washed" — and she proceeded to wash, but I stopped her.

He was snoring and had turned on to his back — his prick which seemed large lolled over his thigh.

"He's a fine young man and his prick's bigger than yours, and what a bag," said she gently lifting up his prick and shewing his balls. I saw it was very large, as it had seemed to me when I squeezed and felt it before, but then I had been far too excited to notice anything carefully. Now I began to frig him as he lay. "I thought you had done me, for two hours I could not make his cock stand." "Ah! it was nervousness. — He has never been felt by a man before, some would give ten pounds for such a chance and you are to give him a sovereign." "Do you think he can spend again?" "Yes, see what a lot he spent over me; if he was well fed, that young chap would be good for half a dozen pokes, he's been half starved for two months."

I gently laid hold of his prick, and pulled the skin down. One feel more and it rose to fullish size, and lay half way up his belly. "I thought it would directly you touched it from its look," said she. Said I, "I will frig him," and commenced in the slowest and gentlest manner, scarcely touching it. The stiffening began and the foreskin retired, the tip got rubicund and tumid, an uneasy movement of his thigh and belly began, and muttering in his sleep his hand went to his prick. — I removed mine. Soon his hand dropped by his side again, and he snored and muttered something.

Sarah, who had put on her chemise, then laid hold of his prick and friggid it. — "He can't spend, he's done too much already," said I. "I think he will tho." Then I, jealous of her handling, and lewedly fascinated, resumed the work. — Had he not drunk and eaten heartily, and been very fatigued, he must have awakened, but he didn't. Not spending, I spat on my finger and thumb, and making a moist ring with them, rubbed his prick tip through them. That did it. He muttered, his belly heaved, and out rolled his sperm, as he awakened, saying, "I've had a beastly spending dream, and thought I was fucking you." Seeing us laughing he seemed astonished, and was angry when told of our game. We all washed, we men put on shirts, and he got good humoured again.

I had scarcely eaten that day, felt empty and said so

Sarah said she was hungry, he that he could eat a donkey, for he'd not had food since the morning — I had never eaten in Sarah's lodgings, for the style didn't suit me, but felt that I must eat now. "Shall I fetch something at once? It's near midnight, and all the shops will be closed." — We had been five hours at our voluptuous gambols, but it did not seem half that time.

I gave Sarah money. She fetched cut beef and ham, bread, cheese, and bottled stout, and also whiskey. — Whilst she was away, he recovered his temper and felt his cock. He said he hated "beastly cheating dreams." "Are you fond of feeling men?" "It's much nicer to fuck a woman," I replied and told him that for many years I had never put finger on a prick but my own.

Spite of dirty knives and a dingy table cloth, we all fell to at the food. — He ate ravenously and told me that the last time he had meat, a mate gave him some of his dinner. I gave him a cigar, we had more whiskey and water, the room was hot again, we sat round the fire with our shirts only on — Sarah was dressed. -- He told me again about himself, and soon the conversation drifted into the fucking line. He had lost his modesty and with it much of his respect for me. In-stead of only answering and saying "sir" he began to ask me questions. Just as a woman's manner alters towards a man, directly he has once fucked her, so did his alter now that I had friggid him.

I asked if he liked being friggid. — No he did not like — "spending in the air" — did I? "No" — but I did such things at times. Then Sarah alluded to his big balls, we both felt them, and such a large bag I have never seen before. He said the boys at school joked him about it. Boys know the sizes of each other's pricks.

I wanted to go on. The novelty was so great that I could not see and feel him enough; circumstances which I did not expect had brought Sarah into the fun, which increased the amusement. I am in the prime of life, and altho never attempting such wonders as some men brag of, can easily do my four fucks in an evening with a fresh woman, and sometimes more, altho then used up a little next day. I had now only spent twice and my prick seemed on fire. Wine, beer, and a full stomach soon heat a young man who has not spent for ten days. I pulled his prick about as we sat round the fire, and it readily swelled. He prayed me to desist, he'd had enough that night, but I had not. So I made Sarah



take off her clothes to her chemise, and sit opposite. I sat next him smoking and looking at his prick, and feeling it at intervals.

Often in my youth, my prick has stood before my dinner was finished. A dozen times have I got up and fucked in the middle and finished dinner afterwards. — This meal began to tell on all. Sarah raised her chemise to let the warmth of the fire reach her legs, and showed her silk stockings and red garters. — "What a fine pair you have," said he — and down went his hand to his shirt. I saw a projection, and pulling up his shirt, there was his prick as stiff as ever.

"I'll frig you, and you look at Sarah's legs." He objected, had had enough of that, he would sooner fuck Sarah. — I had not brought him to fuck my woman — my letch was for frigging him. — Whilst this talk was going on I held his prick. Sarah showed us one of her thighs and told him to let me do what I liked — I had a stiff one and was dying to let out my sperm. I would frig him, and he should fuck her afterwards. A young man with a standing prick always thinks that there is enough sperm in it for any amount of fucking. — How often I have thought whilst my cock was standing and burning to be in a cunt what wonders I would do, and directly after one coition did nothing more.

I put Sarah on the bed, myself by her, him by the side of us on his back, and upside down; his belly so placed that his prick was near my shoulders, and I could conveniently feel it. His prick was throbbing with lust — I laid on Sarah with prick outside her and began frigging him. He sighed and cried out, "Oh! let me do it to her — do — oho — do." I meant to play with him long, but Sarah was lewed, placed her hand between our bellies and put my prick up her. — Then all went its own way. — If a woman means you to go on fucking when up her you can't help yourself. Without moving their bums, they can grip with their cunt muscles and grind a man's tool so that he must ram and rub. I was soon stroking as hard as I could, but holding my head on my right hand resting from the el-bow, so as to see his prick which I went on frigging. It was a longer job than before, with all our lewedness and good will, for both of us. At length out came his sperm. At the sight of it out shot mine into Sarah, who responded with her moisture, and all was quiet.

We reposed long, then I got off. "Now you may have her." — Sarah washed. He laid on the bed, and after wiping up his now thin spunk from his belly, began frigging himself up. Sarah laid down by his side an( let him feel her clean cunt, but it was useless; an( after some violent fisting of his tool, he rose saying "I'm done up" — and again we all sat down before the fire, smoking and drinking, and talking about fucking the causes and the consequences thereof.

This talk went on for an hour or so. Sarah said jeeringly to him, "Why don't you have me." — Every ter minutes he frigged his cock uselessly. Then he ate more food. — Sarah went to the watercloset, which was in a yard, and dressed partly to go there, for it was cold. — His prick looked beautiful but lifeless. — My baudiness was getting over and I was tired, but thought then came into my head — a reminiscence of my frolics with French women. But tho I had done everything but one with Sarah, I did not suggest what was in my mind before her — I had a stupid lingering modesty in me. — We were both fuddled and reckless, and Sarah now down stairs. I locked the door, saying, "If you'll promise not to tell her, I will make you stiff enough to have her." He promised. — I laid him on the bed and putting his prick in my mouth began to suck it, first with the skin on, and then gently with the skin off. The smoothness delighted me. I no longer wondered at a French woman, who told me a prick was the nicest thing she ever had in her mouth. I did exactly as it had been done to me as nearly as I recollected; spit out after the first taste, and then went on mouthing, licking, and sucking. It took effect directly. — "Oh! it's as good as a cunt," said he. It was stiffened by the time Sarah came back. I went to the door and unlocked it, he had resumed his seat, then Sarah washed her backside and went back to her seat by the fire. He'd never had his cock sucked before.

We finished the whiskey — it was getting towards one o'clock — Sarah said, "It's time we got to bed — why don't you both stop all night? — it will be cold, !or I have no more coals." The lamp was going out, and she went to the next room to fetch candles. When she came back, "If he is going to fuck you, he should begin," said I. "Yes, and I am going to bed whether he does or not." She

stripped to her chemise and got into bed. "If you don't have her now, she is not to let you when I am gone, get outside the bed." — Sarah did. — With cock stiff he got on to her in a minute. I saw by a cross twist of his buttocks and a sigh that he was up her — Sarah gave that smooth, easy, wriggling jerk and upwards motion with her buttocks and thighs, which a woman does to complete the engulfment of a doodle — I put my hand under his balls. His prick up to the roots was up her cunt.

Then not a word was spoken. A long stroke ensued, and gradually after hard quick ramming, their last pleasure shewed itself. My randiness increased by watching him, I made him leave her cunt before he had well finished spending and again plunged my prick into her reeking, slippery, slimy vagina. I gloried in feeling their sperm upon me. I was not in the habit of giving Sarah wet kisses, but as I thought, I longed to meet her mouth with mine, and with our tongues joined, and hard thrusts, a pain in my pego, and slight pain in my arse hole, I spent, and Sarah spent. "My God I'm fucked out," said she.

It was three o'clock a.m. — eight or nine hours had I been in one round of excitement — I had friggged him three times and he'd fucked thrice — I had fucked six times — I had fucked in his spunk, and had sucked his prick — Sarah had been fucked quite eight times. How many times I had spent I did not then know, being bewildered with excitement and drink. — As Sarah got up she seemed dazed, sat in a chair, and said, "Damned if ever I had such a night, I'm clean fucked out." Then paying them I left. It was at our next meeting that Sarah said I had fucked her six times. In my abbreviation of the manuscript, I have omitted some of our lascivious exercises, which were in fact but a repetition of what I had done before.

I was thoroughly done up the next day, not only with spending but with excitement. My delight in handling his white prick in repose, half stiff and in complete rigidity, was almost maddening. The delight of watching his prick glide in and out of her cunt was intense. The desire and curiosity of twenty years was being satisfied. My knowledge of copulation and of the penis getting perfected. — Yet I went home in an uncomfortable frame of mind about what I had done with him. There was no one in my home just then to wonder at my being so late, to notice my excitement, or to question me, which was fortunate.

## Vol. 8 Chapter III

**Unavailing repentance. • Gemini frolics. • Pricks between bellies. • I on him. • He on me • tip to tip. • Boots and stockings. • A lascivious triad. • Gamahuching all round. • A looking-glass got. • Genital manipulations. • Simultaneous fuckings and friggings. • I fuck, she sucks. • Variations on the same tune. • She on my prick sits. • He her clitoris licks. • Three on our sides together. • Amatory exercises with ropes. • Sarah's pudendal capacity. • An assault of two pegos. • Finger and penis co-operating. • Miscellaneous lascivities. • A scare in the street. • A scare at Sarah's. • A suggestive question. • Desires excited. • Heavy pay for an anus. Sodomy cum onanism. • Fear, disgust, and hasty retreat.**

I went home used up, but excited beyond measure. I could not sleep for thinking of having friggged a man. The smoothness of skin, the loose easy movement of the outer skin over the inner rod, and its whiteness — the gradual change in color of its plum shaped tip from pink to a deep carmine, the shooting out of his sperm, the voluptuous shuddering whilst he fucked Sarah, the saucers which came and went in his arse cheeks when he fucked, all danced before my eyes as I lay in bed, and I saw them as plainly as if the fucking was actually then going on. — Again her distended cunt lips, with the thick spunk oozing, my prick pushing between them with a squash, squeezing the spermatic mixture out on to my balls, and up to her motte, and gumming our hair together, my grip of his stiffened cock as I fucked her the second time; all filled me with an incredibly furious, bawdy

excitement, making my prick stiffen and throb, spite of my fatigue and preventing my rest.

Then came reflection. — Had I really friggèd a man — still worse — got my own prick wetted with the sperm of another man. Above all sucked his prick! — An act I had certainly heard of being done by men to each other, yet all but disbelieved, and looked on as a very foul action — yet I had done it, had enjoyed it all. Much as I had done and seen before, I was not quite easy in my mind, spite of my philosophy that any sexual enjoyment is permissible — that our organs of generation are for our own use and pleasure, and that what men and women choose to do together they have a right to do, it concerning no one else. Such are the results of prejudices and false education. It ended in reflecting that I never had intended to do those things, that opportunity had let me unwittingly to do them, and resolving that I would never do it again, I fell asleep.

Next morning at breakfast I thought, "That debauch will never be renewed." After luncheon, "What was the harm after all." Then I began to think I should like to feel him once more, to watch the phenomenon of the spend more coolly and philosophically. — Once more to make him spend, and to watch his prick from its stiffening to its shrinking. To watch his face and see how pleasure affected it. Why should I not bring him and Sarah naked together as I had done and see his prick rise, let him fuck her, and watch as I did last night — surely there is no harm — or not more than in looking at such doings through a spyhole. — The man is clearly not a sodomite, or he would not be so ready to fuck her. He is out of work, and probably is what he says he is. It is a chance which never may come again to me.

I thought of the double fuck without the washing, of the prick in my mouth, and then felt ashamed. — "I must have been screwed and so excited that I did not know what I was about, I shall never do that again, and hope he won't tell Sarah." I then took a gallop, determining again to get him. I had slept so badly on the previous night that on my return I laid down. My mind wandered to his prick and what Sarah called his purse. I wondered if his prick was really bigger than mine and wished I had measured it — I wondered if he spent more or less than me, and many other things; and at last came to the conclusion that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and being empty in stomach and fatigued, said, "I have done with that business." — Then I went to my club, had dinner, desire to see him again then came back, and soon I was with Sarah arranging for another meeting.

Said she, "You'd a pretty good night, I declare that if I were to tell some women what we did, they'd only believe part of it. — He wanted to sleep with me." She dare say he would come again willingly, she would go and see — I gave her money to buy him trowsers, cravat, and collars, said that he was to take a bath, and also gave her money to feed him well — Sarah met me out an hour afterwards. He would be there the following night.

She had done all I wished, and the fellow looked as spruce as possible — I was again nervous, and so was he, but a few minutes' conversation put us at ease. — We stripped, and behold us close together, I holding that handsome tool of his. He asked if Sarah was coming, but I did not want her then, and sat with his balls in my hand, for a time thinking of the size and fullness of the scrotum.

Of the sovereign — he told me that he first paid fifteen shillings for rent, and the rest where he owed money — that Sarah had got him good food, — that he had not spent since that last night. "When I thought of it all, I got to want it," said he.

Then I washed his genitals and made a complete and curious examination of his penis and scrotum, and had more complete quiet pleasure crowding in that than on the previous occasion. Before when feeling his prick it did not make me randy — tonight it did. My examination began to tell on him, and when I had pulled the foreskin once or twice up and down, his rod was stiff. Then up stiffened mine. — I began friggèd him. — "Now I will look at your sperm as it comes." Suddenly he laid hold of my prick. — "Hullo, don't do that."

He relinquished it begging pardon, saying he did not know what made him do it. — My pulling his about seemed quite a proper thing for me, for I paid him for it; but directly he touched my prick, I felt disgusted. — The mind is an odd thing — if a gentleman had felt me, should I have been

equally shocked?

This preliminary was soon over, he was on the point of discharge when I stopped, and making him sit down, watched his stiff prick gradually droop, and then I went at him again and so on. If a copious discharge is to be got out of a man, that is the way to do it. — At length after playing so for long, he said he must and would come — so I friggd as fine a spermatic ejaculation as I had had on the first night. It spurted out a yard, quite.

I had intended not to let Sarah appear that night, but feeling his cock had made my cock stand. "I'll frig myself," I said. But I hated spending in that fashion. — After trying to restrain myself till I could do so no longer, I called Sarah. She was dressed. Throwing her on the side of the bed, up went her clothes, and I put up her, he looking on. Up came his prick again at the sight. — He asked to have her, but I wouldn't let him, and handled his tool whilst I fucked her.

I carried out my intentions, friggd him four times, and had no end of amusement with him. — I had a taste that night for rolling over him as if he were a woman, when his cock was stiff, and making mine stiff, and laying the two pricks together. I tried all sorts of ways of making his stand. Sometimes by pulling the skin up and down, sometimes by shaking the top — now by giving it a rude pinch — now by squeezing his balls. I tried every way which I could recollect women had used on me, or I had heard or thought of. There was now no difficulty about it, for his cock kept standing after small handling; and he had still sperm, tho getting at each discharge less in quantity and thinner. At his fourth discharge all was over, but there were still things which I wished to do with him. One was to put his prick in my mouth. Again I rubbed my lips on its smooth white stem, and kissed it, and all but put it in. — But I never will do that again, thought I to myself. The amusement however seemed incomplete without Sarah. Again I fucked her, and then let him do it to her. That was a very long job and finished the evening, and him.

Afterwards. Each meeting I thought would be the last, yet I had him again. Sarah participated in the amusements regularly. The evening did not seem complete without the two. I was infatuated. — Of course four discharges a night could not be kept up, but I did not see him every night. — But as much spunk as could be got out of him I got, pumping him pretty dry with my fist, and myself as well, but into Sarah's cunt. I now tell you some of my amusements, and as near as may be in the succession in which they took place. They could not all be done on one evening.

My boudy imagination being set to work, all sorts of possibilities came into my head. We soaped well our pricks, and under our balls and arse furrows. Then lying on the top of him, we thrust our pricks under each other's balls, and working in the soapy furrows, both spent on each other's backside. — It was not convenient, our pricks rebelled at being so bent and thrust, but the novelty made up for the inconvenience. — Novelty stimulates desire. — I got much amusement from lying on the top of him, when our pricks were not stiff, and feeling the testicles and two cocks in a bunch to-gether. Sarah, then quite delighted, felt our intermingled genitals. Then I put him on the top and myself beneath, Sarah held a looking glass and candle, so that I could see when on my back two ballocks in a heap to-gether. Sarah was delighted with all my lasciviousness and said she never knew such a boudy man as I was. One day standing up I soaped both our prick tips and we friggd ourselves. We put the two tips so close that that they rubbed together, and we spent against each other's glands.

These lascivious vagaries and delicacies did not suggest themselves all at once. Firstly my delight was to watch his face as he spent, then to see the prick stiff, the sperm shoot, the tremulous shaking of his backside, and to hear his quiet murmurs of pleasure.

After I had had enough of that, I betook myself to more fanciful amusements.

Spite of myself, my mind recurred to the feel of his prick when in my mouth, and altho I vowed to myself never to let it go into it again. — Yet why? thought I at length. Have you not licked a cunt? Have you not had the fresh warm piddle squirt against your face from Sarah's cunt? — Have you not savoured the salt liquor which distils from and keeps moist a woman's cunt? Nay. Have you not

when moistened till almost running out, by its sweating (so to speak) under the action of your tongue on her clitoris, shoved your tongue up her cunt, and brought it back into your mouth with delight and ecstasy at giving her pleasure? Is the putting into your mouth a prick, dry, clean, and smooth as ivory, worse? — But it's a man's. In her mouth a prick is quite proper. He may lick, tickle, and suck her hole, that's quite natural. But a man's! — No I won't.

For all that, one night whilst feeling it, when he had washed after I'd first frigg'd him, I again washed it carefully, and laid him on the bed. There hung his prick and his testicles, the tip just covered by the pre-puce. As I pulled back the foreskin, I put out my tongue and tickled the top. "Your tongue is on it," said he laughing. — Then I took it in my lips. It was like ivory. I longed to minette with it, and passed the limp, soft, flexible tool entirely into my mouth: not a bit was outside. — It went back towards my gullet and there I held it, till it began to swell. I passed it up and down in my mouth, licked and sucked it, put it out and let it stay till it drooped, then remouthed it, and continued this for a long time. At length his sperm had been so accumulated by the dalliance that he said he could bear it no longer and would frig himself if I did not. I then brought it up to the spending throb, pulled it from my mouth, and finishing with my hand, his spunk shot up. There is nothing like coaxing a prick a long time, for accumulating the spunk in the reservoirs of concupiscence. I'm sure more comes then, than from a hasty frig.

Then I fucked her before him, then sent her out, and again sucked his prick which was in powerful order — I laid him on the bedside in the attitude most convenient to lick a cunt, and so that I might see his face whilst I operated. It is easy in a man's face to see when his ballocks are about to send forth their juices. — A red Indian, they say, can preserve his features when being tortured. I doubt if he could when spending. — A man's face then is rather stupid, nor is that of a woman's, as she is holding tightly to her fucker's back-side for the full engulfment of his throbbing cock in her cunt, highly intellectual; but it's much more lovely than that of a man's face.

I offered him money to suck my prick. He would not, and that night's amusement ended. Then much to his delight I began to let him fuck Sarah. Whilst they were doing that trick, I handled his balls, put my hand between their bellies, made them turn over on to their sides and lift their legs in all sorts of ways, so that I might see the movement of the prick and the swell of the lips of her orifice. — I made him fuck her standing up, then on the side of the bed, whilst with a candle I moved round them, satisfying my curiosity. Then I fucked her and made him similarly satisfy himself. He was delighted to grasp my balls whilst my prick was pistoning her. — Modesty and timidity had now left all of us. — Unrestrained libidinous enjoyment was every-thing to us, each doing the best to stimulate each other's lust. Sarah had become more active, suggestive, and libidinous than we two. She delighted in it.

My libidinosity increased by indulging it. I longed to see ourselves in the various attitudes. — Sarah's table glass was small, and having placed it so as to get a glimpse of ourselves, and finding it unsatisfactory, I bought at a broker's shop, a long, large old fashioned looking glass in a mahogany frame. We together nailed it up against the wall at the level of the top of the mattress, and so that we could see ourselves from head to foot as we lay. Then our sensual delight was doubled, for as we fucked, or frigg'd, or sucked, we could look in the glass, and talk about our attitudes.

One night all three highly strung — I was near her, by her side on the bed. "Oh look at his prick." "Ah! it's not stiff — he'll spend." "Frig it, frig him Sarah." She did. "Are you coming, Jack." "Aha." "Yes — my spunk's coming." "Oh fuck me, fuck me," cried Sarah, or "I'll frig myself." "Stop, Sarah, I'll fuck you," and I put my prick up her. — She grasped my rump with one hand, with the other grasped his prick, and so did I Both Sarah's and my hand were on it. Sometimes she had the stem, I the scrotum. Just before we spent out spurted his spunk. Then as we felt it, we poured out our sexual tributes, a spasm of libidinous sympathy fetched us both together.

I began then to pay for his baths, his food, and fine linen so that he came perfect from head to toe. He had no hair on his body, excepting on his prick and armpits, and but little on his face. — What with idleness, good living, and baths, he became as smooth as ivory and as nice as the nicest

woman. He got in a fortnight plumper, altho I took so much semen out of him; but he was young and strong. — What pleasure for him! — The only annoyance to me was that his prick, when he got randy and it stood, had a strong smell. — The smell of most cunts I like.

After I had sucked him that night, I never repeated it but once. — Altho we had lost all modesty, I did not like Sarah to see all, until late in the evening when whiskey and baudiness told on me. Whatever we did together, I never lost sight of my principal object, which was to frig him, and see either his tool or his face when he was spending. — When Sarah came in, at first we used to sit around the fire drinking and smoking, all as naked as the weather permitted. Sometimes he told his adventures with servants in the houses where he had worked, she about what men had done. The conversation always was erotic. — Until the spirit moved me to action, I usually sat by him in an easy chair, with his tool in my hand. Sometimes he laid hold of mine. "Look at you two feeling each other's pricks," Sarah would say, with a toss of her head. — "Shew me your split, and see if it will give his cock a rise." — She would show it gaping, and his cock would rise. Perhaps he'd kneel in front of her, fingering her cunt, or licking it, whilst she cocked her leg up to facilitate his work. At times both his and my fingers were up her cunt at the same time, and fifty other bawdy tricks we did.

I had now made Sarah suck my prick, but I disliked still to tell here that I had had his prick in my mouth; yet one evening did so. Behold us soon all three on the bed, she with his prick in her mouth, and he with my prick in his mouth. I feeling about her cunt and his balls, as well as the difficult attitude permitted. Another night we followed it up, by his laying on the bed and she kneeling over him with his prick in her mouth, her backside over his feet, and I at her back-side fucking her — I alone could plainly see this in the looking glass, and a most delicious sight it was.

My most satisfactory amusement, I think, was frigging him whilst I fucked her. I used to lay him down so that his prick was well within reach of my hand and in view whilst I did so. At times Sarah laid her head on his chest or his belly, as a pillow, he laying across the bed, and then his prick was just by my shoulder. Then putting my hand up I frigged him. At other times, laying partially on his side with his legs up against the wall at the bed head or near her head, his prick was equally close to me.

Once his tool looked so beautiful that it seduced me entirely — I had again vowed to myself that having had his prick in my mouth and felt it swell within it from flabbiness to a poker, under my lingual pressures, I would never do it again. — But now lying with my prick up Sarah, my left hand under her smooth back- my right round his prick; my pleasure coming on could not resist it, and engulfed his stiff cunt-rammer in my mouth. My backside was then oscillating, his h. d could just reach my arse and he was feeling my balls. I felt he was near his crisis, withdrew his prick, and at that instant out shot his sperm, just between Sarah's naked breast and mine.

Instantly, for such was the lascivious effect, Sarah and I mingled our mucilages in her cunt. I never had his prick in my mouth afterwards.

He got fond of Sarah and constantly besought me to let him have her. Then after I had frigged him, we would all three sit round the fire. "Shew us your cunt, Sarah?" — She'd open her legs so that the article was visible. I watched his prick, which perhaps hanging down lazily between his thighs immediately at the sight of her gaping cunt would gradually thicken until it looked like a short roll of ivory. Then it rolled on one side as if to get away from the big balls. Then with a throb straightened somewhat, its top still pointing downwards, and the little red tipped orifice beginning to show more out of the foreskin. Then it gave a throbbing knock or jump against his thigh and proudly lifted his head, and with other throbs in succession stood grandly stiff against his belly, and the prepuce gently slid off, leaving uncovered two thirds of a deep crimson knob. Then I would gently pull up and down the skin with a slow motion, pleased at the involuntary action of his prick, caused by the mere look of a dark haired cunt. "Let me fuck her — don't frig me this time, you have frigged me enough. — Oh! do let me put into her." Then I let him feel her cunt, and his lust goaded to the utmost, he would sigh and groan al- most and lick her cunt. Then I let him have her, or had

her myself and frigged him whilst up her. "And so we passed the pleasant time, as well we could, you know, in the days when we were randy arsed a long time ago."

One night, I sat her on my prick whilst I sat on a chair, her bum against my belly, her cunt outwards. — In a looking glass, my ballocks then almost seemed to hang from the arsehole end of the cunt. He knelt down and licked her clitoris whilst I fucked her. Sarah enjoyed the double action, and spent murmuring her lewed sensations; clutching his head, whilst I held her round her haunches tightly, my fingers on the hairy motte. In that position I could only ram gently up her. When she'd spent, he fell back on the floor and frigged himself looking up at her cunt, my prick still up her, and the sperm running out on to my balls, as my cunt plugger slowly left her.

I was slim and supple as an eel. I would on the bed put into Sarah, and then we would both turn on to our sides belly to belly, keeping our privates coupled. Sarah would throw over me her uppermost leg, so as to open her bum furrow, and he laid on his side with his belly close to her rump, thrusting his prick for-wards. — The tip would just touch the end of her slit, which was nearest to her bum hole; rub in the furrow, and touch the bottom of my prick as it lay engulfed in her. Then we all began fucking together. I ramming up her, he rubbing his prick up against our coupled genitals, which he had bedewed with saliva. We never hid our pleasures — I would cry out when coming — Sarah would murmur her pleasure, and he the same. The three voices blended whatever bawdy, stimulating words fell from us. "Oh! fuck — cunt — spunk — oh I am coming — I'm spending — spunk — ballocks — aha — ahre" — I spent up her, he against her furrow and the stem of my prick, or over my balls, or against her arsehole or thigh. If the rubbing against our flesh didn't fetch his sperm, he brought himself to a crisis with his hand, and at the last moment put his prick against her flesh and spent somewhere.

One night as he was tailing Sarah, I felt his hard, wrinkled, full, large scrotum, and slipping my fingers further up, let his stiff lubricated shaft slip through my fingers as it worked up and down her cunt. Then reversing my hand so that his prick rubbed against the back of it, I slowly glided the middle finger up her cunt. "What are you doing," said she. — "Feeling up." — She said no more, the lasciviousness of the act pleased her and him, the whole length of my finger was up her side by side with his prick, whilst he was fucking. His prick glided over my wet finger as they spent together. I had already fucked her, was cool and collected, and noticed the tightening of her cunt as she spent, in a way I never had in any woman; for clear observation of the muscular action of a woman's cunt, at the supreme moment of spending, is impossible; tho my prick is conscious of its constriction.

I did that more than once. Sarah's altho one of the most delightfully compressive cunts, was undoubtedly largish. — Once she allowed us to try to get both pricks up her together, but we could not manage it.

(It is difficult, even with two very rigid tools to do that, for I and another man have tried it since with a woman. But such is the distensibility of a cunt that I'm sure it will take two pricks at once.) Then we reversed our position, and I pushed from be-hind and spent against his balls, whilst he fucked her. I liked to vary my pleasures, and when away thought of what I had done, and arranged variations of the fun for our next meeting.

[What whims and caprices lust generates! I have often thought how absurd the following part of my narrative seems, but the deed didn't seem at all absurd to me then.]

Bringing both pricks into use at the same time pleased me much, the difficulty was that our legs got in the way. After thinking how to obviate this, I put a big hook in the ceiling, and a rope hanging from it with loops at the bottom. Into a loop Sarah put her upper foot, and that slung her leg out of the way. Sometimes he put his foot so. Such ingenious devices voluptuous pleasures led me to. They have seemed ridiculous since, but delighted us all immensely at the time.

Afterwards I put up a second hook and rope, at such distance apart that Sarah could easily put through them her legs up to her knees, and she laid for ten minutes at a time with her legs in the air

so distended that her cunt gaped wide. We saw her cunt and anus peeping out from under it. — When in that position I fucked her. Before that we men stood and admired her exposure, feeling each other's pricks, and in the looking glass admiring ourselves in the bawdy postures.

I made him another time fuck her whilst her legs were slung up, and as soon as his prick was out I investigated her cunt and saw his sperm in it. I find now nothing objectionable in semen — that essence of love. Whilst I fucked her in that position, I once made him kneel over her with his backside towards me and his prick in her mouth. Then I recollect for the first time that I noticed his anus.

Soon after I had him, I took a fancy to see him in silk stockings. He put on a pair of Sarah's, which so pleased me that I bought him a pair, and a pair of kid boots. I never had him afterwards without them. When on the top of Sarah, with legs together in silks and boots alike, altho the male leg is different from the female, I could scarcely tell which was which, from heels to rumps. But the split and the spindle shewed the difference in the sexes.

Once I made Sarah lay on the top of me and do the fucking, whilst he squatted on her back. So placed I frigg'd him. Some of his sperm came on to Sarah's hair and made her angry. Sarah didn't mind being spent over anywhere excepting her head. Some of his spunk fell on my face, and I did not like it.

During one period of this erotic frenzy, being as it happened by myself in town alone, I was there nearly every night. My curiosity was insatiable. I would sit on a footstool with my head between his legs, and ear resting against his ballocks — I made the two stand up belly to belly touching, whilst I laid down between their legs and looked up at their genitals, sat with my face against his balls, and his prick up against my nose, whilst Sarah delicately tickled my prick with her mouth. I pissed against the tip of his prick, and in brief did every fantastic, erotic, frigg'ing, feeling, tick-ling, skinning, coaxing, sucking tricks to his rod and balls that I thought of, and always with delight. At last always seeing the tip get redder, the rod stiffen, and the gruelly sperm jet out of it.

Sarah said, — "You've ruined that chap. He can now get work and won't." — I had then seen all I wanted, and also felt offended with his familiarity; told her I would not see him again, and then he would go to work. "He won't, I am sure." — But I kept away, and whilst doing so recuperated, for I'd knocked myself up a little with this lascivious excitement. I saw one day somebody like him in the streets, which frightened me, although I had never allowed him to see me with my hat on. When I wrote to Sarah and she met me at a house, she said he was sad at not seeing me, and she had told him I was out of town. — "Have you ever bugged him?" she asked suddenly. The question revolted me, such intention had never once entered my head, had never even occurred to me.

Two or three days after I was again alone in town, and awakened with such lewdness that had my grand-mother been in bed with me, I believe I should have gruelled the old lady's quim. Tossing about, and resisting frigg'ing myself, the bawdy amusements had with him and Sarah kept running through my mind; and al-tho I had vowed to myself never to see him again, the desire to do so became overwhelming, and I wrote to Sarah to get him.

The evening came, and how strange! I felt part of my old nervousness. — He put on his silks and boots, which Sarah kept. — At the sight of his white flesh, and roly poly pendant, mine stood upright. We stripped. I pressed his belly against mine, grasping him round his buttocks (he was smooth as a woman), and his prick rose proudly at once. I handled his prick, pleased with the soft feel of the loose skin. — "Fetch me, or I'll frig myself, I shall spend a pail full" — I wetted both our pricks and bellies with soap and water, then putting him on his back on the bed, mounted him. Our pegos were pressed between our bellies, and grasping each other's rumps, and shoving our pricks about as well as we could, the heat and friction drew both our spunks, and we lay quiet till our tools shrunk down over our balls, forming a heap of testicles and pricks.

Then came a dislike to him and disgust with myself that I often had felt recently. But it vanished directly, I felt lewd again and when I felt his cock. It was stiff soon. As he finished washing it he



turned round, and I saw it thick and swollen. Just then Sarah rushed in and prayed me to go. "Do, oh do pray, or there will be a great row — for God's sake go." She was much agitated, I had never seen her so before. "You must — you shall go, — or I shall be half ruined." Yielding I went as quickly as I could, and he did after me, I heard.

Next night I saw her out, and could get no explanation about her agitation; but she told me I could not go to the house for a week or ten days.

What gave me about that time such hot fits of lust it is not easy to say, but I was in full rut. At times a fellow's prick stands much more than at others, some-times it is idleness, sometimes stimulating food, some-times strength. For some days before I saw him again my prick stood constantly, I was again alone in town, and why I did not ease it by fucking don't recollect — Sarah I could not see any where, and I did nothing but think how I would frig him, and tail her, when we met. When at length we met, he told me he had not spent since I'd made him. Laughing, Sarah said, "The beg-gar wanted to have me, but I wouldn't let him." Perhaps a lie — I touched his cock which sprang up stiffly at once. He stripped, and his red tipped, white stemmed sperm spouter would have fascinated any woman — I undressed, my cock stiff as his, and libidinous frolics began.

"Have you bugged him" — Sarah's question came suddenly into my mind as I handled his throbbing prick, his rigid piercer. "Fetch me, frig me, then you fuck Sarah and let me fuck her after — go on — I'll frig myself — I must spend" — said he, and began friggling.

I stopped him. I put him in various attitudes and looked at his naked rigidity — feeling it, kissing it, glorying in my power — with my own prick upright. Both were wanting the pleasure sorely, yet I dallied and my brain whirled with strange desire, fear, dislike, yet with intention. Then I placed him bending over the bed — his bum towards me, his head towards the looking glass — I stood back to look. There were his white buttocks and large womanly white thighs, his legs in silk, his feet in feminine boots. — Not one could have imagined him a man, so round, smooth, white, and womanly was his entire backside and form. It was only looking further off that I missed the pouting hairy lips, and saw a big round stone bag which shewed the male. His prick was invisible, stiff against his belly.

I closed on him, put my hand round and gave his prick a frig — his bum was against my belly. — "Fetch me — oho — make haste, I'm bursting" — looking down I saw his bumhole and the desire whirled thro my brain like lightning. Without pausing or thinking, I felt his prick from under his balls, and whilst he al-most shivered with desire — "Oh! make haste, fetch me" — I put both hands round him, feeling his balls with one, his prick with the other; and my own stiff prick I pressed under his ballocks, saying, "Let me put my prick up your bum."

"That I won't," said he disengaging himself and turning round, "that I won't."

Furiously I said, "Let me — I'll give you ten pounds." "Oh no." "I will give you all I have" — and going to my trowsers I took out my purse, and turned into my hands all the gold I had — it was, I think, more than ten pounds.

"Oh no, I can't, it will hurt," said he, eying the money. "It won't." "It will. When I was apprenticed, a boy told me a man did it to him, and it hurt him awful."

I don't know what I replied — but believe I repeated that it would not hurt, that it was well known that people did it, and as I talked I handled his prick with one hand, with the other holding the gold.

"It will hurt — I'm frightened, but will you give me ten pounds really?"

I swore it, talked about that of which I knew nothing — that I had heard it was pleasure to the man whose arsehole was plugged — that once done they liked nothing so much afterwards. His prick, which had dwindled under fear, again stiffened as I friggled, he ceased talking and breathed hard, saying, "I'm coming." — I stopped at once.

"Let me." "I don't think you can, it seems impos- sible — if you hurt me will you pull it out?" "Yes

yes, I will."

He turned to the bed again and kneeled, but he was too high — I pulled him off — then it was too low. Again on the bed and I pulled his bum to the level of my prick, I locked the door, I trembled, we whispered. I slabbered my prick and his hole with spittle. His prick was still stiff. There was the small round hole — the balls beneath — the white thighs. — I closed on him half mad, holding him round one thigh. I pointed my prick — my brain whirled — I wished not to do what I was doing, but some ungovernable impulse drove me on. Sarah's words rang in my ears. I heard them as if then spoken. My rod with one or two lunges buried it-self up him, and passing both hands round his belly I held him to me, grasping both his prick and balls tightly. He gave a loud moan. "Ohoo I shall faint," he cried. "Ho, pull it out."

It's in — don't move or I won't pay you, or some-thing of that sort — I said, holding myself tight up to him. "Ohooo, leave go, you're hurting my balls so" — I suppose I was handling them roughly — but his bum kept close to my belly.

I recollect nothing more distinctly. A fierce, bloody minded baudiness possessed me, a determination to do it — to ascertain if it was a pleasure — I would have wrung his prick off sooner than have withdrawn for him, and yet a disgust at myself. Drawing once slightly back, I saw my prick half out of his tube, then forcing it back, it spent up him. I shouted out loudly and bauldily (Sarah told me), but I was unconscious of that. She was in her sitting room.

I came to myself — how long afterwards I cannot say. — All seemed a dream, but I was bending over him — pulling his backside still towards me. — My prick still stiff and up him. "Does it hurt now." "Not so much."

His prick was quite large but not stiff. A strong grip with my hand stiffened it, I frigged hard, the spunk was ready and boiling, for he had been up to spending point half a dozen times. My prick, still encased, was beginning to stiffen more. — He cried — "I am coming, I am coming" — his bum jogged and trembled — his arsehole tightened — my prick slipped out — and he sank on the bed spending over the counterpane — I stood frigging him still.

He spent a perfect pool of sperm on the bed. The maddening thought of what I had done made me wish to do it again. I forgot all my sensations — I have no idea of them now — I knew I had spent, that's all. "Let me do it again." "That I won't for any money," said he turning round.

Then I frigged myself and frigged him at the same time furiously. Fast as hands could move did mine glide up and down the pricks. Pushing him down with his arse on the sperm on the counterpane, I finished him as he lay, and I spent over his prick, balls, and bally. In ten minutes our double spend was over.

Immediately I had an inaffable disgust at him and myself — a terrible fear — a loathing — I could scarcely be in the room with him — could have kicked him. He said, "You've made me bleed." At that I nearly vomited — "I must make haste," said I looking at my watch, "I forgot it was so late. — I must go." All my desire was to get away as quickly as possible. I left after paying him, and making him swear, and swearing myself, that no living person should know of the act.

Yet a few days after I wrote the narrative of this blind, mad, erotic act; an act utterly unpremeditated, and the perpetration of which as I now think of it seems most extraordinary. One in which I had no pleasure — have no recollection of physical pleasure — and which only dwells in my mind with disgust, tho it is against my philosophy even to think I had done wrong.

## Vol. 8 Chapter IV

**Sodomitically complaisant Paphians. • Conversations on sodomy with Sarah. • I suggest. • She refuses. • Mutual incitements. • Mutual consents. • Trials and failures. • Successful at last. • Her sensations. • Effects on her bum hole. • Another trial suggested. • I decline. • A lewed evening. • Fucking, minetting, and masturbating. • Candle and fundament. • A railway carriage on a frosty day. • An old love acquaintance. • Fanny G\*\*\*d\*n. • Amatory advances. • I threaten onanism. • Cushions on the floor. • We on the cushions.**

I must have been, indeed was, in an almost wild state of mind that night. When I got clear of the street, I saw some gay women, chaffed, and asked them how their arseholes were. My mind ran on a muddy night — lifted her petticoats and showed nice legs — I went home with her, and turning her bum towards me, looked at her arsehole and asked if she'd been bugged. She was angry. Then I found I had not money enough to pay her, and we had a row. — I went to one of my clubs, borrowed, went home with another woman, pulled her about, looked at her sphincter, and asked if she'd been bugged. — "No." I offered three pounds to her to let me. I might try, but she thought it impossible. Her bum was towards me, her hole very brown — and the mere fact of her permitting it so disgusted me that I paid the price of a fuck and left her directly — I went home yet with another woman, whom I fucked dog fashion, pulling open her buttocks and looking at her bumhole as well as I could, whilst shoving up her. Then I went to my own home, thinking of buggery, and wondering what the sensation was like — for I had no defined notion of it left, such was the state of mad excitement in which I had performed the act. Then I fell asleep.

The next night I saw Sarah in the streets and avoided her, and for a week or so. Then I met her and took her to \* \* \* \* St. for amusement — I never mentioned him, and told her not to do so. At a second meeting the same. But she, — "Aren't you going to see \* \* \*? He's every day with me bothering, asking what he is to do, what he's done to offend you. He cries about you al-most."

I said that I never meant to see him again, and was sick, sorry, and sad about the affair. — So she told him, I believe, that I had gone abroad. From that day to this I have never set eyes on him, and avoided enquiring about him till once long after. Then Sarah told me that after having spent all his money and pawned his clothes, he had gone to work at painting again.

I cannot describe the effect these frolics had on me. Spite of myself I could think of nothing else. — This is the more remarkable because until the few last years I could not bear the look of an anus, and when I fucked dog fashion, I rarely looked at the lady's bum hole. — Now all was anus — anus — nothing but anus. The incidents flashed across my mind repeatedly, and altho the recollection of the thing sickened and even revolted me — altho I felt disgusted with myself — still I desired to try again, to know what the pleasure was — for of that I seemed to know nothing — had not the slightest idea — all was blank.

One night I took woman after woman to a house — and after looking at their cunts, suggested that the other entrance would suit me better. I was unsuccessful at first, and felt abashed, yet persisted. — At length I had a tall dark French woman, and began by fucking her dog fashion — then pulled apart her bum cheeks, and said I should like to put into her bum hole. — "You must give me another sovereign then," said she quickly. — Out came my prick. "Wait a minute," said she. Going to a closet and returning with cold cream, she began to anoint my prick with it, and then anointed her own bum hole — turned round — and the next minute guided my prick there herself.

I refused, left directly, and took a disgust at her; but thought I had had an instructive two sovereigns' worth.

Next night an English woman consented freely, and instantly I paid her and left, my curiosity

satisfied. My fancy then turned to Sarah. I thought of our conversations, of the attempt with our fingers, and soon took to fucking her with her backside towards me, and looking at the round orifice when doing so. At length I made the proposal to her, and she said she'd see me in hell first.

The conversation then had a bumhole ramming tendency — I told her what I had tried with the Devon-shire woman in my extreme youth, but never about the man. We sat and talked, then lay down and talked about it, till she — "I have a good mind to try." "Do, and if it hurts I'll never do it again." "Did it seem to hurt the woman you did it to?" I told her I could not tell, that it seemed like a dream years, years before. "Try it — I want to try with you whom I know, and if we don't like it, we won't repeat it, I half wish to know what it is like," said she.

She came and leant over the side of the bed. I think I see her now — with her bum projecting, the dark haired, full lipped cunt pushing out between her thighs. She was tall, her bum exactly at a level for the work, everything was convenient. "Now if it hurts, promise not to go on." She straddled her legs apart conveniently. With one hand holding open the bum cheeks to see, and with my heart beating, I guided my prick. It began to droop and as fast as I write this, it shrivelled up.

I friggid it stiff, again and again — but the instant the tip touched the brown hole, it shrank. I thrust it up her cunt till almost ready to spend, then pulled it out, and again tried. Down it drooped. Then she sucked it stiff, and again presenting her mark, I again essayed. It was equally useless. All but finishing a fuck in her cunt, to stiffen it for a last trial, I pulled it out and pushed towards the brown circle, when my discredit-able prick spent over her rump, and I was unable again to stiffen it, altho I tried my fingers, her fingers, her cunt, and her lips.

I had promised her five pounds if I effected the delicate entry, and she thought I ought to pay it. I did not, and paid fucking price for I had now made up my mind to do it, and when I make up my mind to a thing, like it to come off. — "I have had a stiff prick from merely thinking about your bum hole, and now I fail. When can I try again? — I don't think my prick likes the color." Next night I went to the spot she usually was to be found at \* \* \* \* and off to the A\* \*a we went. My pego almost lifted me off the ground — I had a pot of cold cream. Hastily we undressed, and turning her buttocks towards me I greased her hole. Then she funkid it, and turned round. She had been thinking it over and would rather not, altho wishing to try the sensation, she said.

Refusing her invitation to fuck, or be sucked, I but-toned up in a temper to go away. — "The other night I seemed to wish it, but now I fear it, but come and try — give me your word that if I cry out, you will pull it out."

I got a stiff stander of the first order, a little more cream on her hole, a little on my piercer. I gave a push and entered. — "Oho — I can't bear it — take it out — take it out." I drove it up to its limits, pushing her close to the bed — grasping her like a vice — and fucking violently, spent — I had barely done so, when her sphincter tightened round my knob, hurting and ejecting it. She staggered to a sofa and laid down. I threw myself on the bed exhausted with excitement, for again I felt almost mad.

Said Sarah, "Well — I have not a hole left now that a prick can get up that has not been spent in. I would not have believed it but I've done it at last." She washed her anus, I my tool, then we sat and talked.

She said the first sensation was painful, and after that it was a strange sensation, half pain half pleasure. As before — I knew I had been up it and spent, but as to comparing the sensations of the two orifices I could not. — I couldn't realize how I had done it — and didn't recollect any sensation at all. I felt again surprised and shocked with myself, and that's all. This of course was foolish, but my narrative is true.

I took a dislike to Sarah for permitting it and for a time avoided her. When we next met, she told me she was all right. "There is nothing in it after all — I've heard several women say so, you may do it again if you wish, I'd like to try again now without fear." But I didn't wish, I had had enough of the

fantasy.

Indeed I liked to think of what I'd done less and less

— felt angry with myself. — Spite of my philosophy my act revolted me. But Sarah often referred to it, at first hinted that she'd like to try again, then openly asked me to do it, and was surprised that I refused. "Ask Mr. F\*\*z\*r," said I — meaning her husband. "No, I'll never be a whore to him," she replied (singular life, and notions.)

Sarah now with me never disguised her wants, her lusts, or sensations. — Perhaps the feeling that she need not sham and lie to me was a luxury to her. "You had better not have me tonight." Or — "I don't want it to-night." Or "I'm just ready to spend, for I've not had a bit of cock I liked for three days, and Mr. F's away" — were phrases, or like those which I often heard. She didn't hesitate to say she should like to be bum-fucked again. "Just to try if there is any real pleasure in it. — I wonder you don't, as you say you don't even recollect any pleasure in spending." But I wouldn't, and never did try.

About three weeks afterwards I went to her lodgings.

— She had been out that evening before I called. She said, "I wanted both a man and money, I'm randy be damned to night, and have not fucked for three days

— give it me, old man" — and she pulled my prick out of my trowsers. — She had been drinking. I had taken wine with me to her, and when she had drunk two or three glasses, she began talking about her bum hole. "Come, don't be stupid, put it in there, it's my birth-day — Mary \* \* \* \* told me that her man often does to her, and both like it. Do it, bugger me and I'll frig my-self when you're in." — So she talked and incited me again to open her rectum. I refused resolutely, and didn't like her persistence.

I fucked her soon afterwards. — She sucked my prick as I laid on the bed. She put her finger up my rectum whilst sucking. Immediately after, she threw herself on the bed by the side of me and friggd her-self. "I'm damned randy to night," said she. I raised myself and looked at her whilst she was masturbating, and thrust my finger up her cunt to please her more. In the middle of these operations, she stopped, went to a closet, and got out a wax candle. "If you won't bugger me, push this up," said she — threw herself on the bed, and again began masturbating. — Smitten with the novelty, I did as she asked; pushed it about five inches up, and watched her whilst with distended, quivering limbs and sighs she finished her pleasure, the candle up her arsehole.

"If there's a woman who knows more, or has done more than I have, I am damned," said she, "and you — you — of all the boudy beggars in London, I think you are the boudiest." — She did not mind what she now said or did with me.

Thinking of her expressed wishes, and the times when the young man and I used to be laying naked by the side of her, I regretted that we could not give her the double poking simultaneously in her arsehole and cunt, which perhaps we might have accomplished. I never had that delight. — She said she would try to find some one we could all trust, to try it together, but she did not.

Soon after I saw but little of her, yet for a time only fucked her. She began again to incite me in the other direction. "Put your thumb up a bit, Doctor, I want to spend, and that fetches me," I did it perhaps once or twice or so, whilst she friggd herself, but disliked it, tho I did it to please her.

Whilst I absented my self from Sarah, and tried to forget my frolics with the man, I was at about ten o'clock one clear, very cold, frosty morning at the terminus of the G.W. Railway and going to visit a friend at S\*\*d\*n. — The train was just ready to start, when a lady in a splendid sealskin and other furs, whom I had but slightly noticed as I walked up and down the platform, met me full face, gave a slight smile, and stopped. — "Don't you know me?" "Why it's Fanny G\*\*d\*n. — and I recognized an old Paphian acquaintance, whose lovely body I had lain in several times, and whom I last saw at the ball given at G\*\*t P\*\*l\*\*d St, on the night when I went home with Lizzie M\*\*d\*n to B\*\*t\*n S\*\*e, and when captain Blank tailed her in the dark on the bed, with me and

Nellie\*\*\*\*\* in the room.

"Going to \* \* \* \* \*?" "Yes." "So am I." — She had a seat in a carriage where there was no one else. — "Let's ride together." "Very well, but no nonsense mind." I called the guard, who was hustling the people into the carriages, and got my rug out of my compartment into hers. "Keep this compartment for me and I'll give you five shillings." "Will if I can, Sir." — The next minute, Fanny and I were alone in the carriage of an express train known (then) for its rapidity, and which would not stop for nearly an hour.

The instant the train had well started, Fanny and I were kissing. — "Why, it's years nearly since we slept together." — Pleasant talk of about that period we began. Where was Polly \* \* \* \* and Mary \* \* \* \*? Jane so and so was dead, and so on. Fanny herself was now Mrs. \* \* \* \* \*, had left off gay life three years — they thought she was married to \* \* \* \* \* — he had taken her as his wife to his mother and sister, and she believed would really marry her. She was true to him. He a good fellow, and with plenty of money since his brother's death. — "Now leave off." "You can't look me in the face and swear that no other man than he has had you for three years?" "That I can" — looking at me as she said it. "You fib," said I kissing her. She returned the kiss — "I always liked you, how strange we should meet here," said she.

Fanny was sumptuously dressed and looked thoroughly respectable and rich. She had got stouter. "Yes, nearly a stone heavier." "Let me feel." "No — now — no nonsense — talk as much as you like." "Well! let me feel outside" — and I began by pinching and prodding her in all directions. Then I put one hand thro the seal-skin jacket. "Your breasts are twice as large, and I expect hang a wee bit." "No, that they don't" — was the angry reply. — Then I kissed Fanny again, and all this hadn't, I'm sure, occupied five minutes, for the reminiscence had warmed both me and her. The first kiss made my gland tingle, and now I had an erection of the first order. Then as I kissed, I thrust my tongue against her lips. — "My God, how I want you. I wish I hadn't got into the carriage with you, for I shall have to frig myself." "Oh you beast," said Fanny laughing. "You always were such a talker." We talked on with our faces close together. — How delighted she got, at what I recalled of our free loves and free lovers. As I kissed her now, she threw one arm round my neck. "Ah! what larks those were," said she.

A very few minutes more talk, and I suggested poking. — "No." She was indignant at the proposal, she had vowed to be true and meant it. Every fellow she met who had once known her seemed now to want her more than ever. We went on talking and kissing, our legs were close together under my rug, warm thighs were against warm thighs. — "Oh! you naughty woman, you unkind creature, I must take my thighs away from yours, it makes me think of the time when I lay naked between them." — She laughed. My lewdness was affecting her voluptuously. Frost now covered the carriage windows, so that we couldn't see out of them. I pushed my hand up her clothes and got it on to her knee, spite of her. She had drawers on, and I couldn't feel her flesh.

"Why have you drawers on, I never knew you to wear them before?" — "To keep my legs warm, of course." "To keep hands from your cunt, Fanny." — She laughed, I still tried on feeling. — "Now don't — I won't let you." — But something in her manner told me I had made her lewed, she was so soft in her voice — I well nigh bursting, and wildly erotic, pushed away the rug, pulled open my travelling cloak, and rapidly out came my prick in magnificent erection, red tipped and throbbing. — "If you won't let me, Fanny, I'll frig myself, I can bear it no longer — I must spend — let me put one hand on your cunt whilst I do it, and fancy I'm again up the lovely warm slit." I began the friction with my hand, tho I really didn't mean doing it; but can't say how I might have finished had she been obdurate.

More than once, the threat of frigging myself, coupled with the exhibition of my machine in enticing order, has made a woman yield to me. — Women know well the delight which the gristly, horny rammer gives them, of the soothing pleasure when it sheds its balmy mucilage in their cunts. They cannot bear to see the soft, pearly, viscous fluid split on the ground, when nature is saying to them warmly. "The proper place for that is between your thighs." It was so with Fanny. — The

sight of it thrilled her, the movement of my hand up and down the stem annoyed her. Hurriedly and angrily even, she pulled my hand away from it. — "Don't be a beast, Walter (she'd not forgotten my name), how can I? — I don't like risking it — I'm very happy with \* \* \* \*, — suppose he found it out. — Now leave off — you'll get a woman easily at \* \* \* \* — leave off."

"Let me only feel you." "No." But with a slight struggle in a minute my fingers were well between the lips of a soft, satiny, fat-feeling, very moist division between her thighs; the palm rubbed in a strong crisp bush. My finger settled on her clitoris and rubbed it gently, our mouths met, kissing and moistening each other. She laid hold of my prick with her gloved hand, and it throbbed violently at the soft touch, and a delicious silence ensued, whilst our tongues played with each other. Then rapidly I threw myself on my knees. Lust had overcome her and she yielded — I threw up her petticoats, saw her handsome legs and large thighs, covered tho with the drawers all but a little bit high up, where they were naked, and the creamy flesh on either side shewed — mere creamy lines, between which peeped the dark brown thicket. The smell of the female came overpoweringly up my nostrils, whilst I kissed, and kissed, and tickled the red button at the top of the delicious aperture, which my tongue could scarcely reach from that posture. Yet it was enough. — "Oho — aha — I shall spend if you do that." My God! The ineffable delight of that minute or two, whilst my hand sought with difficulty every part of her nudity, whilst my tongue tasted the sexual salinity, and my nostrils revelled in cuntal aroma!

"Ar-ha! ar-ha! leave off now — do it properly then." She sobbed out. — Up I arose. "Take off your bonnet, love." — It was quickly done. — "Now your cushion." In a minute all six seat cushions were on the floor, two were soon covered by my travelling cloak and her sealskin, in a second her head was on that, her lovely form on the other cushions. — On her back, her thighs opened wide invitingly, for her red center cleft was now yearning, her feet disappeared under the seats. What a lovely form it was, tho so much covered! How beautifully shaped her legs looked in thick, double woven, red silk stockings, and white drawers above. But they alas hid her complete beauties — I quickly pulled them aside, and then the large ivory buttocks partly shewed. The hairy gates of her elysium opened, I saw the road. How close it looked low down by the furrow, which the lovely buttocks formed behind it. "Come on, fuck me," said Fanny — now with reckless lust, and just as the train entered a tunnel with a crash, her belly and mine met, our bodies were one, our tongues joined, and as the train emerged into light, an ecstatic gush of sperm filled her cunt to overflowing, and we lay revelling in our conjunction — till she — "Lend me your handkerchief if you can get at it, it will make me so uncomfortable if it gets on my drawers." — I rose up, for a moment looked at the lubricious rivulet which began to flow, then wiped the channel myself. She sat up smiling. Throwing our wrappers over us and replacing two of the cushions, we began to converse. — "It was lovely, I haven't poked for a week." "Nor I for ten days, for Harry's been away hunting." "No wonder your cunt was full."

"Ah!" said Fanny, "I've broken my vow, you've made me do what a dozen have tried and couldn't. You're a dangerous devil. — The baudiest devil — I never heard such a lewed tongue."

Then she got up, and for a few minutes we talked, putting our furs and our coats over us, for it was cold. — "Leave the cushions there, we'll do it again presently." Fanny only laughed. We again talked on of past times and kissed. Soon — her glove off now — she handled my prick. I felt her adhesive division. "Now, is not a change nice, Fanny." "Yes, but I didn't mean to let you, I swear I didn't." In a quarter of an hour we enjoyed each other again on those cushions, and again my pocket handkerchief was put into requisition. — For all that, a bed is pleasanter than a shaking, jostling, oscillating railway carriage, going forty-five miles an hour.

The train stopped at my destination. Lowering the carriage window, I saw my luggage being put out. "You get out here," said she. Turning round at her, she looked so lovely that I closed the window. — "No. I'll go on with you." "Don't be foolish." — But I had a hotter fit of lust on me than I'd had for a long time. — I'd been without a poke for a few days, and all the lust of my youth, and all its recklessness, seemed on me, as I looked at the lovely face of this woman, whom I had twice

fucked within the hour — I felt desire to have her again, had some vague notion that if I could alight with her, I could get her to some house and see all the naked beauties of her body, for she had filled out to the voluptuous complete form, which a well fed, well fucked woman of eight and twenty or thirty does: yet I had only felt all this — could see but little of it, so muffled up was she in winter clothing. "I'll fuck you again before we part." And when saying that, the train rolled on.

Now the train stopped more frequently and we needed caution, for some one might get in, spite of the guard who had shown himself at the station when I dropped the window. "It's no good your getting out with me and I hope you won't. Mother will be there, and I don't want her to see me with you; promise you won't speak to me on the platform, or I won't let you again." — She was going to see her parents. Her lover had gone to the country in hopes of open weather for hunting. Seeing that I could not get her in the way I wanted, nor at all unless I promised — for two fucks had cooled her quim a bit — I promised.

I could not manage to fuck her now, tho we sat kissing, feeling, and stimulating each other till we were within about an hour of the station at which she would alight. — "Damned if I can. — Turn round and show me your lovely bum." "I shan't." Then I felt again all about her bum and thighs, then with much trouble got a bit of her dress undone, so that I could half feel her bosom. But this was cold work and all in vain. — My prick was thick and full, but not stiff. — Then I told her of my gambols with the lady coming home from Aldershot, and at length she knelt down on the cushions, my cloak and hers together making a pillow for her head — I pulled aside the drawers, saw a superb bum, and the dark haired pouters dividing it, kissed it all over, pressed my prick between the lips in a half limp state, and it stiffened directly the red tip felt the presence of the red mouth, and with throbs swelled to full size. I banged it up against her womb and began fucking. Her vagina was deliciously lubricious, smooth, soft, yet clinging to my glans as a randy cunt does when the male sperm lays in it. And after a delicious long exercise, resting and recommencing at intervals, till at last with quick thrusts and wriggles I spent, whilst her cunt tightened and spent with me.

We reached \* \* \* \* and both got out — I saw her leave with a common looking old woman, paid my extra fare, took a return ticket to S\*\*\*d\*n, and in an hour was on my road there. — It was a most delicious three hours I had spent with her, three hours of pure love, for it was in no way mercenary. — What a treat for us both. She said so as she gave me a parting kiss, and outside my trowsers squeezed my ballocks in a gentle lewed way, and added, "You're the loveliest fucker, don't tell any-one."

Fanny G\*\*\*d\*n was a lovely, hazel eyed, dark haired, and darkish skinned creature. She had one of those lovely heads of hair, thro which you can see clear to the roots, and the flesh. Each hair grew to full length, without any of those short straggling finer hairs, which in some women seem to hinder the growth of the stronger and make the hair look ragged. She was a voluptuous creature when I first had her, and of fine form. Her form now seemed perfect, tho I could see but little of it — I have never met her since, nor sought to do so. — Such meetings are delicious, and might not be so if repeated often with the same woman.



## Vol. 8 Chapter V

**Two years back. • Harriet's lust. • At a B\*\*\*s\*\*s lapunar. • Cunt inspections. • The way ladies go up stairs. • A large clitoris. • Flat fuckers. • Gay ladies' letches. • A stercoraceous letch. • A fat Jewess. • A large prick needed. • Libidinous attitudes tried. • A brown bum valley. • Age guessed by it. • A piddle in a basin. • A game at sixty-nine. • Choked by cunt. • Cunt soaping and washing. • A flaxen haired, plump Dutch wench. • The two cunts meeting. • Why did I select a big fat woman? • An-other lapunar and other whores. • My habit of questioning women. • My lascivious questions. • A year later on. • At B \* \* \* s \* \* s. • At a lapunar. • A woman selected. • My indifference. • Her dislike. • The chemise on fire. • Gratitude, lust, and voracious fucking. • The ocean crossed. • Negro and Negress copulating. • Her cunt and his prick • I frig him. • A white woman's opinion of a Negro. • About Negroes' pricks.**

I find that, by a blunder, manuscript which ought to have been dealt with before has been omitted, and I must go back to that year in the spring of which I had the lithe, amorous, and lascivious Harriet. It makes my prick stiff and my frame thrill now, as I think of her lubricious, yet tight sheath and the voluptuous ecstasy with which she spent. My own pleasure is always largely increased when I give pleasure to the sweet creature I am enjoying. — I know the difference between the sham and overdone signs of pleasure which whores feign and that of the woman whose cunt is yearning for a prick and semen, and who sighs gently with a sweet voluptuous tremor, as my prick enters her. — Harriet was one of those — I guess that her sexual passion increased as she grew older, and it will take a good man to satisfy her cunny. No wonder she frigg'd herself when I was away, and perhaps ran off so that she might get well fucked again.

I was some times that year abroad, and not being much by myself was fairly chaste. — Yet I amused myself occasionally with Paphians, who lodged in flocks in the licensed temples of Venus — I had at times for inspection six or eight of these venal fuck-stresses on the same night. I have done this before in earlier years when on the continent, as I think I have told, tho possibly that part of my manuscript may have burnt with others relating similar fugitive adventures. There were one or two amusing episodes that summer. One with a very big, splendid, fat creature of Jewish type of face, and another with one who but for me might have been killed.

I was in the month of \*\*\* at B\*\*\*s\*\*s, a well known town to me, and where as told I have had many amorous frolics. — At dusk I went to the lapunar, No. \* in \* \* \* \* \* Street. — It was the hour when the women are just got up and dressed for the evening, and before much fucking had begun. — I went at that hour purposely. — "The price of the house is \* \* \* \* \* francs," said I. "No," said the abbess of the unchaste nunnery. "It is \* \* \* \*" and she named exactly double the tariff of the charmers, for she saw I was a foreigner. I rose to go, denying it. "You've been here before?" asked she, seeing that she might lose custom. "Yes, many times." "Tres bien donc, restez."

Then I told her I meant to inspect the charms of many, have two at a time to see their hidden beauties but not to fuck; that the ladies would have only the tariff, excepting she who received my final adoration, and who would have her *douceur*; that none need come unless they liked that arrangement. The abbess went out, rang a bell, and soon I heard the rustle of silks and the soft shuffle of feet. Opening the door, I heard the abbess saying something about my being "*drôle*" and the women laughing. — Then in trooped a dozen. "Have you told the ladies?" "Yes, Sir." "Come with me then," and I selected two who pleased me.

We left the room together. "Montez, mes cheres." On they went. "Pull your clothes up above your rumps as you mount, and go not too fast." — A pair of naked, broad backsides went up in front of

me, whilst I following, looked at their handsome limbs, peeping for the shadow of the hairy valley between their thighs. The girls laughing.

Soon in the bed room I had the ladies naked on the bed, thighs apart, clefts opening. I felt and kissed their flesh all over. — This one had much hair, that one less. — One was hairy to her buttocks, the other smooth and almost hairless to her anus. One cunt with small clitoris, the other with a protuberant. — "Ah! ma chere, vous aimez les femmes." "He — Hee — He — mais oui, pourquoi pas." Finishing with them. "Au revoir — send me up that tall blonde, and the girl with the biggest clitoris in the house." Away they went, saying I was "un drôle" and directly after the two women whom I had commanded appeared. — "Non, non, monsieur, not in that room, that is Miss \* \* \* room, you must come into ours. — She may get engaged and want her room." Into the room of the tall blonde I went, saw a fair haired cunt, and by its side a dark haired cunt, out of which jutted a clitoris as big as a well sucked nipple, one of the largest I ever saw, with flags falling down from it till hidden by the outer lips. — "You fuck women with that, ma belle." "Jamais, jamais donc — I love men not women." "Why not? — if you like women, all is fair and proper in love. — That is my motto." — But she persisted in her love for men alone.

Then I had the troupe of Paphians sent up to me for further selection, and had another couple, and then another. — Said I, "Jeanette, she with the large clitoris, rubs cunts with you doesn't she? — Tell, and I'll have a bottle of champagne. You stop and I'll fuck you." I sent the other away. I was wrought up with the sight and the smell of so much cunt and female loveliness, and had selected my Venus. "Stop the night with me." "How much?" She told me the tariff, and saying I would stop, champagne was brought and a cake. My Venus began at once to enjoy herself, I drank but little, she much. I sat seeing her eat and drink; and stifling my lust, amused myself by watching and studying so to speak the woman. — More and more I can do that now. I like to sit looking at them, hearing them, encouraging them to talk on, scarcely speaking myself, but thinking and contrasting them mentally with other women I have had.

Two thirds of the bottle had gone, when my Venus, unasked, suddenly rose, and pulling her chemise half w 'v up her thighs began to dance a Spanish dance. — "I— La — La — Lala — Lalala — Lala" — sang she. "I can dance — look." "Pull your chemise higher up and show your motte." "Non — non — that will spoil it." Dropping her chemise she sat herself on my knee, put one arm round my neck and kissed me, with the other took my pego out of my trowsers. "Aha — it's stiff — let's fuck." "You've been fucked before?" "Not since yesterday — fuck me — but I shall piss." "No, wait" — I held the basin for the operation, watching the lips open, the stream issue, and then on to the bed with her. I had well nigh forgotten the big clitoris till feeling hers. — "Jeanette has a large clitoris, she rubs cunts with the women, doesn't she." A laugh. "Yes." "Sometimes with you?" "With us all, we have all had her for a caprice." "She likes then women?" "She likes all — men and women. — She's been buggered and fucked at the same moment by two men — she is proud of it." "Une vraie cochonne." "There are three women who like her — I'm not one, but we all have done it with her." — My lass was screwed.

The wine and talk, and perhaps a fancy for the man who had seen eight other women's cunts and had selected hers for fucking or perhaps a sudden sting of lust, a recurrence of her daily desires (for gay women have lewed moments, enjoy fucking as much as other women. With them a spend daily is a necessity, and I believe they always spend once daily if not twice), now made her grasp, and squeeze, and frig my prick, kissing me lustfully all the time. — The next minute I was between her thighs, the hair of our mottes entwining, my prick moving in and out and probing her cunt to its utmost depths. — Then we died away in each other's arms, and lay tranquilly coupled in spermy slobber, till the prick left her. She washed out the sperm, and again we sat and talked, and both smoked.

I talked about the other women's cunts. My caprice in seeing so many amused her. I must be rich, she thought. Men had strange whims. Nothing surprised her. — There was a gentleman came there, who laid down on the floor, and one of the girls whom he loved, and whom he always wrote to the

day before, to tell her to hold herself in readiness, then sat over him, and bogged in his mouth. She swore it was true. He always gave her a hundred francs for this stercoraceous amusement. — [I didn't believe it, but now after more knowledge of male whims, think it likely enough to be true. — There is no oddity, no bestiality, no sanguinary deeds that are not pleasurable to the lust of men — each has his litch if he likes women at all — so have women.]

After another poke we parted, for I did not stop the night, tho I paid her the price of one. — No doubt she was just as well if not better pleased with my absence than with my company. It left her free to get others, and more money.

A few nights after I was there again and repeated my amusement. I think I must have seen all the cunts in that establishment, and one or two of them twice, including her with the big clitoris. — [Tho I didn't think much about tribadism then. — I was beginning to think more about it, and its reality came more strongly to me a few years later on, as I grew older, and I grew still more curious about the ways of women with worn- en, and the voluptuous pleasures they could get without the aid of a man.]

A month later we were again in the same city, and this time I sought a neighbouring, large, handsome lapunar. — It was not much more expensive than the other (they are all state regulated, and the price not high). I selected a very tall, big, stout woman, who had one of the loveliest faces I ever saw, but of a Jewish type. She was twenty-four, but I believe her to have been thirty-four, and certainly she weighed seven-teen stone. — For all that she skipped up stairs quite briskly, and jumped on to the bed in her nudity quite lightly. She had a fully developed, fat cunt, and masses of thick, crisp, dark hair, half way to her navel. She didn't look ugly with it tho. I don't now like a woman with so much hair about her cunt (I once did) so choose them thinner and younger; yet this woman's ensemble pleased me much for a quarter of an hour.

Her size made me desire to place her so as to see such a fresh handsome bulk in various attitudes. — I have always studied naked women artistically. It has added to my pleasure in every day life, for as I see a woman stooping, kneeling, going up and down stairs, or cleaning door steps — or in any other attitude (dressed I mean) — I know how her cunt would look in such attitude could I see her naked — I think of her cunt and that adds to my pleasure wherever I am. I know how in the ballets, the cunts of the ballerinas would look if their drawers were away, for have I not seen Sarah F\*\*z\*r's cunt naked in all such attitudes. — Thus does my artistic, anatomical, and sexual knowledge add to the pleasure of my life. — Did I not in my youth see my adored Sarah Mavis in a few voluptuous poses. I brought this woman then into various attitudes. When kneeling with her huge white bum towards me, "You're thirty I'll swear," said I. "I'm not, what makes you think so?" "Hair is all round your cunt, and nearly round your cul, and the bum valley is brown. In all women when approaching thirty, that furrow from bum bone to bum hole gets a brown hue." She laughed but denied the thirty.

Then I tried fucking, first with her big buttocks to-wards me, but they got in my way. I almost needed two inches more prick. Altho I got an insertion, I couldn't probe her nicely. — Then I tried her at the bed side, laying her on her back, whilst I held her thighs. But her cunt seemed large and did not satisfy my pego. — Then I got on to her belly, but could scarcely with my hands reach far round her hips, and grew displeased with myself and with her, and my prick began to shrink. Afterwards I tried her again and again in all postures, but it was useless, and I left off without spending in her, after quite an hour's trial. — Was it her fat — or the looseness of her cunt — or was I nervous — or did I not like her — I cannot say which — I couldn't fuck her tho she was a splendid creature. I felt much annoyed with myself.

The lady began to be tired of me, saying I had occupied her a long time — I admitted it. Telling her I should give her a double fee, that contented her; and to stimulate her I had champagne. — After a time she wanted to piss, so I put her on the bed with a basin under her buttocks, and distending further with my fin-gers the already open lips of her quim, witnessed the golden stream. It was the largest pair of buttocks I think I have ever seen squatting over a basin, and as I held it, her cunt looked vast, yet pleased me much. I no longer had desire, and did not stiffen spite of the ballock

stirring spectacle.

Said she, "Shall I gamahuche you?" That she did — first standing at the bed side, and then leaning over me, with her big backside, reflected in the glass of her wardrobe, and the gaping dark haired cunt in reach of my fingers. — It felt outside big enough to have put my head up. — The lingual exercise took effect, I rose to full manhood, and then turning her into a proper attitude on her back mounted her. But I couldn't fuck her.

Then again came my sudden impulse of lust, a desire to view the beauties of my Venus in all parts, in every position — now the belly, then the buttocks — desire to change her pose incessantly. "Show me your arse, let me see your lovely buttocks and cunt. — Lay over me, make sixty-nine." — "Yes, but I am heavy," said she, mounting the bed. The next minute she was covering me, half kneeling, half lying over me, my head between her large white thighs, her cunt a few inches above my head, the tip of my pego in her mouth. I again felt the delicate titillation of her tongue, and the smooth rub of lips and palate, as it went further into her handsome mouth. My hands roved restlessly over her ivory backside, my eyes now revelled in the brown furrow; at one end the wrinkled bum hole; lower, the red gap with its hairy fringe, looking large enough to have taken my hand up it (but the externals of a cunt are often deceiving as to size of the vagina. The face of the cunt looks very large in a big stout woman, but I have felt a comfortable tightness when up them). The sight, the feel, the gentle suction, perhaps with the aroma, for she was sweet, took effect. My prick slowly stiffened, voluptuous thrills ran through me, fresh desires arose. — "Put your bum lower, let me gamahuche you." — Adjusting herself hastily as if she liked it, with thighs still wider apart, cunt gaping more, it came slowly down to my face the inner lips touching me, the prick hole on me. — Ten minutes before I would not have touched that large hairy vulva with my lips. It was in size and look the very last that I should have taken for a gamahuche. — Now it pleased me, its very size pleased now, as I thought of giving her pleasure, not myself. My God! what a mouthful. As I thought of giving this big creature sexual delight, my prick stiffened and throbbed, my tongue touched her clitoris, and rapidly slid to and fro on it. Lower sank her cunt, and then my mouth was full of it instead of my tongue touching her clitoris only, now it slid over a large smooth surface. — The change stimulated my lust. What more rapid than the agility of a tongue agitated by lust. She sucked my prick, its whole length was in her mouth. I was coming — my sperm ready to rise — I clasped her big buttocks tightly, my tongue went like lightning over her cunt, I felt an agitation in her backside, heard a murmur. With her thighs round my ears I could hear no more. Her cunt slid rapidly backwards and forwards over my mouth and face, her clitoris nestled in my lips, my nose went completely up her cunt, my face was almost buried in her cunt, when she shuddered and sank heavily and tranquilly on to me, her cunt covering me from the cheek to cheek, from chin to nose. I could not breathe for it. — She had spent, was silent, and motionless.

At that instant I became conscious that my own pleasure had ceased. I heaved my arse up, but my prick was in the cold tho I felt her hand round it, but she had ceased minetting me. "Go on, go on," I cried — disengaging my mouth for her cunt. "Why don't you suck me?" In her own pleasure she had forgotten mine. At my cry she resumed her work. For an instant the current of my semen had stopped, but quickly pleasure came on, and I drowned her mouth with my libation. She sank on the bed, half on her side but still partly laying on me, with a napkin to her mouth — and I with eyes closed, thrust my fingers up her moist cunt, whilst she gently pressed my empty penis.

"You've spent," said I getting up. "Yes — why, you've been pulling it about for an hour." "You like minette?" "I'd sooner have a man, and be what you call fooked — n'est-ce pas? But if a man plays minette nicely I can't help having pleasure." With that she washed her cunt. Seeing the great white buttocks over the basin gave me another lech. Making her remain in her micturating attitude, I soaped her cunt well and washed it myself. — A soapy cunt feels very nice to the hand as it is passed broadly over it to an fro gently, and hers was a deliciously soft handful, from bumhole to clitoris, under its saponaceous surface; and I delighted in soaping my own prick and testicles with the hand and the soap which had come off her quim.

Lust in its impulses is with me now, more sudden and curious than ever — I had had almost a dislike to this big Jewess (for Jewess I am sure she was tho she denied it) when I failed to get into her dog fashion (en levrette she called it) my prick refused to stand well afterwards, and only her gamahuching brought me up. Yet now I wanted to fuck again, and my prick without solicitation was rigid. I put it into her cunt then with-drew it. "Get me the smallest girl in the house, and with fair hair." She went out, and returned with a plump little Dutch girl with hair like flax. I laid the Jewess on top of her. She quite hid her. Then I laid the Dutch girl between the Jewess' thighs. Then she gamahuched the big dark woman into ecstasy, and whilst she was still licking her cunt, kneeling on the bed to do it. — I kneeling at her backside, penetrated the flaxen haired cunt, and spent rapturously in it. Then I bid them adieu. [I did not incite them to flat fucking, tho I saw between their open thighs the different colored cunt wigs together. It surprises me now that I did not. I seemed to have been aroused fully to such spectacles at a somewhat later period of my life.]

When I came to write about this amorous fun, I wondered why I had taken a big woman like the Jewess. I have had enough big, fully matured ones, intended to have no more, and my taste now runs in another direction. Yet I selected her — I cannot account for these sudden latches which upset all my intentions.

It was my letch for the time, I was in the vein for cunt inspection and the night following went to another lapunar, not of the highest class. I had not much want for female aid or conjunction, but an overwhelming, insatiable desire to see all that the women had hidden of their bodies, to compare and note differences, and ask every one of them questions about their sexual tastes, sensations, and habits. I have done that for many many years, have asked scores of times on first acquaintance, expecting more frequently lies than the truth, yet still I asked. — It is delightful in itself to put the lascivious questions, searching for the most hidden thoughts, feelings, and deeds of these lovely creatures. — When I have known a woman or girl a short time, I have nearly always got their confidence, and then over a bottle of wine, when its generous influence has been felt, I have but little doubt that I got in the main truthful replies.

Long before this period I prepared a set of questions, of which I knew the order pretty well by heart, through repetition. — At about this time I bethought me of additional questions about tribadism, of cunt to cunt rubbing, or as it is called flat fucking; but to which amusement it is only of recent years that I gave attention, or that these feminine games gave me much sensual pleasure to think about, or had roused my curio-sity. — From hundreds of answers to these questions, coupled with my own experience in facts, I think I have as good a knowledge of the sexual tastes and habits of men and women as most; excepting old boudy priests, who know all through confession. — The replies of many of the females, particularly of the young ones, I know already have been given in various parts of this history.

I have had many servants. All had been poor, and in their youth had nursed their brothers if they had any. Many had been nursemaids when they left their homes. — Some were nursemaids when I fucked them. They enjoyed my talk on sexualities. It is one of the additional pleasures which servant girls, and women who are not gay, give me. — It adds to the physical pleasure which they always give and always have with me, for a servant if she will take money, and gifts (and all women will, for that is my experience) have met me, and surrendered to me, for the pleasure of fucking, and not for money.

As before said (often perhaps — I forget) I always got the confidence and liking of gay women when I visited them regularly. They at times like reminiscences of lust and of their precocious experience, and will often talk freely when there are one or two to-gether, and are a little known to each other. (Two gay ladies of late have often met me together in boudy companionship.) Then over a bottle of champagne or two, they generally will exchange confidences, answer my questions, and tell the truth to each other and to me, tho I have found some manifest liars even when their tongues were loosened by liquor. These were principally the leading questions, which I have put to hundreds, the first mainly to the quite young and youngish, the more searching to females of all

ages. — The first twenty or thereabouts I have always asked servants and young girls and nursemaids.

At what age does a little boy's cock get stiff? When do you think a boy first feels pleasure in its stiffness?

At what early age do you think a boy can spend? Did you ever make a boy's cock stiff? Did you ever frig a boy till he spent and what was the youngest you made spend?

Did he spend quickly? did it spurt out? was his spunk thick or thin? was there much of it?

How old was the youngest boy, who wanted to put his hands up your clothes, or was curious about your sex or your cunt?

At what age did you know what fucking was?

At what age did you first know that you had a womb, and that children came out thro cunts?

How old were you when you first felt randy? How old when you first friggd yourself?

How old when you were first fucked?

Did you spend at the first fuck, or if not did you feel any pleasure at all?

Did your first fuck hurt you much, and did you bleed much?

How long was your cunt sore afterwards?

When during a month do you feel most lewed, before or after your monthlies, or whilst they are on?

Does your clitoris get stiffer when you frig yourself, or you feel lewed?

Did you ever frig a girl? What age was the youngest girl you have friggd?

Do many girls frig each other?

Are there any girls after twelve years of age who don't frig themselves?

If girls want the pleasure, do any restrain themselves from friggd?

At what time of day or night do they generally frig themselves?

How often have you ever friggd yourself in twenty-four hours?

Did you ever lick another girl's cunt?

Did another girl lick your cunt?

Which do you like best, fucking, or friggd yourself, or being friggd, or having your cunt licked till you spend?

Do you like licking a girl's cunt?

Do you like being licked by a man or a woman?

The further questions to the fully experienced women in the *Ars Amoris*, were:

Do you like sucking a man's prick, and have you sucked one?

Do you like the feel of a prick in your mouth best when it's stiff, or when it's limp?

Do you mind or like his spending in your mouth? Which do you like best — fucking or being gamahuched?

Which do you like best, a man or woman to gamahuche you?

Do you like gamahuching a nice woman?

Do you like a finger up your cunt when you are gamahuched, or up your bum hole?

Do you generally spend with men, or with a man who is new to you and fucks you for the first time?

Do you like fucking as much as you did when you were seventeen?

Do you like being dildoeed?

Which gives you most pleasure, being gamahuched, frigged, or dildoeed, or fucked?

Did you ever suck a man's cock while you were being gamahuched?

Does flat fucking give you much, and prolonged pleasure?

Are you longer before you spend that way than when being fucked?

Do the two women flat fucking usually spend at the same time?

Does your cunt feel as satisfied flat fucking as it does after a man has fucked and spent his sperm in you?

Did you ever see a man buggering another, or one sucking another's prick?

Did you ever swallow a man's sperm?

How does sperm taste?

Does sperm seem a nasty fluid to you?

Were you ever buggered and do you like it?

These are leading questions. The replies suggest others. — The answers given to them by many women will, coupled with a man's own wide experience and observation of women, leave him but very little to learn about them; and enable him to form sound opinions about their sexual tastes and habits, and the phenomena accompanying their lust and spending, as well as about the habits and tastes of men.

Now I go back to the regular order of my history, as it followed after my erotic gambols with a man at Sarah's lodgings. Again I was at B\*\*\*s\*ls and went to a well known lapunar, tho not the one where a year previously I had eight women of a night to inspect; nor that where I had the big Jewess, and the flaxen hair cunted Dutch girl. — I was with a tallish, rather slim woman, with legs and thighs and backside disproportionately large to her arms and breasts. I was not much enamoured of her when I had her in the room, and did not at first attempt to inspect her charms nor did I think she was much pleased with me. Gay women have their likes and dislikes like other people, and some of them show their indifference (once in Italy at N\*p\*\*s, I recollect a lovely little girl about sixteen years old refusing to let me have her, saying, "I don't like you and you shan't," — and she left the room). This girl didn't like me, I'm sure. "Mon Dieu! haven't you seen enough," said she, when tardily and without speaking I began my inspection. Her manner quite chilled me, my pego did not stand, but anticipating its rise in time, I began asking her one or two of the questions I usually do of gay women, whom I have seen for the first time. — I was not inclined to talk much, but to sit looking at her and thinking about her — I have been much like that during the last few years with gay women.

It was a night of summer. The woman stood with a very fine chemise on, made of such exceedingly slight, thin, gauzy material that I could plainly see through it her entire form, and the dark hair of her motte. — She was close to the window which had white muslin curtains touching the floor. "May I smoke," said she. "Certainly." She struck a match of some sort and lighted a cigarette — I was sitting a couple of yards from her, talking. Suddenly I saw flame at the bottom of the curtain and her chemise on fire. — With a rapidity and presence of mind which I scarcely gave myself credit for, I jumped up, crying "You're on fire — pull your chemise off." — With one hand with a violent tug I tore down the curtain, with the other clutched her chemise and tore it off. She had started with terror at my cry, and my closing on her; then aware of her danger, shrieked and dropped

her chemise. Within half a minute or less I had stamped out the flame. About two feet of the bottom of the muslin window curtain had been burnt, and nine inches of one edge of her chemise. The thin tindery stuff in another second would have been in flames up to her waist. I had saved her certainly pain and perhaps serious injury, for her back was to the curtains, and she would have been enveloped in flame before she had found it out.

Standing still start naked, terror struck for a few seconds looking at the dirty half blackened stuffs. She then turned round, put her arms round me, hugged me and kissed me passionately for a minute or two, saying, "My God — you've saved my life. — My God, I should have been burnt. — Ah! how good. Have you burnt your hand? — Ah, my God, you've saved my life." — Kissing me at each word almost. "How did it happen? — My God, what good fortune and the door was locked. — We might both have been burnt." With difficulty I got away from her embraces, so great was her gratitude. A moment after. "Ah! come — mon cheri — baisez-moi — fuck me — do — I want you so. — I'm dying for it — you've saved my life. — Ah! fuck me, fuck me." She kissed me, closing on me again, thrust her tongue into my mouth, pulled out my prick for me, knelt, kissed it took it in her mouth like a luxury; again got up and holding my prick with one hand, with the other round my neck pulled me towards the bed. — "Ah my love, — my darling — fuck me — you've saved my life."

I didn't need further incitement, but stripping myself mounted her. She never ceased her kisses when my body was joined to hers. "My love, my darling — fuck

— I'm spending — ah your prick — your spunk's in me.

— Ah — my — God — sperm — foutre." Tongue caressing tongue in that sweet liquidity, reminding us of the liquifying of our genitals, stopped further utterance; and if ever a woman enjoyed a man she did, and so did I her.

Then for three or four hours, we worshiped Venus

— the revulsion after the terror seemed to have filled both her and me with lust, hers stimulated mine. — As fast as she could stiffen me by kiss and fingers and tongue, she did, and we fucked. She wouldn't let me go. "Ah! don't leave — make love again. — Wait for me — don't spend." — Away she ran after one copulation with unwashed cunt, and I thought some necessity of nature had called her away. No. She had run to tell the other women in the house. Some came up in their voluptuous half nudity. — "Look, I was standing here, etc., etc., etc. and Monsieur did this, etc., etc., etc." She narrated the occurrence over and over again to the women, and to the abbess, who came also up to see. The girls looked admiringly at me — I was a hero — and think some would have liked to have had me, for women love a bold man. — The idea of force enchants them. It is that which makes the soldiers the female conquerors. Fucked out, with tool dwindled to a bit of skin, I left. — Three days after I had her again. She was still as grateful and full of desire for me — and singularly enough I for her. "Spend. Ah God! I could spend with you for ever. And when I first saw you I didn't know what to think of you, thought you'd the clap or some ailment, so odd were you. — I wished you hadn't chosen me." She told me all about the house, and the women, her real name, place of birth, and parents. "Oh don't spend in my mouth, tho I'll do anything you like — but fuck me — I like you to spend in me." — The next day I left the city and never saw her afterwards. This incident was altogether due to throwing on the floor a lucifer, after she had lighted her cigarette.

A few weeks after I crossed the ocean, no matter where to. — If any one had before I left Europe told me I would touch another man's tool, I would have sworn that I would not. — But I did — curiosity alone was the cause of it.

During the time I was the other side of the ocean (I must for reasons give not much account of my doings there, they were written but I have destroyed most of the narrative) was where there were many coloured people, and then this incident occurred.

I went to a gay house one day, and was with a white woman, when through talking I took a fancy



for a black one. — A Negress was fetched for me, and a very finely formed creature she was. The hair of her cunt was thick, short, and closely curled, like the hair on a male Negro's head, but was shorter, and not quite so fuzzy perhaps. It was scrubby to the feel, there was plenty of it, and a couple of crabs would have made a nest there, where they could have reared a family, and defied anything but chemical solutions. Her clitoris and inner lips were smallish and of a very dark mulberry red, and the effect was ugly; but her prick hole was a lightish pink inside the lips, and like white women's in most respects. She spoke broken English.

The white woman was American. We fell to talking about black men, whose pricks I had heard were very big and long; and getting curious, I expressed a desire to see one and to see a Negro poke a Negress. The two women consulted for a minute, the Negress went away, and in half an hour brought back a Negro — a fine young man and well dressed. I had rather feared some bully, or a trick would be played on me, but the white woman assured me whilst the Negress was away that it was all right. That if he would come, which she wasn't sure of, he was quite a respectable man, and very fond of the black woman, who would fetch him. He would do anything to stroke her, but she didn't like him. At the request of the white I had ordered liquor of some sort, which they all drank when we were to-gether. I did not.

He came in evidently abashed, grinned and chuckled, and showed teeth like snow, but was a little hesitating about showing his doodle. I didn't even like to ask him, for I felt very nervous as usual. — The white woman pulled it out for him. It was limp, but big, and I think it must have hung down five inches or more in its quiescent state. After a time I laid hold of it, for I see no harm in that now. Why should not a man feel another prick, if the two agree? — Then it got a trifle smaller. The white woman helped to pull off his trowsers, and tucked up a shirt made of a linen with big stripes all over it, and I found he had a large ball bag. He stood jabbering and chuckling whilst the woman showed him off. Then the white woman felt it. The woman said, "I no fuckar Sar," and shook his head. The black woman who was dressed then stripped and showed her cunt well, and the Negro's cock gave two or three sharp jerks and swelled up in a moment to double the length and size. But it stood our nearly straight from his belly instead of nearly up against it. Then he moved quickly towards the Negress and laid hold of her.

He began playing with the Negress' cunt. "Fuck this white lady," said I. He grinned. — She would not let him, she declared. "Fuck your friend then, and get on the bed." "No, no," said she. "Yars, yars," said he, pulling her. — I promised her more money to let him, which had the desired effect. Before commencing, she laid hold of his tool, shook it, and pulled the foreskin up and down, — said she, "Look, Sar, — look. — Nigger man hab dam big cock, Sar, — more big cock than white man cock, Sar." Then she let him fuck her, and I was amused at seeing his big tool, moving in and out of her dark cunt like a piston, and I handled his dark balls whilst he fucked.

The white woman watched them with me till they'd finished, and said, "Aren't you going to fuck me." — Leaving him spent and silent on the top of the Negress, both reposing after their exercise she having spent seemingly, I went into an adjacent room with her and tailed her. She was either hot arsed that day, or I had pleased her, or the spectacle of the two Negroes copulating had excited her, for she wanted me to tail her again almost directly, which I could not do. I sent out for some liquor, which I could drink as well as she. She was a handsome woman, and it gave me pleasure to sit and talk to her, every now and then feeling her cunt, and looking at her as she sat in various nude attitudes. — She had never seen two blacks fucking before, she told me, saying, "Don't they look like beasts." She had been fucked by a black man once but only out of curiosity. She had seen many niggers' pricks. They all had very large pricks, and were fond of exposing them on the sly to white women, whether they wanted to see them or not. Their bodies smelt so that she couldn't bear them, particularly that very Negro, who if he met her in the street followed her about, begging her to let him have her, and actually with tears at times rolling down his cheeks. — He was a waiter, and fond of the black woman but not she of him. It was in the hopes of fucking one or both of them, which had got him there. So we talked on. — Again she said, "Don't they look like beasts when doing it." "If they do they've made you lewed." Seeing others fucking always made her lewed, she replied. —

Then having heard all she knew, or could tell about the procreating machines of the Negro race, both male and female, we fucked again. — An hour had run away in this pleasing, instructive conversation. Then we went back to the black couple.

I now quite overcame my foolish nervousness, and again handled his great dark tool and pendants; curiously amused at its dark skinned stem, and its contrast with its tip, red like that of a white man's, but perhaps of a little darker red, it was I'm sure nine inches long when it stood. There may be pricks as long as that in white men, but I never saw one that looked so, tho I've seen many. It was scarcely thick in proportion, tho thick enough. Then I wondered if his sperm was the same as a white man's, and promised him money if he'd let me frig him, he'd only fucked once he said. At first he refused, but persuaded by the Negress he let me, and I friggd him till he spent over the Negress' belly and cunt. She lay at the side of the bed shewing her cunt, whilst the masturbating operation went on. His sperm was like a white man's.

She wiped off his semen, washed her cunt, and for a little time his tool hung down. — Directly he had spent I had quite a revulsion of feeling, neither cared about looking at him, nor his tool, paid him and the woman, and was going away when the Negress ask me if I was not going to see him again tail her. — That again stirred my lewedness, so I waited an hour or more, when she handled his tool, till it stiffened again. — She went to the bed, the Negro following her. He placed her at the side of the bed, and began gamahuching her quite spontaneously, neither having been asked to do so by me, nor by either of the women. — I couldn't resist again feeling his big stiff prick for a minute whilst he gamahuched, for it soon grew stiff again. Then he mounted her, and they fucked like any other mortals; and such are the likes and dislikes which seize me that I couldn't bear now to look at her cunt, when his great black tool had flopped out of it after he had spent. At a glance there still seemed lots of sperm, tho it was his third spend. She washed her cunt, he his prick, I sent out for more strong liquor which the three drank. I did not touch it. We sat a long time. He with his long drooping tool visible, and the Negress quite naked. Our talk was all about white and black pricks, and cunts, and the nigger then asked me to show him my prick which I refused to do, for which I thought myself a fool when I began to write this.

I had been altogether something like three hours at this curiously varied and exciting amusement and was going away, when I thought I'd like a parting look at his big machine. The white woman lifted up his shirt unasked (for he had put it on) and held it for me to see. — It seemed to amuse her very much to show it to me. Then she tucked up his shirt round his waist, the Negress handled his tool, and I asked her to make it stiff if she could. She succeeded. He stood up quite proud of it, each woman then put a hand round it, and at the same time, I also grasped it. The tip was then just showing inside my fist, so it must have been nine inches long, to have lain with three hands at the same time round the stem. It is difficult to guess the length of anything, and that's the way how I came to think it full nine inches long.

I paid the Negress and left the room with my white one who excited me to more amorous exercises. As I was going away after paying my white one. — "I'll just have a look at blackie's cunt again," said I, "if she's there." "I expect she's gone out," said Whitey. But opening the door, there was the nigger on the top of her, ramming away so furiously that the bed shook violently, and both were chattering, gasping, and snorting in such a way as I never heard a man and woman before or since when fucking. They were five minutes at it I should think whilst we stood looking. At last they spent, his prick came out wet and limp, and then I left. I had not paid him anything excepting for friggd him. I rather think as was told me that he came for the poke. — But I don't know how they divided my money. I gave it all to the Negress.

A few days after I had that black woman together with the white one, and put my prick first into one, then the other, to see if my prick noticed any difference. I spent in the nigger but didn't like her. — She told me in broken English all about "Big Negro man" — and it was what the white woman had told me before. She let him do what he liked that day, because feeling my white prick had made her randy, she said. "Me likes white man — not black."

It is the only time I ever felt a black man's tool, or saw a Negro and Negress copulate, but I saw some of their long pricks afterwards in a pendant state, at a bathing place, and also at places where some working in water exposed themselves. It gave me no amusement to do so that I can recollect. All their pricks were I think when tranquil and pendant much longer than those of Englishmen, whose pricks in every condition I have seen many.

What struck me as most peculiar was that his prick, when stiff and hard, did not stand so upright as a white man's does, but seemed to stick out more horizontally from his belly. — Both women said that all black men's tools did. I wonder why. Perhaps it's their length and weight, which makes them bend for-ward. Negresses' cunts should be deep to take such long procreators up them. I wonder if they are so.

## Vol. 8 Chapter VI

**Sarah suggests a juvenile. • My indifference. • She impecunious. • My fears. • She allays them. • I consent. • Fair haired Lizzie. • "Don't call me aunt." • Smitten. Sarah advises Lizzie. • Ad-vises me. • Sarah stroked. • Lizzie peeps. • Lewed frolics. • Stockings and boots again. • Sarah in bed with Lizzie, stockings put on and legs felt. • Garters and cunt. • A silk dress bait. • Hooked. • Pudenda exhibited. • Simultaneous masturbations and gamahuching. • My sudden letch. • Lizzie a witness.**

Sometime after and in the spring, I went to Sarah's lodgings. Most of my erotic frolics there had taken place in the months in which it was dark at half past five or six. Sarah asked point blank, "Would you like another young one." My letch for young ones was satisfied, and I said I did not care about it. — When next I saw her she reverted to the subject. If she were virgin I would not mind, I replied. Sarah would try. — Then I thought of the cost. I could only give ten pounds, and must see the young lady's cunt before I fucked her. Sarah refused angrily and the subject again dropped. — Afterwards meeting her on her beat one night, we had a chat. She spoke of the trouble of finding the proper sort of lass, and so on. — Was it not worth fifteen pounds? "Perhaps," but she was to recollect that every time I saw those little ladies' cunts after their first fucking, I paid two sovereigns, that they cost money besides, and were very expensive.

Sarah was hard up and asked me to give her a sovereign, which I freely did, and don't recollect her ever asking me for money before. She remarked that I did not see her so much as formerly (which was true, for I kept to my home and also because I had been abroad). She missed me much, she said. A night or two after I met her, and she said she would try to get a girl for ten pounds, hoping if I was pleased I would make it more. She asked me to give her another pound. "I think I know of one — but must go to fetch her if I get her." She refused explanation and I gave the sovereign.

A week or two passed away, and I had no women gay or strange, for it was the London season and all of us were in town. Then I met Sarah in the street, and went to a boudy house with her. "I wonder I have not seen you. I have got one, come as soon as you can and see if you'll have her. — She's a nice girl fifteen years old — quite fair, quite light haired, blue eyes, and oh! so plump." "I can't bear fair haired girls." Which was true. "What does the colour matter, you can't expect all you want for ten pounds, and you never said anything about colour. I am sure she is a virgin."

"Have you been feeling and looking? You like a young girl to sleep with." Sarah laughed, said a young girl amused her, but, "If you don't like her, give me another sovereign and she shall go back, but you won't have such a chance again, and she has neither father or mother." At last I arranged to go, but said I hated light hair, and certainly wouldn't have her unless I saw a virginity.

Sarah was annoyed — "I've taken the trouble, but give me another pound to get rid of her." She

should know better another time. Then not caring about the girl from her description, I gave her the pound. She took it saying, "I must try to make something out of her." — She was sulky, and would not play any lascivious pranks with me, was in a hurry, must make money, she was hard up — she always stopped three times as long with me as with any one else, she said. "Where are your silk stockings?" I asked. "Pawned." She owed rent and couldn't starve.

Perhaps I would go and see her, I said. "The sooner the better," — for she was not going to be fooled. In such a sulky nasty temper, I had never seen her before. I didn't like parting so, so took her into a public, and gave her grog. — There we talked about the virgin, and the subject grew more interesting to me.

I should not have such a chance again, had she not been hard up she would not have taken the trouble, but she'd known me a long time, and had never asked me for a present. — She might have expected I would have given her a flimsy now that she was in trouble, and now I only offered her ten pounds, when before I'd given her fifteen. No I shouldn't see the girl, for some-thing had just come into her head — I'd had the offer, and now some one else should. I blazed up directly I thought some other man would have her, I couldn't bear it, and said I'd have her. The more I said I would, the more she said I shouldn't. — But it ended in my promising to pay handsomely, if the girl was virgin and prepossessing. "How about shewing her cunt?" Sarah would arrange. Drink would not do, for she couldn't bear the taste of spirits. "If you like her, you must not mind money. — She hasn't a rag to her back — give her clothes — I have told her friends I will get her a situation, and they think I'm married — I'll soon tell her I am a gay woman, and we will have as with Harriet bawdy larks before her. I'll talk her into it. — You say you're a doctor, you act that well, and it will all come right. — She calls me her aunt, but I am not." — "But if she gets riotous." "She can't read or write, and doesn't know the name of my street or any part of London, what can she do? — She could only run away." "Suppose she went to a policeman." "I should say I'd turned her out for stealing." Good, kind aunt. [If she were her aunt which I sometimes thought, altho I never knew.]

I was to go at the girl at once, for Sarah must get money somehow. — I was before the girl to begin with Sarah all imaginable lasciviousness. — I got so excited talking about it that I said, "I'll have her." I'll have her, yet I didn't seem to care much about the affair. She will be no fuck worth spending money for. A little hairless cunt, tho a novelty, is not a great one to me. I hate door mat colour haired girls, and fifteen pounds will be thirty-five soon. But as I'd now given my word I would see the girl, and give Sarah three pounds and cut the affair if I didn't like her. — Thus I thought. But a little cock stiffening came on and I thought — "quite light, flaxen hair; but has she any on her motte? — it's long since I saw a very light haired virgin grummit" — and pondering on the various col-oured quim hedges I have fucked, found myself at Sarah's door the next night.

The street door was usually ajar, but on that night I had to ring — I heard a clattering of feet and the door opened. "Mrs. F\*\*z\*r within?" "Yes, sir." There stood a girl, whom I could barely see in the faint light of a small candle, placed somewhere up the stairs. — Her feet made a row. — A clumsy country bitch, thought I, as I entered the room. But in a second, my cock stood at the sight of the maiden with the clumping boots.

She was very tall for her age, with a beautiful, light coloured hair, large bright blue eyes, and a pink fresh complexion — plump as if she had lived on the fat of the land, and with the strong healthy look which some peasant girls get on bacon and potatoes, and which a town girl of her class, fed on steaks and mutton, rarely gets. I should have guessed her turned sixteen, but for a young look in her eyes. — She wore deep black, and short petticoats, and had a perfectly modest look al-though she stared at me; turning away her eyes when mine met hers, and colouring up strongly. Well she might, for Sarah had already given her bawdy instruction, had told her that I was one of the gentlemen who fucked her, but the only one that did so at her home — was a doctor and knew all about girls at sight. — A night's sleeping with Sarah, who moreover had, I expect, well tickled her little cunt for her, was enough to make the girl stare at me.

I never liked females with quite light hair on either their heads or tails. Now my first thought was,

what is the colour of her cunt fringe, is it short or long, thick or thin, or is there any? — I felt in a desperate state of lewdness. "Who is this?" "A country girl who is to be my maid." "What is her name?" "Lizzie." "Come here and give me a kiss" — her eyes opened wide. "Give the doctor a kiss." "I shan't."

"Give me a kiss and here's half a crown." "I shan't." "Don't — and putting the money in my pocket I turned to Sarah and talked. — Then laying hold of the girl suddenly, I snatched kiss after kiss whilst she struggled. — "There, I have had my kisses for nothing," said I. The girl smoothed her hair, and her face was scarlet, but she didn't seem so much offended. A kiss from a gentleman is always gratifying to that class. "Here is the half crown." She never looked at me, but advised by Sarah and holding out her hand, she took it.

I turned to Sarah. We were then both facing the girl who had sat down and was working — (the other little servants had always been kept working). "How is your cunt, Sarah, black as ever?" and I put my hand up her clothes. "Let's feel it, Sally."

Lizzie looked up — then with a start stood up. "Oh my oh! — aunt!" said she, and sat down again. Sarah took no notice of her. "All right, my cunt's as tight as ever, Doctor. Hoh, look there, — look — your prick will come through your trowsers." I felt Sarah's quim, and whilst my hand was moving over her belly, she unbuttoned my trowsers and pulled out my prick. "Oh isn't it stiff, what's made you so lewed all in a minute?"

"Thinking of Lizzie's cunt, I suppose. I've been longing to put my prick up her from the minute I saw her." "Oh Doctor you are a man." Lizzie, whose head had bent more and more closely over her work, but whose eyes I could see had been glancing at my doodle and my doings, dropped her work and went out of the room.

"We have scared her, we are going too fast." She went after her, told the girl not to mind, it was my way, and the way of many men. — Soon back she came to the room with Sarah.

I sent her out for liquor, and gave her the change. — I am an old stager — money will open every female's legs. — She wouldn't drink. Then I sent her out for wine which she said she had never heard of. Tasting it, she spat it out. As she got the change a second time, she looked at Sarah and hesitated. "It's for you, the Doctor is always kind." The girl smiled sweetly as she took it and thanked me.

I wondered at the length of time the girl had been gone. — Sarah said she had changed her public house. Other girls had gone to one close by, which was also known to her former charwoman, so she thought it safer to send Lizzie to the adjoining street, and had that morning shewn her the way. I was now dying for the girl. — "Unless I first see her cunt I won't pay virgin price." "Have patience for a day or two, and give her clothes. — She is like the rest of the girls mad for fine dress. — If she sees what we do, it will break her in, but we mustn't go too fast, tho I want the money bad enough God knows." — For some time past I had thought Mr. F\*\*\* (her man) and Sarah were not one, so put the question. — Sarah angrily told me to mind my own business. "He's more likely to take than to give me money now, but that's my affair."

There was no chance of the lass yet, so thought I'd have Sarah, asked her to the big sofa, laid her down there, and chaffing bauldily pulled her clothes up above her knees. — There sat the girl working, and glancing every moment at us. — Sarah told her to pour out a glass of wine and bring it to me. Whilst doing so, I pulled Sarah's petticoats up to her navel, she had disposed her limbs so as to show her cunt off to advantage, but in a sham modest manner. — "Oh! no Doc-tor, I can't before Lizzie," and she made a movement of putting her clothes down.

"Oh my, Surr, doan't," said the girl springing for-wards and trying to pull the clothes down. She spoke in a country dialect. "Oi — moi — Surr, doan't — it's a shame, it be."

I pulled them up again. Sarah never succeeded nor intended to succeed in hiding her cunt. I pulled out my prick saying I'd fuck her. The girl desisted, saying, "Oh moi, — well Surr — Surely — Oh!

well" —looking alternately at Sarah's belly and at my prick. "I can't before Liz, for she will be wanting it done to her — come to the bed." I walked to her bedroom leaving Sarah in the sitting room.

She did not come directly so I called to her. She came, then began to strip, and whispered, "I have told her if she never saw a man poke a woman to come to the door and peep at us." The door was left ajar — two candles she put on a wash stand so as to show a strong light. When stripped, Sarah placed her-self so as to expose her cunt. — I felt it, titillated it, opened it, and held the light to it. She felt my prick, kissed it, fondled it, and put it into her mouth. I put her on the top of me, and she put my prick up her cunt. There was her backside and my balls beneath it, with-in five feet of a pair of candles, and a pair of young eyes were a few feet off. — We put ourselves into other bawdy attitudes and at length fucked (I on the top), with noisy demonstrations of pleasure. It added to my pleasure to know the lass was looking, and believe it did to Sarah's. [I have since more fully experienced with a lady the increased voluptuousness of knowing we were looked at during our embraces.]

"She's seen — I saw the door move," said Sarah. "If she doesn't frig herself tonight, she has not got a clitoris or a spend in her." "I bet you'll frig her, Sally." "I mean." "You like doing it I know." "I like teaching a young one, some one must."

We went back to the parlour. There the girl sat demurely but nervously at work. Before, she had looked me full in the eyes, but now when I spoke she coloured up, looked down, and seemed in a state of confusion. — There was a guilty consciousness about her, a concupiscent modesty which charmed — her confusion de-lighted me — I admired her face more than ever as she blushed, and as I thought that her little eyes had been within a few feet of my prick, when fucking Sarah, I could have pulled her on to the sofa and ravished her there and then; so much did I desire her.

I recollected that nearly all the young girls I have had liked shrub; so she fetched some, tasted it, and spit that out — I asked what she liked, named fifty liquors and among them cider. Yes, she liked cider. That piss making liquor I knew wouldn't answer. What was it she drank for dinner. "Beer sometimes sir, but mostly I drinks water." "Did she like beer." "No." "You don't like anything." "Yes I do sir, I likes good ale." — Ale — I thought little or no chance of making her mussy on that. "Do you like it bitter." "No Surr, likes it sweet, what they sells in bottles, I had some on my birthday."

Sarah and I talked again, and then the girl bent over her work more closely, — "Let's look at your legs again, Sally." She was now sitting in the easy chair. Without a word, she pulled up her clothes to her knees. "You want another pair of silks," and I slipped my hand higher up. — The girl from time to time was glancing at us, but in a nervous, agitated manner. I saw that she couldn't sit still, whereas she had been so calm at first. — Was her little cunt heated?

I went to her, "You have got four shillings — give me a kiss and I'll give you another." "No." "Let him," said Sarah. "Get money when you can, that's my motto." Tho she slightly resisted me I took half a dozen. — "That's right," said Sarah.

"How much have you got now." The girl took the money out of her pocket, counted it, and smiling said, "Five shillings." — She had a lovely smile as she told me and then looked into her open hand admiringly at the money. "Did you ever have so much at once before?" "Never." "What shall you do with it?" She looked at Sarah, then at me, then at the money. — "I think I shall buy a pair of gloves." We both laughed at that, and she looked annoyed. "Why gloves?" "Cause I ain't never had a pair." I knew a girl who had exactly the same desire, but don't recollect if I have told about her or not.

I told her to pour me out a glass of wine, and when she was close by Sarah, I asked, "Has she got nice fat legs?" — "Oh so nice, she is nicely made." "Let's see, and I'll give her a nice pair of new boots." "There's a bit of luck," said Sarah — I laid hold of the girl and began gently to raise her clothes. "Don't be a fool, let him, and he will give you a pair of boots." The girl resisted, but I could

see half way up her legs. "Yes I will, and a nice pair, if she lets me see her legs now, and put the boots on when she has them."

The girl's resistance grew less, tho she kept struggling and saying, "No, — oh my — I can't," and so on. — But Sarah pulled her on to her lap, and with one arm round her slender waist lifted the clothes with the other. — There were the nice little legs exposed, between the legs of Sarah equally exposed. — How could the girl resist, when her mistress' clothes were nearly up to her belly?

The girl's legs were proportionally fatter than her body — many country girls are so thro walking. — I admired them and smoothed her limbs down, praising them, and saying that I should like to see them in bet-ter stockings. She flattered, now stood quite still. She gartered below knee. Winking at Sarah, suddenly I put one hand higher up, and my fingers just on to her cunt. — She got clear off and burst into tears. — How delicious was that feel of her cunt, altho on the outside only, and but for a second. The first feel of a fresh girl is exquisite in its novelty, and what luscious thoughts she has afterwards about it.

Sarah angrily. — "It's too bad, doctor, why you have only seen her tonight — I am quite jealous." She caressed the girl. "I can't help it, look here" — and out makes me so, I'd give her a silk dress to look at her cunt as I look at yours, and other things as well if she'd let me fuck her." "Hish! Hish!" said Sarah in a wide, looking at my prick and at me. Her ears seemed to move as I repeated my offer. Then she went untold out of the room.

"Don't go further tonight," said Sarah. I supposed she was right and did not, but the little devil had fetched my lust up awfully — so I laid Sarah then and there down on the sofa, and whilst I was fucking, Lizzie opened the door, but quickly retired and held the door ajar and peeped, so Sarah told me.

I gave Sarah money to buy the boots. It was under-stood that I was to put them on — Lizzie showed me down stairs. Sarah gave us injunctions to be quiet, for there were strange lodgers below. She held a candle over the banisters when the door was opened. — "Give me your hand," said I in a whisper, "and here's an-other shilling." "Now your hand again." She gave it, and I put it on to my prick which was not stiff. "Oh sir," she cried and pulled it away. Then into the street I went laughing. — The girl knew it was my prick, she had touched it altho she could not see it. I had made rapid progress.

Next day, Sarah told me she had questioned her about the money and the girl counted it. — She would buy two pairs of gloves. Then the boots and stockings. She wished it was the day to go to buy them. "Mind he is to put them on." "Does he mean that? Then he'll see my legs." "He saw every thing last night. Didn't he?" "Oh! my, yes." "And he put his fingers on your cunt, didn't he?" "Oh, my, yes." Said Lizzie after a while, "But I won't let him put on the garters." "Then he won't give them you." "But they will be of no use to him." "He will burn them sooner than let you have them." "Then I must, I suppose." "Of course, ain't you lucky to get them? I never knew such luck — he seems to take quite a fancy to you, he'll give you other things if you don't make a fuss; let him do what he likes if you get money."

Thinking of Sarah's doings, said Liz, — "Do you often do like that" (fucking). "Nearly every night." "You don't seem to mind it." "I love it, and no girl knows what pleasure is till a prick has been up her cunt — did you see his prick, Liz." "Oh, yes — don't it hurt?" "Never, you can't tell what pleasure is till you try. Soon you'll fuck, Lizzie." — All this Sarah marrated to me with very much gratification, evidently she liked teaching the young ones.

Then I got out of Sarah with a little hesitation that she'd felt Lizzie's cunt, but I never knew until later that she had done more; that she had cuddled her, just to show her how men got on to women — had put her on the top, and had had a game of flat fucking, to Sarah's delight no doubt, but of the pleasure that Lizzie had helped her to, the girl was profoundly ignorant, even when she told me about it at a later day.

After having talked over all the girl had seen and heard, Lizzie said, "Did you hear what he said about a dress." "No," said Sarah altho she had. "What?" "He said he'd give me a dress." "Oh, so he did." "Did he mean it?" "He always does what he says." — Sarah was soon going to sleep when the girl re-marked, "He said a silk dress, that costs a lot of money. Do you think he meant that?" "Oh, certainly, but did he not say you must let him do something?" "Yes." "What?" The girl was silent. "What?" "Let him look at my thing — Ah! he's dirty." "All men like to look at girls' things — you let him." — "That I won't." "Just as you like, did you see him look at mine?" "Oh my, yes." "Do you like silk?" "Oh my, yes, it's so shiny. I used to stand outside the church and look at the ladies, and knew I would never have silk." "You can if you don't make a fuss about shewing your cunt."

At day light the girl awakened Sarah, and her first words were, "Are the shops open early, when will you take me to buy the boots?" "Not for hours, besides unless you promise me to let him put them on, it's of no use buying them, I can't offend him" — and Sarah went to sleep again.

Later on — "Shall you buy the boots before break-fast?" "Of course not. Shall you let him?" "You don't seem to think it any harm?" "Harm! you must be a fool." "Well, I will if you'll be in the room." "He mayn't like it." The boots and stockings were bought.

The girl's freshness had stirred my lust to its depths. — The gift of boots and stockings was I knew a sure beginning. I have done the same a dozen times with women successfully. A poor girl can't refuse them even with my conditions. — Then their legs once shown and handled, the second feeling and handling seems nothing — I knew well also the use of handsome garters — I began my boudy acquaintance with several girls by the aid of garters. I now bought a blazing red silk pair with large gilt buckles. — "She'll let you, but if she cries leave off, she is awfully timid, and anxious to get the dress, but her fears unsettle her. — The silk dress is the fetch, she'd like it without showing you her cunt, but it will settle her, she'll shew it."

The girl came in. Sarah again pulled up her own clothes to her garters, and then to her cunt, pulled up her stockings and tied her garters as an example. Then turning to Lizzie, I said, "Where are your stockings and boots? I'll put them on." The girl coloured up and hesitated. "Fetch them," said Sarah. The girl brought them, they were in a bundle. A kiss she resisted but little, another and another kiss followed. Sarah remarked, "You make me quite jealous, Doc-tor." — "Let me put them on." Lizzie looked at me, then at Sarah, then sat down on the sofa and tucking her clothes between her legs, began to pull off her clumping boots.

I brought the lamp near, and helped to pull off her boots and old darned blue stockings. Her feet were washed and white, and I kissed and praised them. — Her garters were tied low down. I pushed on the new stocking, till at her knee, there she resisted. — "No, sir, oh no — I ties my garters there, always below my knees" — (many poor girls do.) "How can a pretty leg look well, with garters there." "I won't let you higher." "Well you don't make a fool of me again," and with a sudden pull, I drew the stocking clean off her leg, and put it on the table. "If you don't. let me I'll burn them."

Tears rose to her eyes. She looked at Sarah, but Sarah said not a word. — "Let me garter then higher." Again I began putting on the stocking, and this time half way up her thighs. Then, I put on the old garter and gave a kiss on her naked thigh. Then the same with the other leg.

I put on the boot, and hugged the neat little leg, knelt in front of her, pushing the boot on so to speak, and with such force that she fell back on the sofa, and I had a glimpse up her thighs — one leg was complete. "Let me see that leg now. — No higher, I must see well above the garter." How handsome the little leg now looked compared with it in clod hoppers and woollen stockings. At each succeeding act, the girl in her de-light let me do more. She giggled with vanity. — There was the other boot. "Oh make haste," said she (it was the Louise of my youth over again, excepting that Louise was half groggy and twenty years old, this one sober and fifteen — but how alike in vanity).

I had stiffened. "Look what your dear little legs have done" — and out I pulled my cock. "Oh sir, oh do put the other boot on, let me put it on myself." — They are all alike.



She took no heed of my prick, her sole desire was to get the boots quickly on — I gave it her, sitting back on my heels on the floor, and contemplating as she tugged and tugged it on and then buttoned it shewing to her knees heedlessly now in her vanity.

She asked her mistress when both were on to see them. Sarah said they looked charming. — The girl having now got them on, would only lift her clothes to her knees — said Sarah — "Do what you promised — he must see above the stockings." — Pulling out the garters, I said, "I'll give you these." — How the girl's eyes glistened. "And let me see higher, I shall feel your little thighs whilst I clasp these pretty garters round them, or I won't give them you."

She sat down, never seemed to notice my prick, which I still kept out to affect her imagination and satisfy my own lust,. It was so delightful to keep my prick under the eyes of the pretty young creature. — She eyed only the garters. — "Let him," said Sarah — I dropped on my knees, pushed up the petticoats, undid an old garter and clasped the new one round her thigh; then suddenly seizing both legs, I pulled her forward, hoisted high up her legs as she fell back, and pushing my head under her clothes, my nose came on to her motte, and the moisture of her cunt was on my lips. — I kissed and kissed it and slipped my hands up under her bum, she cried out loudly, Sarah laughing. "Oh, Doctor, you shouldn't unless she lets you." It was a comedy.

"I have kissed her cunt, and will give her a silk dress to let me look at it as I do at yours." — "Give me a silk dress and you may fuck mine for a month," said Sarah. She had still only one garter on. "Let me put on the other." She looked at it sulkily. "I shan't — there."

I dangled it before her eyes chaffing her. "It's a dear little cunt, is the hair the colour of your head, tell me? There's hair on it, isn't there. Tell me." — She silent, kept looking at the garter. The play and chaff was exquisitely voluptuous to me.

Again approaching her she ran close to Sarah. "Oh don't — don't let him, aunt." — "I'm not your aunt, don't call me so again, if you do again I'll" — and there she stopped, and immediately changed to a coaxing tone. "Let him, what's the use of one garter." But she would not, so I gave the other garter to Sarah. "Show us your cunt, Sarah, and let's fuck it." Up went Sarah's clothes, and after a little dalliance we went into the bed room and I fucked her. — The door again was left ajar to let the girl peep, and she did. Then I gave Liz the other garter.

"You shall walk out in the boots," said I when I was back in the sitting room, my lust appeased. — I sent her out for ale, but could not get her to drink any. — he had forgiven what I had done. It was amusing to see her every now and then looking down at her feet. She no longer resisted kisses, but show her legs and stockings again she would not. Sarah at times lifted the girl's clothes and shewed them to me. — "You are getting on fast," said Sarah, when I had sent the girl out again for soda water. "I can see she likes your kissing. I wish you'd had her, for those girls in the rooms below are always about the stairs, and I think listening" —(alluding to a family which had taken rooms below hers). "I shall complain to the landlord, he always objected to lodgers with more than one child."

Next night I could not go there. Sarah met me in the street. The silk dress the girl had spoken about, but never about the conditions. — Sarah reminded her. "He really did mean he would give it me, didn't he?" "Yes, but he was to look at your cunt." "I can't — can I?" —it came to at last. "You can, nobody will know, I don't see harm." "But would he give me a dress for that?" An hour afterwards, — "Black silk isn't pretty is it, I am in black," — "I wear black," said Sarah, "you needn't, no one here knows you." The girl was already demoralized — the conversation heard, the sights seen would have upset any virgin. Then night and day was a woman with all her harlot's cunning, whetting the girl's appetite for sexual pleasure, stimulating her lust and vanity, and showing her how she could get voluptuous enjoyments and fine dress to-gether, without work — many women like doing this to young ones, I know.

I saw some pretty cheap silks, and bought a dress, black with little yellow dots on it — I saw Scotch ale stores written up, so bought two big bottles of strong sweet Scotch ale. Putting all into a handbag, at night I went there, told Sarah, who advised trying the effect that night, that the dress

would do it. Lizzie had been so talked to about the folly of refusing such a simple thing as shewing her cunt that the girl had laughed herself at last at her weakness. Yet she had not said she would consent.

Sarah's behaviour, I noticed, was so different from that to the two other girls she had got me. She half bullied those — this one she led on, so that she asked Sarah what she should do; and Sarah, always at first telling her to do as she liked, ended by advising her to submit.

Instead of giving the girl the change this night I put it into my pocket, and she looked disappointed. — Sarah left the room and I took Lizzie in my arms as I sat on a chair. — "Don't, Sir, doan't," said she, but now quietly, and she took kisses kindly. — "How do you like your boots." "Oh very much." "Let me see them, sit on my knee." — She did, I lifted at first the clothes a little, then higher, then up went my hand to her garter. — "No doan't, sir." — But I pulled her closer to me, and pushing the hand up on to her naked bum, held her quite close to me by it.

"Oh doan't — oh Missus." "Don't make a noise, love, let me feel your dear little bum, now. There, it won't hurt and I'll give half a crown. I won't move my hand, I won't try to feel your cunt."

She wriggled, but I kept my hand on her bum — a smooth, firm, plump one. "Here's the money — but you shan't have it if you don't stand still." — She quieted. "You're very rude, Sir." My hand kept roving over the deliciously smooth flesh — I could scarcely prevent myself from slipping it round to her motte, but had given my word so did not. — "Here's Missus coming, let me go." "Let me see your sweet little cunt, there is a darling — and I will give you a silk dress." "Oh no, oh let me go."

Sarah kept out of the room, knowing that just then I should get on better by myself. I told Liz to call her. "She says she won't be long, but she must do some-thing to a dress to night," said the girl returning.

Then I reminded her I had seen her legs, had kissed her cunt, that she had seen my cock — I pulled it out and went up to her trying to make her feel it. Saying, "I can't bear this," she bolted to her mistress' room, I after her.

"Lizzie's been feeling my prick," said I. "Oh, Sir — I ain't." Sarah laughed. "Why didn't you?" and coming to me and catching hold of my tool, Sarah gave it a shake. "I like the feel of it, but don't feel it, if you don't like. — Doctor, can't you get girls enough to feel your prick." "Oh plenty, but I long to have Lizzie's little hand round it."

"I have some Scotch ale for Liz," said Sarah. "Isn't it kind of him to think of you." — The girl smiled, the ale was delicious, she liked it and soon had drunk a tumbler full. We all had some. Another bottle was opened — another tumbler, the girl gulped down a third glass. "No thankee, Sir — it's oop in my head, and with moore I'll be mopsy," — nothing induced her. "Ohno, I'm getting wusser." The ale had done much, had made her laugh and excitable, but how far it acted on her cunt and lust, I don't know. After kissing, pinching her bum, and looking at her garters which she now allowed, Sarah winking, brought in the lamp, lighted two candles, and then, "I have a silk dress for you." Her hands and arms flew out as she said, "No, oh," and when I produced it she clapped her hands and danced with joy. — "For me — for me? Hoh."

"Yes, if you let me feel and see your cunt." Her face fell, looking at the silk all the while. "I told you the doctor always did what he said — don't cry, you needn't if you don't like," said Sarah.

The girl with eyes fixed on the silk, rubbed a dirty rim round her eyes into which tears came. "I wish you would give me the silk, you might look at my cunt, and fuck it for a month." "Let's look at yours then." — Sarah flung herself back on the bed, pulled up her clothes, and opened wide her thighs. — The girl laughed now at that exhibition, she'd been shocked three nights before.

"That's what I want you to do, my little darling, if you won't, I'll give the silk to some one else." — I began to fold it up, it had been spread over the bed, and then to put it into my bag.

"Don't take it away," said Sarah. "Liz would look beautiful in it — perhaps she'll let you. — Don't

you lose it." And she went close to the girl, who made an impatient gesture but never spoke. She whispered something to her — but the girl still stood mute, reflecting.

"Doctor — go and have a smoke, but leave it here — it is so beautiful — I am sure she won't lose such a chance, it must be worth five pounds." "It's worth more, but I must go soon" — and I went into the sitting room and lighted a cigar. But soon Sarah called me, she had persuaded her, had made her wash her cunt, and put on a clean chemise. "She will let you," said she. The girl was standing with her back to the bed — the candles and lamp were on the wash-hand stand fronting her, her eyes were downcast. I put my hand up her clothes, and felt the slightest quantity of hair on her motte. "Lie back, darling, open your legs." I lifted her up and pushed her backwards on the bed. — "Oh don't — I won't if you go, aunt — stay with me," said the girl to Sarah who was leaving the room.

Sarah sat by the side of her on the bed. "Lay down then — there — so — there." — The girl fell back again unresisting.

I threw up her chemise, pulled wide apart her thighs. Sarah had undressed, placed one arm over her, laying by her side on the bed in her chemise, exhorting her. "Let him. — How I wish I was going to have that dress." Wincing but yielding the girl lay quiet — I pushed up one thigh and held it so. Cunt, belly, and bum came well into view. — My lips kissed every part. Rapturously my fingers distended the little red division till it looked almost as broad as it was long — I knelt holding the candle. Again and again I opened and let the lips close, in such a state of voluptuous excitement that I could scarcely believe my eyes. There was an unmistakable virginity, set in as pretty a plump, smooth, frame of fleshy white and pink and indications of a coming fringe as ever man set eyes on.

I moved away a few feet putting down the candle. "Has he done," said she. — "Be quiet," said Sarah, who winked and nodded at me. — I went as I often do at such sights backwards and forwards — now seeing it near, now from afar, until I thought I'd ravish her. Sarah guessed my intentions, my eye meant mischief, and shook her head. She was frightened of a noise and the family below. "Those girls are there," said she hurriedly and anxiously. So I dropped on my knees, again stretched open the little lips, kissing and inhaling the aroma of the pretty coral orifice. Then covering it with my mouth I began gamahuching.

She had laid quite quiet and perhaps lewdly gratified, listening to my praises and exclamations of de-light when pulling her little cunt about, but as my tongue titillated it — "Oh! what's he adoin' of." — She moved. "Lie still, he's not hurting you," said Sarah, putting her arm closer over her, and keeping one leg apart from the other. "Oh, he's alickin' it — doan't — it's dirty — OHO — ahar." "It will soon be nice, Liz — lay quiet dear," said Sarah. — Lizzie's last "Aha" had the sigh of pleasure mingling with it. Now she laid tranquil whilst in libidinous delight my tongue roved rapidly over the lovely little split. — Can I make her spend? One cunt was not enough. Whilst with my head between the young thighs, I could just see Sarah's thighs and dark haired motte (for she had lifted her chemise) and that her middle finger was between them. In an instant, passing my left hand over Lizzie's right leg which Sarah held, I buried my fingers in Sarah's cunt, and went on gamahuching Lizzie. Sarah was frigging herself gently, the spectacle had roused her lust.

The passion ran its course and maddening lustful wishes chased each other through my brain. — I strove to follow each erotic inspiration. To gamahuche Liz. — Frig Sarah. — Fuck Liz — Frig myself. — Fuck Sarah — Suck her cunt. Each desire came in its turn — I wanted to do them all at once- but each before I could gratify it was chased away by another. — On I went licking Liz, holding her bum and left thigh with my right hand, my left hand fingers now buried deep up Sarah's cunt. Liz sighed, her backside slightly moved. She will spend, the little darling. On I sucked and licked and sucked — I got up to frig myself, fell on my knees again, fascinated with the look of the two cunts and gamahuched on, and felt Sarah's cunt. — All was silent. The sound of my tongue slopping and slipping over Liz's cunt alone was audible. The little darling's bum moved restlessly, then like lightning my tongue moved over her clitoris. A twist of her thighs, a slight shiver of belly, a slight heave up of backside, soft, al-most inaudible murmurs of pleasure told me her pleasure was

coming. Sarah, slightly rising and looking at me, said, "She's spending." "Ahar — o, har — no, arhar," murmured Liz almost inaudibly, her belly shivered, her left thigh closed gently on me for an instant. "Aha — ahar" — a flush of salt moisture met my tongue. The sweet little lass had spent.

I rose up instantly. She lay with eyes closed, one leg now hanging down, the other held by Sarah — the pretty cunt was covered with moisture and slightly open, showing the coral gash. My prick was bursting. — Opening the lips more with my left hand, with my right I frigged myself, the tip almost touching her cunt. There lay Sarah frigging herself and staring at me. — "Hold open her cunt." — Sarah put her fingers on Lizzie's cunt lips, frigging herself at the same time. — Then quickly out gushed my sperm on to Lizzie's vulva. The opaque masses, and the thinnish transparent gum covered it and Sarah's fingers as well; and I dropped on a chair close at hand, and looked at the luscious picture before me, still twiddling my prick gently and voluptuously, bringing out the last drops of sperm from it.

Whilst so, Sarah's fingers had covered Lizzie's cunt, both of whose legs now hung down. — She frigged the girl with her left hand and her own cunt with her right hand. — "Ahar — my God — spunk — spunk," she cried as her thighs for a moment quivered a little, and then dropped down lifelessly. — We two had frigged ourselves. Lizzie had spent under my gamahuching. — All were voluptuously satisfied and tranquil, silent as the grave.

Liz had spent — my spunk had jetted on to her little vulva — Sarah had finished her frig — all had spent nearly simultaneously. Now all three were in voluptuous repose. Motionless, excepting Sarah's fingers which still played gently on Lizzie's cunt, both the women's eyes were closed, both their legs hanging down, side by side.

As I contemplated them lying there, thighs and bellies naked, cunts showing, a violent letch for Sarah suddenly sprang up — I rose. "I'll fuck you, Sarah." "No," said she opening her eyes. But I pressed my belly against hers, hoisted up her thighs, and rubbed my half limp tool against her cunt. "No, no," said she hanging. — But my prick had risen somewhat, stimulated by the lascivious frolics — I lunged it — it swelled — it stiffened — and before it had quite risen, I hit the mark, squeezed it in, and buried it to its roots in her cunt. — "No, no, not before the girl," said she. I suppose it was a sham, but I'd got her tight, her thighs high up, my prick stiff in her. "Oh aunt," said Liz getting off the bed and standing, her eyes fixed on Sarah's belly. Sarah said no more but abandoned herself to me. — Ah! long long hard strokes I gave, but keeping tight hold of her, Sarah's cunt soon heated by my thrusts helped me, and in ecstatic pleasure we finished our fuck, Lizzie silent and looking on. An unexpected deliciously voluptuous termination. What an unpremeditated, sudden letch, how many of my lewed delights have sprung suddenly upon me — and what complete sensuous gratification such sudden latches gives me.

## Vol. 8 Chapter VII

**"The dress is mine." • How to get it made up. • Sarah's advice. • Sarah's greed. • Change withheld. • The girl's disappointment. • Shilling seductions. • A maker promised. • Conditions of payment. • A strange cunt in the dark. • Funking and bolting. • A broken bottle. • Who was she? • Sarah's device. • Three in a bed. • An assault resisted. • Between thighs. • Virginity ruptured. • Baudy blasphemy. • A sore cunt. • Sanguinary proofs. • Second entry and first pleasure. • Three hours' felicity. • On the devine nature of human genitals. • The sanctity of copulation. • Phallic statues. • Wisdom, worship, and reverence. • I leave my shirt.**

As my dripping doodle left her cunt, Sarah rose. The silk was on the pillow. Lizzie turned her head. — "The silk is yours," said I. She scrambled up and took it in her arms. "It's mine isn't it? — how

beautiful. Oh how soft." She put it down suddenly. "Hob! he's hurt me — he had done something to me." Fear on her face and looking at Sarah. — "I'm wet, I'm bleeding. — Ohoo." Turning her back she put her hand up her chemise and felt her cunt. — Sarah laughed, pulled up Lizzie's chemise and looked. "It's nothing but his licking you, and his spunk — I told you what came out from men's pricks — wash it — never mind the doctor, you won't mind him now." Down the girl sat and washed her quim. There are not many virgins have had a man's sperm on their cunts, without having had a prick inside it, but she had. — "It's made me want another poke," said Sarah. The girl stood looking at the silk, opened it, folded it up, put her lips to it, forgot her cunt, and took no notice of any one. Then she pulled a piece in front of her, turned round, and looking at Sarah, said as if the idea had only just struck her, "But how am I to get it made up?" "I'll pay for it if you let me fuck you," I replied.

She turned her back to me and said to Sarah, "Can't you cut it out?" "No." Silently the girl again and reflectingly stood looking at the silk.

"It's mine, ain't it?" said she at length. "Of course." "I'll put it in my box may I?" "Of course." "It's beautiful, I can make it up if you cut it out." "I can't cut out my own." "What am I to do," said Lizzie, looking quite dismayed. "Get more money, then have a dressmaker." "I have only got eight shillings." — Then the girl turned again and looked at the dress — she had never looked at me, so absorbed was she in her acquisition. Giving a sigh as she wrapped it up in paper, she pulled a small box from under the bed — took a key from her pocket — unlocked it, put the silk in, locked it again, turned round, looked first at me and then at Sarah over and over again. "It ain't no use till it's made" — and with a sigh went into the sitting room. My prick was still hanging out as she passed me.

Sarah closed the door and laughed. "She will let you have her, if she can't get money to make that dress up — it won't be long first."

I was wild with desire, for her cunt almost lipless, and of light pink tint, between her white thighs, and with but a suspicion of hair on the motte, had made me lewed beyond all description — I wanted to get into her at once. Sarah said I might try. "But it will be useless, and you've spent twice — wait a day, she'll be wild to get it made up, and if she can't she will let you fuck her — but I am frightened of those damned girls on the satirs."

Then Sarah begged me to let her have five pounds, she was so hard up — I let her have it. I had made her presents every night for my entertainment, so she was making money — I was sure there was something wrong between her and her man — or some one.

In the parlour the girl was sitting thinking. We had more ale — I sent her out for soda water. Then we talked about her. — "Some men if they had such a chance would give fifty pounds," said Sarah. "You don't know any one who would or you wouldn't have got her for me. — She'll cost me a good deal yet before I get into her." "You will have her soon, don't give her the change next time."

Lizzie brought the soda water, and her face grew dull as I put the change into my pocket. Unobserved she left the room — Sarah noticed it. "I'll bet she is at the silk." She went thro the passage into the bedroom, and came back. "Come softly." Going to the door I saw the girl looking at the silk, which she had spread out on the bed, in silent admiration of it, and soon she came back to the sitting room looking quite glum.

I toyed with her, promised a shilling to shew me her garters. — She let me and took the shilling. — I'd give her another shilling to feel her bum. "No, I won't." But my hand was on it almost before she'd refused — and letting it rest there, she grabbed the second shilling. "Another just to feel that little cunt I have licked to night." "Oh no." The legs close, the bum goes back, but I feel it. — "Oh no now, Surr." Her resistance ceases, my hand roves over the smooth belly, scratches in the moss, rubs the top of her split, and a shilling does it — money, omnipotent money!

It was but five days since I saw her first. Had she any clear idea that I had frigged out my spunk on

to her cunt? (I knew later on that she hadn't.) Modesty was going — lewed notions had come — pride of dress sprung up — and when I said, "If you'll let me fuck you I'll make your dress up, and give you a bonnet and parasol," I had said enough to keep her awake till she saw me again. — Sarah told her again that night that the pleasure of a prick up her cunt was greater than she'd had when I licked it. It's the old old story, the old old way.

Next night taking ale with me I rang the second floor bell as I thought, for the door was closed, but in error rang that of the first or third floor. The door opened, a short female stood in the dark. Putting down the bag as she shut the door, I put one hand up her clothes and puffing her to me kissed her. As my lips met hers, my hand touched a well haired cunt. It was all done in half a second. The girl or woman, which ever it was, screamed loudly and ran to the stairs; I snatched up my bag and opening the door bolted — whilst she, as I afterwards heard, ran up the stairs yelling. It was a pitch dark night and she'd no candle luckily, but that class never go to the door with a candle. The instant I felt the hair of the cunt, I knew it was a mistake and not Lizzie. I did not go back that night, and wondered what had been the result of my assault. I dropped a line to Sarah, who met me out next night very late, as I went home from a dinner; and told her what had happened. She had heard a woman hollow but that was all she knew. She thought it was a lodger quarrelling, and afterwards that it was one of the girls of the family she so much objected to. — We talked over their ages, and came to the conclusion that none of them had cunts fledged like the one I had felt. She called out "Mother," I had thought. I knocked my bag hard against the door as I ran off, and broke a bottle of ale — Sarah had wondered at my not arriving.

This affair made us uncomfortable, and Sarah anxious for me to finish. The girl was wild about the dress. Sarah said that the best thing was to get into bed with her. They'd both go to bed early next night. She was to get up and let me in if the street door was shut, and go to bed again — I was then to get into bed with them.

The street door was open, and after waiting a minute in the passage, in fear lest the other female should appear, I went up and knocked at Sarah's door. "Who's that?" "It's I" — Sarah opened it. "Who'd have thought of seeing you, we are both in bed." She re-treated to the bed room and got into bed again, Lizzie was in bed by her side. "Who'd have expected you to be in bed at this time. — I'll get into bed with you." "There is lots of room," said she, and it really was a very large bed.

"What have you got in the bag?" "Ale, but you can't drink ale." "I can." "I was going to send for wine." "I can go," said the girl. She saw, I fancy, the change in her pocket. — "It's of no use making you get up, so we will drink ale, go and get the corkscrew." The girl hesitated. "Go — your night gown is clean," said Sarah. She fetched it, leaving us in the dark for the moment. "Get into bed and do her — if she won't let you, I'll hold her — don't give her a minute to think about it. — We've been talking about fucking the last hour, and she will do anything to get the dress made up," said Sarah hurriedly.

The girl brought the corkscrew, and really looked lovely in her night dress. — "Come to bed," said Sarah. "Piddle before you get in, Liz," said I. "She's just piddled." "Do you dry your cunt after piddling." "Oho," said Liz as she got into bed. I took a chair to the bed-side, opened the bottle, and they both had ale whilst we talked boudiness. "Have you got your dress made?" "No sir, it will cost such a lot." "I'll pay for it, and give you a new bonnet and parasol as well, if you let me." Her face was a study. She looked partly bewildered, partly delighted. Then her face grew blank, and she laid down silently.

"Let me see your cunt again and I'll give you half a crown." I had made up my mind now to do her, but it suspiciously occurred to me that since I had seen her quim she might have been fucked by some one — her virginity sold to some one else by Sarah — "I won't." "You little fool," said Sarah, "when he has seen it and licked it. — You don't want your dress I suppose." — The girl who was lying on her back turned to Sarah. "I don't like letting him."

"Let him, he's already seen it," and she pulled down the bed clothes. There was her pretty round

white rump towards me — Sarah gave her a gentle push and she lay on her back, and her night clothes Sarah pulled up. "Look, Doctor." The girl did not resist or speak. I seized the candle, Sarah pulled open the girl's thighs, and I opened the delicate little split, and saw that it looked just as it had before, but her position was not favourable for inspection. I kissed it rapturously and told her how I loved her. I licked her little clitoris with difficulty, she broke away, and in doing so, knocked the candle out of my hand and we were in darkness — Sarah swore, got out, lighted the candle, and got into bed again.

"What are you going to do, Doctor?" "Going to bed." "What a lark. It will be a close fit." "I mean to sleep here." Rapidly undressing and naked, I got in to bed next to Liz, and in the twinkling of an eye was cuddling her. Oh, the delight of that delicate little naked form touching my flesh everywhere. "Go away now — you shan't," she said as I squeezed up to her. But her efforts were useless. I had lifted her smock, and her naked body was against mine every where. She got closer to Sarah. — That only made more room for me. Her bum was against my belly, my prick against her bum valley. What a delicious position. — My hand reaching over her haunch felt her little nick. She restless and denying me, Sarah advising, "Let him, — don't be a fool."

I could not get at her well, so drew back and forced my hand under her bum and between her thighs. — "Oh! he's a hurting me. Oh — do — not, — don't let him, Missus — don't." — My hand then went to her front, then again to her back, and then roved all over her from neck to knees. Closer and closer she got to Sarah — I laid hold of her little hand, and pulling it back on to my prick, kept it there. Sarah spoke about fucking. The girl now lay silent — her hand was firmly held by mine around my prick, she now unconscious to all but sexual wants I expect. No wonder. Her clitoris had been well previously rubbed by Sarah, Scotch ale and lewed talk had warmed her. She was in a mood which Sarah knew better than I, who only knew my own want, but felt by instinct that she would resist no longer. — Then Sarah sat up. "You two are better without me — you will be love-making in a minute and fucking." So saying she stepped over us and quitted the room.

"Don't go," cried the girl clutching at Sarah's chemise. I threw my hand round her — my leg over her — my body following pressed her back, and before Sarah had well left the room, she was on her back and I on her belly.

I was so lewed by abstinence, so full of sperm, which was almost boiling in my ballocks that I feared I should spend before I had her — Sarah told me all afterwards for she listened. — I was on the girl's belly, her legs were closed, mine outside. "Open your legs dear — let me put my prick in — when you know what pleasure fucking is, you'll want it night and day." — I promised dresses, theatres, even to keep her, and everything else, but she kept her legs closed. It is doubtful if she recollected what I said, for she never told me of many promises afterwards. She was now under the spell of the prick — lewedness and curiosity well filled her, she wanted the prick but feared it, and when she didn't think of that, she thought only of her new dress made up. What mixed sensations.

The strongest woman cannot keep her legs closed against the man's knees when he is well on top of her and his arms round her. His legs are sure to open hers. — With one knee I forced her legs apart, the other knee followed, and I was between hers. "Oh — don't you" — my prick went between her thighs as my belly closed on hers and struck blindly anywhere outside her cunt.

It was a heavenly moment when I thought that my prick would go where never prick had gone yet. Pressing heavily on her, I felt for the slit and lodged the top of my prick there — Ram — Ram — Ram. — "Oho get off." I was coming, and thought I could not be on the right line, so put down my hand and pushing it brutally on to her cunt hurt her, and she cried aloud. — Sarah outside at the room door called out, "Don't make that row." My prick was now well lodged in the middle, and with all the force and weight of my thighs, arse, and belly, I thrust; and as I was told by Sarah for I don't recollect it, blaspheming like a trooper. "Cunt — ballocks — spunk — fuck you — c — c — cunt." I had done it and spent as soon as my prick entered. She moaned as my hot prick got right up her. Coming to myself, there stood Sarah in her chemise watching us. — She had come in when the girl cried out, and saw and heard the consummation.

It is a heavenly sensation to recover from the pleasure, and assure yourself of the journey you have made up a fresh girl — I seemed to awake in Elysium. — "Do you like it?" — I heard a rattle. It was Sarah piddling. Keeping the girl tight to me I fell asleep — Sarah had gone back into the parlour.

I awakened very soon. She had barely moved. I felt her cunt, my fingers were smeared with blood and semen. I pulled down the bed clothes and saw her chemise was bloody — I recollect scarcely any girl of her age who bled so much. — She was exhausted, and took another glass of ale. Sarah, whom I called, came in, winked at me, and we scarcely spoke for half an hour. I felt Liz all over but couldn't get a word out of her, until asking if she did not want to piddle, she said she did. I have noticed that a woman always pisses a lot soon after her defloration.

"Piddle, my darling, never mind me." She got out, and on to the pot, put her head against the side of the bed and moaned. Leaning on my elbow looking at her in voluptuous contemplation, and twiddling my prick up to her readiness for another turn. "Come to bed," I said — she didn't. — How I gloried at the sight of the red on her chemise. "You will have my dress made up, won't you." "Yes darling." "You said you'd give me a bonnet." "So I will." "You said a parasol." "So I will." "I am so glad." — She stooped down and opened her trunk under the bed. — "Oh, isn't it beautiful," said she taking out the silk. I will go and show it to the Missus." — Off she went to Sarah with it.

They came back together. What vanity at such a moment! She'd forgotten all about fucking. "Come to bed." "No." She was sore. Sarah told her to wash her cunt, and she did, after a sort of command in which Sarah joined, I looked at the orifice my prick had made. The difference of half an hour in her sexual organ delighted me. The bleeding split, I would that I could have photographed it, but it is photographed on my brain. — Her cunt looked inflamed and it delighted me to hear her say it felt burning hot. Said Sarah, "You'll want to fuck again directly." — The very idea of hurting her delighted me — the blood on her chemise made my cock stiffen. "Look at my prick, this is what burst thro your cunt." She looked long and fixedly at it. She got into bed, but would not let me do it. Sarah, saying she was tired, got into bed telling Liz she'd have pleasure the next time, but the girl refused saying, "It's too big." — She kept asking what sort of parasol it would be, and the colour of her bonnet. At last I could not contain myself. Wetting my finger well, I felt up her little cunt forcibly, for persuasion was of no use. Sarah, on feeling my stiff stander, said, "Let the doctor." She wouldn't. "Then I'll fuck Sarah." Said Sarah, "I'm dying for it." I got over Liz but did not mean that, and when passing dropped on to her, forcing open her legs with my knees.

"O doant'ee, Sir, you'll hurt me," she cried so loudly, that Sarah, "Be quiet for God sake, they'll hear you all over the house." — Then she was silent. I laying in tranquil voluptuousness on her, my pego now not quite ready, dangling against the lovely little gap, and gradually swelling up to its duty. Then gently feeling the smooth and bleeding surface, and wetting it with spittle (for she'd washed away my sperm from its outside) I softly inserted my prick, and with gentle pushes sought the innermost depths of her cunt — "Ohoo — Ohoo — Ohoo." — She moaned, and that was all. With my stiff prick thus sheathed deeply in her dear little ravished bleeding cunny, I lay tranquilly without moving, letting her feel the stretch, the heat, the tingle which the contact of the male tool gives the female receptacle; and awaiting its reciprocally sensual tightening and grip on mine.

Soon her cunt constricted — that involuntary tightening — Ah! that I could taste the voluptuousness which the woman feels when her cunt closes thus round the prick. — A second's pause, again a clip, then another move of my prick, another squeeze of her cunt. "Ah-ar — ahar," she sighed quietly, and I knew that the divine pleasure was stealing through her senses. Gently I probed on, pulling it out slowly to its tip, then slowly pushing it up again. "Arhar" — "ahrr," sighed Lizzie. Then I pushed hard. — "Oh don't." Gently again I probed. "Isn't fucking lovely, Liz?" "Ahrr — Ahrr — oho ahrr." "She likes it," said Sarah whom I had for-gotten. — Now with baudy instinct, out went a hand to Sarah's hairy quim. She was frigging herself. Again Lizzie's buttocks had my double clasp, her cunt felt wetter — my prick glided more easily, I kissed her — I lunged, then faster, harder, faster. "Aha," she sighed and her limbs moved sympathetically. Sarah frigged herself



vigorously. Sighing out "Fuck her — shove your prick up her — make her spend — isn't it nice, Liz? — Oh — prick — spunk — ballocks," sighed Sarah in her ecstasy. — "Aha — ahaa a, " and Lizzie's sighs came sharp and quick, and nature made her writhe and wriggle her sweet little belly and bum, as now quicker I moved my prick up and down in her, throbbing to emit its sperm.

Then nestling it close up to her womb, with gentle thrusts hitting its portals, out spurted the impregnating, life giving, creative fluid of my testicles. Out from my swollen, turgid pego gushed my blood's essence — my sperm — my seed. Thick and copiously it gushed out, whilst in loving unison with my precious flood came Lizzie's vaginal juices, issuing from every pore, from every duct of her lovely sheath. Our sexual essences mingled in her cunt, whilst still my prick drove gently to and fro in it, midst mutual spasms of ecstatic pleasure, and murmurs of delight in the throes of fucking — in joys which those of Paradise cannot excel. — Oh! Divine function of nature! You O man to inject the precious life giving sperm into the cunt. — You O woman to receive, absorb the lubricious liquid of the prick, and fructify it in your womb.

Yet this divine function, this coupling of the man and woman in the supremest ecstasy of mind and body. This sexual conjunction, this fucking, which is the foundat on and the stay of love between the sexes. This act which may form and give life to a sentient being, to a being with a soul, to one partaking of the ethereal life — of the Divine essence. This act which by the law of nature may create in God's own image a being with a soul to be hereafter by him either blessed or damned in all eternity. This act of mighty power and eternal endowments is called foul, bestial, abominable! It may not be mentioned or talked about. — Yea, even when the law has sanctioned it, and the Priest has blest it, it may not be even hinted at in public! Nor may the sexual organs, those blessed implements of coition with which the pleasure is got, and the act is done, be named or alluded to. — Age after age has wasted its thoughts in inventing words ro refer to the act and its organs which shall puzzle and perplex as to their meaning, but which are called for the time decent, under the false notion that the penis and pudenda are indecent, filthy things. Yet thoughts about the use of these organs or the sensations they afford are ever present to the senses, and a delight to both sexes in health. The hopes of earthly happiness are mainly derived from them, and without their function life is worthless. — Yet this grave inevitable necessity of life is thought obscene! Has the creator made this necessity of our existence foul and obscene? Is it not to blaspheme him to say that it is so?

We who know so little of the beginning or the end of all things instead of calling the sexual organs and their conjunction foul and obscene should rather sing loud paeans in praise of them, for they are emblems of the Creator, and fucking is obedience to his laws, and is worship of him.

Then in that big bed, in that Paphian's chamber all was quiet. — Sarah on her back with eyes closed, her lust satisfied by her own hand. — Lizzie in sleepy voluptuous lassitude, with spermatized, bleeding, lubricated cunt, and the spermatizer still laying within its juicy folds. All her pain was over — only the soft pleasure from her semenalized absorbent organ was stealing through her senses. The languor of the spasm of pleasure was on her. Was she thinking of my prick, as I was of her cunt, as I lay over and up her, my prick softening, lulled in the seminal bath of our joint makthoughts, and wishes steal through my brain at such moments as this, and why not through the brain of Lizzie. — Man and woman are joint participants in the sexual pleasure. and in the voluptuous thoughts which are the cause and consequence. Such minutes are paradise in life, are heaven before life has left us.

After an hour's repose — not sleep but repose idly lying between the two women. Now feeling one cunt, now the other, both cunts moist with recent pleasure. Now looking at, now feeling the still bleeding quim of Liz, now feeling Sarah's hirsute full sized gap, and after Sarah had looked at Liz's — and Liz had looked at Sarah's cunt — and we had kissed all round voluptu- ously, and we had talked of fucking incessantly and Liz had felt my prick, and I had gently frigged her to incipient pleasure, and Sarah had done a little frigging to the girl, and had titillated her own cunt as well, I mounted and fucked Lizzie again. Again the sweet lass mingled her genital juices with mine, in now

a long voluptuous fucking, whilst Sarah with louder ejaculations of lust than before again spent with the aid of her fingers; rubbing my backside, feeling my balls, fingering my bum hole with one hand, whilst the other she brought herself to sexual ecstasy.

Then after an hour's repose, with some effort I fucked again, and arose from the warm, steaming, blood and sperm splashed couch. It was late. Finding my shirt covered with sperm and blood, I left it to be washed there, and went home without one. — I was alone in my house then, and for a week could do what I liked without its being noticed, and I slept delighted, and rejoicing in my evening, and the little cunt I had deflorated.

## Vol. 8 Chapter VIII

**Lizzie's form and cunt. • Our next meeting. • Sarah frigs Lizzie. • The second gamahuche. • "What-ever is it." • The dress made up. • A dog fashion poke. • A stercoraceous furrow. • My disgust. • Lizzie's relations and antecedents. • About little boys' cocks. • Sarah's impecuniosity. • Lizzie's disclosures. • Sarah's Lesbian tastes. • "I don't like her thinging me." • A lapunar reminiscence. • A flat fucking baud. • Lizzie on Sarah. • Sarah's admissions. • Sarah drinks. • A flat fucking baud. • Lizzie on Sarah. • Sarah's admissions. • Sarah drinks. • A flat fucking exhibition. • Lizzie's sexual ignorance. • A masturbating essay. • "It spits."**

Lizzie had the loveliest form, from head to foot she was perfect as a girl. Wonderfully plump and formed for her age, her breasts tho nascent were firm and fullish, and her skin was like satin. — Her buttocks were solid and as large as many a girl's at seventeen. Her cunt had plump roly-poly little lips and would become, I should say, pouters if she became thin, but they swelled out from such a plump motte, such flesh between the lips and the thighs, that there is no chance of that I think — I never saw a more exquisite youthful cunt. — It was like that of most young girls of a coral tint. She had a fully developed clitoris. It didn't look at all ugly, but showed slightly between the lips even when her thighs were closed. Slight inner labia joined it, which died away soon into the general surface of the vulva. — There was just sufficient hair on her motte to make it feel mossy. — It was of a bright flaxen tint, somewhat darker than the hair on her head, which was light, but of an indescribably beautiful bright tone.

It was a lovely cunt to gamahuche, and I did that often enough to her. Clitoris and labia seemed to meet my tongue so deliciously, that I often paused, giving my tongue rest, whilst I gently nibbled the gristly nubby projection. — I wonder if Sarah was attracted by the look of Lizzie's cunt.

The night but one following, Sarah was angry at having stayed at home awaiting me the night before without seeing me. — Lizzie had got her bonnet and parasol. — The dress had not come home, and she walked about the room with petticoats only on, the parasol held up over her bonnet. Her delight and vanity was almost idiotic.

"Come into the bed room." — She hesitated. — "Go to the doctor, he may do anything — he'll only do it again." — Into the room the girl came. As I put my hands up her clothes, she dropped the parasol with modest instinct. — I kissed her. "Oh, my bonnet — don't now, you'll hurt it." — Bonnet and parasol I soon put out of the way.

It was a charming evening, the lacerated ragged edged hymen looked heavenly. I think I see it now, and she was such a little lovely made lass — I looked her over from the hair of her head to her toe nails. Cunt even bum hole came in for its share. Sarah had made her scrupulously clean. — She didn't spend when I poked, and lay as most quiet young girls do without attempt to wash her cunt after the fuck. It suited me, for I like now a girl beside me with her cunt full of my sperm. No young

girls wash it until they are taught, no married woman does after fucking, no woman after copulation naturally does. All when in bed turn their bums to you with spunk in their cunts trickling out. They never think of soap and water. — Lizzie lay so, I fucked her twice but she did not spend; young girls are so different in this respect.

Sarah, who had gone out after seeing me with the girl, came home. — "He's done you over twice, ain't you lucky." — "Not spent? — have you washed?" — "No." — "Get out and wash, always — I do," said the knowing old card. — (She didn't tho) I said I did not wish it. — "She'll spend if she do the next time," said Sarah. The girl washed and got into the bed again, Sarah squeezed herself into the bed, and the little one lay in the middle. It was late.

We talked of fucking — Lizzie then said that she'd never had before such a sensation as the first night when I licked her. If true, her first pleasure had been under my tongue or she lied awfully. That amorous lingual friction had fetched her. — After a time we had brandy and water, and Liz Scotch ale, for I had brought it with me as before.

All in bed again. — My cock seemed to have emptied itself for the night. Sarah put her hands across Liz to feel me. "It will be up soon," said she. Then her hand went on to Lizzie's cunt. — I removed her hand and took its place and business on myself. Then Sarah frigged me a little, and then put Lizzie to do it.

My cock soon swelled. — As much of my finger as I could cram up Lizzie's little quim had been probing that orifice in all directions for some time. — "Feel her well up and about," said Sarah, beginning again to frig the girl, "gamahuche her, doctor."

I moved on to my knees and began licking her little cunt — holding her arse with one hand, and stretching out the other which went into Sarah's black thicket. — "She likes it, doctor." — The girl's bum began to wriggle — a sign and enough — The next instant I covered her, and my prick was up her. A few thrusts and wriggles. — "Ahaa," sobbed she, delicately. — "Oh! what-ever is it — oh — h — ha — ha." — The sweet child had spent. Putting out my hand as I felt my pleasure coming, I found Sarah frigging herself, which seems now quite her custom. She'd been fucked that night, but had no pleasure she said frankly. Turning to Liz she gave the girl a kiss and burst into laughter. — "Aha, what is it. Aha," said she, imitating the girl's manner and exclamation as pleasure had overtaken her. Afterwards when a funny mood we would say, — "Aha whatever is it — you know what it is now Liz." The girl declared she never uttered the words, and no doubt she was unconscious that she did. — They were the funniest I ever heard a female say just before spending.

She spent with me regularly the next night. — The more she fucked the better she fucked, and the better she drew me. — She became voluptuous in the extreme, and took as much pleasure in the various lascivious excitements as I did. It was as delightful to her to be taught, as it was to me to teach her.

The dress came home, and she looked lovely in it. I took a fancy to fuck her in it, but the chance of rumpling it gave her much grief. She couldn't understand why I wanted to spoil a nice dress. — She was nice and clean in her habits, and put away her clothes with great care. — This made me like having her extremely. But I must abbreviate, and only tell of novelties which marked my acquaintance with her.

I stroked her the next time dog fashion. — "What! do it that way, that's funny." "Yes dear, just as you've seen dogs do it." "That's like beasts then and you shan't," — but I would. — The bed was too low and she was too short to let me get conveniently up that tight little cunt in that fashion. — So I put the pillows in a heap on he bed, and stood her legs on a couple of hassocks fetched from the sitting room. — My pleasure was to have her in that posture, and at the bed side in her silk dress. — Up went the dress over her bum and I drove my prick between her cunt's lips with such thrust, that she called out — drawing back to indulge my eyes with the luxury of seeing — I saw what? — Out it came. "You dirty little devil your bum's dirty."

— Up shrivelled my doodle at once.

The girl turned round and began to cry. I began to reflect whether I was unkind or not. — There she sat, looking a perfect little lady in her silk dress — I thought how I had enjoyed her the night before — had enjoyed her even that night — a little water will wash all away. But I felt so annoyed that I could have boxed her ears

— I had no patience to talk or even look at her, was disgusted, and angrily determining never to see her again, went away leaving her sobbing and calling out. — "Oh don't go — don't, oh don't, — I was in such a hurry to come up, I was at the privy when you came — oho — oho — oho," she sobbed.

I could not forget, and it must have been a week before a grand stiff stander admonished me that a cunt was an useful article, and that in the sweetest woman it is only an inch or so from her asshole. Then my mind recurred to the fresh, velvety skinned, plump little Liz. I forgot the dirtiness and went again.

Sarah told me that the girl had fretted so, that she had never left her alone. — It was my own fault, had the girl washed after my first fuck she'd have washed her bum. — The girl could scarcely look at me and cried. — "I thought you'd never come again." "I knew he would." "You like poking her too much to keep away long" (to me).

My swelling cunt stretcher made me forget all for the minute — I watched her strip. — How nice she looked as she drew garment off after garment, and each girlish beauty came into view. I was soon in bed with her.

Directly I had consummated, the nasty recollection returned, and it did so at times afterwards. At length I forgot it for the little girl was scrupulously and naturally clean in everything.

The violence of desire for her being over, and having fucked myself out, and also fucked, friggled, and gamahuched her into similar condition, I saw her less frequently. — Sarah did not get money by her and that was her regret, the girl missed my doodle and that was her regret. — I rarely now gave her money; but set her up in all sorts of clothing. Sarah never talked all this time of getting rid of the girl as she had to the others.

I tried to get out of Lizzie who she was, and where she came from, and as usual altogether failed. It is the lifficulty with most of the girls. Every thing else I learnt — I tried to pump her at critical moments, when with finger on her clitoris, or when her hand was round my prick, or when lewed with each other, her heart would naturally open to me, but she said she dare not, she was frightened of Sarah. — But little by little a bit of her history leaked out, and I think that she was an only child of a widowed mother, and living almost in want. — Liz seemed never to have worked in the fields. She spoke with a provincial dialect which she soon began to lose. She never seemed to have mixed with any of her own sex, excepting on Sundays, nor to have played with boys; and she was surprizingly ignorant of baudiness. She understood mangling and washing, and was a beautiful needle woman. She said she could milk, bake, make butter, and sausages. Her mother did mangling, and she helped to earn their living at needle work. I think she was the illegitimate child of a gentleman who allowed her mother a small stipend, and that she was a relation of Sarah's. — She told me her mother had brown hair. — Was she like Sarah I asked. — The girl was going to answer, then she looked hard at me for a minute and replied. — "No" — I believe Sarah was her aunt.

She knew that boys' cocks stood, — She and another girl had made a boy's about five years old stand "she was a nuss gal." The boy was quite quiet while the "nuss gal" made it stiff, — "Can you do that (fuck) as often as you like?" was one of her earliest questions to me. "And won't nothen coom out till it be stiff?" — I know now from the questions I have put to many young lasses, that they all feel little boys' cocks, and delight in making them stiff. — Instinct teaches them to do so.

Sarah, who I am sure had then lost her man, and was more and more impecunious, used to come home early, often ill tempered and low spirited. Unasked she then would get into bed with us. —

She was kind in an extra-ordinary degree to Lizzie, would kiss her when laying by the side of her, and always ask how often I had fucked (generally now but twice.) — Sarah's fingers were always on the little one's cunt. — She laughed when I found them there, and then used to push her hand over Lizzie and catch hold of my prick. — In those attitudes we went on talking till I fucked again. Sometimes Sarah used to feel Lizzie whilst I was fucking her, and frig herself at the same time. She made no secret about it now. — "I must do something, I don't often spend with a man, and like frigging while you are doing Liz."

Previously I had somehow formed the opinion that Sarah liked feeling the cunts of young ones, but thought nothing much about it. One day she was slightly screwed, and got into bed, just as I got out to piddle, then pulling every thing up and showing all her parts she said. — "I'm getting stout doctor aren't I?" — I felt her bum and belly and just opened her cunt lips. — "I want a fuck so, give me one." — "I'll try after I have had Liz again." — Sarah turned round and clutching Liz, lifted her on to her belly, began to kiss her passionately, twisted her limbs over her, and wriggling her belly up to her so that their cunts were close together, moved as if fucking. — Liz tried to get away. "Don't now, don't." After a few heaves Sarah let her go, laughing, turned her rump towards us and frigged herself.

I thought of this a good deal, and it increased my desire for knowledge. This form of sexual voluptuousness amongst women now haunted me. I question Liz about Sarah's behaviour in bed with her, for she always now slept with her, and no man was ever there. — It was not as formerly when Sarah said, "You must not come for three days," and so on. I found that Sarah had a leech for frigging herself, and that with the young one seemed her solace in the absent pleasure with the male. Her taste for the man it may be was diminishing. She had done this almost from the first day Liz came to London. Then I guessed that Sarah did something more. — I asked questions, and threatening not to see Liz any more if she did not tell me the truth. She disclosed that Sarah pulled the girl on the top of her, and pressing clitoris to clitoris rubbed them to-gether, till Sarah at least had the full enjoyment of that voluptuous friction. — It was flat fucking, tribadism, the amusement of girls at boarding schools and con-vents, and perhaps harems (and often as I know since, of some harlots).

"Don't tell her," said Liz. — "She has made me promise not, and says you'd hate me if you knew of it — you won't hate me will you? I don't like her thinging me — I don't like her wet thing in mine." "Is it not nice?" "It be a little nice sometimes, but I don't like thinging like that." — I promised to keep Lizzie's secret.

"You call it thinging, why?" "Cos her thing be gin my thing," said the girl laughing, — "it be like two snails." I roared with laughter at such an illustrative remark, and never heard flat fucking called thinging before or since. (I have since heard a funny term for it tho.)

Then I began to think flat fucking, and recollected what in my youth Fred had said, and what I had been told by Camille of women rubbing their cunts together, that I had seen two French women doing it (for my amusement, as I thought, and simply to show me how by placing themselves like a man and woman in copulation, they could close their cunts on each other). One woman I recollected had a strongly developed clitoris and I had not liked it. But I did not believe in women having pleasure that way, and the bawdy sight had passed from my mind. Nor had any clear idea of the truth even arisen in my mind, when I saw two servants on each other in the bath room at my cousin's school, or Gabrielle on Violette.

I had heard since of women flat fucking, and suddenly recollected a row at a brothel, in which the amusement had been referred to.

When I spent my first fortune, I took after longish continence, to visiting harlots who let me have them for five shillings, and would let a man do almost any thing. One night I went to see a woman and arrived just as she was having a row with a woman who was about forty-five years old. My girl came into the room with me, but unable to contain herself, left me; and I opening the door, heard

her and another lodger bullying the woman for getting quite young a girl into her bed. "You old cat, you dirty slimy cunt old bitch. — I'll tell them all." She came back into the room with me and slammed the door. She was slightly screwed and noisy. "The old bitch gets Mary who's not fourteen years old into bed with her. — It's the little servant here — and pulls her about — Polly \*\*\* caught her at it, and the girl said she did."

"Why does the girl let her?" "Oh she's a dirty little bitch too." "Well, I pull you about and you me."

"Oh that is quite different." Perhaps the woman was jealous, or was it whores' morality? I told her I saw no harm in two women doing what they liked to do.

I had never given the subject thought, but now began to think of the way women could bring their organs together for mutual pleasure, and of various tricks that way which I had seen women perform, but the subject never seems to have interested me fully till now. Then I got some medical books and some French books, and under Lesbos, Tribade &c. and some other words, got the key to the full mysteries of Sappho and the Lesbians, which added a mite more to my knowledge and admiration of the wonders of the article called cunt.

My promise of secrecy I kept, but often looked at Sarah and longed to question her on this subject. I began to talk about quim to quim friction — flat fucking — and explained the word tribadism, which word Sarah had never heard — I let her know that I thought no harm in women rubbing their cunts together, or gamahuching each other; and Sarah at once, I thought, got more free in her manifestations towards the girl.

Sarah was much more often screwed now than previously, just as if she were in trouble. One night she came in when we were in bed, for she did not now always stop in for me, and laid down besides us. "Get on top of her Liz," said I just to see how far I could go in that direction. "I like to see you on top of her like a man fucking her."

Liz refused — Sarah gave her a kiss and laughed, put one leg out and her arms round her, and rolling on to her back, pulled Liz right on to the top of her, kissing all the time. "She looks as if she were fucking you," said I, "put your cunts together, pull off your chemises, let's see you both naked." — I assisted in pulling them off. — Liz said, "No, no," and resisted slightly. But Sarah heaved up her thighs round the girl and rasped her little arse. "Be quiet Liz," said I, "do it with her."

Sarah suddenly seemed quite screwed, her eyes looked wild with lust, she held tight on to the girl — heaved up her legs, and put her heels round Lizzie's calves — I threw myself on the bed. — Widening open a little Lizzie's thighs, I could see Sarah's black haired cunt below, meeting the mossy cunt of the damsel — I put my fingers there, begged Lizzie who was restive to be quiet, incited Sarah to get her cunt as close to the girl's as she could, and they were soon so close that I got two fingers up Sarah's cunt, and the thumb of the same hand touched Lizzie's, tho with difficulty.

Then boudiness reigned supreme. I was delighted. "Rub your cunts together," said I after a minute's fingering. "We can't." — "Try, rub your cunts to-gether and I will give you a sovereign." "What do you mean?" She was still holding the girl in her arms. "Oh! how modest, you know all — did you never have pleasure with a woman by flat fucking her? rub away at Liz, hold her quite tight — squeeze your quim up to hers, teach her, she'd like to know every thing, and a man can't teach her that," said I now wild with lust.

Sarah kissed Lizzie without ceasing, it was one long unbroken sound of osculation, and began heaving her buttocks and wriggling, but I saw she was shamming. — "I am not going to give you a sovereign to be hum-bugged," said I and putting my hand down between both their thighs, I pushed two of my fingers into Sarah's cunt again.

My fingers seemed to stir Sarah's lewdness. Wriggling and kissing Lizzie passionately, she said, "Never mind him, let me darling — do." — The girl told by me to let Sarah do what she liked lay quiet, the little one's legs were held by Sarah's big legs, and she wriggled and fucked whilst I kept my fingers at work in her cunt as well as I could. There lay the big woman clinging to Liz, twisting

and writhing, wriggling and sighing, kissing the girl with passion, thrusting out her tongue, and almost burying her fingers between the girl's buttocks. It was a very long embrace, and neither of them took heed of me now. — Liz was obedient, Sarah's eyes were closed except at intervals. Instinctively at last, Lizzie grasped Sarah's haunches. With a sigh. — "Oh — do it — darling — ah — ai — aha." — Sarah relaxed her hold and was quiet. I knew well from the look of her face, from that changing of colour when she spent that she had spent now; the witness had spread over it which was an unfailing evidence.

The lasciviousness of the scene, the intense enjoyment of Sarah urged me on — I now lusted for Sarah. — "Get off, Liz — is your cunt wet? is Sarah's wet? I'll fuck you, Sally." Sarah opened her eyes and looked at me remarking "That bugger knows every thing." Then lifting her thighs she again began squeezing Lizzie and rubbing against her. "I'll fuck you, Sally." She took no notice but writhed as hard as she could embracing the girl. "I've only begun," said she. "She's a darling." — Randy to madness I pulled Lizzie off, and the next instant was up Sarah's cunt. — Lizzie laid by the side — on to her little cunt went my fingers, feeling, groping the little most slippery article, till I emitted what sperm was left in me up Sarah's vagina. Then Sarah with my libation in her, clutched Liz like a fury, and got her between her thighs. In vain she struggled, the big woman held her fast, their cunts met, and Sarah had her Sapphic delight, screeching out, so that the lodgers below would have heard enough had they been listening. But Sarah in her maddening pleasure forgot all about them then. She was groggy.

After that night I talked with Sarah about her liking for the girl, and about flat fucking. Sarah neither then screwed nor lewed, avoided the subject, said she had only done it for a lark and had no lech for anything of the sort, but preferred a prick to any other kind of solace for her cunt. On other occasions I told Sarah all I had read and knew — that I thought no worse of a woman for having a woman, than I did of a man for frigging a man. "Your cunt's your own, and if two cunts agree to frictionize each other, it is a perfectly legitimate pleasure." Little by little she admitted much — but considering that I had spent in and on her in every way possible for nearly four years, I had difficulty in getting her to admit her liking for flat fucking Liz. — She never did quite admit it. — She had done it once or twice she said, when screwed but had no taste for it. She liked a good, thick, stiff prick up her. Freely brandy and watering Sarah one night and dosing Liz with Scotch ale, I got a repetition of the Lesbian game, and completed the evening by fucking both the females.

It was long before I could make Liz believe that my prick wouldn't stand as often as I wanted. — "How do it come out when it knocks in me so." — Her language in describing anything erotic was most peculiar and amusing — I let her frig me once, and see the ejaculation of my sperm. — She frigged clumsily as all young girls and many women do, and I had to guide her hand. — "Look it's coming — aha! look quite close." I was full that night, and my sperm shot up on to her face. I had intended that it should. The anticipation of it jetting on to her pretty features had delighted me. — She let go my prick. — "It spits," said she, "it's hit me — you made it do it on purpose — it's dirty." "My love, sperm is never dirty." — She laid hold of my dwindling organ retracting the skin, and more sperm fell from it. She dropped my doodle again. — "I thought it was going to spit again." — I told her it never spit unless it was stiff. She would afterwards look at my cock when stiff, and give it one or two clumsy frigs, but never finished me, and frigging was not to my taste except under unusual erotic excitement, yet I did it occasionally.

## Vol. 8 Chapter IX

**Cuntal contrasts. • Feminine friggings. • Cuntal trials. • Pleasure-giving capabilities of different pudenda. • Baudy lessons to Liz. • Double gamahuching. • Liz gamahuches me. • A mouthful. • Micturating oddities. • The cunt funnel. • Bum slappings and fustigations. • The organs ministering to sexual pleasures. • Aunts and nieces. • Young virginites sold. • Fornication philosophy of the poor. • Absence. • Four months later. • Both on the pavé. • "She would turn out." • Sarah's efforts and kindness. • They disappear suddenly. • Fruitless enquiries.**

I had much pleasure with Sarah and Liz together, the contrast between them was so great. Sarah beyond the usual height of women, with a dark and well haired cunt, laying side by side naked with the little one whose cunt was all bare, was a beautiful sight. Sarah obeyed me implicitly and made the little one do so. — "Open your thighs — open your cunts," and both were distended. — Then Sarah frigged the girl, then the girl frigged Sarah, and both operations I began to notice pleased Sarah as much as me. When I had roused my passions fully, I put into one or the other of these charmers for a finish, but the little one generally had my Priapean offering.

I did with them what I find I often do when I have two females together — I wonder if all men do the same, if not, what enjoyment they miss — I delighted to put first into one, pull out my prick, and then put in-to the other, return to the first and so on. I did that with the other two girls whom Sarah once got me. — After my first spermatic ejaculation and my lust was subdued; at my second trial, cooler than both in lust and brain, I could judge of the different qualities or fitting of the cunts, could notice the different feelings which my prick experienced in them. Certainly there is a difference in the sensation on the prick between the fully formed cunt of a woman of twenty-five, and that of a girl of fifteen — tho towards the finish of the delightful exercise within them I could not perceive much; the all pervading pleasure then drowning judgment. Most cunts, if deep enough, feel the same when the prick swells and throbs in its intensity, as the sperm rises up through it. Nevertheless there have been many cunts in which my prick did not feel its fullest enjoyment, even in the height of the pleasure; and even as the sperm throbbed out, I was conscious of a certain unfitness, and of incomplete pleasure. There was the delight of initiating this pretty lass into the art of love, as well as in giving in her sexual gratification, apart from the enjoyment I had in doing what I liked with her sweet fresh body, which in itself was an in-tense satisfaction which made me almost love her. — Sarah at first hesitated at every suggestion to let the girl participate in our recherche pleasures, but yielded. — I made Liz solicit her. It pleased me to think that the young one was desirous of helping in the satisfaction of my latches, it was like the pleasure of making her say bawdy words. One by one, things I had done with Sarah, Sarah, Liz, and I then did together to our mutual gratification. The diary of my erotic enjoyment is complete and copious in particulars about these two. Writing it, and afterwards reading it has given me the solitary pleasure so often told of. I find even a chapter on the subject of that pleasure, but it will be destroyed. This is only to be a narrative of facts.

Sarah had given me the fullest gratification with her mouth. I have gradually begun to appreciate this variety of prick friction and wanted her to do it before Liz, to instruct the girl. It would please me to see the girl looking on. That Sarah held out against long. — One night I said — "Ask your aunt to take my prick in her mouth." "Do, Aunt," said the girl trapped into saying "aunt." — "I'm not your aunt," said Sarah fiercely, and nothing would persuade her to do it. — Then I fucked Liz whilst Sarah went out man hunting. — My letch was the stronger thro Sarah's refusal, and I told Liz that she'd often put in in her mouth, and that I'd spent there. "Oh you, ain't you story." — I affirmed it, said that some women loved doing it, and talked so nicely that Liz longed to do it. — But "No, but I will if Mrs. F\*\*z\*r will."

I left when Sarah had not returned, and knowing her usual promenade went there, met her, and



asked her to gamahuche me the next night. As she refused, I said I shouldn't go for a week. She knew I would do what I said, and repenting of her obstinacy promised. Getting exacting now I insisted on full pleasure. — "I'll never let Liz see that." — It delighted me to think and suggest my latches, standing and combating Sarah's objections at the corner of a street, men and women passing and looking at us.

When a letch lays hold of me I can think of nothing till I have gratified it, but could not this one until two or three nights afterwards. — Then I took good sweet champagne there, for I had now found that sweet drink tempted Liz the most. — We all nearly stripped whilst drinking it. Then I laid on the bed, Sarah sucked my prick, and afterwards Liz did the same. Liz was quite serious about it, and evidently liked it in her mouth. She laughingly said so — I did not spend, it was but a preliminary. — Then it was for the first time before Liz that I gratified Sarah with a complete gamahuche. Sarah gave way to her passions openly sighed, talked bawdy, felt Liz's quim with one hand, and clutched my head with the other during the operation.

Then I laid on the bed, Liz kneeling over me with my head between her thighs. — I took the whole of her dear, sweet, coral, fresh washed little split in my mouth and gamahuched her. — She could not see Sarah, who at the same moment began to gamahuche me. — Then for some minutes all was luscious tranquillity. As Liz and I felt our increasing pleasure, I clutched Lizzie's little buttocks harder whilst my tongue played over her cunt, and Sarah's long tongue played round the tip of my prick, now tickling the frenum, now the little orifice, now taking it fully into her mouth where it rubbed over palate and tongue. So we deliciously played with each other for a time, Sarah pausing when my backside would not keep quiet with coming pleasure, and I, when I felt the wriggling of Liz's backside and belly, ceasing to lick, giving tongues, cunt, and prick a minute's repose, and letting the excess of our pleasure subside for a time.

Then my spermatic reservoirs refused to retain their balmy liquid longer, the lascivious play of Sarah's mouth overcame desire for further dalliance, and Liz's little cunt titillated by my tongue to lewd frenzy, agitated itself over my mouth, whilst my tongue responding fixed on her clitoris and licked wildly. On a sudden her cunt clung to my mouth with pressure whilst it moved, and a salt effusion spread over it, her backside quivered in my hands and she sighed softly. I oscillated my rump, my prick seemed on fire, and, almost bursting in a cunt, and something more than a cunt, and shot out a torrent of soft mucilaginous sperm into Sarah's mouth. She never relinquished my prick till every drop was drained out of my testicles, and my pleasure slowly subsided, mixed with a slight pain at the last suction. This time certainly Sarah enjoyed her work. She had got more and more lewd during my long acquaintance with her. She loved her meretricious trade and I am sure, altho she says she doesn't like it, that she really enjoys the feel of my prick in her mouth. Directly she had done, she began feeling her own cunt, and shortly afterwards I gamahuched her.

This double gamahuching pleases me much. I certainly like my penis so frictionized in a nice, smooth, cherry lipped mouth, more than I used, and the lick of a delicate little hairless cunt like Liz's is a deliciously erotic tit-bit. I had this amusement again and again on other nights. — Liz (unless Sarah has told her) knows not that her mistress has taken my libation into her mouth, for she has a napkin at hand which ultimately receives it. Now I longed for Liz to gamahuche me completely, for the girl had hitherto only taken me into her mouth for a minute, or so. With a little encouragement she said she'd do it longer, for she little knew my intention. — Sarah then knelt on the bed and I fingered her cunt, whilst Liz operated on my penis. — Her pretty, cherry lipped sweet little mouth seemed scarcely large enough to take my pego, yet in it went. — "Go on darling put it further in." "Oh! ain't it stiff," said she, taking it from her mouth and looking admiringly at it. "Yes, lick the red tip. — Yes, so — now put it in — suck it, love." "Shall I make it spit," and she began clumsily to frig it, after she'd again taken it out. Frigging is not learnt in a day, and Lizzie can't do it nicely at all.

I didn't wish that. — "You shall make it spend, so presently, go on sucking it now dear." — On she went — the crisis was fast coming. — "Go on Lizzie darling, go quicker. — Further in your mouth,

dear. — She obeyed, she was now fascinated with the amusement. "Arha — go on — aha." — My pleasure was complete, and before she was aware of it I had filled her mouth with my love essence. — Then she rushed to the chamber pot. — "Oh, you're a nasty doctor." Sarah laughed. — "You've done more than me, Liz." — The girl was a little angry, but in a minute or two, laughed about it. Between man and woman no form of lust, or game of sensual satisfaction is really displeasing. The one sex always likes giving pleasure to the other. Every form, device, or manner of amatory amusement, played with every part of the person, is proper. — Prick, cunt, arsehole, armpits, breasts, mouth, all can minister to sexual pleasure. — Both sexes in time find that out, and enjoy them all. Other forms of erotic pleasure took their turn. One night I fucked Sarah to let Liz see the come-and-go of a prick in a cunt. I had fucked Liz and then gamahuched her, and Sarah had frigged herself. We had all drunk a lot, and it was pleasure to see each other piss. I was intensely ruttish that night. — I again set Sarah to gamahucho me, whilst I gamahuched Liz kneeling over me. It was, as I had already spent twice, a long business to bring out my sperm, for I am not as young as I was; and the lass was not so ready with her pleasure, but she spent long before I did. I find that having my prick sucked is certainly a most luxurious way of finishing an evening when nearly fucked out; there is no labor excepting for the gamahucher. It is a sabyritic way of finishing an evening.

Then I had a return of my micturating latches which seemed to please Sarah, the more so and I think mainly so, as I made Lizzie participate. I streamed against her little quim, and she streamed over my prick, but the lutch did not last long and terminated by this erotic whim.

In a shop window I saw some china funnels, such as are used by chemists. The idea struck me at once, being then lewed, and walking along with lascivious combinations working in my brain. I bought one of which the neck was perhaps as large as a small sized prick. "Sally I want to fill your cunt with my piddle through this funnel." Sarah refused, then examined it, she was not going to have that put into her. Then she laughed, then joked, and by the time she'd had a little grog, wondered how it would feel, and at last said it would be a lark to try the funnel.

Putting pillows under her head and shoulders, she resting really only on her neck, head and blade bones, she hoisted herself up, and her back almost vertically against the bed, and so that her cunt was nearly horizontal. Gently I inserted the funnel in it, stopping when she told me. Full four inches were well imbedded in its folds. Then I pissed freely into the trumpet end of the funnel, seeing the water rise gradually in it, whilst, not a drop escaped from her vagina. At length she laughed, that moved her cunt, until a small quantity rose out by the side of the funnel. It was one of the most singular whims I ever gratified, but what pleasure it gave to all three of us. There was but one way of relieving her from her position, which soon be-came painful —I withdrew the funnel, and the saline contents ran over her belly and buttocks. She was start naked, and the piddle only spoiled the pillow cover, which she stripped off instantly when she had got up-right. What infinite variety of pleasures a cunt can give to men and women with erotic fancies. Sarah enjoyed this lark immensely. — She kept the funnel. Did she show it to other men and women, and tell? I'll bet she did.

Lizzie, as said, was present with her "Ohoo moi" and was delighted with the exhibition. She was now present at all our bawdy rollockings. Sarah was getting her in-to high training for harlotry. She denied that, when I remarked it, and talked of getting Liz a situation so soon as I wished no more of her. — The little fair haired beauty however had pretty well learnt what the profession of Venus was, for she had witnessed all my whims with Sarah, and had performed many of the same tricks with me. I used to sit feeling both their cunts at the same time. Sarah would lie down and we would look at her cunt, afterwards Sarah and I at Lizzie's. So when I said two or three nights after, that I'd like to put the funnel up Lizzie's cunt, Sarah laughed, and the girl only said, "It will hurt me."

"Why it's not nearly so thick and big as the doctor's prick," said Sarah taking the funnel out of a cupboard. The little lass prepared to put herself in the attitude, but this time instead of against the bed, against Sarah, who, naked, held up the girl's legs, and brought the little cunt into the horizontal position. Then I inserted the funnel nearly as far as it had gone up Sarah, and ins that little cunt it seemed to go up just as easily. The dilatibility of a cunt is truly wonderful. — Then I quite filled

the funnel with my golden stream. — "No-body would believe it if I tell any one," said Lizzie. Sarah looked astounded. — "Tell any one? — You little fool, you'd get yourself and all of us imprisoned if any one was told of the fun we have here, have you told any of the people in the house?" — The girl said she hadn't, but looked confused and much as if she had, for she now talked, I found, to some other girls in the house. — A woman's a born gossip, she can't keep her tongue still. A secret worries her, and it would not at all surprise me if Liz has told another girl. — She had got to be quite proud of her sexual knowledge, and one day in our tête-à-tête said, "Some gals doesn't know nothing about a doin it as we does." — How did she know that unless she'd asked girls?

Nothing pleased me more than putting the two females side by side naked on the bed, kneeling with their buttocks towards me. Then the big handsome hemispheres of Sarah, which always looked larger in that position than in any other, contrasted beautifully with the small but dazzlingly white bum cheeks of Lizzie; whilst the contrast between the dark haired pouters between Sarah's thighs, and the little semi-hairless lips, yet flaxen hue of the split, was cock stiffening. Then I used to slap them alternately, then kiss their backsides, then their cunts, then slap and kiss again till tired, or until I fucked one of them. Sometimes I licked Liz's cunt in that attitude, whilst I felt or contemplated the dark haired pudendal charms of the big neglected one, and sometimes fucked her.

After a time when Sarah treated Liz just as she would another harlot, I took pleasure in making the little one slap Sarah's buttocks. Sometimes we both slapped them together till they were red and tingled. Then Liz slapped them whilst I fucked Sarah, she laying over me, Sarah said it made her lewed. — Certainly she seemed to encourage the girl to slap her, and bore the blows with great tranquillity, but I didn't believe then that she had physical pleasure. — I smacked Lizzie's white little bum, but she didn't like it.

At that time with all my knowledge, I was singularly ignorant of the effects of flagellation, of the heat, lust, and physical enjoyment, that may be generated by judicious bum whacking, flogging, and birching. Perhaps this smacking of Sarah's buttocks was a lewed instinct of mine, leading me up to the higher knowledge of the sexual mysteries, and of the impulse given by the generative organs to the brain, and the entire human frame. I now know they are always at work, and are the great source and actuating principle of human existence, and perhaps of all animal life. — The prick and cunt are the prime motors of humanity, the food but heats and stirs them to action. Tho Lizzie ceased to call Sarah "Aunt" — she let slip that title occasionally, and I should not be surprised if she were really entitled to that appellation. In my youth, the smallest and youngest girl (and still the youngest I yet have had) called the female she was with "aunt." — Another girl, if not two, whose names I just now forget, but of whom I have told called their mistress' "aunt," and I fancy that, many aunts among the humbler classes make a little money out of their nieces' virginities. — They know well that at about fourteen years of age, girls escape their care, will play with boys and youths, and are pretty sure to be broached before they are sixteen. Aunts often think that a gentleman may as well have the broaching of a little cunt and pay for it, as a coster lad have it for nothing. — Indeed I believe that to be a philosophical way of looking at it, common to a large number of the poor people in all countries. — Camille (the first), fetched and sold to me her sister Louise. — Other girls have got their young female relations for me, and liked doing it, liked the pimping. — The poor, and wisely, and right in their simplicity of nature, see no harm in copulation as those better off profess to do but whether they really see harm is another question). — A girl is not among nine-tenths of the population morally damaged by a little illicit fucking, as she is among those who look upon a hymen as a prize and guarantee, in the woman they seek as a wife.

All said — the female who keeps her cunt hymenized and under seal amongst the well-to-do-classes, only does so that she may get a higher price for it, either in money or position. She sometimes never attains either, and mostly has to wait long for it, wait for years, and frigs herself during her waiting, languishing for want of a prick and spermatic lubrications, which is health giving to a female. — A poorer girl has earlier the prick up her, and every day, perhaps, has the intense pleasures of fucking, and all the varied amatory enjoyments which a man is pretty sure to give her

in all sorts of ways. — Thus the happiness of life are pretty evenly distributed. — Perhaps the woman who follows her sexual instincts, and who is thus the most natural, has the best of it. Fucking is the greatest pleasure of life, and the woman who delays getting it for years, loses much. The woman who waits till she is twenty-six before she is fucked, loses ten years' pleasure, compared with one who has a prick up her at sixteen, and regularly afterwards.

I began at last to be weary of the girl, and at the same time got anxious about her. She, like all others, wanted to go out and show her fine clothes. — It was of no use opposing it, and Sarah took her out. But the clothes were showy and Sarah, being a night bird and only wearing black silk, the girl looked very bright, and men came after the girl, so that they both took to wearing veils. — Said I, "She will go gay." "Not if I can help it — I like her too well, I'll work for her," Sarah replied.

Then I advised Sarah taking her back to the country — Sarah said that the girl would not go, and moreover, that it was impossible. The girl soon after seemed hurt for I did not see her or poke her as much. — Circumstances were in fact changing with me and I could not get to see her, tho I wished — Sarah said she told the girl to frig herself if she was randy, and I know friggd her herself. "That will keep her from wanting fucking for a bit, but she'll be longing for the right thing in her cunt." — After having had Liz about five months, I was obliged to go abroad. — Sarah was to try to get her into some situation, but where she could watch her — I left enough money to keep the girl four months.

I was away four months. The first night I was back in England I went to P\*\*\*I\*\*d P\* \* \*e and met Sarah whom I knew a mile off. I asked her to come to the A\*\*a. — Shall I bring her, said she laughing. — By her side stood a girl with a veil on. — I looked. — "Don't you know her?" The girl raised her veil and laughed quite a peal. It was Lizzie.

"You have made her a whore, it's a damned shame," said I angrily. — "I haven't, let's go to the A\*\*a," and there we all went.

"It's extraordinary to meet you, for it's the first night I have brought her out. — Look, her things are fresh, the bonnet and dress you gave her are not suit-able for the season for it was the end of autumn) — see her boots, her stockings, her garters and all —all quite fresh." "What have I done that you did not come to see me," Lizzie whimpered.

Said Sarah, "We must live, I put her to a business, but she would not stop ten hours a day in a workshop in a close room. Then I put her at \* \* \* and she would not stop there. She would come out, and she'll make ten times as much by my help as she would by herself. — I did not want it, and have been kind to her, haven't I Liz? — I will keep her with pleasure," Sarah went on, "but she won't stop at home without me." — Liz, whilst this was going on, was sitting on my knee, my fingers were on her little sweet cunny, but for a minute only, for quickly we all got on to the bed. — Sarah unasked. — She had her old lech on, and friggd her-self whilst I fucked the little one again and again.

The girl had grown an inch, was plumper, had more hair on her little quim, which was more enticing than ever, and was a lovely little creature altogether. I was sorry to think that she would turn out gay, and believed that that was really the first night she was out for the purpose. — A man had already accosted her and the lass had refused him. —, Sarah told her that gay life was gay life and money money. — If she meant to get a living that way, she mustn't play the fool, but take any one who'd pay handsomely.

"I wouldn't," said Liz, tossing her head. — "He was an ugly little old man with a white beard and I could not a bear the sight of him — a little old man."

How the girl enjoyed her fucking — and what a lovely cunt she had. — How I enjoyed her, but circumstances were too strong for me, it was impossible for me to see her much — I made her promise not to be gay, and agreed to give Sarah three pounds a week for her, whilst I was in England. — Next night I saw them at the lodgings. — Sarah said she didn't mind working for the

girl, her lech for her she now admitted, but the girl wouldn't be moped up. — She would go out, so what was Sarah to do. The end was clear, that she was to be a gay woman.

For another month or so I had her, then again went abroad, leaving twenty pounds for the girl to live on while I was away. — On my return it was well on in winter. — I went to the old haunts — Sarah was not visible — to her lodgings and she had left, and no one knew where she had gone. — I went to bawdy houses and there they had missed her. — One old woman looked queerly at me, and said she did not know such a woman, altho any one who had seen Sarah twice must have recollected her. — "Why I have paid you for rooms with Miss F\*\*z\*r dozens of times." — Then the woman admitted she knew her and me, but had missed her some time. — "I thought," said the woman, "you was after her for something." She took me to be a detective I think at first.

Said I, "She used a little time ago to be with a young fair haired girl, where is she?" "Oh yes, but I've not seen the girl neither — there was some sort of a row about her — but there," said she, stopping short, "I don't know anything about either — there." — I gave her ten shillings to tell me all she knew, she took it, and said she knew nothing more.

I asked two or three gay women whom I had seen talking to Sarah. — They knew nothing. — One I took to a house, hoping to get some information. — She said Sarah was a bad one she believed. — I never saw or heard of either Sarah or Lizzie again.

My impression is that some one was after Sarah on account of Liz, and that they both had fled from London — I feel sure Sarah had no wish for her to be gay, but Liz had learned to like the red knobbed flesh stick far better than another woman's cunt, and I dare say is merrily fucking about somewhere now, and I hope is happy.

So finished my acquaintance with Sarah F\*\*z\*r who, with her substitutes, had mainly amused me for some-thing like four years. I did not however see her usually more than twice a week to have her, and sometime two or three weeks elapsed without my doing so. — At times I was abroad, or away from town for far longer periods, and at other times I was virtuous and at home. — But there were often occasions when I was alone in town, and free to dispose of myself and my sperm. — It was at those opportunities that I had my rutting fits, and notably so when I had the man.

[The adventure which follows is singular in its way — for I had, as narrated, an Irish woman some time since, with the same vanity which marks this one. I have however had English women who vaunted their own beauties.]

## Vol. 8 Chapter X

**A light-haired Irish bitch. • Foul-tongued and hotarsed. • Recondite expressions. • "D'ye loike me." • Her bolt from Dublin. • Baggage detained. • A suspicious tale. • My regrets at losing Sarah. • Camille revisited. • Her brothel venture. • About sodomites and catamites. • Buggers' sphincters. • Her friend's catamitic tastes. • Sodomy cum gamahuche. • Lolotte the young Belgain. • On the qualities of different cunts. • Lolotte's gamahuche. • Reflexions on the change in my erotic tastes. • An artist in lewedness. • French, fat, white-skinned, red-haired and thirty-five. • Refined ministrations. • Anal fingering. • A sphincter dilated. • Lingual delicacies. • Kid gloves and cold cream. • The curious chair. • Erotic suggestions. • Dildo buggery. • A second harlot • two pleasures at once. • Anus and pudenda in simultaneous action.**

[For continuity of the narrative about Sarah F\*\*z\*r, the following little incident was omitted from its proper place. — It occurred about a year before Sarah disappeared. The date on the manuscript

proves that. I don't think I ever told Sarah of it.]

I was going along Coventry St. on a muddy evening, and saw a lovely air of feet and ankles supporting a well grown body — it was a liberal display of leg in silk — looking at the female as I passed, she winked in the lustful whorish way which a woman does when thoroughly lewed at the moment, and looks at a man irv-itingly. It is my theory that she communicates at once some lewedness to him. — I don't mean the lewed look of a woman who incites you only to get money, but when she's really randy and wants a male, wants to be fucked badly. — This woman did so, and at once I reciprocated her lust. She followed me up a side street. — "You've a fine leg," said I beginning. — With strong Irish brogue which I can't imitate in writing, nor indeed any way, she said, "Sure and there isn't a foiner in all the town, won't your cock stand for shure if you see a little higher," and she pulled up her clothes to her knees in the dark street. — I can't bear Irish women, having found them liars and thieves, and did not like her manner. — "Corn long." "No, I'm poor and can't to night, but here is a glass of wine for you." "Och! to the Divil with the cash — shure and we won't quarrel about that — corn — shure an I loike the looks of you — I'm close by — come." I followed her and she went at such a pace, as if either the police were after her, or that she was frightened of shitting herself. We entered a house and a comfortable room with a good fire. — A large trunk was on the floor. — Said she, "Shure and I've not been here an hour and not unpacked — I've been a week coming from Dublin — It's God's truth, may I go to the biggest hell if I've been fucked for a week." — All this rapidly in answer to my questions, and some without my questions. — Then she pulled out my prick. — "It's not stiff — wait a second and it'll be stiff enough, damned if I don't feel as if I'd forgotten what a man is," and in a violent hurry, she tore off her things till she was start-naked, boots and stockings excepted, apostrophizing her parts from time to time.

— "There's a pair of thighs — haven't I a foine shape

— not a foiner by Jasus, and there, feel my bubbs — look at my small waist — and with such a large rump."

— By that time she was naked whilst I had only taken my hat off. — Then she grabbed at my prick again (she had pulled it out), then threw herself at the edge of the bed, and opening her thighs, "Put it up me darling bhoy, fuck me chunt — look at the hair on it, it's foine shure, ah! I envy the pleasure yer prick will have in it me bhoy — fuck — corn on — fuck." — The slut was hot cunted. — boiling with lust — in full rut unmistakably.

I didn't like her manner, speech, or colour, but altho shortish, a more superb form, more lovely white flesh, never was offered to my embraces — I put my prick at once into her glowing cunt, and directly it was well lodged in its folds, she burst out into such a torrent of boudy words, such obscenity, such ribald screeching, as I never heard before or since from a woman in copulation; tho I have known some gay ladies, when their pleasure was on, pretty frank about it, and have taught a few who were not gay to be warm in their exclamations of pleasure. Of late years I interlard my endearments with lewed words and wishes, it adds much to my enjoyment mentally, for fucking is the sublimest mental as well as physical pleasure. "Aha," she began, "aha — oho — fuck it well — begorra your prick's red hot — it's big. — Ahaa — sure me chunt's hot as hell — fuck — fuck hard — piss out your boiling spunk into my bloody chunt — sure that will cool me chunt. — Aha God! aha fuck hard yer bugger. — Aha, Holy Virgin my bloody spendings are coming. — Aha — a lovely prick — stiff — push it hard up me chunt — fuck — split me hot chunt into me randy arse-hole. — Fuck em both — ahar — fuck — fuck — now

— now. — Aha, I'm coming — spend — spunk — fuck cunt — ballocks. — Aha — arseholes — ahra — my spunks — ahaa — ahaa." She was silent, her thighs quiet. She'd spent ere I had half fucked her, for her fierce boudiness and outrageous obscenity at first seemed to stop my pleasure. It made me think for the instant that she was mad.

I went on thrusting, my lust getting stronger as her lewed words wrought clouds of meretricious images in my brain, when after a short silence, with a sudden effort she uncunted me, and

struggling up pushed me away saying. — "Sure and I just wanted a fuck — I hope I'll die a fucking." — Is she mad or drunk I thought? — But excepting for her excitability, libidinosity, and blasphemous obscenity, she seemed sober enough. She smiled as angrily I cried, "Lie down and let me finish," shut her eyes without answering, and seemed to be feeling her clitoris, sitting at the edge of the bed where I stood swearing, my prick standing stiff in front of me.

"Let me finish fucking, what the Devil are you about," and I -clutched her as she rose from the bed, but she escaped me. My passion was roused well by the probing I'd had in her cunt. — "Wait a bit me bhoy, thin and shure I'll be after spending agin, by the Holy Mother you're a lovely fucker, you've learned a bit in your time, many's the chunts you've cooled begorra. — No — No — wait a bit and I'll be spending agin with yer." "Humbug you didn't spend, you lie." "Didn't I spend? shure and I did, it's God's truth — look." On the side of the bed she laid down and opened her thighs wide. — "There me bhoy — I'd just have drowned yer prick in me chunt, if ye'd kept it in a minit longer." --Her cunt was wet enough, it had wetted my piercer and my balls before she'd ejected it, and plenty of pearly moisture was just inside, to run out as she separated her cunt lips to show me. Suddenly down went her legs, she walked quickly about the room, gave her box a kick, and with both hands slapped her buttocks several times loudly. — "Darn it, lay down and let me fuck you, you bitch," I cried in a rage. — She laughed and continued slapping her backside.

In a minute or so, she laid hold of my prick which had a little drooped. — "It's a fine hot poker, sure and it is — corn on then," and she laid down on the bed side again. — I inserted my pego, which stiffened up as its tip touched her lubricated cunt — I drove it up hard, and soon her bawdy words recommenced. — "Aha — that's it — aha — my arse and chunt are all in one shure — split them with your pego. — Aha. Shove your bloody prick up into my womb — Aha — what a lovely peg — Aha — your spunk a comin — don't — stop — wait for me I'll spend — Aha — fuck, fuck — aha — God if ye'd two pricks ye'd have one in my chunt and one up my arse hole wouldn't ye? — Aha, my bloody hot sphunks comin. — Ahar spunk — spend in my bloody chunt. Ah Jasus — fuck me — now — ahaa — ahaa — prick — ballocks — bugger — aha — aa." I cannot imitate her manner or brogue, it is impossible; nor give accurately her extraordinary quaint, bawdy, and blasphemous expressions — I never heard such issure from the mouth of a harlot, but have between some drunken Irish women slanging each other in St. Giles, and also in the lowest quarters of Liverpool.

Tho I disliked her lewed imprecations they now stirred my lust extraordinarily. She kept me up to her as I leant over her, gently working her quim and buttocks. "Kiss me love — don't pull it out — there shure and I'll stiffen it again in me chunt, if your ballocks are close up to me. — Can't you fuck just — haven't I spent? the sphunks squeezing out. — Begorra ye've spent thick, and lots, and hot, ye spalpeen. — Don't pull it out me darlin — kiss me — you've not kissed me, look what foine teeth I have. — Shove your tongue into my mouth. — Oh keep your prick up me hot chunt — put your finger up my arsehole when you fuck again." "No." "Whoy, whoy won't you? (as I refused) Don't then me darlin. — Don't you never do so when yer fucking? Oh ye spalpeen ye do — I love it, love both me holes full — chunt and arse hole. — There now it's out — whoy didn't ye keep it up me hot chunt." — Thus she went on as nearly as written without stopping, all being said, and acted with surprizing energy whilst still she was holding me tightly to her, as I bent over her standing at the side of the bed, without uttering more than a word or two in reply to her, and, standing wondering, amused and almost silent.

It slipped out, the copulation was broken. "Taken off your clothes and come on to the bed and lie down wid me, and we'll fuck agin ye spalpeen in foive minutes — we will, be Jasus. Look at me chunt — look at your spunk — it's wet — it is — ain't your spunk thick," said she examining her finger after a feel. — I didn't like that, yet she had made me lewed. She had accompanied words with deeds, and as quickly as she had spoken, she had turned herself in all attitudes — on to her belly, then buttocks, had opened her thighs, threw her legs quite high up in the air, and other antics just as before, showed me her armpits and teeth, and pulled the cunt wide open to show' the libation over-flowing from it — all unasked by me; and interlarding her acts, with expressions of strong

desire for me.

I now fully excited, stood puffing off my clothes rapidly, and dropping them on the floor by the side of me, silent, unable to resist the fascination of her carnalities and take my eyes off of her. — "Oh look at your spunk in my chunt" said she again. — "Shure and I'm longing for more of it — many a chunt you've filled I'll swear — ain't my breasts beautiful? you shall spend between them some day. — Make haste me darlin — if you don't I'll frig me — I will by Jasus, I'm mad to have it up me agin — come." Then we got on to the bed.

I covered her, I rubbed my tool outside in the over-flowing sperm, and was in a few minutes spending with her, with my tongue in her mouth and trying to perforate her bum hole with my finger. After she had shouted out, "Fill my chunt — fuck it — ballocks it well — bugger. — Now. — Shove harder. — I'm spending — ahrr — arsehole." — "Dams and bloodies" in endless combinations she cried, and it had such an effect on me, that I cried out bawdy words with her. Never in my life have I heard such a woman. The words from her struck me as abominably foul and obscene, tho some of the words have not, when sweeter, loving women have murmured them with me in our sensual paroxysms and yet the Irish bitch excited me. This fuck quieted her — seemed to subdue her — I still laid on her, she still sucking my tongue, or wetting her lips with her spittle, rubbing them on mine, holding my head with one hand, pressing it towards hers, and rubbing her other rapidly, quite rapidly up and down my back and buttocks, as far as her hand would reach; as if she couldn't feel enough of me. — "By me soul and you fuck beautiful — beautiful be Jasus," said she at last. "Sure an we'll do it agin, — a rale man and yoh are shure. Do you loike me? — your hair's sticking to me chunt." — Smack squash — and moving her cunt a little back, our mottes unjoined, and the glutinous exudations which adhered to our fleshy prominences where they had met so closely made that expressive noise as our genitals partly separated, as she moved her belly when my prick was dwindling out of her split.

Her quick movements, and the fanciful but foul things she said, had so heated me, so libidiously excited me, that I scarcely knew what I was about. "Yes," I re-plied, "let's look at your cunt." — I had scarcely seen it in my emotion. — "Look my bhoy" — I rose on my knees, she relinquishing my rump, and I looked. "Your hair's the same color as on your head." "Yes, and are my armpits." — She threw up her arms. — "Don't you like the colour?" — I said — "yes" — but I didn't. — It was a peculiar, sandy red color. — I never before saw an Irish woman with that coloured hair, and told her that most Irish had dark hair. "Shure I'm true emerald." She was, as said, very beautifully formed, and had marvellously white flesh. — I threw up her legs, and saw from her heels to her buttocks. — "I'm beautiful made shure and I am, arnt I?" said she, putting her hands round her thighs to keep her legs up. I looked and gloated. There was her cunt almost foaming with pearly mucilage. — "Lie down me darlin," — and I did. — She laid hold of my prick and friggd it. — "Oh put it in me — do then." — I'll just take a dale of it tonight — I'm wild just. — A bhoy like you will just make her happy — whoy — I've not slept for two nights, I've left one of my boxes at Birmingham — I ran away — I'd no money — I would not stay to be ill thraited — but the first money I get I'll be after it — I pawned me watch to pay my week's lodgings here this very day, sure and I hadn't enough money to pay me cabman. Pay down the first week says the landlady, or it's no good yer laving your box here. — Wait a minute, ma'am, where's a pawn-broker's? and me and me box and the carman went to pawn me watch."

"You've been drinking," I said, thinking at last it must be so. — Not she. "By the Holy Mother. — Divil a drap — you're a queer chap, don't you loike me? — now you don't loike me — I'll wash my chunt and you'll like it better." She was twiddling my cock then, but left off, jumped off the bed like lightning, and began washing — I washed my appendages also, and was going to dress. "Shure and yer not going to lave me yet, shure and you shan't till ye've don it agin." "I can't again," said I — She gave me a rapid push, which sent me on to a chair with such force was it given, and kneeling down began to suck my prick. — "Sure and I'll make it stiff in a jiffey. What a lovely prick, and my first in London — Oh Jesus may it bring me luck — and I haven't had a fuck for a week. By the Holy Virgin I'll have another fuck." Sucking hard, and jerking out these sentences at short intervals



with much intensity, and with that and her bawdy talk, she in time made me stiff, put it into her cunt herself impatiently, and I gave her another libation. She rattled out the same lascivious cries but less energetically, and I noticed that tho she talked lewdly when we were not in action, that her most outrageous, unrestrained exclamations, were only uttered when she was fucking.

She began again telling her history of running away from Dublin. — "I'd been murdered shure had I staid, it's God's truth I tell ye, and I pawned me watch to pay the lodgings here and me cab." — Then she wanted to treat me to whiskey and water. — What would I have. — Then she mounted me as I lay tired on my back, kissing me, and rubbing her cunt on to my flabby cock, I could not stop her. — She talked the foulest bawdiness, and said her poorliness was just coming on. — Wasn't it unlucky, just as she'd come so poor and wanted to get some friends. — She loved a man about her. "Sure God," she did, but hadn't had one for a week, she'd had enough to do to dodge them and get away. "Hide and seek and fucking don't go together." But she was safe now she was in London — I got now curious and tried to learn something more, but she shut up at once. — In her lewed excitement it was pleasure to gabble on and let out a bit of her story, but the fear of being detected, of telling too much, shut her mouth. — I thought, and had no doubt, she'd run away from Ireland to get clear of some scrape.

I couldn't get away from the woman, she sent for whiskey and I drank with her. She frigged and sucked me stiff again, and I fucked her spite of myself — listening — disliking — yet excited. — When fucked out I left. — "Another kiss," said she following me to the door of her room, and pushing her tongue in my mouth. "Feel my cunt again for luck." — I did, promising at her earnest entreaty to see her again. "Never mind the cash me darlin — I loike your fucking — sure and yell bring me luck," said she as we parted.

I set myself afterwards to repeat what the woman shrieked out in her sexual ecstasy, for she was thoroughly enjoying me, and the sayings and bawdy utterances rang in my ears — I did not like them, but kept repeating them to myself, laughing at them even — I went with another woman a day or two after, and as my pleasure increased when my body was joined to hers, I shouted out some of the salacities — it stimulated me. — "Oh ain't you a going on," said she. — "Say fuck, ballocks." — "I shan't" — then — "oh don't make such a noise, or they will hear you up stairs." — But I would. — That giving way to lascivious utterances helped my fatigued ballocks very much. — I'd been with some woman who was out and out bawdy, I told this to this woman. I had no reason for hiding it, and told her all. — "A dirty beast," said she. — Some women are naturally bawdy and lewed in talk, others are not. — As among harlots so among ladies. I have known some whom I never could induce to use words frankly — others soon revelled in them.

I saw the Irish woman once or twice in Coventry Street afterwards, but got out of her way. — She always pulled her petticoats up as high as she dared to show her lovely limbs and walked very rapidly. Tho I did not like her, for all that I went home with her once again. She kissed me in the street when I spoke to her, and talked so loudly, that passers-by stared at us — so calling her a fool, I turned away and went up a side street. — She came to me and then I followed her home. — There she again bawdied and shrieked out when fucking, the most original salacities and obscenities, and spent with me, and then frigged me up and sucked me to her heart's content; telling me how had got on, and what a man did to her, and what he had given her, how she meant still to get her trunk from Birmingham. She hadn't yet. — Altogether she went on almost like an erotic maniac and I was glad when I got away.

I saw her once or twice in the streets afterwards, but she did not see me; then I lost sight of her. I don't think that altogether she was about the West End a month — I must have seen her had she been about longer. I have never met such a foul tongued woman in my life before, she must have been bred and born amongst the lowest. — I haven't told a tenth part of her original erotic sayings, and combinations of bawdiness and blasphemy. It seemed to me that when her sensual pleasure came on, that she scarcely knew what she said; that every bawdy and blasphemous word she'd ever heard, came truggling up together to describe and emphasize the pleasure she felt in her cunt. -- I

told her of it. — She said it was my fault, and that she didn't cry out so with other men, it was the intense pleasure I gave. "I'll swallow your spunk and drink your piss if you like," said she. I didn't believe a word she said.

[Once since, at a French brothel, I found an Irish woman, who certainly was more highly obscene than her sisters there. One French woman said she was the greatest "Coehonne" in the house, and all the women were afraid of her. [The disappearance of Sarah was a great loss to me as I recollect well. She was a quiet woman and hand-some, her form good, her cunt gave me the fullest and most complete pleasure, she indulged my lewedness, and when intimacy was established took herself the greatest pleasure in lascivities with me. — She pro-cured me virgins whom she delighted in fingering, and with two of them in flatfucking, and a man who jointly amused us. In occasional orgies at brothels, she several times got me other free and easy harlots, but about which orgies I have destroyed the manuscript, as I did with the women only what I have done with others. — Her lodgings I could mostly go to, and believe I was the only man who did, and I missed the means of indulging my tastes in those quiet rooms with a willing ministress to them. — Moreover she was not always plaguing me for money — asking me to pay this, or to lend her to pay that — which is the common habit and tricks of harlots from high to low — I felt at sea when Sarah was gone, and recollect that for a month or so I was chaste.]

Then I sought Camille — I had seen her thrice only I find whilst I had known Sarah F\*\*z\*r, and had some difficulty in finding her out. — She was not so young, but was splendidly preserved. Tho fatter, her soft skin, soft voice and quiet laugh, in brief all her good qualities were unchanged, and I rushed my eager pego into her still delicious cunt, and clasped her exquisitely soft backside with the delight of former days. She had been away from England two years or so, having saved money, with which in her native country she had either bought or set up a licensed house for whoring. It had not succeeded, she had lost all, and had come back here to harlotry. — She cried as she told me about her losses, then began to smoke a cigarette (formerly she did not smoke). She smiled and said it was fate, that there was always water or charcoal to be had when she was old or tired of life. She was seemingly not so well off as formerly, but said she had a good clientelle mostly of married men who paid well, and didn't stop long. She did not go into the street much, or her friends expected always to find her at home. I spent two or three hours delightfully with her talking over old times. — It was no use disguising her age from me, and one other Monsieur who also knew her when she first came to London, the only two, she said; but she took off a few years to new friends when they asked her age. She now spoke excellent English. [Fifteen years later she was alive, and as nice as ever in manner — but she was old and poor, and very often I assisted her.]

Much as I liked, I didn't keep to Camille. I went there when I wanted a quiet chat and information about sexualities (not that I wanted much of that). I find a memorandum of a talk with her, about the effect that continued bugging had upon the arseholes of the buggerees. She thought it detrimental to them ultimately, and had heard so, but the men were reticent on the subject. — About tastes for that abnormal amusement — that there were decidedly those men who enjoyed being operated on — catamites by taste, by nature perhaps; she thought owing to some anatomical difference, or sexual infirmity.

One evening being unusually communicative, she told that she had a friend who came to her rooms at times and she procured a man to bugar him. When he had that operation performed, his prick would stand, and he could fuck her and spend. — Nothing else that could be done had that effect; masturbation, suction, flagellation all were useless. — Altho sometimes he shagged Camille after the irritation of his fundament had produced an erection, he preferred being frigged whilst the other man was coupled with him. — It was vilaine, cochonnerie la plus sale," she said. — Mais que voulez vous." — "He pay me sometime five — ten pounds sometime. — When I came back to England, he buy me half my furniture. — He send Bordeaux, I can-not such buy—you shall taste. He is good for me and I do what he likes." — Then she fetched a bottle of splendid Chateau Margaux which he had given her. She had a case of it. — Camille never drank spirits, and didn't care so much about champagne. I used to take her Claret at times, it was what she habitually drank

at her meals.

Then I told her what I had done with the man. She would not at first believe it. — "Fi donc — pas vrai — un beau garçon comme vous." — But she added, "It was curiosity, it is not your taste — bien sur — yet why not if you like — it is for you and him to decide, it concern no one else."

Then I asked her to get me a youngish virgin. — No it was not possible, but a very nice young woman she would try to find. Sixteen and not more than seventeen was named by me as the limit of age. — Aha! I was like the rest she observed, she dare say she could find such. — "Mind Camille — I can tell nearly her age by the quantity of hair on her cunt, by its look, and by the look and feel of her breasts. — No deceit," and I left her laughing. — "Ah polisson, I shall try." Soon afterwards she told me she should soon have the girl I liked, a young Belgian expected to arrive daily. She had been seduced, was a governess, and could no longer stop in her town. She had never been gay, but was coming to London to try her fortune at fucking. She was in fact brought here by a procuress as Camille admitted.

Anticipation made me restless. I called every day to enquire, and at length had the neophyte in whoring. — She was dressed in black silk, handsome but quiet, and rose like a lady when Camille introduced her — I hadn't believed about her being a governess nor the other accounts of her, thinking it was only said to enhance the price, for I had agreed to pay more than the usual fee for the freshness of the article; but found that she closely answered the description given of her. — Camille helped her to undress, and Lolotte (the name she went by) had black silk stockings on, and bright gold garters, three quarters of an inch broad; she had dressed or had been dressed tho quite quietly, yet on the road to her cunt dressed so as to stimulate male salacity.

I think now with delight still, of my voluptuous feelings as I got my hand between her partially closed thighs, felt the slight thicket of her hairy motte, and gently running my fingers over her clitoris slipped them down to the mouth of the temple of love, whilst she sat passively tho seemingly upset a little, involuntarily closing her thighs and trying to stop my hand, whilst Camille looked on smiling.

"Lay hold of my prick," said I in English forgetting that she could not speak a word of my language. Camille laughed and repeated it in French. Gently she put her hand down and grasped it. — Kissing her, holding her round the waist, her hand on my prick, my hand on cunt I pulled her back anglewise on the sofa on which we were sitting, and gluing my lips to hers I burrowed my fingers up her tight little cunt. Thus we reclined in voluptuous silence, she holding my tool, I gently frigging her. — Releasing her, "Let me see you quite naked." She refused. — But at once I pulled her chemise off roughly, and there she stood in her nudity, and a sweet nakedness it was.

She was well grown, beautifully formed, but thinnish, sylph-like; and had solid pretty breasts tho each was but a handful. From the small quantity of crisp curly hair on her cunt, the little lips, and its general look, I guess was the age she said, not quite seventeen, and she'd been fucked for the first time, not quite a year. — Her hair was very dark brown, nearly but not quite black, her eyes dark hazel. Her face was however decidedly plain tho pleasing. The sight, and the rapturous feel of her naked charms, in a minute made me ramp-ant with desire, I threw off my shirt and jersey, and pressed my naked body to hers, my stiffened prick was squeezed between our bellies as I clasped her to me, and Camille laughed aloud as I drew the girl into the bedroom. She mounted the bed at my request with hesitation and without speaking. I got on to her, titillated her cunt for a minute, then my prick throbbing and nodding, impatient for its enjoyment, urged me to put it into her pretty, pouting, sexual treasure. At the first thrust her whole body thrilled deliciously with pleasure. — What a charm it is to feel that a woman enjoys the prick. Soon our sighs and murmurs mingled, and her cunt was filled for the first time with an Englishman's sperm. Camille entered the bedroom as we were lying tranquilly in each other's arms, squeezing our genitals together, enjoying the mucilaginous bath of sperm in her cunt, whilst our lips and tongues played together, and mingled our salivas. "Elle est charmante, is she not?" said she. — "Leave us alone, Camille." She seemed in my way then. Away she went laughing. — "Ah polisson — c'est un beau garçon, n'est ce pas,

Lolotte?"

Then was the delight of inspecting, investigating with eye and finger, that pretty, red faced gap, now almost hidden by my libation, but I liked its lubricious feel. — Then she washed it, and then I had my first good look at the odoriferous parting. Its aroma was delicious and prick stimulating — it was what I have told, the smell and look roused my prick at once, again we embraced, and both spent ecstatically. Her cunt seemed to fit my prick to perfection, her enjoyment seemed quietly intense. She'd only arrived that morning from Ostend, the journey, change, and excitement had perhaps stirred her lust, journeys do; but there was another cause; she had not been fucked for three months, her lover having been sent abroad she said. I saw no reason to doubt this, tho it may not have been true, but certainly she was dying for a fuck; and after our ablutions, and we laid cosily side by side on the bed again, the feel of my cunt stretcher was I'm sure as great a treat to her, as the feel of her tight little cock easer was to me. I fucked her four times, and always she poured out her salt pearly juices, to mix with my glutinous libation in her pretty cunt. She was delicious.

In our talk during the intervals of action on a subsequent day, and when we had a little champagne together, she told me that excepting on the night when she lost her virginity, she'd never been fucked more than once in any day. She and her lover had no chance, they could only copulate in the house or grounds. She was nearly always with the children, and all their poking was done quickly and on the sly. — How like it was to the frolics in my extreme youth, when I had difficulty in getting a clear five minutes, and used to shag our servants everywhere; garden, summer house, water-closet, in the hall, and on the staircase, in every imaginable out of the way place and time. — How hurriedly we fucked too, the pleasure hastened and diminished by fear of its being stopped. — Her love making was done under similar difficulties, indeed greater.

Lolotte I found had nice ladylike manners, and to have had that (which out of a thousand Cyprians whom I have stroked I have rarely found) a good education. — Her hand writing was beautiful. I quite believe she was a governess. The son of her employer, a young man about twenty years old first stroked her, it's too long here to tell how. She got enceinte, delayed it too long, then in trying to bring on her courses made her-self very ill, which led to the discovery. — Her tale seemed coherent and probable enough, for such things occur daily. — Certainly she was no gay woman on the night I first had her. A dozen indications proved that to an old experienced roué like me. Camille said so, tho she knew only I suppose what the procuress told her.

I took a huge fancy to Lolotte. There was some quality in her cunt which made my animal enjoyment in her excessive. — Those who say that all women are the same in the dark, are utterly ignorant or deficient in sensibility. — Some women's cunts are exquisite to me, and some are not. — Once a cunt has given me that exquisitely voluptuous, complete delight, it always does so; just as a cunt which gives me but mediocre pleasure, which seems at my first fuck deficient somehow or somewhere, and is wanting undefinably in fitness to my penis, it always remains the same, whether I fuck it burning with passion, and with ballocks boiling over with sperm, or whether with the greater deliberation, which but slight sexual desire at the moment enables me to exercise. — Poke, probe, push, wriggle, rest it, or insinuate my prick into Lolotte's cunt any-where, or anyhow, it always seemed to fit my sensitive pego, and so I lusted for her much, but alas was unable for reasons then existing to see her very often. — Her pleasures were so complete and affected me so, that when fucking others, I generally thought of Lolotte's cunt, even for a long period after I lost her.

Camille would not tell me where to find Lolotte. "I'll always get her for you." Neither would Lolotte tell me where I could find her. I never saw her in Paphian haunts, nor among the foreign colony of Paphians, [of whom there are now thirty for every one who was in London when I had my first French woman. (Camille)]. At intervals therefore I had her at Camille's rooms, for about three months. She soon learnt the libidinous manners of her calling. — I noticed the gradual change from her modest ways, from her frank lust in meeting my ardors, to Paphian professional modes of exciting me. — She no doubt was well instructed, but nature was also her instructress, for she was a

warm, hot cunted, vigorous, juicy one. — She liked the male pendant, and certainly she always and to the last, spent with me. As my glowing prick buried itself in the innermost recesses of her moist, aromatic gap, and when it squirted the hot sperm into her, the way she clasped me to her, and murmured softly her pleasure, and her cunt flushed out its salt juices, and when the violent paroxysms were passed and the pleasure subsiding, the way she clasped me still, and nestled her pretty cunt up to my belly, enjoying the cram and gorge of my still thick prick, and the sperm as it lay balmy within her till the latest moment, was most exquisitely voluptuous, and showed her sexual lust, and, I really think, her liking for my embraces.

Then occurred a most libidinous incident with a red haired French woman, now to be narrated. It had effect of making me wish Lolotte to do the same to me. I had hitherto simply fucked her in one or two attitudes. I called on Camille with the litch on me. — She told me she thought that the girl had left the country, however she got her for me that very evening. My litch was strong on me. — "Faites la minette, gamahuche me, suck my prick," said I, using all three terms to ensure my being understood. "Ah my God no." — "Yes," she had been asked, but — "jamais, jamais" — it ended by soft devices, by Camille's exhortations [as similar refusals since have with others], in her kneeling over me, with her genteel little backside, and pretty pink lipped, curly haired split, within six inches of my eyes, whilst her mouth gently took first the tip, and then all my prick into it. And then the aroma of her cunt and its surroundings excited me. — I smelt, I kissed it, inserted my finger, and then with my tongue played over the surface of the lips. Then my tongue plunged through the delicate red split, and then up the avenue. — At that last voluptuous moment, when the desire to have fingers, tongue, prick, all of my body in the woman, to join my body in its entirety to hers, to incorporate my body and soul with hers by her cunt, it was invincible. Then she ceased her lingual exercise, whilst my tongue reaching further forward sought her clitoris, playing rapidly on it, till a gentle oscillation, and quivering of her backside told of her discharge. The next instant my libation entered her pretty mouth, and both were satisfied.

The next time I asked Camille to get Lolotte for me, she could not. — A rich Belgian had taken her away and would marry her. Camille had thought she would never be gay long, and I was fortunate to have had her. — How true this was I don't know, but Camille all my life I found to be reliable, which is rare in a courtesan. I never saw or heard of the Belgian Lolotte afterwards.

[A paragraph of my original manuscript, without abbreviation or correction, and just as it was then written is retained here. — It is a clue to my mental condition at that date, and a good introduction to the episode which follows. — An explanation of my tastes.]

My tastes seem for some time past to have been much changed, to be gradually inclining to abnormal pleasures. — Have I seen and done enough with — am I getting tired of common place sensualities — am I on the road to a sensual abyss? — Lustful suggestions come to me more frequently from strumpets, or so it seems to me. — Do they, or do I — take more heed of them than formerly? Pleasures which in my youth I doubted as possible, the whisper of which passed by me like the idle wind, others which I did not like even to hear of, I now think about. The tongue and the mouth more frequently minister to my sensuous joys. — Do I really like that or not? My imagination well exercised in sexual pleasures, now suggests strange forms of fornication. — I find women willing to gratify them, nay more — have evident delight with myself in doing so, when I have suggested them. Whether those fancies are indulged in with other men, or others of their own sex, and this is not for lucre only, it evidently is to gratify themselves as well as me that they do them.

My lasciviousness has increased by practice and women are similarly influenced. — Is it during the last few years, years which I vowed to consecrate to fidelity, that I have thus changed, or have these tastes been growing on me since puberty? A voluptuous offer from a fair woman, I feel now that I can scarcely resist. — Where will this end, in good or evil?

My knowledge of male and female in sexual matters, in their procreative instincts and sexual vagaries, how large is seems. — Yet there still seems a field of pleasure, of enquiry yet unexplored

before me. Shall I yield and gratify it? My former hesitations seem nearly gone, boldly and without hesitation, I now ask women for the satisfaction of leches, leches relatively abnormal. — Perhaps all beyond plain belly to belly copulation may be called abnormal sexual pleasures. Much that is done every hour, every minute by male with female is abnormal. But to what does this lead? — What will be the outcome to this wider range of erotic desires. — Good or evil? — Shall I struggle against it or yield? — Have I not struggled before, struggled against my philosophy, and with what result? — my narrative answers me.

Going along R\*g\*\*t St. one night a French woman accosted me. — She would give me such pleasure she promised, pattering on, and walking by my side when she found I did not refuse her advances. She answered my lewed questions readily, as I put them out of sheer fun and curiosity, for I had no intention at the moment of accompanying her. — Yes, give me pleasure such as I had never tasted, — any I liked. — She had nice rooms, — warm, bawdy pictures and books. — "Ah oui, vous pouvez m'enculer," if it were my taste and would pay, or she would get me a youth, a boy — "Un beau garçon — charmant — sixteen years old no more." — He would bugger me if I liked, for his prick was nice and small — yes, she had seen it, for he had buggered a friend of hers in her lodgings, she had seen him do it, so she knew all about him. Amused with her, pleased with her small soft voice which reminded me of Camille's, a voice so different from the harsh raw voices of most French Paphians, that having an hour or two to spare, I went out of curiosity only to the apartments of the woman.

She had nice rooms, and a selection of thoroughly good, coloured, cock rousing lithographs of fornication. Soon I had looked thro them and sat looking at her un-dressing, for she was the better worth looking at. — She undressed with great deliberation, talking about masturbation, gamahuching, fucking and sodomy, in as quiet a way as if talking about her dress. In these particulars she reminded me of Camille. She said she was twenty-eight. I am sure she was at least thirty-five, was a well known woman, fleshy, solid, smooth, but square built, and not graceful. In flesh white as snow, with two huge firm hemispheres on her chest. Her hair was dark red (a colour I dislike) her backside big, marbly, and white; her motte and cunt, covered with a thick mass of hair of a darker red. Strange to say it was this very colour, which now I think of it, somehow added to the reasons of my going home with her. It was curiosity — a change. She had silk stockings and boots fitting her to perfection of course. French gay ladies have them, even if they are almost starving. They know the effect of a nice appearance in those extremities which lead up to the cunt.

I turned her about naked, opened her cunt, placed her big white buttocks towards me, saw thick hair round her arsehole, and its true brown tint on the fur-row. Then I told her I knew she was older than she said. She laughed heartily when I mentioned the various indications of her age. What was I going to do? — Was she in a hurry? "Ah no." "Gamahuche me — suck my prick, and let me spend in your mouth." "Oh certainly." — She had stripped to her skin I may add without having been asked. She knew she was worth looking at.

I partly took my clothes off. — "Ah no, take them all off like me, pleasure should always be taken properly." — So I stripped to my shirt. — "Non — non — naked like me." — So I stripped entirely. It was a hot night. — Then she sponged round my cock, its tip, and my balls, and anus, most carefully. "Do you like your trou de cul licked?" — "Yes," I replied, tho I didn't recollect the sensation, nor even if it has been ever done to me, tho I think it has. — "I will do it so nicely you shall feel," said she. — Then she washed her cunt. — "Do you like washing a woman's cunt?" "Some-times." "Wash mine," said she as if she liked the idea of that. — So I soaped and rubbed it. — When dry, she lighted some more candles, arranged a large cheval glass at the proper angle (she knew exactly where to put it). Then getting on to the bed. — "Voila," said she. — All was done without hurry scurry, it was a tranquil, refined preparation for lascivities.

Tho delighted with the movements of the white fleshed woman, my cock was not stiff. I was amused, a voluptuous feeling stole over me, the sort of feeling I sometimes experience an hour or two after one or two fucks — a feeling as if I needed rest, tho still lewedly inclined — the languid,

creeping, half satisfied randiness one has, when laying by the side of a sweet woman whom I have fucked an hour before, and in whose cunt the spunk is still lying. — She took my prick and balls with an easy grasp in an unusually big hand, but it was plump, very smooth, and white. My cock began gently to swell as her hand slipped down under my balls, and I felt her finger pressing my bum hole with a soft, twiddling, insinuating pressure. — Then she closed my legs, and kneeling over me and sitting backwards on her heels, she took my prick and rubbed it gently against her clitoris, which stood well out from her cunt lips now opened by her attitude. — Then she laid entirely over me, taking off her weight with her hands, and gently rubbed her whole body over mine; her breast rubbed my nipples, her belly lightly glided over mine, the hair of her motte tickled my prick. — It was an infinitely delicate, amorous play, quietly exciting. — "Ah," said she, "Your pillow is not right, put your head there," and she moved it. — "There now you can see everything in the glass — there."

I let her do exactly what she liked, without telling her anything. — Then she stood by the bedside, and kissed me all over from head to feet. At length she buried her mouth in the thicket of my motte, and lifting my prick and opening my thighs, kissed, licked my balls and gradually along my prick, but avoiding the tip. The titillation of her tongue roused my dormant lust, and up swelled my pego to a noble fucking size. She smiled, and now taking it in her mouth, delicately licked the tip, and then engulfed it to the very roots. I felt it down her throat, and it totally disappeared. — It was delicious. — Out it soon came flaming, burning and crimson tipped, her saliva running down it and trickling on to my balls. — Then she desisted and let it go, after giving it a gentle squeeze. "Suck me, go on, let me spend, get on me so that I can see your cunt." "Don't be in such a hurry for the pleasure," said she laying down by me, letting me feel her all over but leaving my prick alone. — No, I should not spend yet. — "C'est trop vite, soyez tranquille."

She talked then about other things so as to distract my attention from my penis, and its lust somewhat subsided. — Then getting off, and bringing me to the side of the bed, with legs hanging on to the floor, she told me to hold my legs up high. I obeyed her in every-thing. — I had suggested and asked her for nothing hitherto, excepting to suck me, to gamahuche me. When my thighs were up in the air, she gently pulled aside my bum cheeks, and began licking my anus. Every now and then she left off, gave just the tip of my prick a little delicate suck, and then went back to my anus. Her tongue seemed to enter it, a tickling sensation and a voluptuous pleasure spread right up my fundament, and there was a bawdy sensation up it which got mixed with the lewdness which came from my prick and my balls. — Again she began gamahuching whilst I lay speechless, tranquilly enjoying the voluptuous treat. — "Aha — what are you doing? Aha." A new sensation came over me, I felt my anus opening and stretching under a gentle twiddling pressure, her middle finger was up my fundament, and she was gently bugging with it whilst gamahuching me. I trembled now with lewd sensations, I could only see her head at the bottom of my belly, gently moving up and down, her backside and ample naked body was reflected in the glass, and so on for a minute.

But I wanted to feel her flesh, that desire to feel the flesh of the other sex, which every male and female has when about to spend, came on me strongly — I cried. — "Aha let me move — let me feel you — let me see your cunt." She rose from her knees, and standing bent forward still sucking me, but now with her thighs straddling open, and I could see her red haired, full lipped cunt, reflected in the glass. It looked as big as a cow's but it pleased me. Then still unsatisfied I made her cease, I got lengthwise on the bed, and she changing her position so as to stand sideways, sucked me whilst I felt her buttocks, rubbing my hand over them, and rapidly thrust my fingers between them, on to her cunt, that cunt which filled my fingers with soft flesh and crisp red hair. — "Ahaaa. — I'm spending, fuck, cunt, spunk." Just as my sperm began to rise, she left off spite of my entreaties, and laid hold of my hands to stop me from finishing my enjoyment by a frig, which involuntarily I attempted. — "No, no, not yet — prolong your pleasure, don't be in such a hurry." — She was an artiste, an accomplished artiste in gamahuching.

After a pause she recommenced. This time kneeling over me, her ample white rump and thick lipped, hairy gap, within a few inches of my face. She put two pillows under my bum, to throw it up

from the bed and let her suck me more conveniently. — "Ah ma chere, you hurt me," I cried — but my pain gave way to an agreeable sensation. She had introduced her middle finger which was unusually thick and long, much further up my bum than before, and was poking about gently in my fundament. I felt as if my arse was stretching but without pain — then as if a hot fart was struggling to come out, and mixed with these sensations, a strange thrilling pleasure in the part. A desire to treat her the same rushed thro my brain. I pulled open her buttocks and thrust my fingers up her cunt. — For an instant she ceased gamahuching. "Put your finger up my cu, cher," said she and resumed her work. God knows whether I did or not, I can't say, I can't recollect for I was nearly wild, — I felt certainly all about her, in every place my hand could reach. I was mad to discharge my sperm which she kept me artfully from spending, till nature would retain it no longer, and with a scream of pleasure, out throbbd my hot seminal mucilage, gushing spasmodically into her mouth, and I lay senseless. The towel at hand got rid of the libation, and when I had recovered from the intensity of the spasms of pleasure, she was still gently sucking my tool, giving me a prolonged lingering voluptuousness for some minutes. Then she got up, rinsed her mouth with eau-de-Cologne and water, and said, "Have I not given you pleasure, cher?" — Indeed she had — never did I get before such prolonged, such varied pleasure, as this French artiste in sexualities gave me with finger and mouth, by a single ejaculation of my semen.

The prolongation of my excitement, fatigued me I think as much as a couple of fucks, I was temporarily annihilated. She carefully washed my prick and bum hole again, and sprinkled eau-de-Cologne on me. She held my prick when I pissed, then washed the tip and gave it a gentle mouthing afterwards, and advising me to rest, she laid down by my side, talking all about the pleasures. Then she reversed herself, after getting off to shift the position of the lights on the table, and asked me to look at her private beauties, as if I had not seen them enough — wasn't her cunt tight for a big woman, hadn't she a pretty clitoris? "Feel it dear — oh you make me want it when you touch it — frig me cher," and whilst complying and feeling her all about, every now and then she again took my flabby doodle into her mouth, and gave it a gently suck, and again pierced my bum hole with her finger after wetting it, and I let her do it. Then laying by my side, again she took hold of my fingers to frig herself with them. — Gradually so were my senses excited by her acts and words, that a desire to have her gamahuching me again crept over me, as well as to have my bum hole plugged. — It was only curiosity, but I had a strange feeling there which her finger had left, a lewed irritation there, and I put my finger down to feel if it was open. — "Do you like to be buggered?" said she — I said I never had, and never meant, but, "Yes I liked your finger there." — I couldn't help saying that. — "You must pay for a pair of white kid gloves, and I will put it over my finger, and cover it with cold cream, and you shall be so pleased." — "Not tonight," said I astonished. — "Ah yes, pourquoi pas, you have much spunk in you yet — look at your preeke, it is bigger — why you not bouggare me with your finger when I feel you — shall me get gloves?" She spoke thus in broken English generally, but sometimes in French.

In voluptuous lassitude, almost against my will I consented. She got from a drawer a new pair of white kid gloves and a pot of cold cream; those things ready, she went thro the preliminaries as before. My prick, balls, and bum hole were licked and tongue tickled all over with much deliberation, and with curious delicacy of tongue, till I grew restless with lust and by backside wriggled. Then putting a lump of grease on my anus, she put on a glove, covered the middle finger with grease, pushed it slowly up me and took my prick in her mouth. She moved her finger about my fundament, making me feel as before as if I was farting a hot wind. One of her feet was now on the floor, her other upon to the bed by the side of me, and I could as I lay see in the glass the back of her naked body and her movements. Near my chest was her belly, buttocks and her thick lipped, red haired cunt between them. With outstretched hand I felt her cunt from bum hole to clitoris. Slowly she moved her head up and down, conveying a fucking motion and feeling to my pego, prolonging and intensifying my enjoyment exactly as before, but even more deliberately, till now almost with a scream of lewed words I spent again in her mouth. I had immense enjoyment in her mouth, and paying her (quite satisfied) a double fee, I left her.



I went to see her again soon after, solely, as well as I can analyze my reasons and intentions, to find out whether I really liked my bum hole plugged with her finger or not: for my sensations had been so mixed, so complicated, that I couldn't make up my mind on the point. I gave her that night champagne, and so she got still warmer to the work. It seemed, and I really believe, that she delighted in the exercise. After my first ejaculation, she got my pego to rise again, and then asked me if I would fuck her. "A nice tight cunt," she said. — But I did not satisfy her, tho I had verified by my finger that her cunt had the quality she claimed for it.

Then came suggestions. Had I ever done this or that? I had done many things that she suggested. Then she got to acts a little out of the common-recherché lusts. — Had I buggered or been buggered? I might bugger her if I liked, for she liked me, and liked the sensation of a man's prick up her "cu," liked her cunt licked or frigged, when her fundament had the pego up it. There was a charming girl who did it to her. — "When you're being buggered?" said I, "impossible." — "No it is not impossible, look," — and she showed what appeared to be a prie-dieu chair, but low backed, large, wide seated, immensely heavy, its back inclining slightly, and most extraordinary in its build. A chair of rough make, and I believe made for the purpose. "It is just the height," said she kneeling to prove it. I stood up at her back and applied my prick to her bum valley to test that. — The chair was open in the back, and then to verify her statement, I knelt in front of her, as she was kneeling on the chair with thighs apart in buggeree posture, and found that I could with a little pushing forward of my head, touch her cunt with my lips, I could have licked her clitoris. She decalred that when buggered, her young female friend licked her quim in that way. Would I come again and she would fetch her friend, and then whilst I fucked her friend, she would finger bugger me. — Or her friend should gamahuche her thro the back of the chair, whilst I buggered her, or fucked her, which ever I pleased but she preferred being buggered and licked. — Or a nice garcon with a lovely prick should come to me and I could bugger him — or be buggered by him, or I could suck him. So we talked on, and she raised a number of curious desires in me by these suggestions of variety. I did not tail her as she asked, but had another pair of white gloves and its greased finger up my bum again, refusing a dildo which she now offered for the first time, and again spent in her mouth and quitted her well satisfied.

A week elapsed. What am I coming to? Her manifold, quaintly lascivious suggestions burthened my mind whenever a lewed sensation passed through my brain, whenever a lewed sensation coursed through my pego, and again I sought her. It was mainly to be frigged by a hand covered with white kid gloves, that was now my letch. She kept I found now white gloves in her drawers, no doubt using them thus which was quite her speciality. She at first frigged me with her gloved hand for a time, then greased the entire glove, to let me feel the difference in the friction between the dry and the greased. Really whether greased or not greased, a kid glove hand makes a delectable masturbator. I would not spend that way. When ready to ejaculate bethinking me of her suggestions, and all sorts of baudy desires floating through my brain, "Get the woman who licks you," I cried, and I thought of fucking my masturbatress from behind whilst her clitoris was licked from before by the satellite.

She feared the woman was not within or might be engaged, but would send. In a quarter of an hour during which I varied our libidinous tricks, she came in. She was a French, dark eyed, dark haired woman, seemingly not more than eighteen or nineteen. — Champagne was to stir our energies, and then we set to work. I saw the young woman's cunt, and when I was quite stiff, and after both women had had my prick in their mouths, and one had licked my balls whilst the other was licking the tip; to the chair we went. — With thighs wide apart the red haired one knelt on it, and the little dark one kneeling on a pillow in front prepared for minetting. — Her tongue reached the other's clitoris, and I made her for a second lick it to let me see that it could be done. — "Come bugger me," said the red haired one, and putting her hand back, she pulled apart her buttocks showing the brown valley, and the aperture of Sodom.

"You won't! ah yes, you must, I shall spend when you spend in my cu." — It seemed from her pertinacity in demanding it, as if she really desired it, and was disappointed at my steady refusal. I

tried to fuck her from behind, but could not get my prick well into her, her bum was so big; and when she lifted her backside and juttet it out, her friend could not well lick her clitoris, so we ceased trying for the minute.

Then said I (it had been her own suggestion on a previous night), "I'll dildo your asshole whilst she licks your cunt." "Tres bien, but you must then give me another sovereign." — I agreed. From another drawer came two or three dildoes. Selecting a little one which she greased carefully, and instructing me how to use it, I pressed it through the corrugated aperture, and slowly soon it disappeared up her fundament. I pushed it gently up and down, the little one licked her cunt, the licks sounded and nothing else in our excited silence, till the red haired one wriggled her bum and belly, cried out she was spending, and urged me to move the dildo which in watching the two I had for the moment ceased doing, but had left sticking in her rump. I recommenced, she urged the young one be quicker. "Lick lower" she cried, and with a real or well acted spasm of pleasure, all was over. I removed the dildo from its sheath, she for a minute or two leaned over the chair with eyes closed, and the other went on silently licking the clitoris.

I had not yet spent, had restrained myself, moving about with my pego like a brass rod, but was now al-most spending without hand or cunt to help me, so excited was I by the spectacle. Speaking in French, "Get up, I'll kiss you," to the younger one. — On to the bed she sprang and opened her red gap. With a look, a feel, and a sniff at it I mounted her, and in a second my pego was up her black haired cunt. The red haired one with-out delay and unasked, inserted her finger in my rectum, I felt the sphincter stretch, and with libidinous images flashing through my brain, in bawdy ecstasy I ejaculated my semen, and died away; the lady's cunt clipping and spending with me. "Mon Dieu what a lot of spunk," said she as I got off of her. — I looked and there was. — The red haired one looked admiringly. "My God! a river," said she.

Within half an hour I was ready again, either one or other of the women had handled my genitals all the time, and I had exhausted the poses I could think of placing them in. Then I put the little one on my prick as I sat on a chair, clasping one breast, and feeling her motte at the same time. The red haired strumpet seemingly pleased, knelt down and licked the clitoris of my fuckstress, whilst with almost imperceptible joggings of her cunt, and heaving of my bum, we fucked. The gentle friction, the deep plugging soon told, and we spent. Then tranquilly sitting on me still, my prick shrinking satisfied from her cunt, whilst I felt her clitoris, and our spermy mixtures running out on to my balls, we rested a while. — Red hair sat on the floor naked and silently contemplating us. — Out flopped my doodle, ending our conjunction, and washing genitals all round began.

I'd had a couple of pleasures but was not satisfied, the women had so excited me. — We talked for a time, then I knelt over the head of the red haired one at her request, whilst she laid on her back and gamahuched me and she masturbated herself. She made me stiff and lewed, tho I had not wished that, and did not utilize the erection, having reasons for not fatiguing myself then too much sexually. — When her pleasure was over I laid down, she carefully with sponge and towel washed the grease off my thighs and bum, and I left.

That extraordinary chair keeps recurring to my mind. Its design, weight, size and general ugliness, makes it certain that it must have been made for the special object, which she told me it was used for. Did the woman I wonder travel about with it when she moved, or was it part of the furniture of the house?

I never went near the glove woman again, nor do I recollect seeing her. I had satisfied my curiosity, and did not wish my bum hole opened any more. — But cock's suction begins more and more to please me. — Several times I have refused to let a pretty mouth finish when proffered that pleasure, not having wished beyond putting it into the mouth of a woman I liked. That truly is a lovely endearment before putting it up the sweet one's cunt. Is the taste now gradually coming to me? I begin to find it delightful, when I do not stiffen readily, to make women put my tool in their mouths even if not to consummate there. — Suction by a pretty mouth is not such a bad amusement when a man's fatigued. [Nelly L\*\*l\*e a year or two after-wards, often got my second spend that way — her

cunt did duty for the first.]

[These eccentric latches appear henceforth to have given me pleasure more in a degree, and more frequently I gave way to cries of lust when in the height of pleasure. Formerly I had been mostly quiet, or only used words of endearment to my lovely partner; of late frantic libidinosity has seized me at times, and more rapidly than words can express them, flash through my brain visions of what I have done — of what I should like to do — and the words of lust as they escape me, add to my pleasure, and to those of some of my partners who join their cries to mine. I incite them to use them.]

## **Vol. 8 Chapter XI**

**Change in style in writing this narrative. • Reckless amours. • Nelly L\*\*l\*e and Sophy S\*\*\*h. • Neophyte harlots. • A first night out. • Madame S\*\*\*k\*n\*us. • Cuntal contrasts. • A lascivious evening. • Their antecedents and future. • Nelly's face, form, and quim. • Voluptuous complacency. • Her after life. • My tastes for being gamahuched. • Externals of sodomites. • Fantastic male lascivieties. • Champagne and sperm. • Dildo and arse-hole. • Birching tried on me. • Policemen's forbearance. • One in plain clothes. • Nelly's illness and my aid. • Sophy's face, figure, and colour. • Her sliggery pudenda. • Vulgarity and voice. • Married, mother, and widowed. • Harlotting resumed. • Drunken and degraded. • Love in her armpits.**

[It is evident now, altho it did not occur to me at the time when week by week, or day by day, I wrote these narratives, that of late years I had a growing habit of giving opinions on, and reasons for my amorous, erotic exploits. — This certainly was not the case in the early part of this history. — I suppose the change was the result of experience, and reflexion on that experience, which made me write those opinions. They were doubtless involuntary, they came in the natural course of the incidents, and writing them at the time pleased me as much as describing the events. These opinions and reflexions are an index to my mental state at that time, and it would be well to retain them all. The need for excision and abbreviation is however inexorable, and few can be kept. The desires which sprang up, the thoughts or experiences which led to them, if preludes to my amorous deeds, will however be retained, where not of too great length.

[Not having been found out in my promiscuous amusements with women, and the ailments of Venus not having attacked me, I became bold, and did openly hazardous things, which a few years ago I should never attempted. I longed for women who had never sold their charms, and made advances to some who seemed open to them, some who were as critically placed as I was, and more so, for to them it might have been utter ruin. — With two or three, I had brief amours which we both enjoyed intensely. The pleasure of eating stolen honey is great, and hazardous, illicit fucking, is the finest of honey. Danger and risks no doubt give its charms to such liaisons, but fucking with eyes and ears open at my time of life, was after all not so pleasurable as fucking with a tranquil mind.

[Altho strong sexually, I thought that at my time of life that the strength could not last long, and seemed to desire to lose no opportunity in indulging with the sex, fearing that indifference which sometimes comes with the abatement of virile force. So when I got the chance I had many charming transient amours. Circumstances indeed a little later on favoured me in these, and gave me opportunities of indulging with less risk than before, but what led to those facilities must not be disclosed. Many of my fugitive amours did not exceed the acquaintance of a night or two — nor did I wish them to last — nor perhaps did my female friends. Mostly they were commonplace, and I only tell of those in which was some unusual incident, tho with my habit then, as now inveterate, I

duly recorded in my manuscript each amorous adventure.

The next twenty or thirty pages relate to two young harlots named Nelly L\*\*I\*e and Sophy S\*\*h —. I occasionally visited Nelly for many years, the other rarely, tho for as long a time or nearly so. My libidinous amusement with them were all of the ordinary kind, which I have practised with hundreds of the frail sisterhood, and with many who were not frail in a financial sense. They were as usual, described by me at length in my original manuscript, but the repetition of salacious tricks seems tedious now, so I have carefully weeded out, arranged in some order, condensed, abbreviated this part of my narrative, to about one fifth of its original length; leaving only certain episodes worth retaining for their variety, which I shall put in their chronological order nearly.]

Going along L\*c\*\*tr Square one evening I saw a shortish female in front of me. She had short petticoats (worn then), Balmoral boots, a small foot, and shapely calf. — The movement of haunches and legs told me she had the class of form I loved; I can tell by the pose of the foot, and the swing of the bum, what sort of thighs and rump are moving underneath petticoats — I passed and looked at her. She had a quite young, modest face, white and pink complexion, dark eyes, and looked healthy, fresh and enticing. I stopped, turned, and she passed me. She is modest I thought. — Bah! what does modesty do here by itself at eight o'clock p.m.? — So I accosted her, wondering at her steady bum swing which looked twenty-one at least, whilst her face looked but seventeen or thereabouts. "May I go home with you?" "Yes if you like," and she looked back. "Where do you live?" — "I live at — oh I forget, but it's just over there." "Go on and I'll follow." — She hesitated, but turned back. — Up came another female, taller, with flaxen hair, and a nearly white face. — "The gentleman wants to know where we live, what's the name of the street?" "Tibble, Tickle, Tish, or something like it I forget, but I know the way." — Then both laughed heartily. — "Well go on," I said (for we had stopped), "I only want this lady and not you." — I never like talking long to gay women in the streets. "It's Pickle Street," said my selected one, laughing. "Cross over." — Both crossed, I following, when a short, sallow, Jewish looking woman there stopped them. — "What is it my dear," said she. "The gentleman wants to know the name of the street." "Oh, it's T\*\*\*f\*\*\*d Street, sair — I will shows the vay," and off she walked rapidly with the girls, I following at a little distance behind them. It was the baud who was giving them their first lesson in street walking, and following them in view.

She opened the door with a latch key — "I only want this dark haired girl," said I, "and I'm only going to give her a sovereign." "Vel, vel, go in, sair." — I went in and upstairs to two handsomely furnished rooms — a lamp was already lighted, and she lit two candles, the girls stood still, silent, and staring at me, I stood thinking — I hate making these arrangements with second or third parties — a baud, and a couple of whores are a match for the Devil.

"I only want this lady," I repeated, "and can only give her a sovereign." "Oh you must give her two sovereigns — it's her first night in London, she's never been out before. Oh she must have two sovereigns." "No." "Vel dare is no harm done, sair, you see vat nice young ladies they be, and these handsome rooms but if you won't, you won't — vel go out again my dears." — It was all very civilly said. — No bullying. — She blew out the two candles, not a word had either girl spoken and she opened the door. Said the woman as I moved towards the door, "I can't let her for luck's sake start like that, I brought em both to London the day before yesterday, they've never seen London streets till an hour ago." I paused — I had noticed in the street the girl Nelly staring about in a strange way, instead of cock hunting with the steady glances of a regular strumpet — besides the girl looked so very fresh and so modest, that my prick was standing, and I felt a violent lust for her. — "Well let her stay, I'll give it her, but if I have her another night I can only give a sovereign." — "All right, sair." "But I shall stop a long time." "You may stop as long as you likes, mayn't he Nelly?" "I don't care," said the girl.

The old woman relighted the candles. — "Have Sophy too," said she. I never liked fair haired women. — "No." "Do — it's her first night as well — don't make them jealous of each other, they're friends now. — Do, and I needn't go out again tonight." — That struck me as so funny that I

laughed. "When you see em both quite naked together, you vil say you never see sich fine gals." "I won't be naked," said one, I don't recollect which. — "Now my deeree, you must please gentlemen if you wants to make friends — Didn't I tell ye now — didn't I tell ye — I'm not a going to keep yer — you've got to sleep yourself." Then turning to me, "They will be all right when she knows you, sair; have Sophy, do — she's as white as snow, her thighs and body is, and she is formed beautiful, and her hair's the same color there, one's black and the other yaller," and the old woman winked at me again with a leer. The contrast was extreme — "black cunt, flaxen cunt" — thought I. "Well, let her stay too — but I'm not going to pay you." — "Oh! all rights, all rights, sair, you can stop all night vith dem. I knows a gentlemans vhen I speak vid him, all rights, sair, my name is S\*\*\*k\*n\*us, and I've been here five years, I'm a dress-maker, sair." (I had some idea that I was going to be bilked.) "Now my deerees mind vot I as tell you, and I'm sure he'll be a friend to you both," and nodding her head at the girls she went out. I bolted the door. She was a German woman I found, perhaps Jewish, but who had been some time in England, actually worked with a sister at dressmaking, and let her upper floors to quiet gay women, and had now by some chance got these two young women, to introduce to the pavé of London.

"Take off your things, my darlings." — The girls giggling and whispering to each other began slowly to do so; it was perfectly clear that they'd not yet un-dressed as Paphians before a man for pay. Gradually two pairs of splendid calves and lovely white breasts appeared. "Of with your chemises." "I shan't," said one, and the other did not obey. — I pulled them both to me, putting my hands on to their fat backsides, and kissed their large white breasts alternately. I hitched up the chemises of both at the same time whilst they struggled a bit, and saw fine round thighs on both; nearly black hair on one cunt, almost invisible hair on the other. "My prick's so stiff," said I, and getting up I stripped to my shirt, pulled it up to my waist, and showed a red headed magnificent erection.

Both burst into laughter, which astonished me. I pulled dark haired Nelly on to one thigh as I sat down, and began feeling her cunt. Flaxen haired Sophy sat down on a low stool opposite us, holding her cheeks and her chin with her hands, whilst her elbows rested on her thighs, like an old Irish woman sitting on a door step. A vulgar, low look the girl had, yet she was of a most uncommon peculiar style of face, certainly handsome, yet of a class I didn't like. Then I noticed that she had white eye lashes, and very light eyebrows, and for the moment she reminded me of an albino, who to me is very ugly.

Now I talked baudy. "Show me your cunt," to Nelly, who had been feeling my prick. — "Ho! ain't he rude," said she giggling and looking at Sophy. — "Do." "Shan't." — I lifted her chemise to her armpits suddenly. She struggled and cried out, "No, no." — I got vexed and swore, for I hate a struggle with a sham modest whore, and hadn't quite arrived at the belief that it was her first night's harlotry. — "Isn't she a fool Sophy?" "She knows best," was the reply made in a coarse, raw, nasty voice. — I had not heard her speak before. I let Nell go. — "Let's feel your cunt," said I dragging up Sophy from the stool. — She offered no resistance. Her cunt was reeking wet as my fingers went between the lips, and she opened her thighs to let my fingers up. I pulled up her chemise, her cunt seemed nearly hairless, there was hair, but the color was so light, and it was so small in quantity, that it scarcely showed. Her thighs and belly were as white as milk, her form exquisite. — Nelly rearranged her tumbled hair, for in a small struggle with her it had fallen, came close up to us and said to Sophy, "You seem to like it." "I don't mind much, he's a nice chap," croaked Sophy. [Nelly, I found in after years, was jealous of any woman being noticed before her — even when she had brought the woman herself to me for fucking.] Nelly was jealous now of Sophy's pleasing me by her willingness.

Darkish haired quims were always my delight, so I took hold of Nelly again. Sophy dropping again on the stool not much higher than a chamber pot, looking on stupidly and pulling down her short chemise over her knees as if to hide them. I titillated Nelly's clitoris, made her feel my balls and prick, and lavished obscenity and kisses, till she wriggled her rump voluptuously. I had stirred her lust. She wanted fucking, it was time for emptying my testicles, so I threw her on the side of the

bed. — "No, no, let me get on to the bed properly." — I wouldn't, opened her thighs violently, leant over her, and drove my prick up her fat little cunt, till my balls banged against her arse. Feeling the prick up her, she laid still, for pleasure told on her at the first thrust of my pego. I began to look at her quim as I pushed my tool in and out. Then she kept pushing her chemise down. — "I'll slit your chemise up if you do that," said I irritated. — Sophy came up and looked on, for Nelly then ceased hiding her charms, and, I saw, soon had voluptuous sensations; and from the involuntary motion of her belly, the opening of her mouth, the staring look of her eyes, saw that they were getting strong. Soon she gave a voluptuous sigh and I fetched her juices out, as I squirted a shower of sperm up her. I was in full blood, my prick stood well up her after I had spent, and I bent over her quiet for a time, then rose, gradually pulling my prick partly out of its mucous bath. — "When were you last fucked?" said I. — For a second she lay quiet as if in her pleasure still, at last, "Two months ago," said she. Sophie chuckled, "Ave yer done it Nell with him, ave yer?" said she. — No reply. — "Have yer now? — now I knows yer have, and yer said, yer wouldn't with the chaps." — Nell never replied, seeming to be still enjoying the last sensations of the fuck. "She's spent a cup full," said I drawing my prick quite out. — "Look — it's not all mine." Briskly Nell closed her thighs and pulled her chemise over her reeking cunt, from which a rivulet of thick pearly sperm began to run, and she sat up.

"Do you like seeing your friend fucked?" "Never seed it afore," said Sophy, sitting down again on the stool and tugging down her short chemise. "Well, you've been fucked." "Why of coourse." "You've seen yourself fucked in a looking glass." "That I ain't, there warn't never a glass in the room at all — I never war in a place afore with a man and woman a doin it. — Never with none but my own chap."

"Wash Nell," said I, whilst I was doing so. "When you're gone." "Gone my dear? I'm going to stop hours." — Nellie washed. — I turned to Sophy and grasped her sliggery cunt. — "Shall we fuck?" "If yer like." Her cunt was on fire and reeking, as I laid her on the side of the bed. — What a treat the light flaxen haired motte was by contrast, I had not expected such enjoyment from it. I got my prick in her, but the fucking was much longer, and I fetched her before I came myself. Nelly now looked on curiously, it was her turn. — "You've done it with him Sophy." "And so did you." Then both laughed. Getting off the bed, down went Sophy on to the stool again. "You'll wet your chemise Sophy." "Don't care." — But up she got, wiped her cunt outside with a towel, and threw it down on the floor in a low manner.

There was a freshness in manner, and modesty in both of them, and they had manifestly an enjoyment in fucking, which made me think now that the old woman had spoken the truth. I had thought it all sham. — Neither had ever tasted champagne I found, so ordered some, telling the woman to get it at \* \* \* \* \* a well known place for food and wine [then]. Madame S\*\*\*k\*n\*\*s fetched it and I gave her a glass. — Was I pleased with the young ladies? Yes and had fucked both. — "They won't wash their cunts properly," said I joking. "I have," said Nelly — "Sophy has wiped hers." "Oh Miss Sophy, you knows what I have tell you." — We had gone into the . sitting room which opened with folding doors to the bed room, and the flaxen motte one now washed her cunt properly. We drank champagne, the old woman left, I ordered another bottle, and soon both girls were quite groggy.

Then they let out their histories. Many times after I heard both, and they never varied. — Certainly it was their first harlotting night, and most likely neither had been fucked for weeks as they said. I warmed them well up with lewed talk, one held my prick, the other the pot when I pissed. It delights me to make fresh women do those little services. I laid them side by side lengthwise on the bed, and then one on the top of the other. The liquor and talk had made them randy. We all stripped quite, and putting the cheval glass to see in it, I fucked one whilst I fingered the other. Then we had more wine, and the girls began to quarrel, which I have often found to occur when I have had two women together and they got lushy.

It really was because I had fucked flaxen motte twice, and Nelly was jealous. I'd fucked Sophy I

can't tell why, for I always liked a dark haired cunt, and Nelly's was dark. — I fancy it was that I found Sophy's the nicest of the two cunts, and have since thought so [I sometimes think now that her cunt was the most delicious my prick ever went into] but I never could bear the girl, tho scores of times I have thought of nothing but her cunt, when I have been stroking Nelly and others. I recollect all this clearly because the evening was a memorable one. They now both blabbed and told me all about themselves but the name of the village they came from. — No, they wouldn't tell that. "Don't you recollect that some one fetched me that night, Nelly?" "Yes." "Father said he'd throw him bloody soon into the canal if he came home again with me." "Poor Bet, he never kept her child." "Yes and he made me sleep with him that night." — So that sort of talk ran on, telling me bits of their history as I questioned them, and interrupting and correcting, and helping each other in their tales, both talking sometimes at once. Then we all three turned on to the bed again. I treated the dark haired cunt, and fucked each girl quite twice before the evening was out. When we parted I promised to see them the next day.

[This was their history. Nelly mainly made me her confidant after I helped to keep her during an illness at a future day. Both had been caught fucking without a license. — Sophy by a man of her own class caught in a field by her father, who stuck a scythe into her swain's rump. — Nelly was surprized in bed with a gentleman who had promised to marry her, and her father turned her out of doors. — The swains neglected the girls — both had family way sensations in their bellies, and were helped out of the difficulty by a local dressmaker. — Madame S\*\*\*k\*n\*us, a German Jewess and dressmaker, knew the village one, who advised the girls to go to London with Madame S\*\*\*k\*n\*us. They knew they were going to be gay, tho it was not said so. Uncomfortable at their village, off they ran, and that was their first night in their career of harlotry when I had them. — Both afterwards liked gay life, but neither rose to eminence. — Nell for some years led a comfortable life of indolence, as long as she kept to S\*\*\*k\*n\*us. Sophy sank to the lowest depths, was always drunk, nearly naked, and would take men home for a glass of gin.]

Nelly was short, beautifully formed and plump, had good legs, small feet, thick ankles, and large bum. — Her skin was a very dark cream color, her hair nearly black, her eyes a very dark hazel, with a heavy expression in them much like that of a cow's. It was a half sulky look. She had thick eye-brows and large mouth but was really handsome. In after years she was often taken for a French woman by men. The hair on her motte was about the thickest I ever saw on an English woman's, tho at first there was not much of it. The flesh of the motte could not be seen thro it, and just over the clitoris it formed a thick little clump al-most hard, it curled so. Her armpits were thick with hair even at that age. (She was barely seventeen.) She had hair on her cunt, she said, at twelve. Ten years afterwards when I saw her, it was half up to her navel, but it never grew round her buttocks or arsehole. Her cunt was large at seventeen, and some years after-wards was very large. — I could then put a large dildo and two fingers up it at the same time easily, yet she had even then a wonderfully fine cuntal grip on the prick, it was such a fat cunt inside. She had a beautifully steady walk, like a Spanish woman's, looked quiet, and was proud of walking out dressed simply in good black silk, and being taken for a modest woman. — She was relatively modest, when first I had her. In a week I'd taught her much, and modesty was lost. She said she had had more poking in the first fortnight she had come to town than she had had altogether from her young man, who had never tailed her more than about a dozen times in all. Her cunt then had all the signs of recent rupture. — In after years she was the most complacent creature, and did with me everything excepting bum fucking. Once when I pressed her to let me do that she nearly yielded, but it was out of kindness. — I was only joking, and but asked as a test. She got me three young virgins, two of whom I poked, a dozen other women, and two men to frig or bugger if I liked — I did not like the latter work. She gradually got poor and ill, and disappeared. Her last stay was in one room. An old gentleman up whose arse she used to put a dildo whilst she sucked his cock, she said, then nearly kept her; he was seventy-six years old, yet could spend under that fundamental and labial irritation.

She early made friends among a good class of married men, and was always at home in the afternoon, dressed usually in a blue satin dressing gown, and nice stockings and boots. Her foot was

beautiful. She for years rarely went out at night or to public amusements, but passed her time in idling, feeding, dressing, reading newspapers and novels. She said she lost money when she went out at night before ten, so if she went out it was usually very late. She was a very safe woman. Once during what I think was a bad clap, tho she would not say so, and once thro a long illness, I paid her lodgings and some other friend paid for her food. She was on both occasions in the same house (Madame S\*\*\*k\*n\*us). She never let me poke her if she had the slightest taint of her poorliness. She was a wonderful frigger. — Her masturbation was most delicate and fetching (some women never can frig), and afterwards she gamahuched equal to any French woman — I have gone to her with my prick as limp as a rag, yet never went away without a spending. She had a wonderful way of pushing my machine if limp into her roomy cunt, and saying "lay still." — Without movement on my part, and no perceptible movement to her buttocks, she stiffened me by the compression of her cunt — her gripping cunt seemed to suck my prick up into it. When about thirty years old she began to paint. At rare intervals then I used to talk to her only, and to tip her when I met her, and for years sent her a sovereign at Christmas.

Before I lost sight of her, she used to say that when first out, scarcely any man wanted more than to poke her, but then that half the men wanted to be gamahuched, and some wanted to bugger. She did not allow that, but got them ladies who did. She looked on at the operation at times, and halved the fee paid for their complaisance. She explained to me the habits of the male sodomites (she had studied and hated them), the way to know them, and how to treat them. It was curious, but I never learned to know them by sight, and never wanted. — To the last of her career so far as I know it, and when she barely had a gown to cover her, she managed to get silk stockings, and tho flabby in her breasts, and with a smaller and flabby bum, never lost the shapely legs. Her heart went wrong, she got dirty, and then I saw her no more.

She rarely drank, tho I have made her tight several times by sipping warm brandy and water with her. With a good fire in the room, her clothes up to her navel, legs so placed that I could see her cunt, we talked and she told me strange bawdy fads she had known men to have. One young man, after laying her down with thighs distended and open cunt, used to frig himself into a tumbler of champagne and then drink it, swallowing his own sperm. Another made her run a pin into his balls. One brought small peas, and pushed them down his urethra. — He came with his bladder full — and then pissed out the peas against her cunt, or her arsehole, or her breasts. She flogged some men till they spent, and other erotic whimsies. Many men she said liked a dildo up their arseholes whilst they fucked, or were friggered, or gamahuched. One man only fucked a woman when she had a dildo up her bum; a lady friend she fetched for that purpose. He greased the dildo and put it up the lady's arsehole. It was used for no one else and she showed it me. "That dildo's my old friend's," said she showing another and larger.

"I don't like it, but do everything excepting bugger, it pleases them and amuses me. If I did not some other would — I should lose friends." Camille has said the same. — She only once let me see her on the sly with a male friend. I looked thro a key hole at them copulating. Once she got a man to fuck her whilst I looked on, and I friggered him afterwards. He was a big man, and said he was a carpenter. Once she began to birch me, the only time I ever tried it, but the pain was too great and I made her desist. Twice she played at flat cocks with a female before me, and on one occasion a bawdy tipsy night we had, with a second woman.

She used to fuck and spend in a quiet way, never swore, nor raised her voice, nor seemed angry, nor used bawdy language unless asked, and chuckled it out then in a quiet voice. She never got into police rows. How she squared the police I don't know. I asked her if she let the constables tail her — "No" — but an Inspector used to have her. He was a married man and came in plain clothes. She never was "run in" that I heard of, when they ran in fifty women a night from the Haymarket and its vicinity.

During one illness I helped to keep her, and meeting then Sophy by chance, went home with her. She was at enmity with Nelly and said Nelly had had a miscarriage, and the father of the child was a



labourer. — Nelly afterwards admitted a miscarriage. When she had been launched a few months she got cautious as whores do, and told me nothing; then came her illness, and after as said, she became as communicative as at first. When I was in love with Jessie C\*\*t\*s I did not see Nelly for a year or more. I shan't forget her joy when she saw me again. Sophy, with the exception of the young lass Kitty with the yellow hair and motte, whom I had in my early manhood, was the only light haired Paphian I ever had more than a few times, rarely more than once. She was full grown tho only seventeen, her hair was like light flax, her eyelashes white. — She was exquisitely made, had the loveliest breasts, and from the nape of her neck to the sole of her feet was as white as snow. Her features were good, her eyes blue and yet she looked like a fool and when she laughed was like an idiot. — Her laugh was a vulgar, idiotic, coarse, offensive chuckle, she opened her mouth quite wide (it was large with splendid teeth), and she rolled her head about from side to side. — Her hands were coarse. She had slight hollows in her bum cheeks at first, in a few months they were dimples, and she must have put on a stone in weight in the time. — Never was there a woman who handled better all over than she, she was delicious to touch, an exquisite piece of flesh.

She had, when first I had her, scarcely any hair on her cunt; as I threw up her chemise I thought she had none. — But it lay close, and made the lips of the cunt look a little darker than the surrounding flesh, nothing more. The clitoris and nymphae were a delicate pink like a girl's of twelve. The prick hole was small, and also had the look of recent breakage. I've broken thro a good lot of hymens, and know the look pretty well.

Of all the women I ever had, none had so soft, so voluptuous a cunt. — It was quite tight and small, but nothing ever equalled its smoothness. Satin, polished steel, ivory, oiled marble, never equalled its delicious softness to the feel of fingers or prick. It was always moist like any other cunt, tho not sticky or sloppy, but had an exquisite lubriciousness, indescribably as if it was full of spunk just fucked into it. I have made her syringe it out before me, and a minute afterwards it felt just the same. She was a splendid fuckee. Nelly was nice but one of the quietest, and always when fucking seemed suppressing herself; Sophy shivered, quivered but not noisily, and heaved gently, her cunt went clip, clip, suck, suck, in a wonderful way towards her crisis, and then with a gentle heave of her belly and arse, she seemed as if she wished to get my whole body up her, and with a "Ahaa — my dear man — aha, aha," she subsided. She was full of juice, would often spend twice to my once, and we made a fine display on the towel under her bum when my prick left her. Before the first week of our acquaintance was out, she gave way to her passions with me. She liked me, and used to patter out in her ugly, hoarse, vulgar voice, bawdy words, and coarse but loving expressions. — Nelly watching us used then to say, "Sophy — what are you at?" — but it did not stop her. Never have I had more completely voluptuous fucking as far as mere cunt was concerned, but that was all; I was sick of the sight of her directly our bodies unjoined.

I saw both girls daily for nearly a fortnight, and Sophy had my seminal libations more frequently than Nelly — but I could not talk to her, her language was indescribably common and coarse, and whether eating, drinking, speaking, washing or even pissing, her vulgarity and idiocy were intolerable. — She was a cunt of superlative voluptuousness, a magnificent bit of fucking flesh, but nothing more. Tho straight as an arrow, her walk was between a totter and a roll. I could, at a later day, see her flashy, vulgar bonnet bobbing about in the distance wherever she was. She looked, even with good clothes on, the lowest Moll. Sometimes for all that I had a litch for her when I caught sight of her, and for a quarter of an hour to handle her fine flesh, to finger and plunge my prick up her indescribably smooth, luscious cunt, laying on her start naked before putting into her even, was exquisite. — But my liking went the instant my sperm was in her, and I got away as rapidly as I could, resisting usually her seductions of fingers and mouth to reanimate my tool, for she'd never let me go till I had tailed her twice if she could prevent it. She was very fond of fucking by me.

For a year or two (and in after years she returned), she was in the same house with Nelly and Madame S\*\*\*k\*n\*us, who dressed and looked after her. There she did well. Then she went to live by herself having quarrelled with Nelly, and I saw nothing of her for a few years. — Nelly then told

me one day that she had married an artisan, who was then dying, had two children by him, that they'd lived respectably and she quietly, but that now having pawned everything to keep them, she was going on to the streets again to live. They literally had nothing in their room but a bed, chair, table and pisspot, and would have starved, if Nelly had not sent them food for some time. She could afford that no longer, but she was keeping one child whom she brought upstairs to show me. — It was flaxen haired, like Sophy.

I sent for Sophy, who came. She had nothing on but a cloak and a gown, I pulled up her clothes to see. It was cold weather, there was a fire in the room, she went out, and in half an hour came in washed with a chemise and stockings on lent by Nelly. She'd still her lovely firm and white flesh, but was thinner. She told me her troubles, we had gin which soon got well into her head, then I got on to my knee, felt her all over and titillated her cunt. When she had had a drink and her sobbing was over, and so soon as she felt pleasure, she rapidly undid my trowsers and grabbed my balls. — "Oh! I ain't been fucked for these three months, the last time my man did it, it nearly killed him and he don't want it now." I questioned her. — "Aye, I do frig myself — he liked me to, and he did use to frig me him-self until he got too ill, poor man — let's do it."

I told Nelly to go out, being unable occasionally some-where about that time (a peculiarity I don't think have mentioned), to poke with another woman in the room, and was taken suddenly so now. Nelly always liked to be present when I shagged a woman she had brought me, perhaps to see what money passed — perhaps because she liked to see the fucking just as Sarah F\*\*z\*r did, and to frig herself whilst looking on. Women have bawdy fancies and latches like men. — Nelly went out looking sulky.

Never did a woman enjoy a poking more. "Oh! I ain't had a fuck for three months — not one damned fuck; frigging ain't fucking my dear — is it? — shove harder — I'm coming." She'd lost of course all modesty, if she ever had any, but she must have been reared like a pig. The first fortnight after she came to town, Nell used to say, "Do it — put it in, — up my thing," — and so on. Sophy would say "fuck — cunt — prick," to express herself, within a few days of their coming to London. When we were all three together, she would sit looking at the fire quietly, and suddenly mixed it with spittle. She put down her fat white arm, and I fucked between it and her breast from the back. She began to frig herself whilst I did it. — In a glass in front of us, I could see my prick tip appearing and disappearing as I thrust. "Fuck, fuck," she cried as her thighs began to move, and she spent frigging, as out spouted my sperm, and some of it, past her armpit fell on one of her thighs. I then stood with prick in the arm-pit leaning over her, she with her head back against me in silent ecstasy, eyes shut, and fingers on her clitoris.

"You haven't spent," said I. "Haven't I? feel my cunt, look at it," — I did. — "Do it again." I tried, worked away willingly, shoving whilst she helped me by squeezing my prick to her, but it was no go — for me. — She however recommended frigging herself, my spunk still lay on one thigh, and in the middle of her frig, she put her finger and thumb to it, took the sperm up, put it on to her clitoris and completed her frig with delight when she had got my sperm there. — Oh, how imagination helps sexual pleasure.

"Don't tell Nelly." "Why you fool, you will be the first to tell her or any one else." When with Nelly, and she'd had a little liquor, she invariably began to tell what this man did, how that man fucked, — how much she got — whom she had had — "I didn't have a cove last night, so had a bloody good frig before I went to sleep." — Nelly could not stop her. Flaxen head would tell of the men she had last, and what they did, and whether she'd spent with them or not, and so on. — "He fucked nice he did, I didn't mean to do it — but I gave up." — That was her style of talk, those her very words on one occasion, when she narrated what she'd done the previous night.

## Vol. 8 Chapter XII

**Sophy's lubricious vagina. • My sensitive propagator. • Need for mucilaginous cunts. • In another man's semen. • Sophy's vocabulary. • Her love of the scrotum. • Pissing bouts with Nell, and Sophy. • Both with kid. • Nelly later on. • My procuress. • Miscellaneous and many Paphian peripatetic whores. • Martha. • A female life-guard. • Two little ones on a hot day. • In a cab. • Carry and Sally. • Feeling and felt. • Half-sitting fornication. • Carry in a bedroom. • "Who first fucked you?" • Sally's home experiences. • Brother Jack's onanism. • A trio of mutual exhibitions. • Jack and the pail of water. • Carry cum Jack at 6:30 a.m. • Luck of a lad of fifteen. • Jack's fraternal intentions. • Sally's sisterly anticipations of Jack.**

This idiotic, semi-albino faced, wench's cunt, by the perfection of surface and fit, alone attracted me to her. I used to tell Nelly of it. I made Nelly at times anoint my tool with cold cream and unguents, and once poured oil in her cunt and then fucked her, extolling all the time the delicious lubricity of Sophy's light fringed slit, and much to Nelly's jealous annoyance. One day when she had been about two years harlotting, and knew most things erotic, I imagine, she said to me when eulogizing what I called Sophy's sliggery cunt (where I got the term I know not), — "You'd like to poke in another man's spunk," and she laughed. "You dirty little bitch, do you think I'd be such a beast?" "I don't see that it is beastly, some men do it" — and after a pause — "at least I've heard so."

Soon after and about this time, my penis seems again to have got the intense sensitiveness of my youth. I began to think of having plunged my procreator into the leavings of Captain Blank in Liz M\*\*\*d\*n's and Nelly \*\*\*'s cunts, and what they said about it, and of similar episodes, and to wonder if any man had a taste for "buttered buns" — I seemed vaguely to recollect that the cunts of the women when thus lubricated had seemed very delicious to me, but attributed that to the fullness of my spermatic reservoirs, coupled with the lovely elasticity, and natural slipperiness of their cunts, and not to anything which Captain Blank had left there. I thought fucking after a man, a dirty trick, yet my prick stood at times, at the idea of its having been in the same sheath directly after another. This at times began now to occur to me when fucking Nelly L\*\*I\*e. What a number of pricks have been where my prick is, and what does that matter I thought, then began even to like the idea, and then to wonder if the enjoyment was increased by quickly entering a cunt after another man's journey there. Nearly all my life, as told, I had a most sensitive gland. — As my prick entered the sexual treasures of the dear creatures, I could tell if they had been recently washed out, or had used astringents. At one period I would not let a woman wash her split before I fucked her, unless I suspected that she'd recently had a male. Then after I had had a clap, I made them always wash scrupulously, but paid penance in the diminished enjoyment I had in pistoning, till the natural lubriciousness of their cunts returned under the soft friction and incitement of my prick. At times after their ablution, I covered my prick with saliva, and made them treat similarly their love temples, and sometimes made them moisten my prick tip in their mouths, so as to simulate the natural mucilaginous surface of their cunts, a condition which kind nature mostly leaves a cunt in, to be ready at all times and seasons to receive and gratify "John Thomas," the procreator, propagator, poker, pego, penis, of the male.

Somewhere about this time, the acute sensitiveness of my gland returned, and even increased, and a cunt in copulation without its natural viscosity, at first almost gave me pain. I used my saliva for lubrication copiously, and if I could wait, and the lady would let me (Cyprians often don't like to be frigged or excited too much at first, and object to a prolonged clitorisation), I would rub and titillate her button till I felt the internal effusion of her cunt was sufficient. Then I embraced her with the energy and enjoyment which is the proper compliment that the prick pays to the cunt, and which the man owes to the woman who permits him. Sophy had a cunt with this perfect viscosity, that

exquisite lubricity.

Sophy had a vocabulary picked up in the slums and fields I guess. — She was one of the few women I have known who liked playing with my balls better than my prick; hundreds of women whom I have had never touched my testicles, all liked to play with the stem and prepuce. — Sophy would handle my balls gently at first, then squeeze one stone, then the other, then hold the bag in her fist, and left the rod alone. Her language also had a ballocky tone. — "Let's feel your balls — how's your bolly?" When I began to appreciate more fully the pleasure which a nice pair of lips gave my prick, Sophy took to gamahuching with delight, but always held my balls in her hand when my prick was in her mouth. — She would lick my balls, smell them, kiss them all over. She was in fact fond of the balls.

— A hard, well wrinkled scrotum made her eyes shine with delight, "Your bally's full to night I know," she'd say.

Of course I had a micturating bout with these two girls. One night I took a large mackintosh and spread it on the floor before the fire, then we took off the sheets from the bed to dry ourselves with, I laid down on my back, Nelly mounted me, and putting my prick up her began slowly fucking; Sophy start naked and straddling her legs over Nelly's arse, when we began to get lively in our movements, she half squatted and pissed on to Nelly's bum furrow which I pulled open with both hands. The hot stream came rattling down the furrow and thence on to my balls, making a pond under my arse. — In the midst of the splashing Nelly and I spent.

Some time after — it was a lushing night and I had taken them wine. — When drink had filled the girl's bladders, I mounted Nelly's belly. Sophy at first said she would not piss, it was her turn to fuck, but at length let fly her stream towards my arsehole. Afterwards I indulged Sophy with a bit of cock. How we laughed as we rubbed each other dry. — That night Nell, tho she tried, could not piss over Sophy, as she topped me. Sophy was a wonderful hand at the work, she could hold her cunt lips open and direct her stream like a fire-man, in which she resembled another gay lady already told of — I have seen some women unable to do this, and piss quite wildly.

The next night I had them, we all stripped. Nell laid on the floor on her back, I pushed under her rump a foot stool, then straddling over her I pulled up her legs and held them wide open, my arse was turned towards her face, my ballocks hanging almost over it, her cunt about a foot off the ground. — With her fingers she distended her orifice widely, then Sophy in bawdy de-light coming close up and slightly squatting, thighs wide apart and holding her cunt open, pissed a perfect cataract on to Nelly's cunt. She hit it as neatly as if she had sent it out of a squirt. Then we put Sophy on her back, she held her legs as high up as she could, and Nelly and I pissed at the same time on her quim. Then on the bed, we fucked all three together. — Later, both girls pissed together over my prick as I lay on the floor, and I fucked again. We made such a mess that Madame S\*k\*s was angry, but I paid for washing and tipped besides, so all passed off pleasantly. — This was all done in the early days of their harlotry. — It was the pleasure of teaching, if initiating them into the amusements obtainable from their cunts, which gratified me. Their gratification was excessive. We made an awful noise when about it, but there were no other women in the house. Madame S\*\*k\*n\*us occupied the ground floor, the girls the two upper floors, the only servant was in the floor above.

A month after I first met this couple, Nelly said, "You've got me in the family way." "And me too," said Sophy. "It's other men." — Both were sure it was I, and that both were got so in the first week. They always afterwards declared that it was so. Sophy thought it was the very first time I'd fucked her. That poor woman afterwards was always getting in the family way. Nelly, in after years, used to say she never had enjoyed fucking in her life in the way she did the first week with me, and that she was dead sure I'd got her with child within the first day or so.

"Hasn't Nell a dark haired cunt?" said I to Sophy one day when I had them. "Yes, I like black better than my colour." — She had never seen Nell's cunt excepting outside. — Why should she? — It

was like her own warn't it? — "Nor you, Sophy's?" — "No," said Nell. — I made them at once look at each other's cunts, and put their fingers on each other's and frig — I had jolly larks with them in the first days, and didn't I astonish them with the tales I told about sods, and flat-fucking — cow-fucking — dog-frigging — and cock-sucking or gamahuching — cunt-licking, and so forth. — They were both wonderfully green when they came to London; plain fucking and frigging was the extent of their knowledge.

To go back, for I have narrated much which occurred through several years afterwards, I had now supplied the loss of Sarah F\*\*z\*r, and knew where to go always for a quiet bawdy evening, and could get every want gratified. — For two years I had a complete return of the virility of my youth, I renewed acquaintance with my old friend Camille, had again a strong lurch for letting women piss on my hand whilst I felt their cunts in the streets, and one night in L\*\*c\*\*t\*r Street, must have had twenty do so. — A few times I saw a lovely made woman who was a pose plastique, had her with her tights on, and fucked her thro a hole I cut in them. I fucked also a cheap woman in the Park, and wonder I did not get clapped, but Nelly's rooms were my resting place, whenever I felt weary or worried, or cared not about the trouble of getting pleasures elsewhere; tho later on I did not see her for months, and once, a year or more elapsed between my visits.

I saw Nelly mostly when I wanted a chat and comfortable rooms to sit and talk bawdy in, and smoke till a poke terminated the evening. I reverted to my habits of getting peripatetic whores, whose gait, face, or al-lures struck my fancy. I went, tho but occasionally, to the A\*g\*\*e, to C\*\*m\*\*\*e, and other resorts of soiled doves, and had one or two old stagers whom I had tailed ten years and more previously. I called on Camille occasionally and gave her a cunt basting, and one or two other old acquaintances as well. These fugitive amours were all narrated at the time, but this must suffice for an account of the whole group — I must abbreviate.

Two or three years after, I made Nelly procure me other women, and very willingly she undertook the task. A vicious looking, dark eyed, shortish woman named Martha, said to be married, was one; and I think she was a hot arsed one for she took to my fucking con amore. — There was a big, stern looking woman whom I named my "Life-guard blue" — on account of a masculine, stern look she had. I soon had done with her, for altho I had her three or four times, she never would let me see her cunt, nor even feel it much or well. What was the cause, what the matter with her, I can't imagine. Something certainly was wrong in that spicy nook. Nelly declared she did not know, but had heard that she never would let men see her pudenda. I suppose she was ashamed of it. The last time at Nelly's I said to this "she life guard," "I'm not going to have you unless you let me see your cunt properly." She wouldn't, she would sooner leave. — "Well go then." She went, and I didn't pay her. Nelly had her monthlies on.

Some of my doings with both of those Cyprians will be told in their place.

At mid-day on a very hot day, tho towards the end of the summer of this year, I was walking along one of the main highways which lead to the suburbs of Lon-don, and was at a spot at some distance from the centre, when I passed two young girls who were sauntering idly along. The taller of the two had her arm round the other's neck, and looked not sixteen, the other perhaps a year younger. They were dressed poorly like the children of artisans. The taller was nibbling a piece of hay, which I saw her pull out of a truss on the pavement by a corn chandler's shop, and staring about her idly and rudely. I was voluptuously inclined that morning, was thinking of the charms of youthful cunts, and gave a loving glance and winked at the taller as I passed them. She returned the glance saucily yet half shyly, and instinct told me at once that if the girl had not had a prick up her cunt, she knew pretty well what a cock and a cunt did when they met. The idea fired my lust.

After passing them I stopped and looked back. They had stopped, and the tall one was looking back, but seeing me stopping they immediately resumed their sauntering. I should like to fuck her thought I, for she has such bright eyes, and turning I followed them quickly, and as I again passed them said aloud, "I'd give a shilling each to kiss you two pretty girls." Again I caught the tall one's saucy inviting eye. When I had gone ahead some distance, I returned and met them face to face again.

They were half looking in at a shop window, half in my direction. Encouraged, I stopped at the shop, and looking at the window and askant only at them, so as to avoid attracting notice, said, "Come and have a ride in a cab with me." Immediately the tall one said, "I don't mind." The other only stared at me. The taller one then whispered something to her.

I stood without further noticing them, waiting for a four wheel cab to pass, nor they noticing me. At length one came by, I hailed it and it stopped. I half abandoned my intention whilst waiting, for there was a-considerable foot traffic, but it was at a part where the road passed through a poor neighbourhood, the traffic was mostly of humble people, poor girls were hanging about, hucksters were in the road, the pedestrians (mostly working people) seemed hurrying and probably to their dinners, none of the well to do were out, nor in-deed were there many I expect at any time just there.

Quickly I entered the vehicle, the elder girl needed no further invitation to follow, but the younger hesitated. "Come on Sally, he says he'll gie us a ride," and she pushed the shorter one in, following herself. I shut the door and told the cabman to drive to \* \* \* \* \*. It was a long way off, but the road I knew would be a quiet one. The girls made no objection even if they heard, but seemed delighted at a ride. The cabman I am sure knew my game, for he grinned.

Excitement and the broiling sun had made me hot, and for a minute I could only wipe off my perspiration, but lust soon stirred up. I looked at the elder, who sat opposite to me staring half saucily, I wondered what from her saucy look that she was game. "I'm in a sweat." "Ain't yer just," said she. "Aren't you?" "Not much." "Your cunt's in a sweat isn't it now?" "He, he," she giggled. "Here's a shilling, let me feel it." — I offered her the shilling and not waiting for her to take it or reply, pulled her rapidly on to my knee, kissed her, and in a second my fingers were on her split. — "Don't do that now sir," but beyond slightly closing her thighs she made no resistance. My fingers were well between the lips, and her cunt felt quite sticky. — Young girls I notice don't seem to wash their quims much, for I have usually found them sticky when I have suddenly felt them. I rubbed it with my fingers, and she seemed to like it, for her struggling was a mere sham, yet she kept exclaiming. — "Oh ain't he a going on Sally. — Don't now sir." — Sally sat staring at my doings.

I felt her cunt for a minute, then gave her the shilling. She held it in her open hand for Sally to see, before she pocketed it. — Then I offered Sally a shilling to feel her cunt, but she refused and resisted. "Have you got any hair on your cunt Sally?" "Shan't tell you." — "She ain't, she ain't fourteen, but it's a comin," said her friend. "Feel my cock," and I pulled it out. Both laughed and refused, but Carry soon repented, and felt it, with much gratification. "Isn't it big and stiff," said I. "I don't know." "You do." — Seizing her, I put my mouth to her ear and whispered, "You little devil, you know you've had a prick in your cunt, let me fuck you." "I ain't," and she giggled. — I went on whispering about fucking. "What's he a telling yer?" said Sally, who seemed curious at the whispering. — "I'm telling her I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt." "Shan't," said Sally. "Feel my prick then." "Feel it, it won't bite yer," said her friend. The girl refused. — "Have you ever felt a man's cock?" "No," said she, boldly and postively. "Oh yer lie — yer have — you've twice felt Jack's." — Sally made no reply, was shut up, and looked stupid.

In a little time Sally, by my continued requests, and at the advice of Carry, got her shilling, and not only felt my cock, but let me feel her bum. I had Carry on one side, and Sally on the other, both standing up with their backs to the doors of the cab, both feeling my standard whilst I was feeling their little backsides.

It was delightful to handle their buttocks, but I wanted further satisfaction. "Show me your cunt Carry and I'll give you another shilling." She wouldn't, she should be seen, but that at length was arranged. Sally stood looking out of one cab window, whilst I with a little resistance threw up the other's petticoats as she sat on the seat opposite to me, and disclosed soiled underlinen, and stockings dirty enough to have shocked my prick if it had had eyes. — But it hadn't, and stood stiffer than ever, when a very little triangular bit of flossy brown shewed at the bottom of the girl's

belly. To get a better view I seized hold of her legs, and pulling them up, tilted her back. She kept laughing but asking me to leave off. Then Sally turned her head and seeing my game, uttered a solemn, — "Hoh! ain't he agoing on."

I had my look and wanted another feel, so got Carry on to my knees again and my finger on her cunt,

— 273 whispering that I'd give her half a crown to fuck her. — "Oh no," — she couldn't. — "She'll tell perhaps, and the people will see us when passing." — But she sat feeling my cock, longing for it to be up her, whilst I rubbed at her clitoris till she wriggled her bum. "You rub this till you get pleasure don't you?" "Some-times," said the slut laughing. "Oh don't — leave off."

Again I tried it on with Sally, and at length succeeded in feeling her little cunt whilst she kept her legs closed, but nothing induced her to let me look, and as she got noisy — "No I shan't then, I don't care if she do — I shan't, then — leave off" — I desisted.

"Take us back," said Carry suddenly. "If mother goes out afore I get there, I shan't get nothing to eat — and she'll row me tonight when she comes in." — She was very much in earnest. — "Let me fuck you then and I'll go back at once." — We were just then at a spot where there was very little traffic. She refused. Sally might tell — I refused to go back and increased my offer.

At length, promising another shilling to Sally to keep standing and looking out of the window, I pushed my legs well forward to the front seat, and between Carry's thighs, who was standing up in front of me. She was almost too short, her cunt was a small mark to hit, but the little bitch was in heat, and earnestly and silently aided my efforts. My prick was in such a state that it would have pierced a board, and directly it got its tip on her split, with a heave up of my arse, it was fixed as tightly up her cunt as if she'd been pegged. Then I clasped her little buttocks and fairly lifted her off the floor, she came forward, her arms round my neck, her face near mine, and I began fucking with short thrusts; my prick never moved more than an inch backwards and forwards, the position would not enable long strokes, but it was enough. — "Do you like it Carry?" "Y-hes," she whispered. "It's up your cunt." "Y-hes — a-har." "Are you coming?" "Aha — Y-hes — soon," and then with delicious short wriggling movements we both spent, and Carry's head fell over my left shoulder.

I thought my pego would never withdraw, and in meretricious thoughts was content to leave it in its soft luscious compress, holding her still round her small backside close to me. She lay with head on my shoulder, silent, tranquil, enjoying the gentle dilation that my prick still gave her cunt, when floating, dwindling slowly in abundant sperm — in the soft mucilaginous bath we had made together in her temple of love — her feet still scarcely touching the cab floor, her cunt squeezing more and more down on to my ballocks, as she felt the rod slowly receding from her. — Sally looked round. — "You'll lose your shilling if you don't look out," said I just recovering from my pleasure as I noticed her. — The girl then stared steadily out of the window but Carry was roused, I let go her backside, and slowly she sat back on the seat opposite as we un-coupled, looking at me with quite a luscious smile, a smile of delight and gratitude for the voluptuous treat I had given her. Then her eyes settled on my moist pego hanging its head over my balls, for I had still lascivious delight in letting it hang out for her to see, my knees still between her legs as she sat, her petticoats dropping over them could fall no further. Thus for a minute smiling at each other, we sat.

Time was pressing, I covered up my ballocks and sat up, she dropped her petticoats, Sally turned round and sat beside her, staring first at me, then at her companion. The little slut knew, I'm sure, what we had been up to, but never spoke a word as she took my shilling. I told cabby to drive back, and was glad of air, for the sun was beating down, and the cab like an oven, as I had closed both windows to diminish the area thro which people passing could see.

I took Carry on my lap, felt that gluey little quim, kissed her, and kept up a conversation in whispers, much to the annoyance of the other, who every now and then kept jealously asking what it was all about. — I offered her a sovereign, if she would bring Sally out that night, and induce her to let me fuck her. — She'd try but feared she couldn't. "I knows who will do it to her tho." — Her

own mother often stopped her (Carry) going out of a night, but if she'd had a drop she'd be sure to let her go. — Sally's mother wouldn't let Sally. They lodged in the same house, but she would try. — Soon after I got out, paid the cabman, and told him where to set the girls down.

The evening came, I somehow had made up my mind that I should fuck the virgin Sally — if she were virgin — for I couldn't get her to let me feel her closely enough to verify that. I was disappointed. At a little past seven o'clock at the appointed place, Carry appeared alone. Sally's mother wouldn't let her daughter out. "I think she'd a let yer do it to her if she'd come, she told me she would." — Carry went with me willingly to a house, and I stripped her. — She had put on clean stockings and chemise, I had told her to do so when in the cab in the morning. — "Shall I fuck you," said I. "Yes do," she replied quickly. I mounted the little lass, and gloried in the sweet little pouting, half fledged sheath I fucked when I felt the little lass was having as much pleasure as a grown woman. She was revelling with me in copulation, sighing her voluptuous sighs in that sweetly quiet way which girls do, till they learn to break out into the lewed exclamations of delight, which many do as they grow older. — Then after she'd wiped her cunt outside, and our passions were subdued for a time, we talked.

At first she was reserved, then open, and for an hour I questioned her much, and she me a little. What sweet confidences between a girl of sixteen and a man not far from fifty. The difference in age gave our conversation an additional charm. It was semi-paternal, yet all about fucking. — Of the hour's talk, all worth telling may be soon told.

She had never been in a bawdy house before, and had only been fucked two months. Her father died some months ago, her mother was a charwoman and drank. Carry had been a short time a nursemaid, and now did rooms, looked after another sister, and worked with her needle. — She and her mother quarrelled. "Now who fucked you first?" — a young man she knew — "quite a young man" — that's all I could then learn. Sally and her mother lived in the room below, her father was a chair maker, but was a blackguard, sometimes disappeared for a month or two, and her mother got their living principally, and she often was drunk. There was a brother nearly sixteen years old and a younger sister, and all three slept in the same bed, and in the same room as their mother and father.

Sally knew all about fucking tho she denied all, and was so demure in the cab. She had seen her brother's cock and felt it, and he had seen Sally's cunt. — "His cock is a good big one too." "Then you've seen it." — Carry didn't deny that. The brother one night tried to do it to his sister "And she'll let him one day I knows, tho she says she won't." Little by little, I got out that these two youngsters had one day frigg'd the lad, and he'd seen both their cunts. He was a shop boy at a grocer's.

Suddenly a light dawned upon me from some remark she made. "It's her brother who fucked you first." — She broke out into laughter, and denied it. — But I insisted, and at last she admitted it.

Carry had to fetch pails of water upstairs, and the lad used kindly to do it for her — one morning her mother had gone out to work at six o'clock, when the lad knocked at the door as he was going to his work, and asked if he should fetch her a pail full. She accepted and he fetched it. She instead of getting up when her mother left went to bed again, and was in her chemise. He wanted to bring the water in. — "No put it down outside." He said he'd throw the water away. So she let him in, he put down the pail, then began kissing her, she'd already seen his prick, and his spunk, he'd seen her cunt, and a few minutes after-wards, that lucky lad's prick was in her virgin niche, her hymen was but a bleeding split, his sperm was sticking his balls on to her buttocks. — She was in for fucking after that. — When once a female's tasted the sugar stick, it's not long before she gets another taste.

Since then whenever Jack got the opportunity he fucked her, and she let him willingly. — "Why shouldn't I now." She'd never had another man. — But Jack was a blackguard, for tho he'd promised to tell no one — had "took his Bible oath" he wouldn't if I'd let him, he had told a shopman where he was working, and the shopman came after her and told her. But she hadn't and did not mean to let the shopman, she could not bear him — and I was the only one except Jack, who had done it to



her.

She didn't think Jack had told his sister, but he'd said he meant to fuck his sister, and Carry felt sure she'd let him some day when his mother was out. "She knows all about doing it bless yer. — Why she's seen her father and mother adoin' it often, and has seen her father's prick."

That was the history got in an hour's talking, whilst feeling and finger stinking, and by that time my pego being in admirable condition and she delighted at its size and look. — "Oh yes, it's much bigger than Jack's, — took it up her notch again, and again I wetted its little soft interior with my sperm, and she spent charmingly in my arms, kissing me.

I was in love with the little lass, and fucked her once more but she was in a hurry to get home, her mother would knock her about if she found her out of nights, and unless drunk her mother usually kept at home. She hoped her "mother would be out on the screw." — Couldn't I be where I first met them in the day, then perhaps Sally would go to a house, and let me have her. I couldn't well do that soon, but arranged to be that day week at the same spot and hour if Carry would. She agreed but never came, and I never saw her more.

## Vol. 8 Chapter XIII

**The Great Eastern. • Our first meeting. • Her form, size, and history. • Bottled ale. • A lightweight on the top. • The landlady's daughter Betsy. • Virginity inspected. • Maternal cant. • Two back-sides to the front. • Da capo. • A treat for Betsy. • A spend on a bum. • A bid for a virginity. • The G E disappears, • Nelly L\*\*I\*e's help. • Friend Martha. • Her skinny, bare-cunted niece. • A vigorous evening. • Virginity taken. • A trap escaped. • The bare-cunted one again. • A shindy at a brothel.**

I didn't of course keep to Nelly L\*\*I\*e, and some years after I knew her, on one afternoon about five p.m. in daylight, saw an enormously tall fat woman in C\*v\*\*t\*y Street. She half stopped and smiled, as if on a sudden she recollected me, I seemed also to recollect her. What a backside, what a cunt she must have, thought I. — Ten minutes later I was in her bed room. — In ten minutes more my balls were banging against the largest arse they ever touched, and few balls have touched such a large one unless against hers. It was the belly of the "Great Eastern," and I was lying up a cunt which at the first glance looked as big as a horse collar, but which clipped me and fetched my sperm out of my ballocks very nicely.

Some years before this, I was passing thro J\*\*s Street on one cold night, when between the H\*\*m\*\*k\*t and O\*e\*d\*n Street — then filled with gay lodgings &c. — I saw an exceedingly tall, fine woman standing still at the edge of the kerb, and thought her a quiet woman waiting for some one. Something induced me to return. Still she stood there and looked at me full, but without smile, sign, or gesture. — She is waiting to piss on the quiet I then thought, — the women often did there, I have seen six at a time — and delighted at the chance of seeing a woman piddling, which always gives me pleasure. I turned back again, and now she was standing in the gutter. She'll squat down directly thought I, slackened my pace, and at O\*e\*d\*n Street corner looked round, and saw that she was looking after me. I returned then and spoke to her. "It's a fine night." "Yes sir, but very cold standing here." "Let's go home together," said I, feeling on sure ground. "You can't go to my place." "Where you like." "Anywhere you like, sir, I've only come to London yesterday." "Let's go here," and we went to the corner house. "I thought it was a queer house," said she, "I've been watching it for half an hour." — She had been standing there all that time and no man had accosted her, tho they had stared at her, she told me.

She sat down and looked all about the room, and without taking notice of me. I thrust my hand up

her clothes, and fingers between her cunt lips. — She put her hands down to push them away — then as if recollecting, she let me do what I liked and sat looking at me. I felt all about her backside and quim with both hands, then impatiently got up and told her to undress. She did so slowly and hesitatingly. — We were both soon in our last linens, I threw up her chemise, saw one of the most magnificent sights of full sized female form, our bellies met, my cock entered her cunt, she felt its probing at once and deliciously, and we spent together quickly. — Both wanted a fuck, and she more than I did.

When she had washed her cunt, I made her strip completely and had a full look at her beauties. She was quite six feet high, had chestnut coloured hair, lovely soft dark hazel eyes, chestnut coloured cunt thatch and armpits, was big, fleshy, almost heavy, from neck to ankle. Yet she was a grand woman, was beautifully formed, indeed a lovely voluptuous figure. Her cunt was heavy lipped, fat mottled, and looked large outside, yet was as tight as a girl's inside. She examined my prick curiously, and when I had felt and seen her all over (we had scarcely spoken) with one consent we turned on to the bed and fucked again. Then she put on her chemise, sat down in front of the fire and stared at it silently. I asked her what she was thinking of, twice without a reply. — Then she turned her head to me and said, "I'm a whore at last." — She smiled faintly but was dull and depressed, so I sent for a bottle of sherry and biscuits. She drank it very quickly as if to get up her spirits. "Let's chat," and we did so long, sitting by the fire. — A knock at the door came. — "Shall you be long," said a voice. We had heard an incessant tramping whilst we were talking. "Be damned," said I, "I'll pay for the room twice." We chatted on, I put her on to my knee for a second, so that I might twiddle her quim as we talked. It adds to the charm of a chat to feel a nice cunt, and the women all like it, but I could not bear her weight. I heard her history, which I didn't believe, but heard fully afterwards from her, and in a year or two from a man who knew her well early in life, and it was substantially true as far as her married status, and lapse into infidelity went.

She was wife of a sergeant in the \*\* regiment which was ordered off somewhere. Whilst she remained at W\*\*c\*\*\*t\*r, a livery stable keeper — I knew his name well — got into her. — Her husband on his return found it out and turned her off. — The stable keeper kept her two or three years, then they quarrelled and she came to London to turn harlot. — She had been in London two days when I met her, and had then nothing of the harlot either in manner or dress. — We adjoined to the bed after our talk, and fingered each other's privates till we fucked again, and having got her address, with the understanding that it was only to enable me to write to her, we parted.

I got her the next day at a favorite bawdy house, for her size, fleshiness, freshness and fucking, roused my salacity; and saw her several times afterwards, and then having fucked her well, was satisfied. She soon disappeared from London, and now I saw her again after the interval of about ten years. — She now weighed twenty stone I'm sure. [I have had a taller woman since, but never such a big heavy one.] — Her arse when kneeling on the bed, with its long slit and hairy pouters was overwhelming, I could only get two-thirds of my prick in that way, her buttocks prevented more entry. She was easy enough to fuck when on the top of her, was a fleshy bed to lay on, and still a tightish cunt one tho it looked so big outside — a horse collar.

We talked over our first meeting and well she recollected it, and that she'd not cheek to speak to me that night. She said many men had passed looking at her, and she could not accost them. — "Didn't I like you, I'd not then had a fuck for weeks." — She had been kept, and had been whoring alternately since I'd first had her, and that was all I could learn, certainly she had not been in London during that time. — "Let me fuck you," said she after I had visited her two or three times. — "You'll crush me." "You shan't feel my weight," — and it was true. She did it so to me afterwards once or twice, but I preferred topping her. She was an economical punk, for I only gave her each visit a sovereign, and was still very handsome in face tho somewhat bloated, which shewed up strongly in day light. She did not care about going out too much in day time, for every one turned round to look after her, and good men did not like to be seen following her home, and as she had a good number of "visiting friends," she mostly kept at home unless hard up. — She was always drinking bottled ale or stout, as if she wanted to make herself fatter, which seemed funny. — From

her size she had got to be nick-named "The Great Eastern." [A big steamboat at that date.]

I visited her at intervals whenever her size gave me a letch. I was curious in examining her person. The first thing, when seated in her room, was to ask me for bottled ale. — The daughter of the landlady, a buxom and very handsome lass a little over fifteen years old, brought it in. — I took a letch for her, it was a year or two since I had seen an unfledged cunt, and a burning desire to see hers came over me, and I offered the Eastern money to help me. — It was impossible she said. — "But," said I, "I only want to see her cunt and virginity, a thoroughly good look at it mind, I won't do more than open the lips." — My letch increased and I bid from two up to five sovereigns to see it — "Not a mere glimpse, but a good look of some minutes, mind that."

Under one aspect, that of a mother's morality, this is one of the almost incredible events of my career, but it is as true as gospel. The house was kept by a carpenter and his wife, who lived in the ground floor and kitchens. On the first floor was the Great Eastern (a gay woman), and above were working people quite respectable. The woman of the house had three or four Children, and at this time was suckling one, — father I never saw that I know of, he was nearly always out in the day time. With this twenty-stone whore the mother associated freely, and the children were always in her room, the strapping eldest girl included. I have seen the mother nursing the baby there. — The mother seemed quite a hard working, respectable woman, and all the children were clean and neatly dressed. But the mother talked about fucking almost like a gay woman - the Great Eastern told me — and she always told the Great Eastern when her husband had fucked her, and how often he did it.

I didn't think there was any chance of getting what I wanted, yet used to say in a joking manner after the refusal, — "Mind, there are five pounds to have a good look at Betsy's cunt." I used to say it regularly when the girl had left the room after bringing in the bottled ale. I often gave her the change, but never took the Slightest liberty. — One day the Great Eastern said, "I Spoke to her mother about your seeing Betsy naked, and told her you were a surgeon, and you wanted to see the girl's virginity out of curiosity, because she was so handsome and fine grown — they are hard up to pay the rent, and I think somehow it can just be managed, if you'll give her five pounds; but the mother must be in the room, and you mustn't talk bawdy or touch Betsy." — I replied, "I must open the cunt myself." "Then you must do it like a doctor." — We talked out the matter, and a week or two further on, it was arranged that as a doctor I was to go one day at a particular time, when she hoped the mother would consent to my seeing the girl's pudenda.

On the day, there was I in the room, expectant. The mother came into us, and talked some cock and bull story about wishing to know if any harm had been done to her daughter, it was a mask to hide her intention — to excuse herself. — Miss Great Eastern had said I was a surgeon, so would I look at the child. I indulged in the sham, as if I didn't, and as if she didn't know it was humbug. Then she fetched the girl, and very deliberately took off her clothing, and I laid her on the bed talking in a soothing tone, imitating a doctor in manner as well as I could. — "Don't be alarmed — I won't hurt you — there, — never mind me," and so on. I had as told passed often in the character before, and having studied female anatomy as far as their cunts go, have a good deal of jargon about it ready to my tongue. — The Great Eastern declared afterwards that I was exactly like a doctor. — Gently I lifted the girl's chemise and opened her thighs, she closed them, but then made no further objection. I asked the mother to hold one leg, the Great Eastern the other, and there they stood holding the girl's legs with one hand, each with a candle in the other. — It was dark at that time at five in the afternoon, of a foggy, early winter day.

Trembling with excitement but controlling myself, I opened the clean, plump, little slightly fledged cunt lips, and looked till I thought my prick would burst with lust at the sight of the little perforation of the hymen. It was a lovely pink cunt, small and enticing, with little crisp hair just coming on her motte. She was a splendidly well fed, plump, fat arsed young bitch, her thighs round and close, the legs with ample calves — I longed to put my finger thro the little perforated membrane, which nearly closed the prick hole. I nearly licked it, and sniffed hard at the enticing aroma. — The mother got impatient and nudged my arm. — "Can't you see, doctor?" "But saying I couldn't, I

made the girl kneel with her backside towards me, and looked at her cunt from behind — I stroked gently the red surface of her virginity with my wetted finger, and nearly spent; and then unable with decency to keep up the farce any longer, and resist the request of the mother to be quick, I reluctantly let the chemise drop over her dear little bum. She shook down her clothes, smiled at me, and left the room with her mother — I rushed my prick up the Great Eastern's cunt, almost before the door was closed, spent, pulled it out, pushed it up again, laid on her fat belly, pushing and talking about Betsy's cunt till I spent again.

Then I gave the Great Eastern five sovereigns. How much the mother had of it I don't know, the Great Eastern said all. Then I tipped her some gold extra, thinking what I had seen well worth the money, not however believing her statement. The mother came back shortly after and, "You'll never mention this to any one will you," said she. "Oh, never my good woman." — She said a lot then about bad times, how glad she was her girl had not gone wrong and so on, I was glad to get rid of her, tho she would have talked ever so long about my investigation of her daughter's cunt, if I had let her — "I don't know what I shall do with her I'm sure," said she. "People's who's poor and has daughters, has great trouble with 'em," she whined, "they takes such a lot o looking arter now-a-days, and how is a poor working woman like me to see arter her, but I'm glad she is all right."

In a week or so I went to see the Great Eastern again, and so much does imagination affect me in sexual matters, that I did so largely thro thinking of Betsy's virginity; and whilst up the Great Eastern, in bawdy imagination I was up Betsy, and fucked calling out what a lovely little cunt she had. — "I'm fucking Betsy, I'm putting my spunk into Betsy," — and the great Eastern encouraged me. The desire arose directly after the cunt inspection for which the mother was paid. When I had finished my pleasure, I told the Great Eastern that I should like to see their bums side by side, and of course promised what was quite worth her while to arrange for it, and went a day or two after hoping for the sight. But I found that the mother would not let the girl into the lodger's room since the night I had seen her cunt. — She was not allowed even to bring the bottled ale when men were there — the mother bringing it in herself. I expect she never told her husband.

The Great Eastern at length mentioned a time and day when the mother would be likely to be out, and I then went. She got the girl up, and I promised her half a crown. The girl hesitated. "You little fool," said Great Eastern, "he's seen your cunt — who'll know if you don't tell." I showed the half crown and she yielded. — The Great Eastern put the girl on the bed kneeling, and lifted her petticoats up over her waist, then she knelt herself with naked backside by her side. It was a most wonderful sight. The huge arse as big as a horse's but white, and the thick lipped hairy cunt between the thighs, looked as big as a cow's; the other delicate little slit looked nothing by the side of it. But I had but a very short sight of both. The Great Eastern was so frightened of the mother coming home, that letting drop their clothes, she sent the girl off quickly. — I was awfully lewed at the inspection, and shewed the girl my stiff prick as she left the room. — She stood looking at it. — "Feel it," said I, but the Great Eastern pushed her out. — "I'm frightened of the mother, I owe so much rent," said she, — "I don't want her to know you've been here, I'm sure the girl was going to feel it." — Those two backsides side by side I nearly kissed.

This voluptuous sight haunted me so, that one night soon after I friggd myself thinking of the two back-sides side by side. Much as I hate self-masturbation I couldn't resist it, so much did the contrast affect me sensuously. — I don't think I have been friggd since little Lizzie did it to me. The contrast between her backside and cunt, and Sarah F\*\*z\*r's was great, but the huge size of the Great Eastern's rump and split, made this far greater. — Besides that, Betsy had a little short dark hair showing on the lips, and some-how the sight of the two affected me more voluptuously, tho I was not allowed to touch or open Betsy's little quim for I gave a promise to Great Eastern that I would not attempt that. Again I went and bid so high that the Great Eastern arranged to repeat the spectacle — the girl was not loath, had talked about my prick, and I dare say about every thing else, but both females were in great dread of the parents, the Great Eastern especially. She made me promise again not to touch the girl's flesh if she showed me her rump. If I did, then she said she would at once pull down the girl's clothes, and put her out of the room. — "Honor bright, don't get

me into a row, I can't find lodgings which suit me as well." — "Well, let the girl feel my prick, and let her see me fuck you." — I promised still more money for I was mad on my lech, she consented, but the girl wasn't to be forced to do it, or frightened in any way. "Tho she knows a lot, and would like to know more, she's in such dread of her parents."

The mother scarcely ever went out for more than ten minutes excepting on Sundays, and on that day took Betsy with her. — A month elapsed before the Great Eastern, to whom I spoke in the street, and had named a post office where she might write to me, mentioned a day that the mother was going a long way, to visit her sick sister. I was at the lodgings before the time, and after a short chat Betsy was called, and fetched bottled ale, then the knowing lass locked the younger children in their rooms below (she was left in charge), and came to us looking quite modest, yet with a half grin on her face, for she knew what she was to do and get. "Look sharp," said Great Eastern who seemed anxious, "for your mother may come back soon, tho it's not likely." Turning she knelt on the bed, I threw up her clothes and exposed her huge buttocks, which Betsy stared at. — "Show me yours darling," said I. "Get on the bed quick," said Great Eastern. In another minute Betsy did. — Great Eastern pulled her clothes up and her tender backside was on view. — How I gloried in the sight of her sweet round bum cheeks, and the little split between them. It certainly was a most unique, libidinous, luscious spectacle to see the two. My prick stood, I pulled it out and thought of friggling but restrained myself, and with difficulty restrained myself from touching Betsy's person as I'd promised, tho nearly mad to look at her virginity again, which I could not see with her legs nearly closed as they were as she knelt, even tho she widened them a little at my request.

I could bear it no longer. "Ain't you seen enough? I can't kneel any longer, the blood's getting in my head," and so saying the Great Eastern got off the bed, the lass following suit. — "I've not looked a minute." "You've been five minutes and more." — I gave the lass money, she kept staring at my prick. — "I'll give you another half crown, Betsy; if you'll feel this," pointing to my erection. She looked at the Great Eastern and burst out laughing. "Shall I," said she. "Yes, I won't tell, and no one will know." — She stood still hesitating by the side of the Great Eastern, I walked up to her, "Feel it my love" and, taking hold of her hand I put it round it. Then female curiosity and nature asserted itself, and whilst encouraging her with gentle lascivious words, she felt it to my heart's content and to her evident enjoyment, laughing in a low tone all the time, getting red in the face and excited. — "Ah my darling, you'll have one like that up your sweet little cunt one day, I'd give twenty pounds to do it to you, My God I'm bursting, let us fuck," said I to the Great Eastern. — "All right," said she walking to the bed, she was in her chemise. I called her Mary, but it was not her name.

The girl let go my prick and walked quickly to the door, and was going. I stopped her. — "Look at us fucking dear and I'll give you another half crown." — She looked at the Great Eastern. "You may stop this time, but never tell it to any one, will you?" I was now mad for fucking and could think of nothing else, the delight of showing the operation to the girl was in-tense. The idea of her looking at my prick going up the big one's cunt, of showing myself naked to her, excited me madly, and I stripped rapidly. "Look my darling," and lifting my shirt I showed my tooleywag in its pride. "Come close, you can't see there," and to the Great Eastern, "Come to the side of the bed." "You can't poke there well," she replied.

It was a bitterly cold winter's afternoon, we had but two candles and the room looked dark. I stirred the fire to a blaze and put the candles on a table by the bedside, to throw light on our fucking. The Great East-ern placed herself on the bedside with thighs widish apart, the girl stood far off still. "Come here and look darling." "Come if you want to see," said Great East-ern. — Slowly she came to the bedside. Great Eastern then hoisted up her huge thighs, I pulled apart the thick, dark hedged lips, and slowly as my irritated overflowing ballocks would let me, put my prick up her cunt, the girl looking eagerly, her head bent over us. Somehow the fatness and weight of the thighs and bum prevented me fucking. I had never tried the bedside with her in that attitude before. "I told you so, come on the bed, and Betsy will see better." Uncunting me, she moved herself with quickness (her agility for her size was really great) on to the bed, and then upon her, my prick plunged up her. — We turned when prick and cunt were well joined, slightly on to one side, and she lifted the thigh

high up which was nearest to Betsy. — [Voluptuousness is the joy of life, as much to a whore in her heyday as any one else, and I now feel sure that the Great Eastern enjoyed the idea of the lass looking on.] Claspng her gigantic buttocks I fucked. "Hold the candle and look Betsy," gasped the Eastern. — Her young eyes were good enough without that, nor did she hold the candle, but her head came nearer and nearer to the Great Eastern's backside. Then her dear little virgin notch with the little flood opening for her menses came into my mind and fetched me at once. Plunging my prick deep up the Great Eastern's cunt, "I'm spending, my spunk's coming," I sighed. "Oh — fuck — go on," cried she shaking her huge arse, and as the lewed words sobbed out of our mouths, our soft spendings mingled in her cunt, and we wriggled our genitals slowly in the overwhelming die-away pleasure of the discharge.

"Keep my prick well in you," I said, when my pleasure was over and we kept joined. There stood the girl, her face within a foot of Great Eastern's arse, never moving nor cutting a word, but greedily looking, her eyes staring like those of a waxwork figure, at the side view of the Great Eastern's backside and quim, and my prick stem just showing with its balls hanging out-side the cunt; and so stood still my prick flopped out. Then she drew back. — "What do you think of it, Betsy?" said Great Eastern. — The girl suddenly turned her head and listened. — "Oh my mother's come home," and running to the door, she bolted quickly down stairs. "There will be a damned fine row if it is," said the Great Eastern, anxiously going on to the landing in her chemise and listening.

It was a false alarm. — The girl came back, I believe hoping to see more, I washed my prick, made her feel it again, gave her money, and Great Eastern sent her away. Baudy questions put to her, she only laughed at and made no reply to.

We couldn't get the girl to come up and stop again, tho she fetched us more ale. — I talked for an hour or so, and then asked the Great Eastern to gamahuche me. She had never done so before. — Now my desire was for her to kneel over me and suck which she did, but being so tall, her big rump was too close to my face to see it well. So she laid along the bed at its side, her head on the edge of the pillow, one foot resting on the under thigh, which opened her gap well to my feel. Then standing, I put my prick in her mouth, and with my right hand clasping the surface of her fresh washed cunt — a complete handful and more it was — I gave her my libation, aiding the movements of her mouth, by myself fucking into it. — It was an expensive afternoon, tho Betsy got so little, — but with the young ones, half crowns go as far as sovereigns.

I could think of nothing else, and went there a day or two afterwards. Betsy gave me a saucy laugh, but the Great Eastern would not permit me any liberties; no money tempted her, she was frightened, for the girl's mother was at home, and Betsy could not stay in the room more than a minute. In that minute I showed her my prick at which she looked lewedly. — "If ever a girl wanted fucking, she does," said Great Eastern, "she'll get it soon from some one."

I wouldn't go to the Great Eastern but met her purposely in the streets, and offered her more to get me the girl naked again. Steadily she refused till one night about a fortnight after, when she told me that the parents were going to the sister's funeral. At the time arranged I was there, and all the spectacle was repeated. Standing with prick nearly bursting, whilst the two backsides were before me — "I must kiss it," said I, and put my lips on Betsy's little buttocks, spite of Great Eastern's objection. "Turn round again, Mary." She did, and there again were the two back-sides together nearly touching. Quick as lightning a letch came. Talking to the Great Eastern who, with head on pillow, could not see, and did not anticipate my action, I frigged myself rapidly, put my prick close, and spent over Betsy's bum, some of my sperm hitting her sweet little pouting cunt. As she felt it, the girl turned quickly round, saying, "Oh." — So did Great Eastern, and seeing what I had done, swore great oaths, and pulling Betsy's clothes up again, wiped off my spendings to prevent her dirty little chemise being stained. Soon after I bum-basted the big woman to Betsy's edification, and departed.

Then I became so wild to fuck Betsy, encouraged in the hope by what Great Eastern had said about her betting it done to her soon, that I offered twenty pounds to get her. But it was of no use. I saw

the girl once or twice, but the Great Eastern said the mother would not now let her come in when I was there. — The people could not pay the rent, soon after were turned out, and I saw no more of them. A new landlady came, the Great Eastern still lodged there, but I had had enough of her and -ceased seeing her for a time.

I had a recurrence of desire to see the roly poly big cunt in the huge arse, so called and found she had left, nor could I discover her whereabouts. — As every Palphian knew her well, I asked several, but none knew where she had gone. To one I offered money to take me to her lodgings, she took me to the old lodgings. Some months after I was told she had died of fever in hospital, another said in prison.

I wonder who had that splendid little lass. — She was doomed to be fucked soon. Great Eastern said that the girl had friggged herself, had said she'd like to be fucked, but her father would half murder her if he found it out. — I dare say a lad of her own class did her (and such as they get their own opportunities). What waste of beauty and virginity, which might have de-lighted me.

This treat with Betsy whetted a lustful appetite, and directly I went to Nelly L\*\*1\*e who had left Madame S\*1\*k\*s, and seemed poorly off. I told her that I wanted a young girl with a hairless cunt, and what I had seen and done (without giving the slightest idea with whom). — I don't think Nelly believed me. — She was now well up in her profession of strumpet, but did not see her way to get me what I wanted, but she was in debt and in want of money, and after two or three interviews, she told me that Martha's husband was again out of work, that she had a niece with her as a servant, and that Martha would persuade the girl to let me do it — at a price.

I had with Nelly continued my custom of always giving gay ladies their fee, when they told me they were poorly, whether I poked them or not. — One day she being in that state she had fetched this Martha — who was a bright eyed, dark, shortish, thinnish woman, of twenty-eight or thereabout, was the wife of a working man, and who dressed like a servant. — She said she had not had any other man since she was married, which I didn't believe — but she was modest in manner and reluctant to let me pull her about — I got angry, and Nelly told her not to be a fool. — "Well then, I won't let him if you stand staring at me along side of him," she burst out. — I sent Nelly out of the room — Martha got more free then, and felt my prick, and then looked lewed, and then we fucked, and a second time. "Have you spent?" said I doubtingly, tho I thought she had. "Yes, but don't tell Nellie will you." A secong evening I fucked her, tho Nelly was not then poorly — Martha had had other men since she had me she then admitted, she wasn't going to starve, but directly her husband got work, she'd do no more of the "dirty business."

Nelly said soon afterwards to me that they again were almost starving, and so she'd sell her niece — I thought the girl more than sixteen when I set eyes on her. — "I won't have her if she has any hair on her cunt," I remarked. "She's not a bit," said Nelly. — I satisfied myself with my finger, the girl was then stripped, I sat her on my naked knee, showed her some boudy pictures, then laid her on the bed. — She was very restive and would not let me see her hairless quim, but persuaded by the two women at length did. — She was a virgin, but skinny and bony, very plain, and almost ugly. My prick was in prime order, so I told the women to leave the room, and at once covered the girl, but she cried out, made such a row and balked me. "Aunt, aunt, come back." — Back came the two women who were listening, there was a little and quite natural scene then, and she declared she would not let me, would rather not have the clothes and money promised.

— Partly persuaded, partly bullied by the women, she laid down again, and the business was over in one or two cunt splitting thrusts, during which she howled. — She lay quiet when fully opened and my spunk was flooding her vagina. I kept a long time up her, holding tight to her skinny arse, and then had the satisfaction of finding my prick and fingers well blood stained.

— Nelly and Martha both looked on at the whole proceeding at the bedside, each looked at the bleeding cunt and then laughed.

The girl washed — I looked at her lacerated split, and then almost directly fucked her again. — I've

no recollection of her having had pleasure, but I was so engrossed with my own, and amused with handling her skinny bum, which seemed ridiculous after Betsy's and the Great Eastern's arses. [Great bums were always my delight, periodically.]

I sent out for spirits (they had already drunk my wine) and we talked. Nelly showed her cunt, Aunt Martha pulled her petticoats up and showed hers. — "I don't mind, now Bess (another Bess) knows what fucking is," said she. "And she won't tell her uncle, I knows." She was sitting on the bedside, and Bess was just beside her. "Show your cunny," said I. Martha pushed the girl back on the bed and pulled up her chemise, and I looked. The girl had had drink and was peevish and had refused. — Nearly two hours had passed since I had last put into the girl, and I was randy again, her freshness caused my excitement. "I'll fuck her" said I. "No, no, no, he shan't," she shrieked.

"No," said aunt, "you've done her twice and we must go — it's late and my man will be home, there will be a row if I'm not there." — I said I was not going to pay for nothing. — I had had her firsts and that was enough replied Martha, and the girl was tired. — Nell said that Martha must get home, — I whispered in Nelly's ear an additional tip, she whispered to Martha, who then told the girl not to be foolish. The girl and I again looked at the bawdy pictures, I rubbed her clitoris with my finger, taking care not to put it lower down. I must have stirred her senses. "Oh don't sir," and she put her hands and head right over the bawdy pictures on the table, and wriggled her little backside on my thigh. — "Let's look at your dear little cunt." "Let the gentleman," said Martha.

I put her on the bed, opened her legs, her cunt was still slightly bleeding, blood was on my thigh. I laid by her side and friggd her gently, then turned on to her, and with a rapid lunge or two I was up her cunt again. — She howled and wriggled as she felt the thrust, but I held her tight to me by her skinny bum and directly she was quite plugged, she was tranquil — it is always so with them I find. The hammer of the prick against the womb neck stuns the cunt for the moment, or else rouses their lust, and pleasure begins to soothe them. Then I fucked quietly, controlling myself and she was tranquil. — "Does it hurt now dear?" "A little, sir." — I wriggled rather than stroked. — "Now dear?" "No, sir," — she gasped. Slowly I fucked on, my pleasure increased, my prick got stiffer and stiffer, her cunt tighter still. — "Is that nice dear?" She made no answer, her mouth was wide open, her breathing hard, her eyes were closed, her cunt gripped my prick. — She was spending, and the next minute I spunked in her.

Nelly and Martha had looked on. — "I must get home with her or there will be a damned row," said Martha again. — I wouldn't move out, for I was actually stiff up her cunt still, and the girl lay quiet. — "Was it nice?" I whispered. She made no reply. — My prick shrunk out, I turned on my side, and she lay quite still looking up at the ceiling, with thighs wide apart. — "Get up, now do, we must be off," said Martha. — As the girl rose I put my finger to her cunt, there was slight blood on my finger. The girl pissed, I pissed, then Nelly and Martha pissed. — "We've all pissed," said I. The women laughed, the girl washed her cunt, and Martha hurried away with her. — Nelly who had sat nearly naked with folded arms until then, came and sat on a stool at my feet as I sat in an easy chair, and began playing with my cock. — She always felt it un-asked when we were together. — She would twiddle it without stopping for hours. — She said she always did so with her friends, she liked the feel of a cock.

We talked about fucking. — "Do it to me," said she, "looking at you all evening has made me so randy. — It made Martha randy, didn't you hear her say when you were doing Betsy, that she wished you were doing her?" — I certainly had not. "Do me." "I can't if I try." "You can, it's stiff now." "Suck me first." Nelly obeyed, she had well learnt that art — I revelled in her suction and swelled out stiff, but felt that I couldn't spend. — "If you won't do me I must frig myself," said she, and leaving off sucking she laid her head on my thigh, with her mouth against my cock and began friggd herself hard. — "Lay on the bed side," said I. — with alacrity she went there, and laid with wide distended thighs, and gaping cunt. She was beautiful in form then, so plump, so round, so compact, her black motte shewed up between her white thighs and plump, silk clad legs. — I didn't want it but was stiff, so thrust it up her. — In a minute she was spending before I had a sensation.



— I fucked on till I fetched her again, and then spent myself. — "I told you you could," said she. It was the first time I ever recollect seeing Nell lewdly frig herself, and chaffed her about it. She was quite lewed and before I left friggd herself right out, after asking me to fuck her again — which I couldn't, and wouldn't even try to do.

Martha and Nelly had tippled with what I had brought them, and what I had sent out for, and now Nell was quietly boozy. She never was noisy, was the quietest of girls, but was now communicative. — She thought the girl was Martha's niece but wasn't sure. She was an impudent young one — Martha couldn't keep her out of the streets, and had caught her with a big boy, a lodger's son, and was being felt by him. — Martha could swear his hand was up her clothes and she was nearly sure that she was feeling his cock. — She banged her head for it against the wall. — Martha's husband always fucked Martha on Sundays and had said that some ragged arsed young bugger would do it to the girl some night when she fetched the beer, for she was hot arsed like her mother and was safe to be gay.

I arranged to have the girl again. — On the day appointed she never came, tho I went again thinking it strange, for Nell lost money thro it. — A suspicion then kept me from calling there, and I waited for Nell at night in the streets. — She told me it was well I had left that day, for just after, Martha and the girl's father — or some man who said he was — had come to get money out of me, for the girl had told. — Nell had quarrelled with Martha about it. — I never had or saw Martha after, nor the girl until a year had gone, when about midday, I saw her in C\*v\*\*t\*y Street with another young bitch. I took her to a baudy house and fucked her right off. She had still a perfectly bald cunt, not a hair visible, and was skinnier and uglier than ever. She told me she was sixteen, and did not recognize me at first.

She had now all the manners of a brazen faced little whore. As she washed her cunt, she all at once stopped, looked curious, and said, "You know Nelly L\*\*l\*e." "No." Looking at me steadily, "Don't yer — damned if you ain't the man who first fucked me." "No." "You are, and you never gave me any money tho you promised, give it me now." "How long have you been gay?" "Not long, and it's your fault." — I rang the bell and the baud came. — "This girl's abusive," said I (she became so), "you'd better stop her." — She did not know her. — "I believe you do, and have put her up to it, and have a good mind to make it hot for your house." "What for," said the girl. "Because you are threatening and want to rob me." "You lying bugger," said the girl. "You're a gentleman I suppose," said the woman. — I went away without saying another word, only throwing down the money I'd promised the girl. — On leaving, the woman was ballyragging her, and telling her she would not let her into her house again, if she was not square with gentlemen. I saw the girl about the streets afterwards for a year or two, whether she saw me or not I cannot say.

## Vol. 8 Chapter XIV

**Females ready, and male opportunities. • Another adultery. • On the highway. • Costermongers and hucksters. • Mrs. \* \* \* met. • Suggestive talk in a quiet street. • The servant sent out. • Myself let in. • On the sofa. • Up the lady. • On the bed. • A flaccid doodle. • A gamahuche. • Penis redivivus. • Alarmed • At a house soon after. • Fears • tears • feeling • fucking • frigging • and gamahuching. • The lady's history. • A middle-aged husband. • Face, form, and cunt. • My liking for gamahuching. • Sequel.**

[A year or two before this time as already said, I began again to avail myself of opportunities with women who were not gay, but I had many hinderances in these amatory chases. — The chances were many as I saw with clearer eyes than ever, but circumstances, often the risk, prevented my following them up. Most men I expect get such opportunities, for there are plenty of cunts hungry

and athirst for a male; yet men for want of time or money let them slip, or else having one female ready at all times to receive their sperm reservoirs, are content with that.]

One Saturday night about seven o'clock in early winter of this year, walking through a main thorough-fare leading to the outskirts of London, I had a chance of a woman not gay, and acted upon my intention of not throwing away one whilst my virility remained in force.

It was a wide road with a good through traffic, yet near to a poor neighbourhood on either side of it, and where by ancient custom on Saturday nights, the carriageways next to the kerb stones are filled with costermongers' barrows, hucksters' stalls, and purveyors of goods of all sorts for the poor. — The footways were crowded with purchasers, and were bright with gas at the shops, and petroleum lamps of the hucksters. The shouting of the sellers, the tramp of feet, and the roll of vehicles made almost a deafening noise. — Amused I watched the crowd, and whilst doing so met a fairly well dressed woman, seemingly about twenty-five years old, tallish and stout, and looking in her winter's garb well off, who slowly moving along, seemed to be also watching the busy multitude of poor people.

At a glance I saw she was handsome, had nice soft eyes, dark brown hair, and a sweet, small, red-lipped mouth. She caught my eye and from her look I saw that I pleased her. She stopped to look at a stall, so did I, and standing by the side of her a voluptuous thrill starting either from my brain or ballocks, ran through me. Was she gay, or modest, or game, and what chance had I, flashed through my mind.

I moved close to her till my arm touched her, as one may do in a crowd. As she walked away she looked me full in the face, and stopped soon at another stall where they sold toy windmills — I did the same. --"They are very pretty," said I. "Yes," she replied, looking at me. "I'll buy one for your children." "I haven't any," and she laughed. Then almost trembling as I said it, but my prick was rousing my sexual impudence, "Did you ever try to get any?" "What's that to you," said she, and giving me an astonished stare yet laughing, she walked off. Thought I, that's the manner of a hot cunted one, and I have set her thinking about fucking.

I followed close to her, politely forcing my conversation on her but not on that topic. She willingly entered into it, altho at first quite silent, then looking me full in the face. — But ever and anon she looked round restlessly, anxiously, and on the opposite of the way as well. I began again talking about children. — It was well to avoid having them I remarked "I dare say you have a lot," said she "I know how to get, and how to prevent getting them." She laughed. — We were by that time nearly at the end of the thronged part of the road, and where it was darker I told her how beautiful she was, and asked if I might see her home. "See me home? Oh! no thank you, good night," and she turned down a side street abruptly.

There was something in her manner, which made me fancy that at that moment lust was stinging her cunt, so I followed. "Meet me another night, tell me your name and address." — She hesitated. "Give me a kiss before we part." "What next, sir, you, a perfect stranger, I'm surprized at your impudence." Then she said she was married. — "Ah what a lucky man, what would I not give to be married to you, try another husband for a little time." — Now I had my rutting impudence on and a stiffening prick. She dawdled now, and I guessed by that, that my talk pleased her.

The streets were here narrower, with small but six-roomed houses in them, not well lighted, no shops, scarcely any traffic. I got to lewed hints which without coarse language were yet unmistakable. She laughed suppressing it, and then, "What would your wife say if she heard you?" "What would your husband say if he knew we were talking about fuck — getting children," — stopping short at the word fuck purposely, as if it had escaped me accidentally. — "You're not a gentleman, good night," and she walked on rapidly.

So did I, feeling now reckless, begged her pardon, said that her beauty had made me so long for her directly I had spoken to her, that I could think of nothing else. "Now don't follow me I'm just home, and mustn't be seen talking to a man, my neighbours may see me," and she stopped full under a gas

lamp, staring at me full eyes. "My God how handsome you are, do meet me tomorrow, your husband needn't know." "He's abroad," said she, "but I dare not — pray leave me." "I will if you'll kiss me." "I won't sir." — She walked on, stopped between the lamps where it was darker, and directly a pedestrian had passed us I gave her a kiss spite of her sham resistance. — "Oh let me have you, or my prick will burst." — Thinking I should not succeed, I resolved that I might as well indulge in lewd utterances as not. I could but lose a chance, and there is always pleasure in saying words of love or lust to a strange woman. — "Oh! you're disgraceful," said she, in a low tone of voice.

How I wish I could experience a female's cuntal and mental sensations, as desire for a male enters her brain and body. I know that one of the results is a moistening, for I have felt many a cunt when desire was coming on. — Mrs. \*\*\*'s cunt I expect was in that state now, for she walked on very slowly, again asked if I was married, then if I lived about there, and at last after a long and seemingly thoughtful silence, "If you come in will you promise never to call again," said she, in an agitated manner. — I promised everything. — "We live over there, wait here, when you see a servant come out, watch till she's turned the corner, then come, I'll leave the door open, but I'm only going to chat with you mind. — No nonsense mind. If the servant doesn't come out, you must go." Her manner was nervous, agitated, hurried; before she had been quite composed.

I thought she was going to bilk me, having been hum-bugged thus before by more than one, and asked her name which she refused. Saying again that I was dying for her — she crossed the road, entered the house and the door closed. Five minutes passed which seemed to me a quarter of an hour, for I was in a fever of impatience, wild with lust, thinking of my chance of her hidden charms, then that she now was fooling me, and whilst deliberating whether I should risk knocking at her door, it opened, a servant appeared, turned the corner of the street, and in a minute I was in the house with the lady.

She had her bonnet and cloak off, and was a stout comely woman, at a guess twenty-eight years of age. "You mustn't stop long," said she, "my servant's only gone on an errand," — and she sat down on a sofa. The room was comfortable, of the sort which bespoke an income of a few hundreds a year, not a bit of the flash arrangement of a gay woman's rooms. "What did you want to come in here for," said she with that humbugging sham which a woman can put on, as if she didn't know what I had come for, and what she had let me in for. — She must have known.

No time was to be lost, so I plugged at once. "My love, to fuck you," and in a second had my hand between the lips of her nick. "Oh don't," she cried loudly, closing a pair of fat thighs on my hand, but not tightly, "you shan't do that." — But my fingers next moment were rubbing her clitoris, now feeling the mouth of the avenue, in another she had hold of my prick in her little hand, and still saying, "Oh don't, you shan't," our lips joined, silently we were handling each other's fucking apparatus, till her thighs moved restlessly, and my prick was at furnace heat. Then gently I pushed her back on the sofa, and in a not very comfortable position, my prick was shedding its pearly libation into her spending cunt. Ah! what Elysium to grasp the unknown smooth buttocks to plunge my burning pego up to its balls in the cunt of an untasted beauty, to hear her gentle sighs and murmurs, as the hot spunk throbs out into her hot thirsty vagina; and then to settle down tranquilly with prick in the viscosity of our spendings, thinking of what we had done together and what we had done it with, till the shrinking implement of my pleasure comes out of hers, that cunt so tight, but now loose and surrendering some of its libation, as the delicious conjunction of our bodies is broken. — Such was my pleasure with charming Mrs. \* \* \* three nights ago.

Sofas in small houses now are not like those of thirty years ago, on which I have stroked many a woman. — As my prick left her cunt I arose, and she rushed rapidly upstairs. In two minutes she returned. "You've washed that lovely cunt." — She laughed. "Let me see it." "Oh no." — How often I have heard that said, but it availed not the speaker.

She sat on the sofa. "I will see it," said I. — She refused. Then kneeling suddenly, I pushed up her petticoats, and buried my mouth between her closed thighs, kissing them upwards till my nose met

the crisp hair of a fat soft motte, whilst my hands mounted to her plump buttocks. Then without resistance I pulled her to the sofa's edge. All felt to lips and nose so fresh, so dainty, so moist from the washing, and smelt so sweet whilst my mouth was there, so did the aroma of her healthy cunt rouse me, that distending her thighs, my lips met the clitoris. Out then went my tongue, gliding rapidly to and fro over the slippery gristly projection. "Oh you dirty man," she cried. All women not strumpets say that at the first gamahuche. But she surrendered herself to the luscious exercise, and her voluptuous sensations. I licked, till feeling a gentle quivering of her thighs and backside, I ceased, not wishing to make her spend. With my prick still hanging out I sat down beside her, and guided her hand to it, still sticky as it was with our spendings. She handled it looking at me with humid lustful eyes. — "Let me wash it," said I, wanting to get her to her bedroom.

"I'm so frightened of my servant coming back." "Send her out again if she does." — We went to her bedroom, on the floor was the basin in which she'd rinsed my libation out of her cunt. It was a comfort-able room with a large bed, the gaslight burning. I cleared off the evidences of our pleasure from prick and balls, and said we'd do it on the bed. "Oh no — if my servant sees the bed rumpled." "Don't let her — I will see your lovely thighs and cunt," so saying I got my hand between her thighs, again standing up as we both were, and she let my fingers take their former place without hindrance.

Mistress M\* \*\* was hot cunted and no mistake, I saw it in her great luminous moist eyes, which looked at me in loving manner. I can tell that expression in them still more clearly, now that I write this. The voluptuous expression struck me strongly. — Pressed by me she mounted the bed, saying that I really must not stay long, but when side by side feeling each other's genitals, I found I was not ready for the encounter, having only discharged my semen a few minutes before. This unnerved me for a minute, for her cunt was ready, and she eager for fucking as it seemed to me.

Spending time in praising her beauty, kissing and feeling her cunt, I thought of gamahuching her, tho my lech for that had subsided. So kneeling between her thighs, kissed her motte, and settling my tongue on her little clitoris, began the lingual amorous game, getting my hands under her backside, to lift it up and facilitate it. — "Oh — don't you dirty man," she jerked out, but her cunt in its delight silenced her. The lady liked the lick, her thighs widened out, her cunt rose up involuntarily, nature was on my side, restless her thighs got, her belly and bum gave little jerks, then her cunt pressed up to meet my mouth. — "Ahar — rr — oho — aharr — har —," a tight grasp of the hair of my head, then quietness of thighs and belly, and a salt flush over my tongue, told me she had spent.

Flushed with this victory, inflamed by taste, smell, and feel of her fat full lipped cunt, proudly my prick rose up to duty, and scarcely was her body tranquil after her spend, than dropping on to her belly, my prick was buried up to its root in her, glorying in its power, enjoying the moist soft pressure, but not impatient for exercise it lay enjoying the carnal tingle awhile, and in quiet concupiscence we talked, in the short sentences which alone I can then utter. "Your cunt's lovely, did you like my licking it? Do you feel my stiff prick in your cunt? — how stiff it is. — It will spend in it soon." "Oh — oh — oh," she murmured at each lewed phrase. But whilst still dallying with my prick, it was getting less in her. "Oh! if my servant should come home."

— A sense of this possibility urged me, and thrusting hard, banging my prick tip against her womb, dashing my balls against her buttocks, till responsive her belly heaved up to mine, her thighs clipped mine, and heaving and sighing, "Aha — aha — ahar — ar — ar," whilst I sobbed out my fucking slogan, "fuck — spunk

— prick cunt — c — hunt," I filled her split again with sperm.

She rose hurriedly, excitedly, saying I must go, I really must. "For God's sake don't get me into trouble. I'm married — Really I am — he's abroad. — Well my name's \*\*\* — you'd find it out by asking, but for God's sake never come here again. — If you're a gentleman you won't, will you? I will meet you on Thursday next if you'll only go now — go at once. — Do — pray now." — All

said so anxiously that I hastily went. She almost pushed me to the door, looked out, saw no servant, and away I went, thinking all the evening I'd been in luck, and that it was one of the quickest bits of fucking I'd ever got with a modest woman in all my life.

Next day I felt proud, yet vexed with adultery, believing her to be really married. It seems my fortune for married women to fall into my arse, tho I object to it and always did. Yet I wrote with feigned hand and false name, time and place for the meeting on Thursmuch visited by me, by which I had not entered for not come. I had paid for a room at a house formerly day, and went there thinking and half hoping she would some years.

She met me and soon we were in s snug bedroom. — There she lifted her veil and was crying. She had not spoken in the street. "I've come, but I won't let you do anything." "Nonsense, why did you come?" "To beg you never to go near my house again, I've been so frightened ever since. How I came to let you in I don't know. — I'm sure I shall be found out," — and much more was said of the same sort, with much excitement and with tears. At first I was upset, but recovering, argued with her, said that I'd never go near her house, that this should be our last meeting, but now we would do it, no one could possibly know. She refused, I tried to get my hand up her clothes, but she resisted strongly. — "Only to feel it, let me, that's not fucking." But she wouldn't. Then standing up, I pulled out my ruby tipped pego, stiff as a horn, bursting with desire, and poked it towards her face as she sat. "Let me, let me, dear, only once, let me rub it and only spend between your thighs, I won't put it in your cunt — feel it, and let me only feel that lovely cunt I've fucked — frig me then." — Thus I went on, raising bawdy imagery in her mind, kissing her, endearing her, stimulating her senses, sitting by her side, trying every now and then to feel her quim, but without success.

I had brought no wine with me as I usually do on such occasions, but sent for sherry, the finest they could get and not to mind the price. It came, Mrs. M\* \* \* took two glasses of it, her tears had dried, her fears subsided as we talked. She told me that her husband was managing clerk to a merchant, and had gone abroad to their agency; she'd never been left alone before. He was fifty-five, she twenty-six, her relatives thought it a good match so she married him, tho he was so old. He was a good man. "He fucks you," said I. "He does what husbands do," she replied, "how I came to let you in I don't know, I've been in fear ever since. — You'll never come near me again will you?" If she said this once she did a dozen times till I was sick of hearing it, and at length not getting a feel of her quim, said, — "Why did you come here if you didn't mean to let me do it?"

An hour had gone in begging, and attempting, and at last I felt her cunt. Then she took her bonnet off, then took another glass of wine. — Then I frigged her a bit, then she handled my tool which settled her; her lust was roused, her cunt craving, sensations of voluptuous delight were coursing thro her body and brain, and she mounted the bed. — Up I threw her petticoats, a lovely pair of white thighs parted, my belly met her, prick and cunt joined, and my libation mingled with her liquids in transports of pleasure.

Never did woman enjoy a fuck more, but her anxiety about getting with child was great. She uncunted me soon. "Oh get off — pray do," and rushed to wash. — She'd never been with child. "But I might — mightn't I?" I couldn't say no when I thought of the many who have ascribed paternity to me; in some cases truly enough. Heavily I have had to pay for that cunt splashing with my sperm, but it was worth paying for. The heaven of life is found between a woman's thighs, women have all the after trouble, we none, and we ought to pay for all the trouble we give, all we beget.

She'd done the deed of darkness with me again, and like all the others under similar circumstances, was ready to let me do it more. For a minute only had I seen her thighs and motte, and now insisted on seeing all in every way. I risked the sheets, induced her to come to bed, and, in chemise and shirt only we laid side by side, limbs interlacing, hands groping and feeling, cock and cunt waiting their next introduction to each other. We talked of fucking, and nothing but fucking and sexual pleasure. Never she declared had she been gamahuched before, knew of it, her sister's husband had done it to her sister, her own husband never to her. He was a widower when she married him, a staid man,

very fond of her, fucked her once a week, if twice it was on Sundays after church. — I have an intense curiosity about the ways of men with their wives, and never failed to ask about them of the frisky matrons whom I have fucked. — Most of them avoid the subject, this beauty didn't.

She was a fine, soft hazel eyed woman, full, fleshy, and inclining to stoutness, with full breasts, but short ones which didn't hang, with large thighs and buttocks, and thick not very symmetrical calves. — Her belly was large and ample, her cunt had roly-poly lips, yet not the pouters of a skinny woman. The furrow between them was deep, and with a well defined crimson line down half way from a fullish clitoris, and there the red was lost. The nymphae were small and pretty — if there be such a thing as pretty nymphae. — Dark brown hair, darker than that on her head covered a very full fat motte, it was a handful, a veritable pin-cushion. The hair grew less and less and ceased altogether on the lips towards the lower or buttocks end of her cunt, and not a vestige of hair was on her buttocks near her bum hole, for curious, I pulled the cheeks apart to see, which elicited, "What are you doing?" It was in brief a fat, full, well developed cunt, largish in appearance. I praised it and said I'd seen a thousand. — "Oh! what a wicked story," said she.

Then, for I was not ready, and somehow gamahuching a nice woman who is not a strumpet pleases me at times much more than formerly — I gave her a spend by the sole aid of my tongue. — Then I fucked her again. Then in bed we both slept a while, then she had fears and cried a bit. Then after repose, I frigged her as still she lay in bed with me. There is something so exciting to my senses in a nice woman who is a stranger to me, that I essayed my powers again. A long job it was, tho for five days I had kept myself chaste. My cock had had enough at the third, my balls kept back their balsam, and I nearly at one period of the exercise thought of admitting myself a failure. However I succeeded and gave her a fourth fucking, tho the lady I think wetted my cunt rammer more than the rammer wetted her cunt. — But the lady was contented.

Talking with her after I'd frigged her, she said her husband had never done that to her. — "Lor — he's quite a quiet man, but he's very good to me." Then I heard that he'd settled a little money on her when they married, to provide for her in case of his early death. "Oh! I'm in such fear of its being found out. — What made me talk to you and let you, I don't know." "You'd not been fucked for a month and wanted it badly." "Oh no, that it wasn't." — She waited with me till quite dark, frightened of being seen going out of an "improper house" as she called it. When she left we had been there some hours, had drunk nearly two bottles of wine, and eaten nothing. I was quite fucked out and tired, not being quite so young now, and she seemed the same.

Of course I never called at the house again, nor did I desire her, tho the temporary connection had been most pleasant. But I drove past the house a couple of years after and out of curiosity enquired at a baker's close by, if any one of the name lived there. I found that they did. But altho that set my cock stiffening a bit, I should have been a blackguard had I sought her, and had no desire to figure in a divorce case.

This was a nice little variety in my amours. How it came about even now astonishes me a little, much as I know of the unexpected consequences of mutual lust on a man and woman thrown together by accident. It must have been that a month's abstinence had left her so full, that meeting me just when a wave of lust heated her cunt, she gave way to opportunity and my incitements. Perhaps curiosity played its part, and she longed to see what another man's prick could do. I hope she hasn't tried a third, for that might bring her to grief. But a second prick they say makes always a woman long for a third. A well known baud once said that to me as her experience.

END OF VOLUME EIGHTH.