

## Vol. 10 Chapter I

**Letches for spermatized quims. • The French Lapunar. • Selected amusements. • Six feet high, eight inches pego. • A broken capote. • A jocular man. • Two using condoms. • Frenchmen's habits. • Stripping for fucking. • Tonguing with tongue. • Marguerite the favourite. • One scrubby and big bellied. • A hirsute male. • Blonde Martha. • Broad handed, cunt friggng. • Against a thigh. • I, on her, she on me. • Salon des dames. • Martha re-appears. • Fresh, hairy-arsed Carmen. • Her curiosity. • Knows my letch. • Her enjoyment. • Muscular motions when copulating. • Fat, tall Egyptienne. • Mignon the little. • Vertical and horizontal. • H\*I\*n and her lover. • Four libations without washing. • H\*I\*n's lubricious letch.**

After I'd poked H. with her pudenda full of her friend, and found that she also liked it, all idea of its being nasty vanished, and altho at times, a dislike arose to it the squeamishness didn't last long when I had had Sappho and Raffaella. — The desire to fuck directly after another man continued, not only for increased physical pleasure, but also for the sensuous visions which floated rapidly thro my brain as I operated, rendering this mode of coition the most exciting, supremest, and almost killing pleasure. At the lapunar already named and others, I gratified this letch. — The peep-hole gave me endless amusement, women were sent to me in an-other room directly they had left the male, sometimes on the same evening I saw four, five, or more, and fucked one or two whose cunts had the most sperm in them. Of course of these evenings, I retain the narrative, those telling of anything usual both at the lapunars, and with H's lover.

At \* \* \* \* and with the intention of going no more to the lapunar, I nevertheless tho out of health found my-self there forty-eight hours afterwards, and in a few minutes was at the peep-hole. Such is my weakness in amorous affairs — such my inability to keep seemingly the firmest resolutions.

After seeing one or two couples enjoying each other in the ordinary way, a big fine Belgian woman whom I knew last autumn and had stroked, came in with a man six feet two or three high. He stripped quite naked and I never saw a finer fellow. He had a dark brown beard, curly hair and cock trimmings, but no hair upon his flesh anywhere. As far as I saw, it looked like that of a woman, my own is not whiter, fairer, or clearer of hair. His prick as he washed it within a yard of my eyes, did not seem proportionate to his size, but no sooner had the Belgian handled it, than it rose proudly to one of the grandest I ever saw, and stood up eight inches from his belly I should say, and longer from the balls side but had a ridiculously small knob. She could only get it half way down her throat at her first amusement, and it looked whilst minetting it as if it must choke her. He wanted to finish there, tho at first he didn't wish that at all, but she knew that I wanted a semenalized quim, for which I paid liberally, refused the libation there and coaxed him to poke her. He would only do so with a capote, and I saw the wetting and fitting it on to his bowsprit. — Then she knelt on the bed with her rump towards me, he at her back to fuck her. I could see the dark haired motte and dark cunt furrow as she posed, till his belly was against it, but almost directly afterwards he turned her on to her back, and himself on to her belly.

It was a fine sight to see him cover her with his grand form, his ample arse jogging, his balls shewing out below his arse cheeks, and every part of their bodies in gentle motion; both silent, tho the brain is so active then, and the tongue quiet usually till the finish. With a soft cry and a sob suddenly given he spent, and soon out came his big prick flopping down. "Ah! the capote has broken." — "So it has," said she, as if surprised, and laying hold of his moist tool near to the root, round which was the capote like a ring of wet skin. — "I must wash" — said he anxiously. — "Have no fear." — "Fetch me soap." — With soap and water he slopped away at his tool uneasily,

complaining that the letter — the capote — was bad, and then departed. She kissed his machine before he went, it was hanging flop-ping, but big still, the little red tip was within a yard of my eye as she kissed it, the whole of his balls and tube in her hands. She only handled and kissed it to show it off to me. I knew that, for it's unusual for a woman to do so such after a fuck. He seemed much pleased with the politeness. She came to me laughing, saying she'd purposely broken the capote to let the sperm into her, because I liked that. "Has he not a noble prick, a splendid fellow isn't he? — he is married and timid about gay women" — she remarked. She shewed a well-filled pudenda into which I poured my own sperm. I had only intended to prepare in it for the next woman, but the lubricity and its clip fetched me, and I fetched her. She had unusually large dark nymphae to her cunt, which is not to my taste, but was handsome faced, breasted, and bummed.

Directly I was alone, again came in another couple. He was a jocular man who repeated his words rapidly and laughingly. "No, no, no, no. — Yes, yes, yes" when he answered the girl. He would have a French letter also. — "Why not kiss without," said she. — "Ah, no, no, no, no, — savez vous, c'est l'habitude." — Did he always put a capote on?" "Yes, yes, yes." — He was a handsome middle-aged man, only wanting cunt and a spend, cared nothing for the woman, got into and out of the cunt in a business-like way, and never spoke to the girl after he'd fucked her. — He wasn't a quarter of an hour with her. — I had her to chat with me directly after, and she gave me a gamahuche for a few minutes, then I inspected her privates, then off she went. There was of course no spunk in her quim and the sperm leech was on me. I wanted the lubricious feel to my sensitive prick if I fucked.

Two men, one after the other had used condoms. I have seen during the last few years dozens copulating in the same room, but as far as I can recollect only three used condoms before.

Another thing I note whilst it occurs to me is that nearly all the men are scrupulously clean in their linen, and look as if it was just put on, that nearly all divest themselves of much of their clothing, that fully half strip nearly to their skin, and not a few till naked all but their socks, before they begin their play. The women of course are invariably naked all but stockings and shoes. It is the costume of that bordello. The men are all gentlemen.

Then in came Marguerite, a nice, handsome well-made, dark-haired creature. She has been long in the house and I have fucked her several times. — No woman has so many friends. Rarely have I been there peeping or waiting, without her coming in to me with a cunt full. A nice young fellow now had her, he was full of sperm, eager for a woman, up her in no time, but talked such a time with her afterwards that I feared all his spunk would be gone, and was angry, for I had a leech for her that night. But her cunt had got lots of sperm in it when she came to me after his departure. I had a prolonged fuck up her with much enjoyment. She is one who gives you her tongue, few of them do, their lips and faces being often painted. It is one of the worst things in a French brothel. Besides, every woman gamahuches and men finish in their mouths, which does not make one anxious to tongue them, and few Frenchmen I notice do. Yet how one misses it. They compare so badly with the fresh-faced, clear-skinned, tongue-sucking, luscious-mouthed Austrians, Hungarians, — and English even — but few of whom will let a man semenalize their mouths, tho not averse to voluptuous play with a man's tool before fucking.

I had that night one or two more sights not worth telling about and having seen six pricks, felt five spermatized cunts, put my prick into four, and spent in two, I went home. Not a bad four hours amusement. Next night at the peephole. A man who scarcely spoke, but fucked with his trowsers on, was the first. A scrubby young man. The girl grumbled at his present but took no good by it. I didn't care about looking at his sperm for he offended me by his looks and manner. Then came a man full fifty years old, stout, bald headed, and big bellied, who produced a good large stiff-stander. He also knelt the lady on the bed, her bum towards him, then kneeling in her rear, he for a long time contemplated her split and neighbouring charms. I could see fairly well his prick throbbing as he did so, for his shirt was up well. Then into her he thrust it, his shirt dropped and covered his rump, and the play of his buttocks was hidden. He soon gave a quavering half sigh, half groan, and I could

see that he drew his prick out to the tip, rested, then drove it up again hard. After once or twice at this movement, he gave a loud bawdy scream, and ramming with short thrusts quickly, shouted loudly "ow — ow — ow — ow — howour — ow —" like a dog barking — and wriggling, shoving rapidly, and quivering all over, spent in her. He then bent over her back a long while enjoying her, then carefully pulling his shirt up first, he took his prick in the palm of his hand and backing again, for a long time contemplated her spermatized orifice. She opened her thighs widely to let him see better, turning slightly her rump towards the lights so that I could see the sperm on it. Then bald head departed, she came in, and after I had bathed my doodle in her cunt and brought myself half way to an emission, she stopped me, suggesting my waiting for another woman, which advice I took — had another woman brought to me with a vulva in a most lubricious condition, fucked her, and left.

A few days after I was at the peephole, saw a woman tailed in commonplace fashion, and not worth keeping the narrative of. The next was a novelty.

A fine, fleshy auburn-haired woman came in with a shortish, dark young man. I could see they were acquaintances from the way they kissed. He stripped, and tho well shaped was so hairy about breast, arms, and legs, that he was ugly, but he made a wonderful contrast with the large-thighed, lovely white-fleshed woman. I can't recollect her name tho it is only two days since this occurred.

He began pulling her about — then kneeling on the bed between her legs — she on her back, to lick her cunt. Few men at the French bawdy houses do much of this, I observe. He licked till she wriggled under it. His bum furrow and balls were black with hair and towards me. Then the two played at sixty nine, his head being then hid from me by her magnificent buttocks which looked like ivory. Then side by side they kissed and he friggd her, slipping a little lower down on the bed to do so. He made her open her thighs as wide as possible, and then with all the fingers of his hand he friggd rapidly. I never saw such peculiar friggd, his fingers sometimes closed, sometimes distended, moved over the whole surface of her vulva at the same time. Then he wished her to hold her emit lips open to let him do it. She only pulled one lip aside. He was on her right side, her white thighs were slightly raised to open them better, and let him operate. When she closed them a little as if fatigued, he pulled them open again, and again all his fingers moved like lightning. — "Oh put it in, put it in," — she said. He took no heed, made no answer that I could hear, soon her belly heaved, her thighs quivered, and with a sighing cry she spent. I felt sure she would, no woman could have stood such long friggd without spending.

His prick as he lay by her had been hidden by her thigh, now he knelt between her legs, with his buttocks on his heels and cock very stiff, looking at her. Then he resumed his position and friggd again till she grumbled. — "No — no" — but he friggd on. He was laying now more on his left side, and I could neither see his left arm nor his prick. Martha (her name I now recollect) resigned herself, and in ten minutes had another crisis. Then he clasped her right thigh closely to him with his right hand, agitating his body slightly, wriggling and half shoving as if fucking, till his head drooped, he let go her thigh, fell back, and both were still, she with her eyes closed and thighs open. In a couple of minutes she got off the bed, putting her hand over her right thigh, for he had spent against it, and held it there till she wiped it with a towel. Then taking up his prick — he had turned on his back now — she skinned and wiped its tip. "You always do it so and you don't love me," she said. — Ah! yes he did. — Then he left and she came in to me. "I'm no use, and he never fucks, he always does it the same way, but says he loves me." I threw her on the bed, her cunt was wet with her own spending. "He'd frig for hours if I'd let him. No woman could help spending, I often try not but I must, he finds out if I sham, and he's very rich. Then he frigs his cock against my thigh just as you saw him, and not with his own hand." — Then she added that when his left hand was hidden it was under her bum, and he was fingering her anus, that he kept it there all the time he was friggd her cunt, and also kept gently wriggling his prick against her thigh. — He didn't look about twenty-five years old. — Men have strange fancies. — What delight could he find in rubbing a dry cock against a dry thigh — for he never wetted it, — when a soft cunt was at hand — I have friggd between buttocks, and thighs, but always lubricated them first.

She was a splendid creature. I love a woman with large thighs in my arms, as I had her then at the side of the bed, thrust my prick under her auburn-haired motte, and spent in her cunt with rapture. — "I can't understand a man frigging himself always," — said she "sometimes of course it's reasonable, but always! Ah! my God. — What are women made for. If men do that — what's the use of their having cunts?"

She went off, the chambermaid had just adjusted the bed etc. etc., when: "Hush there is Martha again, shall she come?" — "No - I don't wish to see the same woman twice one night" — which Alexandrine knew. — She stopped her at the door but coming back whispered, "She must come in here, no other room is empty, but you need not have her again." So in Martha came. This time it was another novelty for she fucked the man laying over him — What a size her white arse looked as it rose and fell, shewing his cock stem. — I thought his pego sometimes would come out, till a tightening of her buttocks and her short movements shewed that she'd spent, and she was squeezing his cock with her cunt. She got off of him and went out as if to wash, he meanwhile sat playing with his tool. He wanted it again. — "No, there's someone waiting for me." — He departed quickly then, and she came in to me.

I had had her not twenty minutes before. "I've now got foutre, shall I stay?" — "You need not have her unless you like" — said the chambermaid, coming in. "Monsieur (turning to her) never has the same woman twice one evening." — "Have you much spunk?" said I. "Full — look," said she. Her cunt and fingers testified to her truth. — "On to the bed, my dear." — She opened her thighs, there a glut of manhood was in and about her cunt, the oscillation of her buttocks, and the sight of his prick had moved my lust to its depths, the sight of sperm finished me, my prick stood stiff and up into her it went. — The chambermaid said, "You're fortunate Mlle. Martha."

I shut my eyes, and thrust, fancying I saw her on the man. — "Mount me" — I said pulling my prick out. — "Volontiers." — Then the fair-haired, white-arsed bitch covered and fucked me. In the glass on the top of the bed I witnessed her movements — a lovely sight but it took her long — I had pain as well as pleasure now, hollowed as I spent, and could not move afterwards. I had a splitting in my temples which alarmed me. I've had it at times lately.

My letch for her was strong indeed, for I washed her cunt myself, cleaning every fold and cranny in it. — Many a day is it since I have done such a thing to a strange woman. Then on my back again I put her over me to suck my cock, whilst I fingered her bum and quim, but I didn't spend. — After she had gone, I saw two more couples fucking mother and father fashion, then left. I had on me one of the lascivious frenzies before alluded to, — tho fatigued could think of nothing else, and wended my way to the bordello a few nights afterwards, having recovered slightly from my exhaustion.

I entered the salon this night. There was a chatter and buzz at once. "It's he! he" — I heard mixed with "Cochon, foutre" and other sympathetic, knowing words. — Many women, I noticed, were anxious to look at me. — With twenty naked beauties before me I was again dazed, could do nothing but look round and round at the dark patches between thighs, scarcely recognizing any woman. "I'll send for a lady," said I, turning to the sous-maitresse and went to my favourite room. When there I ordered ladies to come to me who had just been filled by the males. — Some came, but neither pleased me. — Strangely — how account for it? — I did not desire to see, still less to bathe my penis in their flowing pudendas. — Then I went to my peephole to see if that would rouse my concupiscence.

"Martha est en société," said the chambermaid. — "Will you have her?" I consented but she did not come, had minetted her man, had a clean cunt, and Alexandrine, knowing my taste, had sent her away. Then at the peephole I saw a woman poked. — There was nothing unusual. He was a fine man, who thumbed her cunt whilst she kneeling sideways on the bed pleased his cock with her lips. — Her rump was nearly towards me, and I could see his thumb up her split, and sometimes up her bumhole. Then he laid her down and finished in regular fashion. — I put my prick into her afterwards but had no desire, no real stiffness, was still indifferent thro past amatory exertions, and after a few thrusts withdrew without emission.

Then I saw two couples at belly to belly grinding, re-solved to depart without a spend, was talking with the chambermaid when she went out and returning asked me if I would see Carmen who had just left a gentle-man. "Let her come in, I've never seen her." — "No —she has only just come to us, she's not been gay before."

In came Carmen, tall and stem faced, looking as if she wanted fattening everywhere to my taste yet was not skinny, she only wanted two stone more flesh. She was dark, had dark eyes and hair, was not handsome. There was a hard look in her face till she said as she threw herself down on the bed, "You like a lady with spunk in her cunt, don't you?" then a soft look of invitation came over her face.

I was struck with the immense hirsuteness of her cunt, the hair being half way up her navel. It shadowed and filled lower down, so that I couldn't see where the split began, it quite filled the hollow between the cunt lips and the thighs, growing thick and long lower down even, in that part where that hairy ornament usually grows thinner. The cunt region presented in fact the appearance of a frizzy wig, and so hiding the line of parting, that is was barely visible and only for about an inch — I held up her thighs and found the hair thick, tho short, quite round her arse hole, and up to the bum bone. Struck with the density of the curly fuzzy thicket, turning her about so as to see this wonderful hairiness, which more resembled a Negro's head than anything else — only the hair was longer and looser. — At length I said, "You've not been fucked."

She had, and puffing aside the lips, I saw the spermy streak, which was hidden again by the thick hair directly she let go the lips. It then looked as if there were no cunt there at all — hair only.

She began at once questioning. — Why did I like a cunt with foutre — was it nicer — how many women had I seen that night, — had they all been fucked — had I fucked either or put my prick up either — All was hurried, energetic, spoken in a curious yet lustful manner, not the usual manner of the Paphian.

I told her briefly that I'd not fucked and didn't want to. — "Fuck me — do" — said she energetically — "look, your prick is stiffer, — baisez moi" — all of course was in French. "Come, I want you to do it to me. — do it in the sperm — come — baisez moi — look at the sperm," and she opened the thickly fringed lips again looking at me with eyes which were fierce and lustful — I think of that, now as I recollect their expression, and write.

My prick was beginning to stand, I put her on the bed kneeling, and kneeling in her rear, inserted my penis between the hairy furrow, she impatient, murmuring, — "Do it — do it." — Her buttocks were just the height, her cunt felt tight but lubricious and she began to wriggle at once, turning her head towards the side glass so as to see our movements. For an instant she then frigged herself, left off, gave some shivering jogs with her rump and sighing, her cunt tightened strongly round my prick, soon loosened, she was quiet, and my balls got wet.

"You've spent," said I. — With a cuntal squeeze of my prick she sighed. "Yes go on, fuck on cheri" — perhaps the constricting power of her cunt had stirred my blood, perhaps her discharge had irritated my prick, for I now wanted her, pulled my pego slowly out to see its state, and then had a very long fuck before my sperm came up. It fetched her again, and my prick kept in her without shrinking in an unusual way.

She was so exactly the height, her cunt so well placed, her bum not too big, so that I could have kept my prick in her longer. I felt all round our point of junction and under her cunt, glorying in my dabbling, talking with her, till the chambermaid knocked. — "Mad'lle — Mad'lle Carmen — the gentleman says he will go if you don't go back." — I uncoupled. — "I'll come back again," said she — I followed her to the door, saw her wash her quim at the lavabo, and disappear. I refreshed my article and talked with the chambermaid, who said that Carmen had only been in the house four days, had never been gay before, she believed. One gentleman had called to see her every day, it was he who was with her then. She thought she had been kept, and would prove a salt-cunted, — a hot-arsed one

— from what she had seen of her.

I had thought from her manner that she was a fresh hand — would have no other women and about to leave. "I've not paid her," I said. — "Give me her money."

— Nearly an hour had gone, I had my hat on, when in Carmen came again — I had told her I wished to see her cunt when washed. — "Shall I wash, or will you have me again now?" — "Ma biche — no more fucking to night" — yet I couldn't resist looking. — "There is foutre now, isn't there?" — There was. "Have you before had a man put into another's leavings in your cunt?" She replied, "Never. Quelque cochonnerie, but it's nice." — To be fucked so now was her letch, I'd inoculated her, she sucked my prick stiff, and was a long time at it. "I can't give you more money." — "Very well, hick then." — With a long lingering hick, bum to belly kneeling, we both spent. I waited to see her cunt when washed, — caressed the wonderful growth of hair, then went away. For a night or so I was quiet, and vowed to myself to have no more such larks, yet had not the moral courage to restrain my-self from women, and occupied one evening in seeing women washing their cunts before and after. The chambermaid told them that I was looking, and I saw perhaps twenty squatting over the bowl, washing their quims, their piddle rattle out, and the dry rub and scrub afterwards. I only gave a trifle to the chambermaid for this. — I selected one or two women for the size of their backsides and saw them after their exercise with the men, and felt the spermy cunts, but did no more — a wonderful restraint — then again I stopped away some days from the temple of Venus.

Then very fit I went there and to the peephole. It was so enchanting to see the beautiful female forms twisting lasciviously about the men, enlacing them with arms and legs, their continuous movements, first bum then belly side visible, the flash of the dark mottes and hairy armpits, glimpses of open cunts between distended thighs, the pouting lips with the red stripe between them when their bums were towards me — these sights fascinated me even more than the jogging of their bums, when prick and cunt were joined — the movements of a woman's thighs when a man lays on her belly are not really pretty, and few seemed to fuck poetically and lasciviously at the same time. I saw of or two commonplace fuckings — the huge-arsed Egyptienne was one, whose cunt would now take a so( water bottle up it. She has grown so fat, potbellie bladder-breasted, shapeless, that I cannot bear he Then came little Mignon, whom a big fellow tailed a most hiding her as he laid on her. She came to n directly he had gone.

Mignon was a sweet-faced, lightish-brown-haired litt creature, about four feet nine inches high, but with the roundness and fullness of form of a Venus. Not a bit of needless fat had she, yet every bone was covered to perfection. She was simply perfect, exquisitely am voluptuously made from neck to ankle and about eighteen. I longed to fuck her the moment I saw her with the man — and when the lovely cunt, looking in size tho not in fringe that of a girl's of fourteen, wit thick sperm just showing outside it between the delicate nymphae, I put my prick up her at once.

Then with one of my sensual vagaries and chang I pulled it out, made her kneel on the bed with bum lo, down, and put up her cunt from behind, then gradually made her fall with face and belly flat on to the be (keeping my prick in her) and pulling up her thigh gradually round my waist, I finished in her so, standing upright at the bed edge, she laying horizontally o: the bed, I holding her legs like a wheelbarrow.

I have some recollection of having stroked a woman that way, tho I can't recollect name or occasion nom Mignon's position seemed when I fucked her a delicious novelty. She was as lithe as a serpent. — When she had washed and came back clean cunted, I examined he beauties, and she repeated the horizontal posture which amused her, but I did not poke her again. She was a great favourite, the chambermaid told me. I did not recollect seeing her before as she usually went to an-other part of the house. There are two staircases there, and in fact two houses, tho combined.

On returning to England I visited H. and told her all. She wished she'd been with me, always had longed to see a brothel there, would have gone with me there. She seemed excited about the

lubricious cunts, yet calling me a beast all the time. I fucked H. within five minutes after I'd entered her house, then laying, telling her these things, she began to frig herself, and almost instantly spent crying out — "spunk," and grasping my prick. — She'd finished so quickly that I believed her emotion a sham, on but feeling her cunt — washed not long before — it satisfied me she'd spent. She then told me that several times when she'd a great letch come on her, and thought about it, that she'd spent involuntarily without touching her cunt. It's not impossible, for in my youth I have spent involuntarily, at the sight of a female whom I wanted — when I was very randy.

One day the following week she'd be alone and would get her "poor friend to come." He was usually smuggled in. "Then you can see him fuck me." — She didn't say what after. "He'll want me, for Mr. Blank has been staying with me, but is going away on Thursday, — you mustn't come to the house till you telegraph to \* \* \* (a female relative). — If Blank's not left town she'll meet you at the end of the street, and you mustn't come." — Such arrangement in fact had existed for some time. — I didn't like it, but would have risked anything to have her. "You want me to fuck you after him" — said I. "I don't, you beast, you shan't do it any more." — "You like me to see his prick and to see you fucked." — She laughed — "I like to know you're looking at us, and that he don't now." — "We men are easily cheated." — "It would take a clever woman to cheat you," she re-plied.

The day came, the coast was clear. In my shirt I stood waiting for my treat, had kissed and gamahuched her, and with difficulty restrained myself from fucking her. Her friend was an hour behind time. H. was fidgety and feared her letter hadn't reached him. A ring, followed by a peculiar knock at the street door was heard. — "It's he," said she smiling bauldily. before that, talking about him she said as if she enjoyed the idea, "Won't he have his cock full, he hasn't fucked for a fortnight." — "Perhaps he has." — "I'll swear he hasn't, he loves me, he'd wait a month for me and would marry me tomorrow, but what's the good, he can't keep himself, his family only allow him a pound a week — he'd wait to have me any length of time, and he cannot afford a woman."

She had thrown a gown over her chemise, so as not to seem too ready — and ran down stairs to open the door to him herself. One of her servants had been sent out, and she had let me in herself — much maneuvering was now needed in her domicile. Fear of being caught out in intrigues is one of the miseries of ladies who play these pranks. — Leaning over the banisters I overheard much, he explained his delay, they kissed then. "My friend has just come." — He was in her secrets and knew some one visited her. — "He is in my bedroom — don't make a noise." — "I'll take my boots off." - He did. — "There," said she, "wait till I beckon you, I'll go up and see if his door is closed, he is fearful of Blank coming back."

Upstairs she came, saw me on the landing and nodded. — In I went, closing my door and soon he was in the back bedroom. A few minutes after I was at their door as before. She was exciting him, feeling his prick, both sitting on the bed, his back to the door. Then they nearly stripped. — She said — "Stand up there, let me see it stiff." — He complied like a child, obeyed her always I'd found — lifted his shirt, and I saw his powerful machine standing like a prop. — "You have fucked since you did me last." — "I declare to God I haven't." Then — "Oh let me do it, dear." He went towards her, when a powerful gust of wind (it was a very windy day) blew-up the staircase, their door slightly moved, and caught his eye, he came and shut it, I retreated in fear seeing him advance, for had he opened the door he must have caught me. — I had I thought lost the spectacle of his fucking her.

But nothing exceeds the cunning of a Paphian. — Soon I heard her loudly calling out, "Mary, Mary." — Up came the servant, who was told something and went down stairs. It was a dodge to open the door without his noticing it. Cautiously I'd opened mine and peeped. H. was just retiring and winked at me. Her door was now left ajar. — Again and almost directly after, I heard "hem," as if clearing her throat — her signal; the next instant, I was at the door. He was laying on his back, his big prick stiff as a poker shadowing his navel, his left hand feeling her quim as she stood by the bedside and looking up at her affectionately. He thought not of the door, or of any thing else but her cunt. She handled his prick, then his balls for a minute. "Let's fuck naked" and she threw off her

chemise, then he his shirt. She laid down beside him for a second, the next he mounted her, and I heard his sigh of pleasure as his prick went up her sex. Then on he went thrusting. — "Don't hurry," said she — but he fucked hard. — "I must," he sobbed in a gentle voice. — I was mindful of what H. had often said in our conversation, and what I now knew from experience, that a man in the full tide of sexual pleasure thinks of nothing else. — I opened the door slightly, then more, and entered the room as his thrusts grew quicker, saw in H's beautiful face that she was spending, heard, — "Aha — my darling — love — aha" — from him, then both were quiet. — I stood there till H. opened her eyes. Then closing the door ajar and standing with my prick nearly bursting, listened.

"I must go to him [me], he doesn't like to be left long — I'll tell him some excuse and come back soon — put on your shirt, stay here, don't make a noise." — Out she came, shutting the door, smiling at me, holding her cunt as French harlots do — and I suppose all do under similar circumstances — and the next instant was lying on the bedside with thighs wide apart. Her quim over-flowing with thick sperm delighted me, the sight made me wild to enter the lubricated sheath, my prick bursting, yet I restrained myself, had sufficient control to do that which whilst waiting I'd resolved. I pulled open the lips, fringed her spermy clitoris, whilst talking bawdily. "Did you see his prick?" — "Yes." — Isn't it a fine one?" — "Yes." — "He never fucked for a fortnight, look what he's spent, how thick it is." - "Wash it and I'll fuck you," said I, not wishing any-thing of the sort.

I'd caught her. She'd before often said that she let me fuck her thus solely for my pleasure. — "No — fuck me — put it in." — "No. — I'm frightened." — "What of? what nonsense — put it up — he's a gentleman." — (He was) — "No, wash — you don't like it so." "Yes I do, fuck me, I like it so, fuck me." said she impatiently. "Get lengthwise on the bed then." She did, I mounted her, my prick plunged up and revelled in the grateful lubricity of her sheath. "Ain't we beasts? — oh — I'm coming — fuck." — Our tongues joining, stopped further utterance, till my sperm gushed out in-to cunt. I was as quick as he in spending, certainly his prick hadn't left her cunt seven minutes, before my prick had done its work and quitted her also, tho I lay long up her after my spend.

"Pull it out dear, I must go back to him, I told him I would." — "He'll fuck you again." "That's certain." — "Let him fuck in my sperm." — "All right, he'll think it's his own, but I must go downstairs first, don't you come out till you hear me cough." — She went downstairs, and soon returned to his room again. — My door was ajar, again I heard the cough, and looked thro the aperture of the door.

She was just placing herself beside him, he was on his back handling his tool which was half stiff. At once she manipulated it, they kissed and talked. — "What did he say?" — "I told him that my dressmaker was downstairs etc." — "He's easily humbugged." — Both laughed. — "You must be quick, I mustn't keep him longer. Your prick's quite stiff." — He felt her cunt. — "You've not washed." — She said that she'd not had time "but must do so before she went to me." — "Will he do you?" — asked he in his quiet gentlemanly voice — so they talked for five minutes, kissing and dallying. Then her legs were in the air, thighs clasping his, and the rhythmical oscillation of their buttocks began. He was leisurely enjoying a longer job now. Soon as I heard him sigh and saw his thrusts were quicker, I opened the door, knelt at the bed foot, saw his prick moving and balls as they shook with his thrusts. Had I stood upright he'd not have noticed me in his paroxysm of pleasure. — H\*1\*n did — I heard soft murmurs, saw his buttocks quiver, her eyes close, knew the spends had come, and went back to my room, closing their door ajar.

This back room was only partially furnished — no water was left there with intent, so that he might go to the bedroom below, next the drawing room. She told me this before. Shortly they both went down there — then to the kitchen where she gave him food — tho well dressed he was glad of a meal. Then up she came to me and stood looking at me with voluptuous eyes. — She hadn't washed, shammed that she didn't want it again, but at the sight of her glistening vulva, my prick stood, and with a deliciously slow fuck we spent to-gether again. Four male libations were in her cunt, and she'd spent at each fucking. — Soon after I left.

The conversations I heard and had with her are nearly word for word. — I wrote them down the



same evening.

A few days after, I was there then with pleasure in confessing, for — "I have no one to tell anything to but you, and him now," said she. — She told me he had slept with her. "God knows how often I spent, we were both done up. Come on dear, fuck me — I haven't had it since — he's ill. — I'm making him beef tea."

At intervals of a week or two this was repeated — I saw him fuck her, and fucked her directly afterwards. Sometimes only once, sometimes twice, and the fun and room were a little varied at times to avoid libation. — "What beasts we are." — "Not beasts at all dear, and if we are, we like it" — this was said regularly whenever the double fucking came off, but I had her at other times when he was not there. Then I couldn't get her for a long time, and in the summer went abroad.

## **Vol. 10 Chapter II**

**Crabs. • At a Swiss village. • The casino garden. • The half-veiled lady. • The path by the torrent. • The lonely chalet. • Fears and fucking. • Clapped. • At the lapunar. • Chambermaid tipped. • Exhibition of wet quims. • My choice. • The un-chaste Diane. • A lithesome bougresse. • Invitation to anus. • Erotic madness in Paphians. • Nymphomaniacs, Sappho and Wanda. • Ray-monde. • One with a curved pego. • Copious se-men. • A strange fucking attitude. • Outside a metropolitan railway station. • A Paphian's first night out. • Her sexual enjoyment. • Her history. • The railway station bar. • Two lovers and a swelling belly. • Flight to London.**

I found to my annoyance one hot morning that crabs had assailed me, had lodged in motte, bum furrow, anus, and the wrinkles of my scrotum. It's impossible to say where I got these irritators of the genitals, having varied recently my amours, and a night or two before had revelled in three cunts yet warm and lubricated by other pricks. I keep mine in the ladies till it will remain no longer, luxuriating in their lubricious baths, giving great chance to these parasites of changing their abode, and I have escaped them well I think. The annihilation of the crustacea took quite ten days, and caused me much inconvenience. In the month of September I was at the little village of \*\*\*\* in Switzerland. There was [then] a little building called a casino, — to which people went to read the journals — situated in small grounds filled with trees and large shrubs. — It was a dull, muggy afternoon, and had been raining hard when I wandered there just before the table d'hote. Few people were out, and walking by herself, quite on the outskirts of the grounds, was a well-grown woman seemingly about twenty-five or more years old, dressed very nicely in dark silk. She never approached the building and I got curious about her, passed and repassed her looking in her face, wondering whether she was of easy virtue or not. She looked at me in return but quite in a casual way, with-out the least indication of the demirep about her. For all that, as I passed a desire for the woman came over me, and a voluptuous thrill passed through my pego. I had been some days at the place and had never noticed the lady there before, tho I must have seen nearly all the visitors there.

I dined, not thinking any more about her. Soon after, it being quite dark, going towards the casino to read I saw her somewhat nearer the casino than before, but well away from all light and still walking alone. — At once I guessed she was a free lover. My dinner had warmed, my pego began to get rebellious for it had not touched strange cunt for nearly two months, and I went towards her. Seeing that, she went further off quite into the dark under some trees and stopped. — Next minute I was by her side and heard I could go home with her. We spoke in French, but I don't think she was a Frenchwoman.

She had told me where her lodging was and I agreed to follow her. She went away by a path I'd not traversed, crossed a wooden trembling bridge over the roaring rushing river, and was soon away

from all street lights and human habitation as far as I could see. The road lay alongside the river, it was pitch dark, and at first I kept her just in sight, but as it was much further than I'd expected I got uncomfortable, as it was a spot where a knock on the head could very easily be given, and a body pitched into the river within a few yards of our path would have been thirty miles off before next morning, and had I screamed, the roar of the torrent would have drowned my voice, so I went up to her and said I could go no further. She said we were close by her dwelling and again we walked on.

When I first followed her I wanted to grope her, but she refused it. I got however one hand upon her thigh, the crisp hair of her quim touched my finger, and the feel of her tho slight and but for an instant only, made me thoroughly randy. As I followed her, I thought of her make and possible perfections, as I usually do when I follow a woman. From her walk I guessed she'd good limbs and a fat bum, my cock stood rigidly, pleasurably, and directly I'd crossed the bridge, with one of my old erotic whims I pulled it out of my trowsers, and went along with it sticking out naked. The lewedness of the act pleased me much, absurd as it seems. Hearing someone or something approaching, hastily I tucked it in, but it was only a donkey, I fancy tethered. Then as the distance increased and I grew anxious, my John Thomas drooped, and remained so till she stopped, when desire rose again. There was a huge piece of rock close by there, and I suggested an up-righter against it, but she wouldn't hear of such a thing. On we went now side by side. I was about to refuse going further, when a building of Swiss type appeared on a little eminence about a hundred feet from the river. The light in two windows gladdened me, tho I didn't like to be in that lonely spot with a stranger at that time of night. There was seemingly a balcony all round it as is customary in those chalets. A big man, who was, as well as I could see in the darkness, sitting against the steps leading up to it, was smoking a pipe, and apparently took no notice of us, yet I didn't like his being there. Up the steps she went, I following on to the balcony, from which she opened a door into a large bedroom, meanly and coarsely furnished, tho there was everything needed for convenience, and a large common lamp alight. I complained that the light was not enough, whereon without reply she sought and lighted a candle. It was an angle room with windows on two sides, on one side only were short white curtains. The gaunt, naked look of the place, and the noise made by our feet on the naked wooden floor, the complete silence she observed, the gloom seen thro the uncurtained windows, and the roar of the river, I confess made me most uncomfortable — I wished I hadn't come and resolved to pay her and leave.

"What shall I do?" said she, taking off her bonnet. They were the first words she'd uttered in the room "Let me feel your cunt and then I'll go," said I. — "I'll take off my things first," and she began to undress herself quickly. - Her face was very handsome, she had dark hair and luminous dark eyes, and as she pulled off her gown she showed such a fine pair of arms that I forgot my fears, touched them, and then let her strip to her chemise. — She sat down and piddled, then washed her quim, then pulled her stockings well up under her garters, and disclosed a very handsome form with thick bushes of dark hair in her armpits. Then to my question she said she was twenty-five.

Then I wanted to see her quim more plainly, but she resisted that a little, nor would she let me bring the light to it. — She didn't like to be looked at "in that vulgar way." She'd unbuttoned my trowsers and got my prick out, and as soon as it was in her hand said, — "Aha — baisez moi, cheri" — and lain down on the bed, but somehow a feeling came over me that I'd bet-ter not have her, said I wouldn't, put down her money, and said I'd leave. — "Oh! come all this way without kissing me? that you shan't" — Getting off the bed she came to me, put the money first into a drawer, then throwing an arm round me kissed me and felt my cock. "Are you quite well? if you're not quite sure, if there are any of your monthlies about, tell me, you've got the money, and I am quite content."

She was perfectly well, she replied. "Kiss me — come — you've paid me — is it likely I'd let you do it if I wasn't well? — Oh — kiss me, come take off your things, you're a fine man, you've made me want it so, baisez moi, cheri" — and laying down she lifted her chemise to her armpits. I saw a fine bust, large thighs, a dark haired motte, desire returned, I threw off coat and waistcoat, with my trowsers on mounted her and in a few minutes had filled her quim with sperm. She enjoyed the

embrace as much as I had.

She wanted to keep me in her, but I rose and washed, she washing directly afterwards, then she laid hold of my prick, looked at it, kissed it, and invited me to have her again. I didn't want that, and asked her a few questions. She was so pressing for me to have her that it surprised me. — "You're fucked every day, I sup-pose." — "No" — she wasn't a gay woman. "Tho you think I am." — Indeed I did, and do yet, tho she hadn't quite the manner of a Paphian. — I insisted on going. — She said I shouldn't — "What! refuse a lady when she asks you? — oh fie." — Yielding a little I said, "Let me see you quite naked." — "You shall." Off went her chemise and she laid down naked, but it was chilly and I let her put it on again. — I went to the side of the bed with my prick hanging. — "See, I can't." — "You will in a minute." — "You will have to suck it then." — For a minute she looked me full in the face without speaking, then took it in her mouth, I put my fingers on her cunt, and the joint effect was instantaneous — it stiffened. — "There," said she triumphantly. "Baisez moi." She laid down opening her thighs wide at once, hurriedly, as if her cunt was longing. — In another minute her cunt lips were round my propagator, and soon after we were blissfully spending. She seemed to have intense pleasure in the fuck, more than in the first.

She wanted me to stay all night — then to fuck her again, — it should cost me nothing more, — but away I went along the lonely road to my hotel, and was glad to get there. — Two days after I had a clap. — Incensed, I was fool enough to go to the chalet. — A man there — I suppose the proprietor — said that Mrs. \* \* \* \* had left the day after I'd been there.

I had been sitting on a wet stone the day before, which might have irritated my bladder. I hoped it was so. "Pogh," said the doctor. "It's not caused by a cold wet stone, but a hot wet something else." — Yet it might have been that cold wet stone, My discharge was awfully copious, more so than from any clap I ever had, yet in a fortnight I'd got sufficiently cured to resume fucking. I never got cured so quickly before, and it must be fifteen years since I had that ailment. — On my return, I stopped a week or two at P\*\*\*\*s and then again visited the lapunar. The personnel of the house was the same, and the chambermaid seemed delighted to see me — I had a long conversation with her, and tipped her a napoleon — a nap well spent for me and on the sly of course — for I believe that employees in these bordellos are supposed to hand over gratuities — I think so from the secrecy I've been asked to observe by the recipients when I've given them — the door-keepers excepted, who openly expect, ask at times, and take. — Whether they put that into the hands of the sous-maitresse, or patronne, or not, I can't say, nor do I know if Frenchmen who have the women at the tariff (prix fixe) give the servants any-thing — certainly they give presents to the women they stroke, but not as much as foreigners do. — Garter money the Paphians call it, and if it be gold or silver always slip it under their garters into their stockings. What English and Americans give I can't say, having seen but few there — and expect that for good reasons those nationalities were rarely shown into the room with the peephole when I was peeping.

The chambermaid was called up to, who asked me, "Which is it to be?" and making a circle with finger and thumb put it to her eye — I understood — she implied peephole by that. — "No, foutre," said I. — Then altering my mind. — "No — chambre jaune," — and there I was soon installed, and in a well lubricated quim or two had my pleasure. — I saw couples fucking when at the peephole directly afterwards, and then the ladies with cunts washed or unwashed — I paid for each woman I saw come in, but nothing was worth retaining in my narrative till I saw Diane the following evening.

It is singular, seems contradictory, but I write what occurred, that I rarely seemed to have the same excitement, pleasure, or even desire, in tailing the women whom I had seen fucked, as I did those who came in to me from other rooms. — More often than otherwise, I didn't even put my pego up them. — Sometimes I only looked at their quims without separating the covers of the vulva, when I did not like the look of the man who'd had them. Often times this was so. — But I always de-sired those who'd been stroked in other parts of the house — I always fancied the sperm was that of handsome, very young men tho often it was not so — I rejected those directly if the suspicion of their

having been fucked by seniors occurred to me.

I was at the peephole when I saw Diane, a little devil who had a very fine man with her. He stripped, she was naked, he was playful and she gratified him. — I never saw a woman put herself into more varied postures. She licked and sucked his prick from all sides, laid on him, sat on his prick, put it in her quim this way, that way, stood him up, laid him down on the bedside, turned over on to his belly, licked his arsehole, put his cock between her breasts, bum cheeks, thighs, and knees, and then taking off her stockings, caught hold of his pego between the soles of her feet, and twiddled, a thing I never saw being done before, tho I'd had it done to me. He had a noble prick, which stood with-out drooping much for half an hour. — Every now and then when they had a new pose, she looked at my door. — Once when laying over him, he licking her clitoris, she minetting his cock, her head being towards me, she lifted her head, looked at the door and winked, shaking his red-headed poker at me as she did so. — Never did I see such variety of attitudes in so short a space of time — most of them studiously posed that I might see both prick and cunt. He got impatient at last and fucked her, only thrusting about twice before he was over. — He got off the bed directly with prick dripping, and naked, looked at his watch, then hurried on his clothes. She went out as if to wash, — they all do that to avoid notice — when she came back he was at the door, — next minute her thighs were opened to me, the sperm was running over furrow and thighs — Alexandrine had told me she was the most salacious one of the harem, and would let men bugger her — she said that cautiously.

She was a sweetly made, brown-haired, lewed-eyed creature. — I enjoyed the sight of her lubricated quim, rushed my staff up it and spent rapidly. When she had washed, she began to play with me, wouldn't let me dress, began to gamahuche. "Lie down and let me play with you, darling." — When my pego was in her mouth, she put her finger up my bum. — I returned the compliment slightly. "Put it up" said she — "put your prick in it." — "What! bugger?" — "Yes, if you like" — I declined. — "You are stiff, why not try, put the tip in a little." — She pulled open her buttocks, shewing her arsehole, elevating her thighs high. "An-other night perhaps, what do you want for that?" - "Fifty francs." — "All right, I won't tell any one." — "I don't care if you do, many of the women do it." — "I won't believe they do." — "Ask them then. I shewed the man to you well didn't I?" — "Yes." — "I've made myself lewed." — "Does he bugger you?" — "Some-times, should you like to see him, if so come next week this day and time, and I'll make him do it to me." — "Perhaps I will," said I, having no intention of the sort. — "She is a most lascivious little devil," said I to Alexandrine afterwards. — "Yes, she is woman or man, it's all the same with her, she'll go mad like Sappho."

Sappho was a lovely big woman whom for three years I had at times, had written about but destroyed that narrative. — She flat-fucked a girl before me one night without my desiring her to do so, became a slave to erotic passion, had nymphomania which drove her at last mad. Her voice was like that of a man's the last time I had her. — Many French harlots get that sort of voice in time. — Sappho's history was well known in the house, and to me.

[I have an impression that cases of erotic madness are not infrequent in these lapunars. It is perhaps attributable to natural concupiscence in the particular erotic pleasure. — Some years ago at another lapunar, I had a woman named Wanda, (narrative destroyed) who two or three years after I heard had gone mad concupiscently. Both the Sappho now alluded to — I've had several Sapphos — and also Wanda — were well sized — absolutely perfect in form — beautiful in face — delicious in coition — and both had hoarse voices. Each must have been from about twenty-three to twenty-eight years old when last I had them — but I'm not clear about their ages. — This is written many years after the events.]

One evening, a week or two after being at the spy-hole, in came a well-grown man looking about eight and twenty, and with him a lovely, dark-haired, dark-eyed little creature named Raymonde, whom I'd stroked and a more willing, voluptuous little devil never knew. — She gave a glance at the peephole door, and a smile, then disappeared to sluice her quim before beginning her gambols.

He undressed quickly, his prick — a very full-sized one — was already stiff. He couldn't bend it to wash it, but wiped its tip with a towel. I longed to handle it. — His shirt dropped over it, Raymonde raised it and rolled up the shirt, and then laid hold of his stiff tool with a laugh. — "Take your shirt off" — Alexandrine had instructed all the women to let me see the pricks well. — He wouldn't, took her to the bedside, and kneeling began gamahuching her. Playfully she raised herself. "Take it off, I like you naked" — and she began to pull it off as he knelt. He then complied and again knelt, titillating her cunt with his tongue, his tool standing with utmost rigidity and with a very unusual curve — like a bent bow it was. — I've never seen one so curved before, tho I've seen a hundred and fifty stiff.

He only licked her split for a minute, then rose up, and she getting off the bed handled his prick to show it me — I found by their conversation that they were acquaintances. — "Mon Dieu! how stiff it is — why you've actually not seen me for a week." — Bending forward she took the red tip between her pretty lips, then removing it she handled his balls — I never saw a prick with such a strongly defined curve, I think it was much greater than the curve of any vagina.

All was done quicker than I write this, for he was impatient. Standing then by the bedside he turned her about in all directions, kissing her all over, then mounted the bed, laid on his back, and putting her kneeling over his head, began licking her cunt. His face was then hidden by her lovely buttocks, which his hands clasped. Then moving away she took his prick in her mouth, then taking it out gave it a shake, looked at the peephole, and laughed at me whilst she exhibited his tool. But soon she dropped her head on his thigh by the side of it, and her buttocks began to writhe under the delicious titillation of his tongue on her clitoris.

Then he moved her onto her back, mounted her belly and began fucking. In a dozen thrusts I saw his back-side and thighs quiver and squeeze up to her — one very loud prolonged cry — almost a groan — escaped him, and all was over. — I knew he would be quick from the state of his pego when he took his trowsers off, saw clearly that he was filled with semen and lust.

He did not enjoy laying up her long, but came to the bidet and washed his prick which was still quite stiff. — "Aha! — mon Dieu — what sperm," — said she quite loudly, not moving off the bed as they usually do, but laying with thighs wide apart, — pulling open the lips, as she spoke, and turning partly round more towards the gaslight, to show me his overflowing libation. — Never before had I seen at that distance a cunt more plainly whilst the male was present. The light was turned on strongly, and I saw a mass of sperm, which made her cunt look almost as white as her thighs. She looked towards him and to my door, smiled and nodded, pulled the lips of her cunt further apart for a second, and then went out. He had his back towards her whilst washing his tool and she thus exhibited. — How easily we men are cheated.

He laid himself in her absence on the bed, his prick stiff still. How I envied him. She returned, began to suck it and it disappeared in her mouth. — Sometimes her hand grasped the balls, sometimes the stem. Full of sperm as he had been, now he needed a rest. For full ten minutes did she labour with her mouth, he laying motionless, speechless, in voluptuous tranquillity looking up at the glass in the bed top. He never turned his head to see her beauteous form in the side glass — in which I could see her ivory backside, and breasts and movements. He didn't lay even a hand upon her.

I thought he never would spend, yet his prick when-ever she removed it from her mouth was rigid as iron, and red tipped. Gradually came slight movements in his thighs, then his belly heaved a little, his eyes closed. She ceased minetting, knowing that a change was coming. Then again he placed her above him, her cunt to his mouth, hers to his prick, and they sucked each other till she gave a jog or two of her buttocks, relinquished his tool, and laid her head again on his thigh — his machine standing up against her face.

Then he placed her and himself in positions which I don't recollect a couple fucking in before, tho I have seen perhaps every possible posture — indeed now recollect having had a woman in that

position myself. — How deliciously varied may be the postures of a willing man and woman, what inexhaustible pleasures they can get together, what idiots are they who refuse them, — if any do. He put two pillows for her head and back against the looking glass which covered the wall against which the side of the bed was placed. She then put herself leaning back and reclining anglewise along the bed, and he laid across her. They were like two sticks crossing each other. His head was nearly at the edge of the bed, his feet against the looking glass. His legs lay over her left leg, and under her right which she put up over his left hip. In that position he got his prick up her cunt. — No one with a little prick, or with a limp one, could man-age it in that awkward position.

Then moving with a short jogging, rather than the long stroke belly to belly fucking, her right leg keeping him to her and both of her hands placed over and clasping his rump, they fucked. Then he stopped, then went on, and not a word was said. The back of his head and rump were towards me, and I saw the length of his fine white body from head to heel. At last Raymonde who at the beginning of the play in this position had looked at my door and smiled more than once, began to close her eyes, her right hand seemed to be feeling his arsehole or the back of his balls, then both her hands clutched his bum convulsively. She was spending and lovely she looked. Her hands stopped, her breasts heaved, his buttocks gave some strong quick jerks, another loud cry escaped him, and he was quiet.

Then he washed, she remained on the bed as if quite fatigued, then went out, returned, and shortly he went away. She hadn't washed her cunt this time, which was full of his second libation. Excited by the sight I plunged my prick into it, and spent before Raymonde had a chance of spending with me. He came to see her once a week she said, and always made her spend. "Who could help spending with such a man, and such a prick up her for ten minutes?" she asked. Certainly at the second poke it was in her a very long time, a quarter of an hour perhaps before he spent.

On my return I saw H\*1\*n occasionally, but I was not very well, and was also impecunious, so limited my visits to her. — Once I find I had N\*\*I\*e L\*\*I\*e and once old Camille. There is nothing worth keeping of the narrative until the following incident.

I had in a friendly way dined one evening with a man at \* \* \* and at about nine o'clock was near the \* \* \* \* station of a London railway. Many gay women of second class were walking about it, for the station being a busy one and several streets converging on it, it was and is, a good hunting ground for the Priestesses of Venus. — A stoutish, shortish, very youthful, pretty, and fresh-complexioned girl came slowly towards and looked at me. She had stood talking to another doxy, who as I approached and turned my head to look, gave her a gentle push of the arm, as much as to say, — "There go" — and then stood still watching us.

The girl didn't speak, nor did I for a second. I some-times now go home with a woman, strip her, look at her secret charms, and leave without more than doing that and a bawdy chat, fearful of fucking. — Reserving my prowess for another that night, I thought I'd just look at this girl so fresh and nice, and told my compliment. "Oh yes, sir — thank you sir," said she eagerly, and then, "Oh, it's close by, just up there at No. 33." - "Ah, well — I'll perhaps call some night." — The girl without a word turned away as if disappointed and ashamed, towards the other woman. — A change then came over me and going towards them, "I'll follow you," said I. — "Go ahead, get the door open, he'll follow" — said the other woman smiling at me and pushing the girl, who ran across the road, and looked back every second to see if I was after her. In three minutes I was in a nicely furnished bedroom in a good sort of house.

"Shall I take my frock off?" said she in a timid way, so soon as the door was closed and gas lighted. — "All off, my dear." — "What, naked? — Oh no — I can't." "Then I'll go." — "Oh don't you're the first gentleman I've seen, I only came here this afternoon — that's my box, I've only put some of my things out — look." — She opened the box and a drawer to show me — I thought immediately of a foul-tongued Irish woman whom I had a few years ago, who had just arrived. — But what a difference! This girl was genteel, charming — yet she might be a trickster. — "Take them off to your chemise then," said I, taking off hat and coat and sitting down after I'd kissed her — for she

was pretty. — Very deliberately she did, looking at me all the time, never indeed taking her eyes off me. — Neither of us spoke till she was in chemise. — Then — "I wish you'd be a friend to me" — she said. I laughed, the remark was made so naively, and pulled her on to my knee, placed my fingers between the lips of a fat lipped little quim, and titillated the button. She was unresisting, but not a bit like a whore in manner, till with a pleasure-wriggle of her bum — what delicious wriggles women give when sexual pleasure begins — she closed her thighs, pushed my hand away and said, "Aha — don't — I want it enough without that."

Desire rose, voluptuous sensations crept thro my prick — I'd only intended to see and feel her cunt and leave, but her simple, natural manner pleased and roused me. — "Do you want a fuck?" — she laughed — "I do really." — "I'm not going to poke." — "Oh do." — "No, let me see your belly and cunt, there's the money." — Rising I put it on the table. — "Oh do have me." — "Take off your chemise then." — "There" — and she stood naked. — "I can't." — "Why?" — "I'm married." — "Oh you ain't — ain't I nice— oh do." — "Lay back then." — She slowly reclined on the bed, I lifted her chemise. Beautifully formed, white and plump was she, and my prick stiffened as I saw the puffy motte and delicate notch, with a slight nut-brown thicket about it.

Ah traitorous virility — my sperm was meant for another's cunt that night. Veni, vidi, but not vici — for her cunt conquered. What is it that after having fucked a thousand cunts, another cunt because unknown, un-tasted, fresh to me is irresistible? Should destroy re-solve, frustrate determination, make me weakly yield to its charm, desire to leave my semen in it, tho certain as I look at and feel it, that it will give me no more de-light by friction, grip and suction, than hundreds of the others which my prick has tasted? — Verily cunt is Queen-King, Emperor and Pope — Commander in Chief — an army in itself — a necromancer, wizard — a saint of marvellous power. — All these in one, potential, supreme. Who can withstand it, who not yield to it?

Quickly after I'd parted the slightly pouting lips, and saw the soft shine on the crimson surface of the oval gap between her white thighs, I threw off my clothes, saying, — "Lay still love," and gazing at the shrine whilst I divested myself, then lifted my shirt, and shewing the ruby tipped standard, — "Feel it," I said. — Quickly she rose and grasped it. — "Oh — ohoo. I'm glad you like me," said she innocently. "Shall I get on the bed?" — On it she got, then throwing off my shirt I laid beside her, felt her smooth flesh all over, fingered her privates from bumhole to clitoris, fringed till she murmured, "Oh — do it — do" — then fucked her. Fucked too quickly, — for my balls were full that night — in her delicious lubricious avenue — flooded the tight little cunt too rapidly alas. — But she spent with me, and as I afterwards lay up her, — "You haven't been fucked for some time." — "Five weeks last Sun-day, don't pull it out" and she clasped me tight — "You'll get with child." — "I don't care now." — "Are you quite well there" — feeling round my prick. — "Quite, why it's my first night."

The carnal junction of man and woman alas cannot last long, tho I'll swear that with some I've kept my prick in them for twenty minutes after our pleasure ceased. I uncunted, we washed, put on shirt and chemise, then sitting her naked bum upon my knees, and twiddling her freshened notch, we talked.

She was from S\*\*\*d\*n, had served at the refreshment bar there. A gentleman wooed, won, fucked, and deserted her. Then his friend offered to keep her, after shamming an endeavour to make her seducer do his duty to her (so he said) and failed. She tired of selling jam tarts, and wanting more fucking (as she owned) wouldn't be kept openly but met him on the sly until her courses stopped. Then fear came on her, and this man also meanly left her to her trouble. Then a gay woman whom she had known before she was gay, and who came there to see her relatives, enabled her to overcome the catamenial obstacle. But her parents suspected, abused, and were unkind to her, so to town she'd fled that very morning. The rooms had been taken for her by her gay London friend, who'd paid the first week's rent for her and met her at the station. — It was she who was standing on the pavement with her. This was her first night of a harlot's calling, and I the first man who for money paid down had fucked her. All was told me readily, rapidly, almost without question from me, every

thing pointed to its truth — I believed, and believe it still.

I was charmed with her simple manner, with the novel way she handled my tool. — Yes, mine was the third man's prick she'd ever seen — of course she'd seen little boys' cocks. — "Oh yes — you may do it again as often as you like — Yes, I'd like it." — Again we joined our bodies in blissful unity, now I glued my lips to hers, and our tongues met — she was so fresh and sweet, and nice — our tongues muffled our murmurs of pleasure, till I withdrew my lips from hers, then vomited lewed words and phrases. — The desire to utter such came suddenly as it sometimes does when I'm fucking. — "Oho — aharr — re." She sobbed out as she heard my ribaldry and she clutched me tight, her cunt heaved up, her buttocks quivered — I'd fetched her at once.

Still physically joined, her lubricated temple still with its lubricator within it, we talked. — Neither of her two friends ever uttered a "smutty word" whilst poking. — "It made me do it directly you said them." — Then I left her tho she implored me to stop all night. — "I mean to try to get one or two good friends if I can and be content — for I'm sure I shan't like the life," said she. "Why I must go out again, and it's raining, I don't like that."

I wouldn't promise to revisit her. She entreated me to do so. — "Give me anything you like, I shall be glad to see you for you're my first friend here — I know no one but Polly \*\*\* who lives close by." But I was along way off from my usual track, gave her double my fee, but promised nothing.

Her freshness, beauty, tight little slightly haired cunt, and her simplicity, dwelt in my mind. — Rarely have I had such a novelty — tho I have had two other women on their first nights as pavé nymphs — and a few days after I telegraphed and went to her. — She awaited me much pleased, I passed a pleasant evening and fucked her thrice. She'd had luck, her friend had said she would when she told her about my doings. — She'd re-paid her friend the rent money, had got some gold saved, was going to live for a month with a man in chambers — mentioned the Inns of Court but would not tell his name, nor did I press it. If he left her then, he was to give her twenty pounds for dress, and pay a week's lodgings at C\*\*\*s\*a. She could then go to places where she'd see a better class of men, he'd told her, but she hoped he'd keep her. — Strange it seemed to me that even in that ten days' experience, she had gathered somewhat of the tone of a professional fuckstress — or was it fancy? — I never saw her afterwards. — Telling H\*1\*n of her, she said the tale was very probable. — This girl had lightish brown hair, soft hazel eyes, an unusually large bum, and unusually small slightly haired, pretty-shaped cunt. She was seventeen.

## Vol. 10 Chapter III

**H\*1\*n's poor lover. • More lapunarial experiences. • The three graces. • Isabel selected. • The lavabo. • Isabel, Zora, Theo, Eugenie and Leda. • Hands, prick, and three cunts occupied. • A spermatic orgy. • Two giantesses. • Egyptienne and Judith. • An overflowing ballocks.**

Then I saw H. at longer intervals, for reasons of no interest now — and had her after her lover as I must call him, whose name and family I was told, didn't believe, but found by mere chance to be actually true. — Born of wealthy parents, educated at Cambridge, inheriting a fortune, he spent it on women and H\*1\*n had her share. Beyond this the man had not a vice. — His family allowed him thirty shillings a week, he lived on it as well as he could and would have married her on that. He did also law writing. — He doted on H. — was her go-between, ordered, paid, borrowed, pawned, and did for her anything, everything she asked him. He gave her his money if she wanted any for he adored her, his compensation being to fuck her on the sly for love. — I often felt sorry for the man who was both in voice, manner, and even in dress a gentleman.

Then in winter I went again to \* \* \* \* for a longish stay and the lapunar saw me frequently, much more than before or since. — I have notes of about forty or fifty couples fucking, and perhaps of a



hundred and fifty spermated cunts — but they were brief notes. Half a dozen incidents spread over two years alone I retain almost word for word as I wrote them. I have never departed from my habit of writing accounts of my erotic pleasures.

On my first visit to the lapunar I went to the saloon. As I entered the outer room, there were three girls standing naked like the three graces, and talking to-gether. — Looking thro the open door at a looking glass, I saw reflected a dozen nudities in the saloon itself. The rump of one of the graces attracted me, and in a minute she was with me in the room on the entresol — a favorite room of mine.

She was a shortish well-formed woman of five and twenty, judging from the dark hair on her quim, which spread widening out halfway to her navel, then with a diminishing line running up towards her navel. I have seen hair growing like that up from a man's motte, but rarely in a woman. I didn't like it, and it set me for a minute a little against her. But her face was pretty, she was talkative, obliging, and by the time I had laid on the bed and she had gamahuched me a little, I was contented. — We talked about women I had known in that house, at intervals she sucked my cock, shewed me her cunt, and we indulged in other fornicating preliminaries.

This room is at the end of a passage, at the other end is a lavabo and a little room by its side, where the ladies prepare themselves for and after love-making. I have seen dozens there slopping and syringing, naked almost as born. They retreat into the room when they hear a stranger. — If the door of the room where I was be ajar, one can see these operations, and I select it for this, if my companion for the time allows me. They prevent this as a rule — but I am known, and permitted.

I heard water drawn. — "A woman's washing" said I to Isabel. — "Yes." — "Let me see." Isabel did not object, I peeped, and saw a fine woman sluicing her cunt over a basin. Isabel said I could look at others but she had better always look out first. Another splash — with a sudden rush of baudy desires, one to see the woman's cunt before she washed the sperm out, I told Isabel — half ashamed as I did so of my wish. — "I'll call her," said she, as if it was a usual and natural thing. — "You have washed?" she cried. — "Comment?" — said a voice. "Have you the foutre, still?" — "Mais non." — "She has washed. I will tell the chamberwoman to tell them to come here first, do you like browns or blondes?" — "Browns." — Isabel disappeared, and returning said there were several girls "en sociétk" and one would soon come.

In voluptuous expectation I sat on the sofa feeling Isabel all over. Soon up she jumped, opened the door, and a well-grown, dark-haired girl holding her cunt lips together came in. "Is the sperm in your cunt?" I asked. — "Comment?" — In my excitement my French was not perfect. — "Vous avez la, la foutre," — said Isabel in baudiest French. "Ah yes, I'll wash," said Zora — not understanding my object and turning towards the door. — "No, no, I want the sperm," — I laid hold of her and led her to the bed. — She under-stood, and laying backwards opened wide her thighs. What a sight. A lovely creature, with a well-fledged, ebony-haired cunt, the sperm thick and thin lying on it. Opaque masses just inside the outer lips, and on her thighs — shining yet milky looked her vulva. — "He has spent much. — Baisez moi," said she. — "Suck my prick." — Isabel knelt and complied. I put Zora's thighs wider and wider apart, she stretched open her cunt lips, her fingers in the sperm. I kissed her thighs, smelt the male, and with a spasm of baudy delight instantly gave Isabel's mouth a libation.

"I must go, my friend is waiting," said Zora and left. My prick was still in Isabel's mouth, she was finishing me divinely. — Then she left the room. I laid on the bed till the two women came back. Then looked at Zora's fresh-washed privates, paid her and she left, Isabel remaining.

Stupidly, I felt ashamed. — "You will think me a beast," said I. "Not at all, it often happens—there is a Monsieur who comes to this room by himself, he will stay all the evening and see us all—they all come in before they wash, he looks at all, stays hours. There are one or two Messieurs who lick the cunts and swallow the sperm —yes of strangers. — It's not good, is it? but it is true. Two gentlemen come here together and have two girls, I have been with them — they stay all night

sometimes, and each has the same girl and fucks without their washing — and more." — She stopped short. "What more?" — "They bugger each other." "Not the girls." — "Ah my God, no — but sometimes one fucks a lady whilst his friend arseholes him." — "Why not the girl?" — "Did you ever do it to a girl?" she asked. "Yes" — "Who with" — "I never tell" — I said this lie to try her. We talked of such matters and of the girls I had known, until what with talking and feeling her quim, and her pulling me about, I was randy again — then she gamahuched me until nearly finished, when hearing the water tap going, I said I should see another lady.

To help me — tho there were two gas lights — she got candles and set them on the mantel shelf, so that I could see the cunts well. She would tell them to get rid of their friends if they could before they came in, so as not to be in a hurry with me, but most would see the ladies after they'd washed, and a girl must not displease a friend "vous savez donc." — She named some women just then engaged, I told her those whom I did not want. — A gentle rap. — "Entrez." — In came Theo, a dark-haired girl who placed herself on to the bed and opened her thighs, the sperm was oozing clear and thin, both thighs wet with it, plenty of it. — Isabel held a candle to it whilst I questioned. He'd not spent so much as many she replied. "Fuck me, — you, I want it and shall spend then." — "Monsieur does not fuck," said Isabel, "he likes minette." — The other repeated, "Fuck me." — "No gamahuche me." She turned round lengthways on the bed and put my prick into her mouth — I could not keep my fingers from her cunt, pushed them up her thro the sperm but instantly withdrew them, wiping them, for a fit of squeamishness came on. — Another knock. Isabel let in a shortish, plump woman with thick legs and large thighs; ginger-coloured hair curled round her cunt.

I treated her like the other. — The spunk was thinnish, much of it lay above the clitoris in the thicket, as if the man had spent outside. "Baissez moi, cheri." — She was dazingly white in flesh — I looked at her cunt and then at the other's — enchanted — on the highest state of salacity.

"Fuck me, darling" said Eugenie putting her tongue out, agitating it like a serpent. — Isabel repeated. — "The gentleman does not fuck." — Making the pair hold up their legs I went to the end of the room to con-temple — Isabel stood by the bed with a candle, — "Isn't his prick stiff?" said one. The other took up the towel which was under her bum and was going to wipe her cunt. Isabel cried, "Don't." The girl laughed. — Knock — knock. — "Come in." — "I don't want any others," said I, but Isabel opened the door. — "Oh, she's come purposely — it's Leda — the biggest woman in the house, a fine woman, tall, superb." — "Let her come." — In came a splendid woman five feet ten high, stood still, looked at the two girls, laughed, then looked at me.

I was delighted with her ample form, could see the black hair peeping from her armpits, the jet black mass on her mons — "lay on the bed." — "Monsieur wants to see the sperm," said Isabel — I took her round her bum, feeling it as she moved towards the bed between the others. — Up went her legs — open her thighs — and Ah Dieu! What a sight. Sperm lay all over her cunt from above her clitoris to the furrow of her buttocks, the entry of her sex was full, was covered with it, the prick hole hidden. — Between the outer and the inner lips it lay in a thick white mass — the nymphae peeping through a milky glaze. It lay thick in the roots of the hair all round the lips — lay thick and shiny on both thighs some inches down from her cunt, not all transparent gumminess but some opaque, alternating with thin shiny essence, that must have just issued from strong, healthy, full ballocks. I pulled apart the beautiful buttocks which closed together un-der her cunt. "Let me see your arsehole darling." — The sperm had run down even to there. — All round her bum hole for a space of three or four inches, her buttocks were covered with short dark hairs, seeming to grow out of the sperm like grass out of ice. I stood with prick throbbing, Isabel holding the candle in front of Leda's cunt. I glanced at the other shiny cunts, and the dark-eyed, smiling, bauty faces of their owners on each side of Leda, till I felt mad with lust.

"Do the nutcracker," said I. Leda raised up her knees towards her breasts, her belly had a muscular motion, the cunt slightly closed and out rolled more viscosity down towards the bum furrow. "Fuck me," said she. — Again Isabel, "Mais monsieur, ne baise pas." — "What sort of man was he?" — I asked. "Ah! an old friend, sees me every week regularly, every Monday, a grand man — beau

garçon — never sees any other girl. Look at his sperm — he only kisses me." — "He spends much?" I said. "Mais oui, beaucoup, toujours beaucoup, never a man more — jamais. — He visits me alone — moi seule." — "Are you sure?" — "Mais oui, bien sure — si — si — si — je vous le dis qu'il m'aime. — Il me baise seule et chaque lundi toujours, toujours." She seemed angry at my doubts.

All this whilst Leda was laying on the bedside, thighs apart, cunt slightly open, arms back under her head to raise it, shewing thickly haired armpits. I standing in front of her with stiff prick within a few inches of her split, glancing rapidly from hers to the quims of the two on either side of her, Isabel holding the candle, the two side women frigging their quims, putting out their tongues, a maddening lascivious sight. In my youth I should have spent at once without my prick being touched by cunt, mouth, or fingers.

Still I did not fuck, didn't know which to select for my homage, the variety of charms made me greedy of all and uncertain, I looked closer and closer at each woman, my eyes ran up and down them from head to knees, closer I looked at the three cunts, feeling the thighs of each in turn, kissed their bellies and the smell of cunt and semen rose into my nostrils. The room was reeking hot, a pervading odour of fresh young female flesh, cunt, armpits, sweat and spunk mingling with the perfumes in their hair, intoxicated me — I was choked, excited with it, madly erotic, but still lingered, looked, smelt and kissed, not knowing which to have, longing to fuck all three at once.

"Baisez moi," said Leda, giving a bum waggle, opening her thighs wider, delicately distending the hirsute entrance to her warm red avenue, her finger tips in the sperm. Then I put my pego's knob against her bum furrow, catching a globe of thick sperm lying there, and drawing it up along the division or furrow to the mouth of her sheath, drove it up closing balls and belly onto her with a shiver of pleasure. Then up and down it went, now drawing out covered with male essence, then squashing into her again, till my pleasure increased and I stopped, holding her lovely buttocks, resting my head upon her superb breasts, wild with voluptuous thoughts. "I shall spend in his sperm. — My pego's in it now — his prick rubbed where mine is rubbing, it has throbbled and swelled where mine is." — Ah summit of baudiness — sublimity of voluptuousness — heaven of sexuality, physical and mental — mind stimulating body — body exciting mind — to maddening erotic delight.

So flew my thoughts, as I wriggled my belly and thighs to hers — this way, that way — with one hand dabbed my balls against her buttocks to get the sperm on to them, pushed high and rubbed my motte against her motte, that my fringe might get the sperm from hers — anything, any way, every way, so that I might be saturated with it. — It rubbed into the roots of my prick — it stuck to my balls — yet still her cunt seemed full of it — my prick seemed moving in butter — I cried out "foutre — foutre" — and drew out my prick. — "The candle, Isabel." — She held the light, I gloried in my pego's moisture, in the spermy spottiness and sheen. It chilled when it left its warm companion and up into her I plunged it again. — "Come nearer dear — lower down — nearer the edge of the bed — put up your thighs — higher — draw me to you." — Her thighs came on my hips, her legs clutched me, and I could then only wriggle my prick up her, leant over her fucking thus — now smelling her flesh, now sucking her bobbies — smoothing her buttocks, — now feeling round the junction of prick and cunt, whilst with her heels on my arse she still drew me tightly up to her, and on each side of her lay a woman with her cunt gaping.

Spunk, spunk, more spunk, I was mad for it. My hands left her bum, and spreading out felt the two girls' vulvas, covered them with fingers and palms, then thrust my fingers up their gluey vaginas. — How hot, how soft and slippery, how large they felt, I was furious for spunk, could have sucked it, swallowed it, had any been on Leda's ivory breast — Leda heaved up. "Push," said she closing her eyes. — "Say spunk, Leda." — "Aha, le foutre, foutre, foutez moi — baisez moi donc chéri — foutre — pousse." — "Say foutre, cheris." — Both girls wriggled their buttocks crying out "foutre, fuck." Then with prick ramming against Leda's womb, fingers groping in two cunts, all four crying out bawdily in a chorus of lewdness — "Fuck, spunk, balls" in French and English — I spent —

Isabel who'd put down the candle holding my balls, and gently pushing one finger up my anus without request from me. — Ah the ideal! the kaleidoscope of rapid lewed visions, as they flashed thro and grouped in my brain.

My head on Leda's breasts I reposed — Leda did not. "Push, push cheri," said she. "Don't stop" and kept up a vigorous wriggling — her heels still over my hips, she pulled my body closer to hers, and pulled my face to hers. — "Push" — I did my best with half-standing cock. A long sigh, her limbs fell down by my side, her eyes closed, she was still. I felt a rapid movement of a hand on the clitoris of one of the women up whose cunt my fingers still were — she was frigging herself — Leda gave me a hearty kiss, the girl on the left was quiet.

Out came my prick. — A glance at Leda's quim. — Sperm lay on the notch, it was mine. My thighs, prick, and balls were covered with her lover's. — Her thighs and hair still wet and shiny, but the opaque masses had gone, were distributed — dried up. — She sat up, so did the others. "Quel bougre de cochon," said one. — "Ah Polisson — ah sale cochon," said Leda — and the four women burst out laughing. I called for champagne, and we drank it. I cared no longer for cunts, and paid the ladies. Isabel held the basin for my ablutions. Did I like Leda? — yes, I did. — "What spunk she had!" — Leda had gone out of the room to wash. "Did you ever see so much spunk on a cunt?" I asked Isabel. — "Not often from one man." — did not think of the reply till I came to write this — what did she mean?

And to think, that formerly I made a woman wash her quim before I took to it, for fear a drop of sperm should be there! — Every age brings its pleasures and tastes. — Five cunts and four with sperm in them in three hours, besides one woman as show woman and introducer! — an orgy.

"Say you have only had two besides me," said Isabel — "that will save you a napoleon — they won't know — the chambermaid is half drunk — the mistress gets quite rich enough by our earnings." — It was characteristic and she had her own object. But I did not want to lie to save a napoleon, thanked her, and paid honestly.

When Leda and I were again on the bed, and I was inspecting her hairy buttocks, I gave her anus a little push with my finger and it slipped up a little easily. — Leda raised her head and with a sly smile pushed her bum towards my finger. — Was it an invitation? — I never asked.

"Let me see Leda wash," I said whilst rubbing my balls dry, and shuffled to the door, my drawers about my knees. — She was not at the lavabo. I waited till she appeared and saw her capacious backside over the copper bowl, her amber piddle jetting out vigorously. Then she went into the closet and came back. — Her friend had waited for her all the time she was with me, and was angry at waiting so long. — Had he fucked her again? — "Yes" — I opened her clean quim, and the inner lips I now noticed were rather large and flappy near her clitoris, but diminished soon towards her vagina. The hair in the furrow of her bum cheeks took my attention — her cunt felt tight, she had syringed it. — She was a magnificent woman, at a guess twenty-eight years old.

I have rarely seen so much sperm on a cunt. I used to spend copiously in my youth — every sheet when sleeping with a woman used to be spoiled with the excess — I saw full quantities on Sarah F\*\*z\*r's quim when the painter fucked her, and once on Nellie L\*\*s quim, but this beat them all.

I thought I had seen enough of spermated cunts, knew now well what men spent, in quantity and quality. The delight of the smooth lubricated vagina to my sensitive prick I cannot be indifferent to, but the excitement of contemplating the male libations in vulvas had somewhat subsided, and one night soon after I did not intend to see women one after another naked, pinching their quim lips together. When the chambermaid un-asked told me who was "en société," — no, I would go where I could see the happy couples. — But the room was engaged, would I come in here and wait — I stepped into a room and chatted. — "Monsieur monte," said a voice below — I heard female voices chattering and singing, and she closed my door. But I opened it ajar, could see them coming up stairs, but up higher could see only their backs till they turned a corner — many times I have looked there.

One dark-haired, splendid-limbed, tall creature moved up, and then a tall woman with an arse as big as a brewers' dray horse. Just at a turn in the stairs when I could no longer see her head she turned, and her belly with a thicket of black hair at its junction with her thighs showed itself. She was singing. — A man with broad shoulders followed. Down came the chamber-maid. — "He's two women hasn't he?" — "Yes, the two biggest, Egyptienne — you've had her, and Judith, have you had her?" — "No." "She's bigger than Egyptienne, such a bum, such thighs, so finely made."

— My resolution was shaken, the chamberwoman saw it. — "Shall they come?" "No — I'll wait here, perhaps he will only be gamachuched." — "Not he,"

— said she as if she knew from his look. — "Do you know him?" — "No." This is word for word as spoken.

It could not have been five minutes since the three had gone upstairs, when I heard a door open. — "Here comes one, shall I tell her?" said chambermaid — I forgot what I had intended, the captivating ideas of a big, spermatized, black-haired cunt overcame me. — "Yes" — I said. The maid shut me in, the next instant the door opened and in walked Egyptienne holding her cunt. "Ah, darling," said she with a nod (for I'd fucked her, she knew me and what I liked). "Look." — Ah my God, what a quantity. — Down went her rump, up went her legs and open her great thighs as wide as she could put them. — What a sight! — I have told of cunts in which unusually copious emissions had been left, have seen dozens a minute after the prick had left them, but never such a sight as this cunt. — Spunk on her arsehole — on her motte — on both thighs — spunk hiding her nymphae — thick on her fingers with which she opened her cunt lips lay the sperm. — It was hanging to the curly hairs which had caught it as it rolled out of her cunt whilst she walked down stairs — masses thick and clear, clear and thick, mixed like paste, gruel, and transparent glaze were everywhere. I could have scraped from thighs and vulva a tablespoon full. — Pulling off my clothes and throwing them behind me, my prick stiff — now in a state of baudiest excitement — I stood. She had a huge pair of thighs, her open cunt looked huge with hair as black as charcoal. — "Put a towel under me." — I did. — "Fuck me," said she as a mass of sperm rolled slowly off her cunt down to-wards her bum hole. Then it struck me as impossible that a man could have spent it all. "You're humbugging, it's not spunk, no man could spend that — you were not with him five minutes." — She was angry. She opened her cunt wider, then held out towards me her moist fingers. — "Nonsense — look at it — smell it — it's all his — look at my fingers — is that not spunk? — I never saw such a man. — Directly he was in the room he pulled out his prick, looked at Judith, then at me, pushed it up me and spent directly. — His prick was stiff when he pulled it out. In five minutes he will have kissed Judith, he was feeling her when I left the room and his prick was quite stiff. — It's all his, I didn't know you were here till she told me."

Still looking at her cunt, my clothes off, I longed to bathe my prick in the voluptuous essence, I noticed the strong aroma, but before I could fuck, in came the other giantess laughing. — "Has he had you?" said Egyptienne. "Yes." — "Go there," said I pointing to the side of the other woman. — Judith laid down and opened her thighs, her dark-haired cunt opened and sperm covered it, not so much was there as on Egyptienne's, but more than I have seen in one cunt out of a dozen freshly fucked. — What a ballocks-full he must have had.

The women lay side by side, their big forms filled the side of the bed, round the arse of neither could I have made my hands meet, such broad capacious bellies, thighs like columns, such spanking bums had they. distended thighs, knees touching each other. — Their cunts, hedged with masses of thick black hair, looked huge as the lips widened out and the broad red opening shewed. They talked to me and each other about the man as I stood, my shirt rolled up to the waist, my prick stiff and rubbing against their thighs — but not yet touching the sperm. — Their man seemed a wonder to them both. He was about thirty years old, a dark strong man — with a big prick. Directly Egyptienne left the room he had felt Judith's — gamachuched it for a second — thrust his still reeking prick up and quickly spent, threw himself on the bed and went to sleep. — Both had been fucked under ten minutes, and less I think. — "My God what quantity," said Egyptienne — Judith

got up and looked at the other's open cunt. — Resuming her position, "He's not fucked for a long time — he was too full to enjoy a woman." — "Yes," said Egyptienne.

At blood heat now I forgot my intention to run no more risks —to bathe my cock no more in another man's sperm, however delicious the lubricity. — The spunk fever came over me, in imagination I saw the man at the bedside, thrusting his great flesh-stick up these big lipped, fat cunts, saw him grasping Egyptienne's arse, his prick jetting out those thick masses of sperm. —Up went my prick into Egyptienne's — then out of it reeking, — Then I plunged it up Judith, and pulled it out- again, then I rolled and rubbed my balls, my scrotum, over their cunts to soak up the sperm, swabbed it up with my balls from between their bum cheeks — I pushed my fingers up both cunts at once and wiped my fingers on their thickly haired mottes, then settling on to Judith whom I had never seen before, fucked her — mad with baudiness. — "Rub your cunt on my arse," I cried. Up got Egyptienne and rubbed her motte over me, I felt the moistening on my buttocks, she held up Judith's great legs whilst rubbing her motte against me, and then I felt her finger on my anus. — "Judith, your armpits up, chere." — Up they went, — "cry out fuck, my darling" — I saw in the glass in front of me, and spent shouting out bawdy words, the women shouting with me "fuck, spunk, fuck my cunt" — it was a babel of bawdy sounds. — What maddening lasciviousness was in those few minutes — I clung to Judith afterwards, nestling my prick in her. — She was a bed of flesh. I was sticking to her when we separated, every part of my balls were wet — my buttocks were moist, and I threw myself on the bed exhausted with spending and excitement.

Egyptienne went out and came back. He was fast asleep. I saw both wash their quims — how small the basin looked under their huge buttocks, looked as if each could have pissed it full

They were immense women, five feet ten high quite, both I guess about thirty years old. They both came back after washing — for my compliment, said they should go and awaken him, and departed. — I had a chat with the chamberwoman and lipped her handsomely for advice. There was another fine woman, a fair woman, just gone up with a man, should she tell her to come? — No, I would wait for the two dark-haired big ones. "Perhaps he will kiss them again before he goes." — "Surely," said she, as if she knew his intentions.

The chamberwoman was a dark, well-looking, stout, square-built woman, who had never been in such a house before, and was married, she said. — Her husband came to see her once a week and once she went out. She talked about fucking without any reserve, but seeing so much of it, it was sometimes disgusting, she said — I saw nothing disgusting I told her. — So! but I had not seen so much of it as she had. — She got good pay so kept there, had never been gay, had lived with one man only and then married. — She told where her husband worked. — Every now and then she went out to attend to business, then came back to me. I called her handsome, gave her a kiss, felt her arms and pinched her thigh. — She did not wince and her flesh was hard as a rock. — I felt her breasts (all outside the clothes) yes she was quite solid, but thought night work and the hot rooms would disagree with her. But this woman has already been told about.

She asked me not to mention that I had given her any-thing, or the sous-maitresse would demand it of her. — She was forbidden to keep anything. — Gentlemen rarely gave her anything. — The former chamberwoman told me the same. Without hesitation or a smile, she told me when asked that she'd much hair on her cunt. "As much as Judith and as dark." I offered a nap to feel it. — "No, — no." She did not mind talking, but was true to her husband, would neither show me nor let me feel it, tho I increased my offer — I got my hand up her petticoats at a rush and just touched her thigh. She repulsed me. — "It won't do now," said she seriously.

The under-mistress then came up and asked if she should send me other women. — I told her I was waiting for the two. — She said something to the chamber-woman, who left — I was talking too much, I expect. — Soon I looked out and saw the chamberwoman who winked and shook her head. Soon after down came Egyptienne who had been fucked again, there was really a good lot of sperm in her cunt, but thinner. Whilst generally investigating the lubrication she gave me a disquisition on spunk and spending. Women in these houses treat the affair purely as a matter of business, they

leave no mystery if you wish none. In came Judith. The man had gone without fucking her, they had finished him. — Egyptienne then washed, and I amused myself with the two, making them stand back to back — belly to belly — then gamahuche each other, one on the top, one underneath. Such heaps of flesh. But I saw that they only shammed their ecstasy, and they admitted it. What a sight was their two great arses wriggling, their whole bodies in movement when I put them flat fucking, peeped under and saw the cunts meeting in the thickets of black hair. I looked at their arseholes, armpits, and everywhere, all was a forest of black hair.

Then Judith kneeling minetted me whilst I lay on the bed, but her huge arse covered my face so, and her cunt was so near, that I put her with her face towards me to finish. Egyptienne then stood on the bed straddling over my head, and looking up I could see between her thighs. Both women were reflected in the glass, and the movements of both visible — a stupendous sight of bawdy nudities. My prick stiffened, but I was not well and tried to stop my pleasures. "Stop, stop." — But Judith sucked harder, voluptuous thrills shot thro me. — "Open your cunt" — Egyptienne obeyed, squatted over me, her cunt covered my mouth. "Lick it, chéri," said she. — Maddened by the rising of my sperm, I clasped her buttocks from underneath, pushed my fingers up her cunt, then insensible to all but pleasure licked her clitoris as out shot my sperm into Judith's mouth. I did not know what I was doing in my maddening lascivety.

After resposing, I put the two kneeling on the bed, their huge bums towards me. Their cunts looked huge, the thickets of hair were marvellous. Both had large nymphae which were mulberry tinted, it was the ugliest cuntal display I ever saw, and one I never shall see again. Two big women like those I never saw in any bawdy house at the same time — tho they usually have one big and one very small one — to suit all tastes.

## Vol. 10 Chapter IV

**H\*1\*n's difficulties. • Poor lover ill. • A little un-fledged virgin. • Antecedents and lewdness. • I want her. • H.'s assistance. • Virginitv verified. • A ready quim. • Sudden impotence. • Essays and varieties. • Pego potential. • Hymenial rupture. • In an empty house. • A bricklayer's woman. • Pissing on the footway. • Frigging suggested. • The carpenter's bench. • An inconvenient meeting. • Washing in a watercloset basin. • Reminiscences thereon.**

Returning home I saw H\*1\*n. There seemed some confusion in her house, the servants were gone, the female relative and a young girl were now servants. H. was impecunious and I think had had words with her protector. They had lived extravagantly and perhaps he was in difficulties, but she avoided the subject. Her big-pricked lover I saw poking her with the usual sequel twice, then he was ill and ultra-lubricious fucking ceased.

On the last occasion there was a scare. He escaped by a back entrance. H\*\*\* asked me to go quickly, and she had the street watched by the relative before I went out. After that when I visited her she made me fuck her more than ever, more than I wanted, was voluptuous in the highest degree, drained me of sperm. I came to the conclusion that she was short of cock, which pleased me. Soon after H\*\*\* had a little servant barely fourteen years old, a ragged-headed but not bad-looking lass, short for her age. She'd lightish brown hair and a bawdy expression of eye. I did not take notice of her at first, she was such a slovenly, dirty, ragged-headed little bitch, was impudent, disobedient, and chuckled at whatever was said to her as if it were a good joke — H\*1\*n had the greatest difficulty to make her clean, she bathed her herself and boxed her ears to make her allow her to do so. "She hasn't a bit of hair on her cunt, yet is a randy little devil, and often goes into the watercloset and I know to frig herself," said H. "She looks like it when she comes out." I thought that perhaps H\*\*\* and her lover had played enough pranks before to make the girl's quim tingle,

she being just of an age when sexual heat was getting into her little cunt, and fucking occupy her mind.

H\*\* \* told me that she was one of a large family, that the father and mother quarrelled. The father said he was not sure that the girl was his child. The family in all, slept in one bedroom. — "She's often seen her father and mother fucking I'm sure, tho they may try to hide it. She knows all about it, is a cunning little bitch, when she gets out on an errand she won't come back soon." — She thought the girl was ready for a spree, with any boy or man who wanted to take a liberty with her.

I thought of all this, and that perhaps H. and her protector had been free enough before the girl to teach her something. — She said that he had bathed naked before her, and she had bathed the girl before him. — After having seen the girl two or three times, I thought I should like to twiddle her little cunt a bit. On impart- ing this to H., she said I might. At the next visit I kissed the girl, gave her a shilling, pinched her bum, and poking at her cunt asked if she'd got any hair there. She giggled and made no reply. — "Why don't you say no, you little fool," said H. who was there. — "No I ain't," said the girl, bursting out laughing. Then I talked bawdily, and finished by feeling her bum and belly, and got a finger on the little notch lips. All there was hairless, smooth as ivory, and moist with a fully flavored smell. The smell of a cunt is really nice to me, for I have always smelt my finger whenever it has touched one. I struggled for a look. H. went out of the room to improve my chance, but the lass, after giggling as if the attempt amused her, winced and made a noise, so I desisted. — But I shewed her my cock and gave her six-pence to feel it. The touch of her little hand made it stiff, tho H\*\*\* had not long before taken out its starch. Then I got wild to see the hairless cunt, and hoping to do so, made her feel it more freely and pull the fore-skin up and down, which exercise she took to readily, she was delighted and looked quite randy, but I couldn't get her to let me have a look at her notch. She squirmed and giggled — then. — "Nou — nou nou" — she cried with nasal vulgarity, and resisting me.

I told H\*\*\* when she came back. The girl grinned, and kept rolling her head about like a Chinese figure as she heard me. "If she'll show me her cunt, I'll give her nice boots and stockings." — "There is a chance for you," said H. Ostentatiously I gave H. the money. "She'll let you next time," said my friend when the girl had left the room. — When two or three days after I went there again — I usually wrote or telegraphed — she had some of the things on, bought with my money. She grabbed at my cock when I showed it as if she was dying for it. I put it against her face, she knelt down and kissed it as I asked her. How she giggled at each of my requests. "I'll put that into your cunt and give you such pleasure soon," said I. "Oho," said she. "Do you know what fucking is?" — With a chuckle she said that her Mrs. had told her, but she knew it I'm sure long before. Then I felt her quim, then smelt my finger, at which she giggled and put her handkerchief into her mouth. I tried to get a glimpse of her privates, H\*\*\* had told me that she'd washed her to make her wholesome for inspection, but the girl turned sulky and wouldn't. I got very randy, for there stood H. in chemise only and looking lovely. — "Show me your cunt." On the bed side went she, pulling her chemise up and exposing almost all she had as a woman to show what's kept hidden, opening her thighs wide. — On my knees I pulled her delicious cunt about, smelt, kissed it, and at last licked it till she spent in the sweetest ecstasy. The girl stood in delighted wonderment at the sight of my licking the cunt, and her mistress jogging and wriggling her bum under the titillation. — H\*1\*n quivers all over under suction and more and more after each spend.

After that the girl answered my questions and did all I told her. — She'd seen her mistress naked when bathing, but never a woman's cunt wide open. — No, she'd never seen that before. — Should she like to have hair on her cunt like her mistress. — "Yeas." — "It will grow quickly when I've fucked you — won't it H\*1\*n?" — "Certainly." — Then I made her feel her mistress' cunt, and she seemed more delighted with that than feeling my prick — I stood with my pego rigid, close to H\*1\*n's thighs, once put the girl's hand on to it, — she took it away and put it on to her mistress' motte, looking at the cunt in silent admiration. — "Hasn't she a handsome cunt?" — "Ho, yeas, hain't it?" — the girl breathed out in a whisper.



After a while. "Show me your cunt and I'll give you a shilling." — "Let him, you fool," said H\*I\*n. — Slowly, thoughtfully, hesitatingly, down went the girl's bum on the bedside. I threw up her chemise, fell on to my knees, pulled one leg apart, pushed the other, and close to my eyes lay the little hairless belly parting.

It was a lovely little cunt of a most delicate pink color. It didn't look three inches long, was a smaller cunt than I recollect seeing in any girl of her age. Such tiny nymphae, such a pea-shaped clitoris, and the mouth of the prick sheath closed up, all but a little hole lying low towards her anus, — a hole only large enough to let the tip of my little finger up it. She was as tight a virgin as when she came out of her mother's womb — I examined it, expatiating on its beauty to H\*I\*n who had already seen it, and who stood by assisting me, opening the lips at times herself, and smiling, stooping and feeling my cock, curious apparently to know the effect of the spectacle upon it.

I wiped the little vulva, and then with her permission gamahuched it, but could not make her spend, I think. — Then I gamahuched H\*I\*n again, and when I had done, telling the lass to do the same, to the astonishment I think of H. she knelt down at once, and eagerly licked her mistress' quim, licked as if she had been used to it, — perhaps she had. — Then sending her out of the room, H\*I\*n and I had a glorious fuck, never had I spent a more delicious afternoon. A virginity was within my reach, in a short time I might take it, and I revelled in the anticipation of splitting the little cartilage, and leaving my sperm in the unpolluted vagina. Soon I went there again, the lass freer, and stripped at once, I had no difficulty in getting to see it. H. had taught her that obedience was needful. Up went her legs — open her thighs as if she liked the sport. H. had talked to her. Quietly we all then soon got to the frankest obscenity. I licked her little quim, then cautiously she minetted my cock — a mouthful to her — she sucked it so freely that I think she must have been practising on H\*I\*n's lover, or protector. Then I gamahuched H\*I\*n till her belly quivered like an aspen leaf and she shrieked out, "Ah! God — fuck — prick — spunk," after I had gamahuched her two or three times, much to the wonder and delight of the little one.

Then the girl licked H.'s cunt, whilst H\* \* \* kissed my prick — suck it she wouldn't — and so we rung the changes till I fucked H\*I\*n with her bum towards me, the lass standing naked by us, lost in delight and wonderment, putting her hand between my belly and H.'s buttocks, looking up under my balls and doing all I told her. After that H. asked her if she would like to be fucked, at which all laughed together, and all felt each other's privates again, it was suck and lick all round tho H\*\*\* kept her mouth free. Then I said I'd give the girl a sovereign to let me do her. "Oh really, a sovereign?"

Excited by the promise she got on to the bed and I mounted her. — Alas my prick would not get rigid. — Sometimes it got slightly stiff by my frigging and I put it to her cunt, I could get no lodgment, her thighs seeming so small and close that she couldn't open them wide enough to let me. I put her at the side of the bed and pushed my cock against the little notch in vain — my thrusts drove her light little body up on the bed and away from me, as I leant over her and rammed. I was savage with myself and swore that the girl got away purposely. "No, I don't sir," said she quite seriously, "it's you a shovin," then I got more nervous — I and H\*\*\* alternately frigged my cock to a stand, but directly I was on the young ones' belly it fell down. After two hours' trial, weary and disgusted I left, yet madly lewed when I smelt the aroma of her cunt on my fingers.

Next day I was there again. She had been well trained, talked bawdy, had lost all bashfulness, her mistress had instructed her well I think. She wanted to be fucked and said so — I partly stiffened, put her in every position I could think of, licked her and she sucked me but it never got stiff enough to break the virgin barrier.

Then I put my prick into H\*\*\*, the sight of whose sweet, brown, crisply haired plump cunt would stiffen me if I were dying. — Only half the size as it touched the sweet-smelling orifice which I'd first licked, swallowing my saliva, as an aphrodisiac, it began to swell. I squeezed it in, with a delicate heave of her buttocks it went further, and a grip which her cunt gave as it felt its entry stiffened it a little. I pushed gently in the lubricious channel, and it stiffened more. — "I'm stiff

enough dear." — "No, you're not — you can't fuck her, I'm sure." — "I think I can," — and I stopped thrusting. "You can't — fuck — fuck — me," and she glued her moist lips to mine. On I went "Push — harder - I'm — corn — ahhh" — murmured she. Her limbs quieted — her cunt loosened — she had spent. — In a second — "go on" she said. Obeying, I thrust, she moved, she helped me, clipped my pego with a lubricious clip, and my sperm spurted into her. — "You're knocked up, you've been fucking hard somewhere I'm sure," she whispered, — the reverse of truth. — The lass stood looking glum, and scarcely spoke till I was going — then, "Ain't he a comin agin?" quoth she. "Yes, you shall have the sovereign, don't let anyone touch you." — "I won't send her out, but you must fuck her soon," said H\*\*\* to me as we parted.

Almost mad with my failure, instead of resting awhile, I foolishly went there next afternoon, felt my cock every hour in the day to see if it would stiffen and it was not satisfactory, but go I would. H\*\*\* had said all was safe on that day, and a fear lest someone else would fuck the lewed little bitch — for such she was — came over me. — I told H. I was sure I couldn't do it. "Don't be nervous, if you are you won't do it." I looked at the girl, who stripped directly before I'd asked her, and clutched my cock as if eager for it, and at my re-quest gave a chuckle and took it in her mouth. Then I licked the beautiful little quim — gamahuched H\*\*\* — the girl gamahuched her afterwards — we looked at bawdy pictures which I'd taken, we drank champagne, I sat her naked bum upon my knee, and she played with my recreant doodle. Then she took it in her mouth again, I sitting naked on the bed to do so, whilst I fingered the cunt of H\*\*\* who laid half naked on the bed beside her to let me. Then I made her sit on the bed and piddle whilst I held the pot, then made H\*\*\* do the same — but all uselessly. Then H\*\*\* turned her bum towards me, the lass had her fingers on H\*\*\*'s quim whilst my finger was up it. — Then I tried to fuck H\*\* \* but couldn't effect an entry — every thing I could think of to excite me I tried, and so did H\*\*\* but my prick got smaller and smaller, till it was nothing but a bit of shrivelled skin.

Then I broke out into a sweat with vexation and disgrace. — H\*\*\* said to the girl that I wasn't well, was nervous, over-excited, but that she'd get her sovereign. — "Let me look at your little cunt again." — The girl quickly jumped on the bed, and opened her thighs like a thorough paced strumpet. "Do you want to be fucked?" — "Yes I'd like it" — she said. — A voluptuous thrill I had, but all was useless, I cursed and swore, said I had become impotent. H\*\*\* laughed. — "Nonsense, you fucked me three times one evening a week ago, perhaps you've been fucking too much elsewhere," — which wasn't the case. — After about three hours of this, when worried and tired out — almost crying with vexation, — I left H\* \* \* saying I must have her soon or something might prevent me. The girl might be talking. — She might go home perhaps. — A strange revulsion came. "Perhaps I'd better not have her." — "As you like, if you don't the butcher will, I caught him kissing her today, she'll have it, so I'll send her away."

Was I spellbound, bewitched? Never in my life before had I more than the most temporary impotency, rarely my pego would not erect itself, even when not a drop of sperm lay waiting in my balls. — I felt now almost mad, for when quite rigid, stiff enough for any-thing virgin, down drooped my prick directly it touched the delicious little pink, hairless, expectant vulva. The girl was longing for it, dying to let a prick up her — yet I could not pierce her — I could think of nothing else, yet when away from her my prick stood when I thought of its disgrace. The next visit made in a few days, I stripped to my shirt. She also entirely, and laid her little sylphlike frame on the bed without being asked. Never have I seen a girl with such cool and deliberate intention to have her virginity taken. It is incredible almost, and no doubt was due to H\*I\*n's talk and training.

H\*\*\*\* sat by the fire reading — she was fatigued with the affair, how lovely she looked in her gauzy chemise, holding a novel in one hand, gently feeling her cunt with the other. She often sits feeling her quim when reading. The fire glowed on her thighs, I could just see sideways the hair of her motte, as I lay on my back licking the little virgin's quim. The lass kneeling over me, sucked my prick as if she loved it, and had practised the art of gamahuching from her infancy, — yet this girl was unfucked and but fourteen years of age. — I pushed up her bum, and I pulled open her little cunt lips — yes she was still intact, unbroken, and again I pulled her bum back to me and licked her

cunt. — Slob, blob went her mouth on to my prick as her saliva ran down the stem, and mine ran over my mouth when I squeezed it too closely against her cunt, a delicious bawdy preliminary with the fresh little lass. Occasionally I turned my head aside to see H. feeling her cunt, anon looking at our pranks, then reading a bit.

Suddenly my pego stiffened hornlike — ready — but not of its usual size. When rigid I have at times known it in a similar state, stiff as a poker, but small both in length and thickness — I wanted to fuck her yet singularly had no strong desire for emission. I felt my pego again and tried to bend it but couldn't. "I'll fuck you, dear" I said, got up standing, and quickly put her bum at the bed side. She knew where, for her buttocks had several times lain there for my efforts. — Then I placed the two pillows under her little bum. — I did not feel in a hurry, was singularly calm and collected. "Are you going to fuck?" said H\*\*\* I turned my head towards her — her thighs were apart, one hand on her cunt, she had laid down her book and was watching us.

I didn't answer, being absorbed in my work, and in fear of my powers failing me. — I pulled the girl closer to me — her quim was just level with my balls — I was now wonderfully cool and collected, for sperm was not even urging me on — I wanted to deflower her rather than to spend, to do it to her first, and a desire to hurt her in doing it came into my mind. "Come closer, darling" and she did — I put up her legs so that her heels were near my breasts, her thighs against my naked belly, again I felt my prick, still stiff tho small, then holding her legs I lodged my pego in her notch which I had deluged with saliva, and thrust. Push, push — her body went further back on the bed. "Keep your legs up, darling." Furiously I pulled her close to me again, she helped her bum forwards, my prick was still on her notch and now stiffer than ever.

Then thrusting I went as quick as my ballocks would move. She shut her eyes, her mouth opened, her teeth clenched. "Oho, hahoh" came whispering thro her teeth. — "Do I hurt you?" — "Not much" the brave girl whispered. — Thrust. — My prick was going thro some-thing — something tender which gently separated and nipped round my gland — nipped as if something tight were being drawn over it. I knew the sensation - thrust, thrust. — "Oho — ahar" — she moaned with a slight shiver. My prick felt suddenly at ease as if in a sheath which clung to it. — "I'm up her" I cried, putting my hand down and feeling the root only of my prick, the rest of it was up her little cunt, my balls covered her arse, her virginity was gone. Oh! the proud delight of that moment as I rested satisfied, feeling round the stem of the invader to be sure there was no mistake, that I was well up that diminutive orifice, which a minute before I could not get my little finger thro. — "I'm up her" I cried. H\*!\*n came to the bed and seemed surprised, felt my prick stem, and pushing her fingers between our bellies, "She's fucked and no mistake," quoth she, with a lovely bawdy smile, then sat on the bed looking on, whilst I went on fucking. Slowly up and down my prick went in the little cunt, so deliciously tight. The girl opened her eyes. "Does it hurt?" — "Not now" — "Is it nice?" — "Yhes!" she whispered. Nature seemed tranquil in me, considering where my prick was. I gloated over the naked body I was in, then at H\*'s lovely face and breasts as she sat watching, and she began feeling her own cunt.

Suddenly a throb, a spasm of pleasure shot thru my pego, my prick was swelling more. Another — an-other throb, the blood was rushing into it, it was full-sized now, the little cunt too tight — I drove it up hard, then pulled it nearly out, then lunged it up again. — "Howooo," moaned the girl. — Now I longed to finish, to fill her cunt with sperm, the heat of lust was strong in me, voluptuous feelings running from brain to ballocks. — "My darling, my spunks' coming — it will spend in your — c — hunt — it's coming. — Aaharr — spunk — fuck" — I cried in delicious pleasure. She was silent, but her belly winced as I drove hard up her. Then a slight murmur, her eyes closing, a most lovely look came over her face. — "She is spending, look H\*!\*n." — "Yes she's spending," said H\*\*\*. She breathed hard, her cunt tightened, my prick felt as if it were splitting her, and ramming, shaking her whole body with my thrusts, my prick pulsated and with a final throb gushed out thick spunk into her; then came short movements, wriggles, a gentle churning up and mixing in her cunt my spermy fluids with her flux and bloody leakings of her torn hymen. — There I stood holding her thighs to me, squeezing my prick up her, looking at her and then at H\*!\*n, who now on her back on

the bed with chemise up, thighs and belly visible, was frigging her cunt vigorously — abandoning her-self to unrestrained lust. Satiated tho I was, I put my fingers on to Nell's motte as by her trembling and sweet look I saw that she was spending.

We were all silent, motionless, a lascivious group; my prick then shrinking I held my girl's thighs closer, keeping up her, her little cunt sticking to me like wax. — I could have kept it in her for a week, even had it been no bigger than a gooseberry, so little obstruction did her small buttocks offer, so close her cunt came up to my balls — H\*1\*n opened her eyes and looked. No woman ever enjoyed a bawdy sight or play more than she, and this cunt burglary was a treat to her. — She had never seen a virginity taken in that fashion before, and her behaviour was as much as possible like Sarah F\*\*z\*r's under similar circumstances.

The girl lay in silent enjoyment of a lubricated cunt, and excess of a new pleasure. I wriggled against her, for one cannot keep a prick quite quiet when in a cunt. — She looked at me. — "Do you like fucking?" — "Yeas." — Moisture began oozing from her quim. — "Get up and wash," said H\*\*\* — "She shan't" and I nestled my cock against her closer. — The girl liked it and laid motionless. — "Get up and wash," said H\*\*\* impatiently. — "She shan't." — "You'd better let her." — I saw the wisdom, uncunted, pushed her legs wider apart as I did so, holding them up, and dropped on my knees — saw the little cunt blurred and covered with spunk and streaked with blood — but so little was the blood, that had I not verified the virginity before taking it, I might have doubted its former existence.

Then she washed her lacerated quim. "Throw the water well up," said H. — We were quiet. Fucking and frigging quiets all human beings for a time. Then I put her on the bed, saw the jagged tear my prick had made, and felt it. She winced, said it was sore, I gave her a present and downstairs she went. H. and I chatted about first fuckings and she said we were both beasts. — "Agreed, but we can't help it, we didn't make our-selves." It was one of the most voluptuous incidents of my middle age. — Two or three days afterwards the girl left H\*1\*n's service.

[As often before said, fucking is always much the same, the preliminaries alone vary. The way H\*1\*n induced the lass to submit, and frigged herself whilst I took the virginity, is similar to the behaviour of other women in like cases. — Women I think like getting girls fucked, take pleasure in initiating them into love's mysteries, tho there is nothing mysterious about it excepting in the psychology. Madame de Maintenon probably did the same as Sarah F. — Nellie L. — and H\*1\*n did.] At about half past eleven on a cold dull morning to-wards the end of March, passing through a new formed district in the outskirts of the N.W. of London, I turned a corner sharply into new and partially made streets where one or two buildings were already finished ready for letting, and several in the distance building; the remaining land being laid out for letting and enclosed by fencing or hoarding. At the junction of two streets, the hoarding had been canted at the angle, and there squatted a woman on the footway her back against the hoarding, and as I thought at first resting herself, but immediately discovered to be piddling. Her petticoats scarcely covered her knees, I saw the tips of large buttocks, and from the darkness, in the shadow of her petticoats, a strong stream issuing, which spouted out in front of her and splashed audibly.

With lustful delight I walked straight at her, ducking my head as if trying to see her cunt pissing. — As I got close to her the stream ceased, she rose up staring at me, looking surprised and uncomfortable at first, then laughing loudly. — "What do you come this way for, you old bloke," said she. — "Shouldn't I like to feel that cunt," said I. — She laughed heartily. "My old man will feel you damned hard perhaps, you old beast — be off now." — "I'd like to fuck it." - "He'll do that for me at dinner time — you hook it or you'll be sorry enough" — and again she laughed heartily and with lewed look, as if thinking it a good joke. — "Where's your old man?" — "Working there" — and she nodded in the direction of the houses building. "What did yer come a starin at me for, did yer never see it done afore — yer old enough." She had not moved from the spot where she piddled.

She had a big round black hat on with a huge dirty feather in it, a dark dress, a small shawl tied

round her chest, a clean white apron, white stockings and thick boots. — She looked like a woman who sold things in the streets from a barrow. — Was she a coster woman — or a labourer's wife or woman — or low whore? All this passed thro my mind rapidly at my first advance. Then I decided from her laughing and general manner that she was a slut if not a regular strumpet. Lust now made me again bolder, for she was tallish, thickly built, dark haired and dark eyes, fresh, healthy looking, and perhaps thirty years old. I had seen just the tip of her buttocks and wanted her. "I'll give you five shillings to feel your cunt and have a look at it" said I boldly. — "Get along with yer, you old bloke, he's a working over there." — "Who?" — "My husband, he'll be out soon to dinner," and she laughed much.

Not a person had passed or was likely to pass thro the half-formed place, excepting work people. — Close by were two houses seemingly finished, the doors wide open. "To let" written on all the windows, there might be or might not be workmen inside. "Come in there and I'll give you ten to have you," said I. — She laughed louder. — "Get along with yer, yer ought to know better, I shall get all I wants at dinner time" and she shook her head. — "Let me do it first." A shake of the head. — "Come." — "What's the time?" — "Half past eleven." — She shook her head again but seemed hesitating — I pulled out the gold, showed it and walking on stopped at the first doorway and beckoned. She peeped round the corner and towards where building was going on — I walked on into the hall of the empty house, heard no sound, no workman was there, and in a minute in she came. — "We must be quick or he'll be out" said she. — "Who?" — "My husband." — "Nonsense, you are not married." — "Yes I am, look" and she showed her hand with a wed-ding ring. Then I thought it might be true, but felt sure from the way in which she received my advances, that more than one prick had been between her thighs at some time or the other.

We went into the back room, listened and heard no sound. I began feeling her privates. She opened her thighs, I found she'd a heavy arse and thickly haired cunt. — I pulled up her clothes and looked at her massive thighs, to which she rather objected, but I held up her petticoats, pushing her back against a wall, and so for a minute or two I felt and looked at her hairy crack, or rather its beginning, for more was not very visible as she stood.

My pego was standing and I felt awfully lewed on her, yet prudence restrained me. — Who is she, is she wholesome? and such thoughts passed through me whilst I stood reflecting and silent. — Said she, "Make haste, I must go before twelve o'clock — mustn't keep my man waiting." — At that I ceased looking at her thighs and dark haired mount, and laying hold of her round her waist began with the other hand twiddling a fullish clitoris, till she jerked her belly forward a bit. — "Make haste and do it, ain't yer stiff?" — Annoyed at the doubt I told her to see, and unbuttoning my trowsers a bit, let my stiff stander be visible. She laid hold of it at once without my invitation, giving a sort of suppressed "Whew" or whistle and laughing quietly said, "Put it in, be quick." — The handling of my tool gratified me, altho her hand was cold and roughish, and again I pulled up her petticoats, she now helping them up with her unemployed hand, and began again feeling her cunt all about; and so on for a minute, she gently handling my prick, till with a wriggle and a jerk of her belly — that undefinable motion which a woman gives when she's randy, and a man's fingers are on her cunt — she pulled my cock towards her, saying hurriedly, "Now make haste, I must go soon, someone may come, there's carpenters here — don't you see? — Put it in." — She was in greater want of fucking than I was.

Wanting her badly yet fear on me still, "Frig me whilst I feel your cunt." — "I won't, you beast" said she relinquishing my tool. "Do it properly, or not at all," and her petticoats dropped.

I snatched them up again. She aided me opening her thighs for my reception. I was just putting my rod into her, when I fancied that the lips I was opening with my left hand felt unusually wet. — Again fear seized me. — "You're a fine woman and have a nice cunt, but I have had all I want." — Letting go my prick, my coat fell over it and partly it went into my trowsers. I took out half a sovereign from my purse and gave it her. She slipped it into her pocket without thanks, but stood just where she was, eyeing me. — "Why don't yer do it, what are yer feared on?" — said she. "I'm

tired." — "Yer hain't, it hain't that tired be blowed, what are you feared on? — Do it quick — come on — put it up," and she hitched her clothed up again.

She's got the money and wants fucking, thought I, and my timidity went off. But tho wanting her more than ever I still hesitated, and began to button up my trowsers. She, thinking I was preparing for her bum basting, had planted her back again against the wall, and lifting her clothes up said "Make haste." — "I can't do it there, I don't want it, I only wanted to feel your cunt." — "Do it here, then" said she. In the room was a long workman's bench — some shavings on it. — With a hitch up she sat on it at its end. "You can't lay there." — "Yes, I can" — and back she laid, her legs hanging down over the edge. Excited now beyond all thought of consequences I threw up her clothes, she opened her thighs, for a second I looked at her sex, saw full lips, the red stripe, and thick dark hair on her motte, got out my pego, and then again hesitated. I was in one of those nervous moods which I had some-times on unusual occasions.

Seeing that she sat up and caught hold of my prick. — "Come on, what are you afeared for." — "You've got the money" I began. "Yes and I've got your cock" (with a laugh). "Do you want to be poked?" — "Yes, be quick." — "Your husband will do it." — "Right you are, but be quick." — She was too much for me and I put my prick into her. — She felt the stretch and friction — soon, "aha — Hoh — Harr" she sighed, her cunt clipped tight and she spent. — I was not so quick, and her cunt loosened directly — some women's do — but at length I spent with much delight. She did not uncunt me, and we stood copulated looking at each other. "You'd best go before the men's dinner time," at length she said. — Out I pulled it, she stood up and laughed. "You're a blooming old swell, why did you say you could not do it, I knowed yer could."

I looked at my watch — it was still nearly ten minutes to twelve, wiped my prick, went to the water closet and pissed. She followed. "Are you going to wash your cunt?" — "Yes if there's water." — There was, and I watched her operations. — "Are you all right?" said I. "What do yer mean? Oh, I've nothing the matter with me." — "You're not married." — "I am tho." — Then she took out the half sovereign, spat upon it and put it back into her pocket. — My lust being over, I noticed what a big, coarse, but healthy looking bitch she was, felt her hard thighs and buttocks again, scratched the wig on the motte, and letting her at her request go out first, soon after went away in an-other direction.

I had gone some distance, when reflecting on the funny incident and feeling curious, I walked to that end of the street where they were building. It was just twelve o'clock and workmen were coming out. She was standing there and I saw a workman join her. They were coming my way when, seeing me, she apparently said something to him, they turned and went off in the opposite direction. Her eyes opened wide when she saw me — tho a little distance off I noticed that.

It was a nice morning's adventure. I fancy that she had been a harlot and had slightly the manners of one.

Free and easy as her virtue seemed, was she the work-man's woman, or was she married? What matters? — I and she enjoyed fucking immensely. I was amused at her sluicing out her cunt in the watercloset. Several times I have washed my ballocks in one, but never saw a woman do it before. — In empty houses there frequently is no water on. I recollect feeling the cunt of a girl in one, and found no water in the closet to wash fingers in afterwards.

## Vol. 10 Chapter V

**H.'s protector. • His absence. • Her voluptuous needs. • A donkey-prick'd lover. • Caution advised. • Her excuses. • Donkey prick exercising. • The pleasure given by large pricks. • Harry's first sight of a pudenda. • Masturbated by his master. • Protector impecunious. • My visits permitted. • A looking-glass bought. • Miss Def, the ex-harlot. • About Magdalenes. • Foot frigging. • A garden party. • The swing. • A frisky spinster. • Baudy books lent. • Free and easy conversations. • Donkey prick in the garret. • His limp tool. • H.'s anger and objurgation. • She on him. • Energetic buttocks. • They in the best bed room. • The trick with the door. • Mutual pleasure in the lubricated channel. • The aesthetic aspects of fucking.**

H\*\* had still two servants, but who were changed often now for some reason or another, I guessed to facilitate intrigue. More frequently than otherwise her female relative — the scout — in whom she had great confidence, together with some very young girl and a charwoman, did the work of the house, this looked also suspicious, and the arrangement as if made to favor intrigues. Indeed H. laughingly admitted almost as much. She now was assumed to have quitted gay life for good, and to have consecrated her temple of love to one sole worshipper. I certainly believe that she was inaccessible to men (myself and a lover excepted) was never seen at the haunts of the frail ones, nor at theatres or other places of amusements, and she had cut nearly every Paphian acquaintance of old days. I enquired of women, and at places when they ought to know, but none had seen her. One thought she was ill, most that she was being kept.

H\*\*\* spoke well of her protector. She was proud of his personal appearance, of his being a gentleman, an Oxford man, well born and so on, all of which he was. She said she loved him. She was fond of her home and even of domestic duties. She was a very active woman, was very clean, and those duties and reading occupied her. She was very clever, and indeed had most of the qualities which go to make a good wife. She was a gourmet, and most extravagant in her food, liked cooking it herself, would give five shillings for a pint of green peas or other choice food, even if she had to borrow the money to pay for them — but she much preferred going into debt. This is an illustration of I believe her sole extravagance. She could write well, compose charades and even write rhymes which were far from contemptible.

But her nature was luxurious, her sexual force so great that it conquered. One man could not satisfy her. Altho when with her protector he fucked her twice daily, and she frigged herself twice or thrice as well — did it even before his eyes she told me — and I who saw her weekly fucked her twice or thrice and between our love exercise often times she frigged herself — no sham, not done to excite me, there was no object in that — such was her strong appetite for voluptuous de-light, the craving of her flesh. She delighted in boudy MY- SECRET LIFE books and pictures, and generally in all voluptuousness — yet for all this she was not a Messalina quite.

Sometimes now she was left alone for a week or two or longer by her friend, tho he idolized her, — but he couldn't help his absence. Then the strong promptings of her carnality placed her in great temptation. Frigging did not satisfy her, her cunt yearned irresistably for the male. My talk, she averred, so excited her, that when she thought of that alone it led to her giving way to her passions. That I don't believe, tho it might have added fuel to the flames. — She took a fancy after a time to another man. This came about through going to see a dashing gay woman whom she'd not seen since she'd been in keeping. The man there-fore was a mere chance acquaintance. He was known in Paphian circles for his physical perfections, and the desire for his very big prick really was the reason of her wishing once to see him, and then for a time her taking to him. But more of this hereafter.

I afterwards witnessed him using his tool. It added greatly to her pleasure to know that I was a spectator. The deed done, he gone away, she came to me, her eyes humid with recent pleasure — still lustful. We fucked, and talked. The idea of my prick being in the avenue his had quitted increased the pleasures of us both when fucking — hers I think more even than mine. Soon after our eroticism entered on even a higher phase of luxuriousness.

When she had thoroughly made the acquaintance of the man with a bigger prick than that of her lover — the biggest she had ever known, she said — she described it rapturously and the delight she felt when it was up her. The gentleman with whom she lived as already said poked her twice daily when there, her poor lover fucked her frequently, I gave her my doodle then once a week, besides gamahuching her which I never failed to do, and in addition to all this she friggged herself nearly every day. — Yet all this did not give her an excess of sexual pleasure, with all her fucking, friggging, and gamahuching, she looked the very picture of health and strength, and had both.

She had met as said this man by chance, was told about him, and it was the idea of his size which affected her sensuous imagination. — He was, she found in the long run, a mean hound, who enjoyed her lovely body yet was often half fucked out before he had her, and scarcely made her the most trifling presents. The size of his prick had made him notorious among gay women, she discovered at last, and he got more cunt than he wanted for nothing. I often advised her to cut him, for she told me all about her affairs with him; not that I preached morality but saw that it was a pity to risk an evidently good chance of being settled comfortably for life. Yet if she wanted another man — if variety was essential, "Have him but beware," I used to say.

I expressed one day a wish to see his pego of which she was always talking. She was proud at that, her eyes glistened voluptuously as she told me of the arrangements for my view. She had long liked telling her letches to me — a willing listener who had no canting objections. — Tho I cautioned her to take care not to be caught by her protector. — She used to reply — "What have I to live for except it. — Philip and I have no society, we can't afford it now — it's a year since I've been to the theatre, — there is nothing but my house, and playing at cards and fucking, to amuse me." — "My darling, fucking is all in life worth living for, but be prudent."

The plan of her house then, owing to the way she and her protector occupied the back bed room, did not favour a secret peep at her with the man, who had become knowing and wary in such matters, by passing most of his time with harlots, and she had a difficult task in humbugging him. It was to come off in the parlour. I at a signal was to go downstairs from her bedroom barefooted, peep thro the parlour door left ajar, was not to make the slightest noise, and retire directly the con-summation was effected.

On the day, I was waiting expectant in her bedroom, heard footsteps enter the parlour, went down cautiously to the half landing — heard: — "Ahem" — went lower — heard baudy conversation and then, "It's up my cunt." Knowing from that that my opportunity had arrived, I pushed the door slightly more open. — She was on the top of him on a sofa, her face hid his from seeing me. — She was kissing him, her chemise was up to her armpits, her bum moved slowly up and down showing a thick prick up her. "It's not stiff" said she angrily. "You've fucked before today." — "I've not fucked since yesterday." — She'd uncunted him as she spoke, and out flopped a huge prick not quite stiff. — There she lay over him thighs wide apart cunt gaping wide — his prick underneath it. — It was a dodge of hers to gratify my sight, to show me the procreator she was proud of enjoying.

Then she got off, and stood by the side of him, still leaning over and kissing him, to hide his eyes whilst she friggged him. His prick soon stood and a giant it was. She got on to him again, impaled herself, and soon by the short twitching shoves of her buttocks, and the movement of his legs (in trowsers) I saw they were spending. — In a minute his moist tool flopped out of her cunt, and I crept upstairs leaving them still belly to belly on the sofa. She had told him that her sister was in the bed room, to which I soon after heard her coming up, and him going down to the kitchen. Oh the voluptuous delight in her lovely face as she laid on the bedside to let me see her cunt, and the delight she had as my prick glided up it softened by his sperm, and her lewed ecsatsy as my sperm



mixed with his and hers in spasms of maddening pleasure — for now she delighted in this sort of copulation, said it made her feel as if she were being fucked by both of us at once.

This spectacle was repeated afterwards on a bed in the garret — but after a time she sickened of him and saw him no more. — She however still had her large-pricked poor lover, who one or two years after died, and as I have narrated what I saw and did after him, shall tell no more. She had at various times with string measured the length and circumferences of both of these pricks. The way to get proper measurements was carefully discussed by us. I have the lengths and circumferences of the two pricks, and of Phil's all measured when stiff, round the stem half way down — and from the centre of the tip to where the prick joins the belly.

The biggest of the two pricks did not however nearly come up in size, to that titanic cunt stretcher which Sarah F\*z\*r enabled me to see thro the peephole at the bawdy house some years ago. Tho I had no measure of that, it was much larger than any I have ever yet seen — there could be no mistake about it — (I have seen a couple of hundred pricks, just before their owners put them into their women).

This big-pricked man was a coarse looking fellow tho stalwart and handsome. He would stop at the house and feed at her expense, and scarcely give her a present, yet he was not a poor man, but a man of business as she knew, and as I took the trouble to ascertain. H\*\*\* told me soon all about him. I was certainly the only confidant she could have in this letch. — He was reckless enough to let a youth from his place of business bring him letters whilst at H.'s and she got acquainted with the lad.

H\*\* told me one day that she was in bed with big-tool, when the youth (then only sixteen years old) brought him a letter. They both lewed, began chaffing the boy, asked if he'd ever seen a woman naked, and pulled the bed clothes down so as to show her naked to her waist. She permitted, nay liked the lark, and admitted to me she hadn't seen the prick of a lad of that age, stiff or limp. — "Show her your cock and she'll show you her cunt," said big-tool. The boy, glowing with lust approached the bed. H. opened her thighs invitingly, his master got up and pulled the lad's cock out of his trowsers as stiff as a horn, she opened her thighs wider, the man gave the lad's prick one or two frigs, and the sperm squirted over H.'s thighs. — This, as I happened to be there, was told me the day after it had occurred.

This frigging of the boy led as may be supposed to some erotic episodes. — As a matter of course it stirred H.'s lust, she had never been fucked by one so young, and before long his thin prick and her cunt were introduced to each other. The narrative of a consequent episode in which I was a participator, as written at the time, is reserved from the flames.

A little before this H.'s protector was as I'd guessed in money difficulties. She told him that an old kind friend wanted to visit her, that money must be got somehow or they must part, and he consented to me — and only me — visiting her. — She had told him I was too old to poke, and only gamahuched her. Of course I've only her word for that. I never saw him or he me. He was very unhappy about it, but sooner than let her again be gay he would consent to almost any-thing. — Money and other circumstances, however, pre-vented my seeing her more frequently, tho I went with the greater ease of mind. She also was not under such anxiety, and we had our frolics with increased pleasure — for her lascivious delights with me were greater than ever.

Later on she told me her protector was getting as erotic as I was, tho he was a very much younger man. My impression is that she taught him. — Sometimes it was: — "What do you think? Phil wanted me to do so and so with him?" — or: "We poked in this attitude the other day." — Or: "He likes hearing how formerly I've been poked," and so on. — Then she and I had great pleasure in doing the same things together.

One day I wished we had a looking glass to see our-selves in when fucking. I had told her of the glasses at French houses. — She, excepting in a cheval glass, had never seen herself reflected in copulation, and wished she could. — I offered to buy one, but what would Philip say? "He'd be

delighted, we often wish for one when I tell him I've heard of such things, but he's hard up just now — he knows you are the only man who visits me." — He didn't know of her lovers. — Then I paid for a looking glass which she got. It was nearly as long as her bed, was placed against the wall, the bed nearly close to it, and henceforth we could see our every movement.

I shall never forget the day the glass came. We put it up together at the right level, directly we'd done so we rapidly stripped start naked, mounted the bed, and fucked contemplating ourselves, and that afternoon not a drop of sperm was left in my balls. I gamahuched her, and she friggged herself as well, looking in the glass. At my next visit I heard that Phil had done the same, that night after night they couldn't sleep for the rutting state the glass put them in, so hung a curtain over the glass when they wished to excite themselves no more. To see H. friggging herself then was indeed a great treat. Her delight was to make me kneel on the bed naked facing the glass, with my stiff one which she held in one hand, whilst she friggged herself with the other, looking in the glass all the time. It was to me a delight — for her form and face were lovely, — to see her in the venereal spasm — an exquisite sight. — Un-fortunately however the bed was so placed in the room then, that I could not see either bed or the reflection from the only door available for peeping, hence the fucking exhibitions were always given in other rooms.

Soon after we had the looking glass, a harlot temporarily out of business was often there. She had been a servant, then seduced, then well kept, then general practitioner in copulation, then lodginghouse keeper, and now impecunious. She had been good looking but was to me plain, yet was plumpish and her breast and leg were not inviting. She had been a sort of go between, scape goat and so on to H\*1\*n when gay, and of whom she was fond. — H. seemed glad of her, for she was the only Paphian who now visited her, and with whom she could discourse of big pricks, etc., etc.

She (I shall call her Miss Def) was a thorough bawdy talker, nothing seemed to please her so much as narrating some meretricious experience, the tricks that she and others had played with men. There was no disguise now before me or between the two women, for that intimacy and confidence which it seems I have the art (intentionally) of inspiring in gay ladies, had been given me by H\*1\*n, as far as a woman who has been gay can. But Paphians whether in or out of the calling never tell all to anyone, not even to their lovers. — Does a married woman? These narratives were not inventions got up for my edification, there was no object in doing that. — I never gave Def a farthing — they came out quite naturally in our conversations when sitting together, which naturally turned on fucking.

In that and in amorous reminiscences H. was as much pleased as I was. The Priestesses of Venus, I am convinced, all like their occupation, and to talk over past frolics when they have quitted the life, whatever they may aver to the contrary. — When they are sick and plain in face or form, and unsuccessful, they are repentant and virtuous, are "Magdalenes." Repentance usually pays better than fucking.

I've seen lots of Magdalenes, but never one in good health or who was good looking. — They were failures in their occupation, they wanted face, form, skill, and go, and I guess had ill-fitting cunts, or certainly some-thing wrong in cuntal quarters. So they repented, turned virtuous, were "reclaimed," became Magdalenes and got shelter and money — I dare say when better, or at home in the colonies, they didn't forget they'd got cunts, useful for other things besides pissing.

One afternoon after luncheon, we three had champagne which I had taken there, our talk got smutty. Miss Def shewed her legs which were good, and then her breasts. "Show him your cunt," said H. She did and we talked ourselves into a lewed state, which in-deed I always was in directly I set sight on H\*'s charms. What led to it was a tale told by Def, about a man in bed between two women all naked, and there not being room, one woman laid across the foot of the bed the feet of the two touching her, and she friggging herself whilst they were fucking. "Let's get on to the bed and do the same," — I suggested.

We all stripped and got on the bed (it was hot weather), Def's cunt was an unusually hairy one, a regular well-fucked, and forty-years-old-cunt. — She kissed my prick and H.'s cunt as well, before we laid down. Then our lewdness, and the delicious contact of soft skins, voluptuously suggested all sorts of latches. — Laying on my back feeling H\*'n's cunt, "I'll frig you with my foot," said I to Def. She delighted, let me, and placing my heel against her cunt after she had turned to a convenient position, I pressed and rubbed it there, she clutched my foot round the ankle and guided it, accommodating her cunt so as to get the friction as pleased her. H\*'n half sat up still feeling my prick, and watching this foot frigging. — "Give a poor body a fuck, I haven't had a bit of cock for months," said Def after awhile. "Fuck me," said H. impetuously and lying down, for she was hot, and desire sometimes seems to seize her impatiently. Taking my heel from Def's cunt, I mounted my beauty's soft belly and began the exercise with my prick, my toes now downwards naturally.

After a few thrusts. — "Def's frigging herself" said H. She could see, I laying face downwards could not till I turned my face to the looking glass which I'd bought. — "Go on fucking, I'm looking at Def frigging." — H\*'n's feet and mine were both against the woman's naked body — we could feel the jog of her body as she frigged. "Put my toe in your cunt and frig with it," said I, wanting to feel a cunt with my toe, which I'd never well done before. "Yes, frig with it," said H. with a bawdy laugh. — Miss Def caught at my foot quickly without reply, the erotic desire seized her, and I felt my great toe was against the soft slippery sur-face, could feel distinctly her large clitoris and thick nymphae, as well as if feeling them with my fingers. H., without letting my prick out of her cunt, managed to twist herself so that she could see that the toe of my right foot was there. "The hair of her cunt's a round your toes — fuck me, — fuck" — said she with delight and energy, getting straight with a sigh of pleasure, moving her backside voluptuously. — I reciprocated, lunged my prick well into her hot avenue, in which it had got a little displaced in her moving to see where my toe was.

Then we fucked on whilst Def frigged, we thought of her whilst our pleasure increased. — "Is your toe on her cunt?" — "Ahaa" — sighed H. — "Yes, I can feel her frigging her cunt with it." — "Ahaa — I'm spending

— ahaa — frig me — with your toe — some day. — Ahar

— won't you? — Ahaa Ahaa Aha fuck — bash it up me. — Aharr." — "Spend darling, my spunk's coming. She's frigging — Ahaa" — and in a bawdy delirium our pleasures ended in the ecstasy of the crisis, the woman at the bottom of the bed forgotten. As we ceased fucking Def continued her frig — did what she liked with my foot which she moved on her cunt. — With my other foot I felt her thighs agitated, she sighed, she moaned, my toe and her cunt moved rapidly, and just as we recovered from our pleasures, she gave a sob, a sort of gulp almost as if choking — a most extraordinary noise — and was quiet — my toe still resting on her clitoris, she still holding my foot.

I jumped up as soon as my prick had left H.'s inundated quim, finding my toe moist with Def's effusion. The devil had spent copiously. My getting up roused her, and she felt H.'s overflowing quim. "He's spent a lot, how I'd like a fuck, I haven't had one for an age," quoth she. All three washed, and after a rest I fucked H. again whilst the other handled my balls, delighted with the opportunity of pulling about the testicles, whose juices she so longed to have in her. Then after a glass or two more wine, she asked me to fuck her and H. incited me, — begged me — to "give her a treat" — but I didn't, having no taste for her, and the condition of my toe which I had washed came to my mind and stopped all passion — I have rarely refused a cunt which was new to me; but I did hers.

Early in June, one of the most singular liaisons in my career occurred to me — I have thought other events singular, and perhaps they were as much so but they don't seem like this, for I am at an age which made this unexpected. I don't look my age, I am told, nor do I feel age, and can oftentimes tail an appetizing woman three times in an hour and a half — yet it's nearly forty years since first I fucked a woman.

I was at an afternoon in some grounds near London, and there was a widow with her only daughter who was born in India, her father a colonel. They were in comfortable circumstances, in good society, but there were whispers about the daughter, that her marriage had been broken off mysteriously, that she was a little frisky, had been at a theatre alone with a gentleman, was a bad temper, gave her mother much trouble, — and more obscurely hinted — was fond of a doodle on the sly. I thought nothing about it, it not concerning us, yet it had seemed to me there had been a look in her eye when I conversed with her, which was indicative of desire. I'd found she'd laugh at risky conversations if without frank impropriety, and would egg a man on by questions of assumed ignorance, — then suddenly, "Oh! you're really too bad," and she'd leave — tho her eye gave no signs of her being shocked. Edith H\*r\*s\*n, — not her name tho phonetically resembling it — knows a lot, some men said, and they suggested the possibility of her having been fucked in India.

She was handsome, well grown, and about seven or eight and twenty, had dark eyes and hair, and a remarkably beautiful foot and ankle, which she displayed as liberally as society permitted. — Tho I didn't then meet her frequently, there was something about her which made my pego tingle when I did. Her eyes used to fix on mine with a stare which gradually softened, and then her face flushed and she turned her eyes away — I thought nothing of that tho at times I wondered if she'd been fucked — dismissing the idea at once.

There had been a cold collation and champagne galore, the company were distributed afterwards, mostly sitting about the grounds, when wanting to piddle, I sought a retired corner and passed a spot where sur-rounded by shrubs was a swing, and she all alone swinging herself as high as she could. She swung for-ward just as I approached her, and her white petticoats floating up showed much of her calves. My voluptuous instincts blazed up at the sight of the legs and pretty feet, I bowed my head and tried to look under, involuntarily saying, — "Oh! what a lovely pair, shouldn't I like ... " — then I broke off recollecting our positions. She tried to stop the swing, I watching till she alighted. All this did not occupy a minute. — She'd taken champagne freely I think — I too much, and with a swelling prick was risky. — She perhaps excited by wine, had at the moment a warmish cunt. — "What would you like?" — said she laughing and looking full at me. — "To have seen a little more." — "Ohoo! oh!" — said she — then both laughed heartily. — "What are you laughing at?" — "At what I should have liked." — "Oh! what a strange man you are, you speak riddles." — "Don't you understand?" — "No." "You do" — and we looked in each other's eyes again. She looked voluptuous, I fancied.

"You're alone, are you going to run away like Miss \* \* \*?" — A lady known to both of us. — "Not with a married man." — "Ah! she was foolish, for she might have seen him on the sly," — "Oh! what a horrid suggestion." — "Well — married men are safe flirts, they never tell." — "No, they daren't," said she, and smiled, whilst looking me full in the eyes again, and then colouring up. "I must go to Mamma, she'll wonder where I've been." — "No she won't, she knows, and I guess."

— Laughing, off she went, I piddled, and went back to the guests.

Soon after I was walking with her and talking about the young lady, she wasn't surprised, the girl was always flirting with him and had been caught reading objectionable books, and I asked Edith to describe them. — She'd be very sorry to do so. — "Oh — you've seen them then." — No she hadn't, she said in a startled manner, but knew she'd trapped herself — I harped on the subject. "If I lend you a book will you tell me if it's objectionable or not," She would, and wouldn't tell her mother, nor show it. — "It's all about love — un-disguised love — and pictures some might call naughty

— objectionable." — "Oh, lend it me." — "I'm frightened — if you're found with it, it will be serious — if not, only you and I will know it, and oldish men know how to hold their tongues." — "Do lend it me — no one shall see it." "It's all about lovers amusing them-selves, — but I mustn't lend it you." — "Oh you're joking I know, — but do lend it me." — This is only a summary of a long conversation — for I was cautious, fearing she might shy. Now she was wild to see the book, and must have guessed it was a bawdy one. — "I can't send it and can't take it to you" (I didn't visit them).

— "I'll meet you out." — She's game thought I, and concluded she'd have her avenue frictionized by the male apparatus. — Then she agreed to meet me two days after, she was going shopping without her mother.

The party was over, her mother had a carriage, and a seat in it was offered me — in the carriage in the dusk I squeezed her hand, she I thought returned it, I pressed my legs against hers and she didn't move hers away — mine were between the two women. — I went on talking to Mamma and taking no notice of the daughter — Mamma asked me in when they alighted, but I declined, and as I handed Edith out pressed her hand saying, "I wish the swing had shown more." — She only said "Thursday" and we parted.

I was at the place, but didn't expect her. — Flirts with their cunts telling them they are neglected — as they do to spinsters approaching thirty — are some-times after food, champagne, and suggestive gossip, apt to get lustful thrills, and listen to talk, and to say things which next day they regret — I took a Fanny Hill with me. — Punctual, there she was, saying she'd not expected me. "I've got the book, don't be angry afterwards with me." — "I won't." — "But I want a word with you first, get into a cab, for five minutes, we can't talk in the street." — Into a four wheeler we got, I told her more about the book, avoiding bawdy words, that the pictures showed "people making love." She put it into her pocket rapidly, I got a kiss, said "Oh that swing, it's made me want" and we parted naming a day to meet for her to return it. — After-wards I thought of the risks and wondered at myself — for I'd no defined intentions. The pleasure of lending a real lady a bawdy book was my delight — the idea of she and I reading books on sexualities in common — such of course would be the case — delighted me.

She met me and returned the book carefully sealed up. — "What do you think of it?" — "It's disgraceful, you'd no business to lend me such a book." — "You asked me." — "I didn't expect it was one like that. — What must you think of me?" — "Nothing, you've seen such before." — "I'm sure I haven't." — This sham of hers went on a little time in the street. — "I won't lend you any others." — "Oh!" she said eagerly, "have you any more?" — I asked her to meet me somewhere where we could see them privately, but she wouldn't answer, I got her into a cab, kissed her, and I tried a feel unsuccessfully. Would I assure her it was not so improper as the other — a precious transparent sham. — I told her it was not, but was bawdier. She took it and another day returned it.

I was on reflexion staggered with what had occurred, so unlooked for, so unpremeditated. The secret bawdiness of the affair, my perpetual wondering whether she'd had the doodle up her, kept up my excitement and the lady's also, I suppose. She remarked that she could talk to me as a father, tho few fathers I apprehend have talked to daughters so. Within a few weeks I'd spoken of the pleasure of frigging and gamahuching and offered to instruct her. She said she didn't believe it, but should wait til she was married, and so on. — She steadily refused to go to a house with me. Then I left town in the belief that she was a cunning bitch, who'd been fucked, frigged and gamahuched, was trying to entrap me into some compromising action, and resolved never to meet her again. For a couple of months abroad I was nearly chaste, and then returned to London.

When I returned to H\*\* I found the poor lover still absent. — She and her protector had been in the country and he was still. — Donkey prick then frequently had H\*I\*n, then he having also been away, she ran short of her delight. I hadn't been in the house five minutes before she said, "Come upstairs" and began undoing her clothes before she reached the room. Afterwards she named many times for me to be there, when she could have Priapus also, but with difficulty arrangements could be made to suit all. "I like to know you're looking at us." — "Yes and you like me to fuck after him." — "Yes I do — ain't we beasts?"

The man was cunning and often shut the door. He was whimsical — wouldn't often undress — and she loving his prick let him have his way. — One day I was there, he as usual in the kitchen — for she cooked for him there and from that place he could more easily escape by a back way. — But the fellow wouldn't come upstairs, and fucked her on the kitchen table — she was so long away that I wondered. — When she came up, she had just got him out of the house, and the sperm was

abundant in her quim, tho a quarter of an hour since she'd fucked. She was dressed, and I fucked her from behind against the bed, the only time I think I had then done so on these double fucking occasions — tho I've tailed her in every possible attitude — I delighted usually to see her face as I fucked her whilst we talked. — "Ah! — isn't his prick a big one?" — "Yes I should like to feel it." — "I should like to feel both your pricks at once. — Aha — beast — fuck harder — Ahar." — "His sperm's thick today." — "Yes isn't it lovely, smooth? — ahaa — don't stop -- fuck — I'm coming." The angelic smile came over her face, her cunt gripping and we spent together. This is typical. We never fucked without talking about pricks and sperm and making all sorts of lewed suggestions to each other, till pleasure stopped utterances. There was a garret where sometimes the little servant — when she had one — slept. It contained scarcely any furniture but a bed. One day when there was no fear of surprise, she said she'd make him go up there and get him naked. It was in the afternoon of a warm autumn day, he'd had a feast of rumpsteak and had tippled enough whiskey and water, when I heard him going up the stairs, and in time out I stepped and listened. He was jovial and incautious, yet I was fearful of going up until I heard, "Ahem" — for the carpetless stairs creaked. Then I heard every word as plainly as if I'd been in the room. — He wanted to go to sleep first. — "Fuck and sleep afterwards. — Piss first." — "I don't want" — but I heard the water rattle, and laughter as they got on to the bed, and then, "Ahem."

As I peeped thro the door left ajar — the bed had been cunningly placed so as to prevent his looking at the door — he was lying on his back with shirt on only, she frigging his cock, which was thick but pendant. — "You've fucked before today." — He denied it — was tired. — She angry, was sure he'd been fucking hard the night before, and came used up — she'd had enough of him, he'd been like that often lately, she wasn't going to have his lasts — and so on. — "Suck me." — She wouldn't — he'd better dress and go off to do it, — get another woman. — "Show me your cunt." — Then he frigged himself and got a glorious erection. — "Lie down." — She wouldn't now. "No, stand up naked and let me see it, stand up or you shan't have me." — He drew off his shirt and stood naked with a donkey sized doodle. It was worth seeing, a noble, well proportioned shaft standing out seven or eight inches from the belly, and perhaps nine from his balls, and looking an inch and a half in diameter. It was white skinned, and had a full plum shaped tip of a bright red, it was circled at his belly with a well defined thicket of lightish brown hair, (he was fairish with blue eyes) which didn't creep towards thighs and navel. His ballocks was ponderous. Altogether, it was the biggest prick but one I've ever seen, and the handsomest. The sight of it made my own stiffen voluptuously, and at the same time desire to handle his — I don't wonder at the ladies who are connoisseurs in Priapean tools, admiring his and wishing to enjoy it once, tho certain it is that a pego of aver-age size gives as much sexual pleasure to a woman as the greatest cunt whacker. — A huge stiff prick when a man is standing naked always looks a little ridiculous, so it's strange that my prick should have stood sympathetically at the sight of his.

H\*\*\* sat looking at it silently. — Once for an instant she turned her eyes to the door where I was peeping. There was admiration, pride, and lust in her eyes. — The expression of, — "Isn't it a beauty, and it's going up me?" — looking back at it again, her thighs spasmodically closed, then opened, as if a spasm of pleasure was passing through her, and putting her fingers on her cunt she kept them there.

But the prick began to droop. She gave it a violent frig, it then stood stiff, then rapidly fell, and she bullied him — I was pleased to see a man not thirty with his prick not quite ready, as mine has been on one or two occasions, tho I can still fuck her twice in the hour. — After some more angry remarks from her, she threw off her chemise and mounted him, her rump was within six feet of my eyes, and I saw her introduce the prick into her cunt and do the fucking. — His tool kept shrink- ing — she called him a "used-up beast" told him to go, but wanted the spend, kept reinserting his machine when needful, and fucking energetically. I had a glorious sight of this grand propagator, which she often brought out to the tip and then plunged up her. Then her bum oscillated quickly, her cunt nestled down till his balls were close up to it — she cried out loudly. — "Fuck — spend, Arthur. — Ahaa" — and was quiet.

In a minute. — "You've not spent." — "I was just coming." — "You haven't any spunk in you," and moving her buttocks, out came his prick shining with her spending and stiff enough. — I saw H.'s face which was lewed. Without a word turning on to him again, up went the long thick gristle into her, and she oscillated her splendid buttocks till she'd spent twice more without his spending once; she after each crisis ballyragging him, he making all sorts of excuses. More than half an hour had she been at the work, and yet went on till at length she got a spend out of him — I never saw her so hot before, her face was moist and scarlet, her eyes humid, with her spending, yet fierce, and as she rolled off she gave his prick a slap. "You've been fucking before today, you liar, get off as fast as you can, you don't bring your fucked out balls into my house again — you won't fuck me again, you mean beast." — All his sins came out, she'd already told me of his meanness.

He made all sorts of excuses but she wasn't pacified. She put on her chemise, came down to my bedroom landing and called out, "Arthur's going, let him out — don't let him go into the kitchen." — He heard this, came down dressed and still excusing himself — she replying to all, — "It's a lie. — It's a lie" — till he was out of the house. Then she came to me and smiled. — "Isn't it a splendid prick?" Then she told me she'd heard the stairs creak, but he'd not noticed it. — "I'm quite wet, I spent three times, he spent at last, the blackguard is fucked out, yet he knew three days ago he was coming — my cunt's wet — won't you have me?" I said no, but was wrought up to the highest pitch of lust, and in half an hour had fucked her twice. She declared donkey prick should never have her again, but I was sure he would. — "He has a noble prick hasn't he?" said she admiringly. — "Yes, but he's a coarse brute, not even handsome, not a gentleman." — "Certainly not a gentleman, but he's a noble prick, all the women want him, he pays none, I'm told." — I fancy Miss Def — now with a house of her own again — was the informant.

I never yet saw a woman fucking a man so plainly, as on that bright afternoon. The beams of the sun at last struck right across her backside, her arsehole, cunt, his prick and balls I saw as plainly as if I had been within a foot of them, and had held a candle to look. — How I longed to feel his tool as she fucked him, and how de-lighted she would have been. But she was annoyed when afterwards I said, "Your bum furrow is getting brown, H." — "You beast — what if it is, so is yours." — "I know it." — She never could bear to be told about her furrow browning, or later on that hairs were beginning to show round her bum hole, as they do in most women after five and twenty and in southern nations earlier. It detracts from the beauty of the region.

On both occasions, she had covered him, to prevent him going quickly to the door and his chance of catching me. The next time for some reason of her own - who fathoms a woman's dodges? — she had him in her own bedroom which had now been changed. I waited in the backroom. He was still enough and full, laid on her, half fucked her, and then she made him finish with her rump towards him. H\*\* laughed as he got off the bed with his great tool sticking out. Then it disappeared up her, and I thought must have hurt her. The fucking was soon over. How beautiful it was, how ex-citing it looked! They remained coupled for a minute, then she uncunted him saying, "You lie down, I must go to my sister and will be back in a minute." He threw himself on the bed, giving her rump a slap as they parted and the next second she was with me on my bed. "Don't talk loud, he thinks my sister's here, he's never seen her."

Her eyes shone with voluptuous light and softness. "Hasn't he spent? my cunt's full, hasn't he a lovely prick?" said she sighing and laying down. I looked at it, pulled open the lips, pushed one finger up, then my balls could wait no longer, I had been stiff since I saw his prick, and plunged my pego up her. Ah! my delight

— to feel my prick up her and his sperm all round it.

— H. put her hand to feel, then clasping my bum, and heaving her arse. — "Ohoo — fuck" she cried and glued her mouth to mine. Furiously our backsides oscillated, far too soon my sperm rose. "Hurt me — shove hard," she whispered, heaving her cunt up, and the next minute both were spending, her ecstasy as great as mine. Then quickly back she went to him, her cunt full as before, her motte and thighs wet with our essence. — "Make him fuck you in it." — "If I can, but he likes it

washed before he does me again" were the last words. She closed their door with a bang, cunningly giving the handle a turn so that it was left ajar, but so close that I could see nothing. To facilitate that a fortnight before she'd cut away, at eye height, a slip off of one edge, and painted it afterwards. We had arranged this together after the manner at the French lapunar. She laid down on the bed for me to see her, then I for her to see me, and we moved her bed a little to give the best view of those upon it, both delighted at the dodge. I couldn't see their heads when they were fucking, but saw all from their breasts downwards. — Now she took the side furthest off, and nearer the fireplace, and he turning to her had his back to me. — "Ahem" — I pushed the door slightly open and saw them both well.

She began frigging him, then he felt her. "You've not washed." — "No, how could I? — I will." — "My spunk's on your thighs." — "Yes, did you spend?" — "My ballocks were damned full," — said he with a coarse laugh. — Both laughed, and went on talking about some woman who had one of the smallest cunts he'd ever fucked, and about some swell Paphians she had known formerly, whilst she went on frigging him till, "It's stiff, let's do it." — "Wash it." — She got up, and holding the ewer, — "There's no water." — "Ring for Sally and I'll show her my prick" — said he laughing and handling it. — "I shan't — you'd better not — never mind washing" — getting on the bed again and frigging his tool. — In another minute after lewed chat he mounted her, she'd pulled her chemise off and tried to pull off his shirt. Saying it was cold, he refused but tucked it up to his waist.

They were fucking in an instant. Is the spectacle of even a handsome couple fucking beautiful or not? — Is the sight of a beautiful creature, all modesty and grace — whom one has walked, talked, and danced with, to be admired when on her back, heaving her buttocks up, her thighs high and round the man's whilst under is a thick gristly stem protruding from his belly, and going like a steam piston in and out of a bush of hair round her cunt — is it beautiful? Both rumps jog, and heave, and thrust and meet, till with sighs and murmurs both are quiet. Is it a spectacle beautiful or not? — No. — Yet an entrancing one. — One that no man or woman would hesitate to look at, enjoy, and envy, none whose cunt wouldn't yearn — whose prick wouldn't stiffen at the sight. — Yet it's not beautiful, tho exciting, stimulating, entrancing to all the senses.

This was really a fine couple I must say, much as I disliked his vulgarity, but to know that that big tube, with its inner tube of discharge, was thrusting up her tube, with the intensest pleasure to both, made my prick, without frigging, stand till I heard their murmurs, knew that their pleasure was over.

He rolled off of her, she didn't hurry him. "Get me a glass of whiskey and water." — "I shan't, you've had enough, get it yourself in the kitchen if you want it, don't make a noise, I don't want my sister to know a man's here." The scout — Mrs. \* \* \* — took care the man shouldn't know I was there. Hastily he put on his clothes and went off. "Hish" said she as he went downstairs and she waited till he got to the kitchen.

In she came and I looked at her sexual treasure. Sperm is now to me clean, wholesome. It's the outcome of life — the issue and cause of the greatest human pleasure to giver and receiver. — I no longer mind my fingers being in it, but like to feel a cunt which is lubricated with it. — I opened hers, felt up it, wiped my fingers on my balls, and on her motte — the salacity of the act delighted me. "You beast, you," said she but looking pleased with the lascivious act. Then up into her my prick went, and prick and cunt then revelled in the unction and the thrusts, and the lubricated friction of our movements, till both sobbed out our joy in the delicious crisis — her cunt discharged, my balls shot forth their sperm, and we mixed this essence of male and female life in her sweet channel — oh happy woman!

Pressing her sweet form to mine, her hand clasping my buttocks — in the lubricious conjunction we lay. — Slowly I still kissed her, our wet lips mingling moistures there as we lay conjoined — eyes closed — bawdily thinking — vague visions of lust dreamily passing thro our brains. "Aren't we beasts?" — the first words spoken. — "Damn it, H\*I\*n — don't say that again — it's nonsense —



nothing beastly about it — what beast could do or care about doing what you and I have done? — it's heavenly, divine — don't — I've often told you you annoy me by saying it." She laughed, her belly jogged, her cunt moved, and out came my prick, and at once as many and as much as I could get of my fingers up her cunt I put there — lewed still.

This again was on a warm autumn afternoon, for it suited us both to meet at that time — the master of the house was then away. Soon donkey prick was got out of the house. I dressed, we had tea and toast, then I licked her cunt till she was exhausted with pleasure, then left.

## Vol. 10 Chapter VI

**In Spain. • Two very small juveniles. • At the bull ring. • The Count's mistress tailed. • An immoral family. - Choice of two cunts and one rectum. • The young lass selected. • The young buggler rejected. • A little prick felt. • Fucking on the floor. • Soldiers' women at Gib. • Groping at C\*d\*z. • H.'s lasciviousness and confidences. • An evening with Camille and H\*I\*n. • A cuntal purse again.**

[To abbreviate, I had retained nothing relating to two months abroad this summer, but on reading it before destroying the manuscript, decided to retain it; so interpolate it here.]

In the hot season, wrong for travelling, I went to Spain — indeed this year was pregnant with erotic novelties to me. In large towns I always found a bordel of some sort, and saw there native beauties, even if I did not tail them. My visits were generally in the evening. I saw some of the poorest, as well as the high priced "Mujeres mundanas."

At M\*d\*\*d I saw two little girls in the street — they had been walking about in the day like ordinary children of the poor — so young that I took no notice of them. — That evening not thinking of amatory business, I saw the two, and fancied one looked invitingly at me. I turned round, they were looking back and one came back to me. — Was it their instinct that I needed a cunt and made them come after me? Certain it was that I had neither sensuous thoughts or sensations at the moment, but now came a rush of lust, a delicious feeling in my prick, a desire to see them naked, and I offered a small sum by show rather than by word, which was at once accepted. I only knew a few words of their language then, but in every country learn quickly, those which express the sexual organs, and their pleasures.

Off they went through several streets, till I had lost my way, and began to reflect when I found the quarter was a poor one. Under a huge archway of a shabby looking big house they turned, I found them waiting, they spoke and made signs, but I didn't understand, half feared a trap, didn't now feel sure they were punks — which was foolish — I might be robbed, murdered even, so hesitated. They went to a dimly lighted stone staircase, I didn't stir, they came back, spoke, gesticulated — I was to follow them — then — no one being about — I stooped to feel the tallest one's cunt. Quickly she lifted the only dress she had on, and opened her thighs for me to feel her cunt. — It was hairless. My prick then throbbed, and under its impulse I went up to a fourth or fifth floor, an old woman came out of a room, opened a door, nodded at me, the girls spoke to her, back she went, and in a second I was in a large desolate bedroom with scarcely an article of furniture.

I sat on a chair, felt both their tight little cunts, there was no virginity, made signs that I wanted them naked, and in a second both were so. — They scarcely had any clothing on, one only her frock, one had no stockings, both had no bonnets or head dress. — It was scorching hot weather. The bed looked so miserable that I would not lay down upon it, and put the taller of the two on to a large square heavy table which was in the centre of the room. — There was but one miserable tallow candle, and by its aid I looked well at the biggest girl's cunt, which had plumpish lips and not a vestige of hair. Then I put the other one on the table, and found her cunt as bald. — Then one girl held out her hand for money, and I gave them what I promised — not quite eighteen pence English

money — each looked at the other's gift, seemed satisfied, and both got on to the wretched dirty creaking bed — then from their small stature, and the look of their cunts, I guessed they neither were more than twelve years old — I tried to ascertain that but couldn't make myself understood.

Fear of disease came over me — taking up the candle, and out of my pocket a few pesetas, I managed to make known that I needed another light. The shorter girl, naked as she was, took the candle and money, and going across the landing to the old woman's room, re-turned with a small oil lamp. Left in the dark excepting what light came into the room from the star-lighted heavens, and still half in fear, I felt my companion's cunt, which civility she reciprocated by feeling for my cock. Directly the second light was brought she began to unbutton me. When it was visible, both girls handled it at the same time in a knowing way, smiling and speaking I know not what.

It wasn't quite stiff, but soon became so as I felt their two bums during their investigation of my doodle. — Directly its rigidity was complete, the eldest threw herself again on the bed and opened her thighs, but the bed so disgusted me, that shaking my head I pointed to the table, whereon she mounted the table by the help of a chair, then I put the other girl by the side of her, and fetching the dirty bolster put it under their heads — they laughed and seemed to enjoy the position.

Fear of disease again came over me, so as well as I could, I tried to ask whether they were in health, and suppose they understood as both nodded and repeated "Bono — Bono." — Then one held the candle at the other's cunt, and my shrinking cock swelled up again, for the quim looked all right and inviting. The lass pulled open her quim lips wide for my inspection. Both now laughed loud as if it were a capital joke, then both sitting upon the table felt my machine again, and I their cunts with both my hands. — Then one snuffed the candle with her fingers, and wiped them on her hair.

Prudence still prevailed. — Shaking my head I re-placed my truncheon, which seemed to annoy the lass at whose split I had actually for a moment pointed it. Then one spoke of the "Senora" and I think was going to call her for testimony to their healthiness — "bono," so very often being said, whilst the other officiously got hold of my tool and nodded her head. Then I thought to let her masturbate me, laying hold of her hand to indicate my wishes, she began at my tool. I sat down, she got off the table, and then I thought I'd frig her. Nothing loath, she sitting on my knee let me, the other silently watching the operation, which went on till my girl I suppose feeling the pleasure, interrupted me, and saying in Spanish, — "No, fuck me" — brisk as a flea she got on to the table again and placed herself there with thighs wide apart.

I'd got my prick new to fever heat — prudence adieu — next minute her cunt was stretched by my pego, and the randy little child spent as she received my injection. I could see it in her face, feel it in her cunt. The other girl stood quite close looking on at the operation.

There was no towel, and she with my libation trick-ling on to her thighs, ran naked across the landing to the old woman and fetched a dingy napkin. Cooler now, I looked at both their diminutive quims, one only I found had little black hairs just showing on the motte. I guessed and understood them to be thirteen years old, perhaps younger, for hair grows early on the cunts of southerners. Both I'm sure had had plenty of fucking. The one I hadn't tailed then sat on the pot on the table, and I made her piddle. Not knowing my way back I asked them to show me the way. The old woman appeared as I was leaving and I gave her a trifle, I sup-posed for the room. The girls went ahead of me, an empty cab appeared and giving the girls a tip I got into it, naming the street in which my hotel was.

Some days after at S\*v\*\*\*e when leaving the bull ring, I saw a handsomely dressed, middle-size woman, exquisitely beautiful, come out. Two or three Spanish gentlemen were with her all talking and gesticulating good humouredly. Money was exchanged, and I guessed they were settling bets. She seemed excited and de-lighted, parted with them, and not finding a conveyance, which seemed to annoy her much, stood fanning herself and hailing every vehicle. I had one and stopped the driver, fascinated by her beauty, feeling sure she was a Cyprian and lust then began to tingle my pego. I felt such a passionate desire to possess her, that reckless of consequences, not knowing more

than a few words of the language, I made a sign that a seat was at her service. — The next minute she was sitting beside me.

Then was the difficulty. — She spoke — I shook my head. — She laughed, spoke more, I intimated I didn't understand. — "Holy Virgin" she said, tapped me with her fan, told the coachman something and off he drove rapidly, — she chattering to me all the way — I trying to make myself understood. The chariot stopped on the outskirts not far from the ring at a decent looking house. By that time I had reflected, and after helping her down, bowed and was going away tho my prick was erect. But she laid hold of my arm and pointed to the house, making at the same time a movement of her mouth as if kissing. — It was irresistible and I followed her to a suite of rooms on the first floor.

The rooms were elegantly tho not expensively furnished. A maid, well dressed, appeared, then disappeared with the lady, soon returned, and I found to my great relief she could speak a little French. The Senorita hoped I'd stay and eat with her (it was half past five) and I began to fancy I'd made a mistake and that the lady was no common courtesan. — Circumstances, I said, made it impossible for me to stay. The maid went out and returning, said her mistress would soon be ready, would I wash (the heat and dust was great in the ring). I accepted, not having any idea where I was going to go, and astonished, was shown into the room where was the lady in chemise, finishing her toilette. She laughed, pointed to the basin, the maid poured out water, left the room, and there was I with this exquisite creature in her chemise brushing her hair, looking ever and anon at me, and smiling. I now felt sure she was a mistress. I didn't want words, knew that the fee would be high. So when I'd washed I put on my coat — which was all I'd taken off. — She said, — "No — No" — flung both arms round me, and kissing me lusciously, intimated I was to take my things off. The peep at her breasts as she kissed me made me desire her immensely, I kissed her passionately in return, then took out my purse and showed two gold coins, intimating that that was all. She laughed immoderately and nodded, speaking all the time, but I didn't understand a word.

Then she began to undress me, laughing all the time. It was irresistible. — I stripped to my shirt and laid down, she beside me. Then she embraced me in the usual fashion, opened her thighs for me to look and feel, examined my prick, laid down again and squeezed my piercer, smiling at its prompt erection, whilst I felt her cunt. We were coupled immediately, her cunt seemed divine as I spent in it, and in a few minutes all was over. She was energetic in love making and spent with passion. We both washed — then at her cunt I looked more tranquilly, saw her naked form — and a lovely form she had. — She would not let me go, dragged me down on the bed again, made me gamahuche her, then fuck her, and by that time she was satisfied. Laying by the side of me, a thigh thrown carelessly over mine, she called the maid, asked the time, ejaculated, "Holy Virgin," said I must go and began to dress herself rap-idly. I the same, we kissed and I departed. The servant told me the Senorita was mistress of the Count \* \* \* \* and told me to go off in a particular direction, which I did. Next day I left M\*d\*\*d. A more lovely creature I never embraced. She had crisp short hair round her bum hole and a little on her buttocks — tho she said she was only twenty-one. — Her face was a dream of beauty.

A week after, occurred one of the strangest incidents of my career. Walking up a back and steep lane on the margin tho in the city of G\*\*n\*da, strolling with no object excepting to see the city; standing at a sort of cottage door was a lad of about fourteen, who to my astonishment beckoned me and smiled. — I stopped, he beckoned me in, and curious I entered, utterly unsuspecting till well within the entrance, where he exposed his prick. I shook my head, he called out, and a girl of about the same age appeared, together with a stout, bloated yet not bad-looking woman seemingly about thirty-five years old. She spoke, and tho scarcely understanding a word, I found unmistakably that she had come to offer the girl or herself. Then to my utter wonderment, by the aid of about half a dozen words, and by gestures, I found that she was the mother of both, that I might have either or all of them, a choice of two cunts and one anus. Whether she was really the mother I cannot of course say, but I repeated in Spanish the words, mother, son, daughter, pointing to each successively, and to all she said "yes" and nodded.

I had had no desire for fucking, nor did the family facilities stimulate me. It really shocked me, tho there was nothing to be shocked at. Shaking my head I gave the woman a few reals and departed, she seemed much pleased. He had replaced his pendant tool.

I walked on thinking of this jumble of whores and bugger, (such I now supposed the youth to be) my mind concentrating itself on the girl — a poor sallow creature tho she was. — I wondered what sort of a quim she had, thought I might never have the chance again of seeing that of a Spanish girl of fourteen, my fancy pictured it, I thought till my cock stood, then went back and saw a big common Spaniard talking at the door. I waited in the distance till he went off — he passed and scanned me. Then I wondered if there was danger, but dismissed the idea, for ten o'clock on a sunshiny morning all must be secure — I entered the house, the little bugger still at the door — thought he was my aim, but shaking my head and saying the single word "girl" — he bawled out, and the two females reappeared smiling. Soon mother and son left, the daughter remained, and in a minute was naked on a miserable bed.

I got out of her somehow, mainly by counting on my fingers, and by signs, coupled with a few simple words, that she was fifteen. She'd three times the quantity of hair on her cunt that an English girl of that age has. She wasn't lewed in manner, seemed dejected, indifferent. — There was no water, so I made her know by signs that I wanted to wash, and naked she went out and returned with some in a large earthen pan.

She washed her cunt, I my prick, then after inspection of her carnal aperture, and a look at her mouth which had good teeth, I intimated by signs that I wanted to be gamahuched.

She had been as slow and solemn as if at her funeral, but now burst into a laugh, knelt on the bed rapidly, and took my pego into her mouth with quite an air of de-light; the next minute it was erect and she handling it with admiration. Then she laid down saying (I suppose) "Come on" but I had fear and kept repeating "doctor, doctor," the only word I could to intimate doubts of her health. — When she understood she ran to the door shouting, "Madre." In came the woman, they both chattered to me at once I know not what, but they understood, for the mother put the girl on the bed, and holding open her cunt lips invited me, to see her gap, satisfied, and off the mother went. Then I reflected, decided to leave, but again lust came on stronger. I felt and looked at the youthful slit, then yielded and fucked the girl.

I paid her, and when leaving the lad appeared and asked for money. An age had passed since I'd felt or seen a boy's cock. Without a word, without thinking scarcely, a libidinous curiosity sprang up, I pointed to his prick, at once he pulled it out, I handled it and his balls till it stood, but did no more having no pederastic tastes. He like his sister had more hair for his age about his genitals, than we English have.

Soon after on a sweltering autumn day, I was at \* \* \* \*, the hottest town some say on the Spanish coast. As usual I sought the Cyprians' quarters, and by chance — or was it instinct — found a populous one, but not of high rank. Frail flesh was but little visible outside in the narrow lane, but in the windows, furtively yet quite visible, were décolleté women, who by eye, toss of head, and rapid exposure of more nude beauty invited me in. I loitered in simple curiosity looking at the dark-haired, brown-skinned women with their hair dressed in outré Spanish fashion, pleased with the novelty (new to me then), studying, comparing, then curious about the hid-den sexual charm and gradually longing to inspect but hesitating.

Voluptuous tingles in my prick overcame both fears and scruples. I entered a house, the Cyprian met me at the door. Using the few words of Spanish I had now learnt — I pick up erotic ones quickly — I offered and held up an escudo — about two shillings English. — Accepted eagerly, at a sign from me off went the covering she wore, and a brown-skinned, brawny, tall woman lay on a poor couch, opening her thighs and making lewed signs of invitation to take pleasure in a cunt which looked as if cut out of a bush of horsehair. But she didn't please me, indeed half revolted me, and after opening the lips of the hirsute notch, feeling once round a big backside, then looking at the

hairy notch in its cowlike aspect from behind, displeased with its look and its environments I retreated, seemingly to her astonishment, for she followed me to the door expostulating — as I fancied — and inviting me still to enjoy her very hairy charms.

I went away, yet the sight of the nudity had stirred my passions, my prick swelled, gave more voluptuous tingles, and spite of myself almost I returned in half an hour, looked again at the courtesan's naked breasts and dark flashing eyes, thought of the cunts there waiting for the pricks, then in a still narrower passageway, saw an oldish woman standing at a doorway, over which was a little lamp not giving more light than a candle. By voice and gesture the woman invited me, I entered, saw a large curtain of rushes which she pulled aside and disclosed a large room with whitewashed walls. Two women in chemises only were there, one sitting, the other reclining on a mattress on the floor — dark-haired, dark-eyed, well grown, handsome, were both — I looked at both, the one got up and stood by the other, I named my pay holding the fee in my hand, and both cried "Yes."

Then uncertain in my choice I slightly raised the chemise of one, on which both lifted their chemises to their waists. My choice then made, in a second the other disappeared. Down on the matting lay my damsel, flinging off her chemise as she did so, and was naked all but a pair of slippers. A splendid woman of about twenty, of southern tint, and ample thick crisp, black-haired cunt, and armpits. By gestures she invited me to undress, but tho wet thro with perspiration, — walking and lusting together had made me so — I but threw off my coat and laid beside her on what I found was but a mat upon a bed of rushes, and a showy Spanish rug on the top of that. It was hard for the floor was bare but I fucked her quickly, enjoyed her much and left.

Shortly afterwards at G\*\*r\*\*t\*r, my taste for poor Paphians seems to have revived. [I like always to see all classes of the needful, much abused, pleasure-givers to the male.] Gay ladies of high class I saw not at all, and one evening dressed in my shabbiest to make myself look poor and common as might be, I went up to the quarters where Tommy Atkins gets his sexual solace, and was astonished at the really fine women I saw there. Coarse and common enough in manner, yet good in form I found the two or three whom I stripped for luxurious contemplation at a shilling a piece (it seems incredible to me now that price.) Then at a somewhat better house, having no fear there of Paphian ailments — for Tommy's women are medically cared for well — I fucked a couple at half a crown a piece saying I couldn't afford more. I enjoyed them much, delighted also with the economical instruction.

I fancy they would have taken a shilling for their pleasure from any soldier. Those I had were Spaniards, I noticed a Negress, but whether a punk or servant know not. Then having tailed none of the so called lovely girls of C\*d\*z tho I felt one peripatetic's grummit on a moonlight evening — a cheap delight, what charm is in a cunt! — I sailed for home, bringing away with me the baudiest Spanish words for genitals and copulation which I made one of the soldier's women spell for me, as I wrote them down. (The others couldn't write or read.) This paper I lost, and the terms I cannot now recollect. Now I take up my narrative on my return to England.

I had told H\*\*\* now all the erotic incidents of my life. She, with her fertile brain, voluptuous temperament, and experience in amorousities, both approved, desired to emulate them, and herself to invent. She wasn't — as already said, — at first frank about her latches and lusts, hiding them somewhat and throwing the suggestion of their gratification upon me making herself but the complaisant partner; but the mask was now pretty well removed — tho probably women in all classes never quite tell their latches or the truth about their baudy wishes — who knows? When guessing her de-sires, after talking about some luxurious fancies, I passed them over then finding I did not initiate any- thing, she referred to them again on other visits, and I met them by some such questions as, "Would you like so and so to gamahuche you" — or "Like another man or woman with us?" — or "Like me to see you fucked by another?" — "Yes I should" came frankly at last. Then it was, "Let's have a woman to gamahuche me, but you ask me to let her, I don't want her to think I wish her." Singular modesty, it seemed to me.

Then we got our lascivious tastes gratified and to the full. That kept me from other amours, and to her al-most alone, for she had youth, supreme beauty of face and form, was clever, conversable, voluptuous, and enjoyed every lewed device both in body and mind — aye to the extreme. She agreed with me that every amorous trick might be tried, and we gratified our desires to the limits of possibility. I wanted no other woman, excepting when away from town, or on a sudden letch, or out of mere curiosity. These I nearly always told her of. Some of our amorous play I pre-serve in this narrative, some will never be even whispered about — the knowledge of it will die with us.

H\*I\*n soon had great pleasure in talking of her former tricks — would tell what she'd done or had heard of — reserve was utterly gone between us. She pronounced mine to be a most wonderful amatory career, when she had read a large part of the manuscript, or I had read it her whilst in bed and she laid quietly feeling my prick. Sometimes she'd read and I listen, kissing and smelling her lovely alabaster breasts, feeling her cunt, till the spirit moved us both to incorporate our bodies. Her sexual passion was strong, her strength great. I have fucked her thrice, and gamahuched thrice, yet seen her frig herself after that, and all in four hours, without showing a sign of fatigue. — [Five years after she was as strong.]

Having now no harlot acquaintances, it was a real pleasure to her to have some one to talk with on these subjects. — Telling her of Camille one evening and talking of gamahuching, she said, tho the little servant whom I fucked had done it, it was a long time since a woman had gamahuched her. She liked a fine, fattish woman to do it to her and took a letch for Camille from my description of her. Camille was long past forty yet wonderfully well preserved, and one evening solely to gratify H\*\*\* I got Camille to visit her.

We had a lovely little dinner at H\*I\*n's, then adjourned to her bedroom, both women stripped and looked at each other's cunts — they were so quiet about that — and then Camille gamahuched. "Fuck her, fuck her whilst she's licking me, let me see it," H. cried — But I wouldn't — I couldn't bear my sperm to go into any cunt but her own, and after she'd spent thrice under Camille's active tongue, I fucked her. Then after half an hour's rest Camille again licked H.'s quim till Camille could lick no longer. After repose and wine I wanted Camille to suck me, but she refused, telling H. she'd never done it. — A lie, for she has many times minetted me tho she never liked it, and always wanting me to fuck her. — Poor Camille liked me to the last.

Again I then stroked H\*\* who excited by wine and lewed to her marrow made Camille feel my balls whilst fucking, she grasping Camille's motte, or feeling her buttocks whilst she was handling my stones. "What a lovely skin," cried H. as she felt Camille's buttocks. In-deed she had still that exquisite skin and her pretty, tight, deep cunt. Never were two more lovely skinned women together. I then fucked Camille at the request of both of them, which finished the night. Taking Camille home in my cab I paid her handsomely. She could do nothing but talk of the unparalleled charms of H. I never brought them together again. H.'s letch was satisfied, and she did not want gay women.

I told her one evening how I had turned N\*\*I\*e L\*I\*e's cunt into a purse, and she wondered if her own would hold as much. I had doubts, for it did not feel to me as large as the other woman's did, but I had H\*\* naked one day and tried. The silver brought was carefully washed, and the argental cunt stuffing began. I was so delighted and she also with the experiment, that I prolonged the work, not putting in five and ten shillings at a time as I did with the other, when my lustful curiosity was to ascertain a fact, but a shilling or two at a time only, feeling them for her cunt, then glorying in seeing her exquisite form promenading with the silver in her. When about forty shillings had disappeared up the belly rift, I put my prick up her, and felt with its sensitive tip the difference between a shilling which it struck against, and the soft round compressive end of her cuntal avenue. She was as pleased with me at that trick as I was. I nearly spent, excited by my operations, and now with the idea of spending against a shilling up a cunt, but didn't — wouldn't.

I resumed the silver stuffing, she her ambulations, and it is extraordinary that within a shilling or two, she held in her cunt the same number that L\*\*I\*e had. She several times walked up and down

the room with her cunt so full, that I could see the silver when I gently opened one lip. — The grip and tenacity of her Paphian temple seemed truly wonderful. — What muscular force, what a nut cracker! — But that indeed I knew, for her cunt was perfect in every way, a pudenda of all the virtues, powers, and beauties for fucking, or doing anything voluptuous with — a supreme pleasure giver.

Then over the basin she squatted to void the argentiferous stream. It was beautiful to see her squat, her thighs then rounded into the fullest, loveliest form, it always delighted me to see her in that attitude washing her cunt or micturating. The silver tumbling out of her gaping hirsute cleft, with a clatter against the basin, made us laugh, some refused to quit the lubricious nook in which it found itself, I felt up for it, and she at last by muscular contraction of her cunt aided by her fingers, got it all out. Then with a syringe she purified the receptacle, we went to the bed, and after a little mutual fingering, fucked, — the bawdy trick just finished enhancing our sexual delight.

The silver was washed and stored away. "When you pay any one, tell them that the silver's been up your cunt." — "You beast, I will." The servants and a female friend — for she had now a female friend — were told of this. We talked about it all the evening, and she put one shilling well up for me to touch with my prick which I did, but did not spend whilst the shilling was in its lubricious receptacle. [I wish now I had, it would have been something to remember.] Eighty-six or -seven shillings did her cunt hold.

## Vol. 10 Chapter VII

**Frisky spinster Edith again. • Pitch and toss at pudendas. • Naked harlots scrambling. • A Hylas suggested. • Eugene, the used-up sodomite. • Naked amusements. • Curiosity gratified. • Mutual feebleness. • A masculine sixty-nine. • Sappho. • An erotic triad. • Double minetting. • Eugene dismissed as not fit. • Pleasant conversation. • Thumb-frigging a clitoris. • My erotic philosophy. • Foolish prejudices. • A demi-mondaine on cock sucking. • Three men to one woman. • An orgy. • About bawdy house peepholes. • A hairy-rumped Spanish equestrienne.**

Then I resumed my acquaintance with the frisky spinster, again I met her in the daytime, always lent her bawdy books and photographs, and we had free talk. She seemed to desire to know every sexual habit of man with woman, particularly those with harlots. Nothing in my career has been so curious. — With widows and wives I've had risky talk, but with a young woman, born, bred, and educated a lady, have I used now the bawdiest words, whilst she listened pleased and enquiring, but never once used words herself. This also was generally in broad daylight and in four-wheel cabs. It stimulated me at last to try forcibly to feel her, and induce her to go to a house with me. — All was useless. — One day I said if she wouldn't go, I'd fuck a woman directly I'd left her. — "Very well," said she — I never got a feel higher than the calf of her leg, and that she resisted unmistakably.

So I refused to meet her or lend her more books, yet there was a novelty, a stinging salacity in the meetings which pleased me much. Once or twice, I met her in society or at places of amusement, but always with her mother. What knowing glances we exchanged!

Then on my way to the sweet south, to get the sun in the months it's denied us here, for a few days sojourn we stopped at \* \* \* where again my resolution gave way, and I found myself at the friendly lapuniar tho I was tired of it. Chance again gave to me an erotic novelty.

Tired, worn out, ill, and alas getting older, I was nevertheless again at the lapuniar one night, with my pocket quite full of franc pieces. Entering the saloon, there sat about twenty women, with boots and stockings on, otherwise naked as born — for those who had gauze about them threw it off

directly I was seen. — Some lifting up a thigh, some pulling their quims open, all putting themselves into such voluptuous attitudes as they thought best suited to exhibit their charms. Sitting close together as they in the circle were, each tried to entice me to select her for my pleasure in erotic amusements.

I contemplated them for awhile. It was a lovely voluptuous sight, carnal, bawdy, but what of that? Then taking out some francs I threw them up in the air. — With outstretched hands, the whole of the naked beauties rose to catch the silver shower, and the next moment were on the floor scrambling in a naked heap.

Such a mass of delicate flesh was there crowded - big bums sticking up, knocking against each other, white breasts flashing, glimpses of dark hair in arm-pits, dark stripes between oval buttocks, hairy triangles of all colors at the bellies, all shewing and moving about in rapid combinations of form and grouping, a kaleidoscope of cunts, bums, and breasts. With chatter and laughter they scrambled till all the coin was grabbed. Then they rose to their seats, ready for another scramble.

Then it was, — "Ici" — "Monsieur." — "Je n'ai rien gagné" — "Voilà." — "Ici, regardez." A dozen of them opening thighs wide, pulled open their cunts to entice me. I pitched franc after franc at cunts, some-times hitting the mark, sometimes missing. The franc was hers at whose cunt I threw it, and another franc if I actually hit the gap. A babel of tongues. — "Ici" — "Ici, monsieur," as each opened her thighs wider in hope of getting a franc pitched well between them. — The mistress and under mistress looked on, standing at the back of me and laughing.

Then was a pause to chat, and look, — what a sight was the circle of naked women, all exquisitely clean and perfumed, with their hair well dressed and ornamented. — Silk stockings, white, black, grey, pink, blue and red, mottes, with thatch like flax, and of every shade from brown to black — notches varying from pink to dark crimson, and from a delicate slightly haired slit with an imperceptible clitoris, to gaps with strong protuberances, and nymphae large enough to frictionise another cunt, and give delight to both in the wriggling embraces of tribadism. — On the words — "Open your cunts — catch" — open all went with shouts of laughter, and again the silver coins hit thighs, cunts, mottes and bellies, till with a last shower of silver in the air, all grouped scrambling on the floor. Again, bums, thighs, and breasts in a struggling mass of female form and loveliness, cunts more or less visible in all directions. What a picture it would have made, had it been possible to have fixed the group and photographed them.

Selecting one I went upstairs with her. "I'll make my toilet" quoth she. — "Wash outside, but not up your cunt, I love a cunt with its natural juice — I'll wash it myself" — laying her down, I with a wet towel wiped the face of her vulva from clitoris to anus only, and having told the chambermaid I wished a woman to come to me with her cunt full from fucking, amused myself with this girl — who had got four francs in the scramble out of the hundred I had thrown — till another woman was announced.

About this time in one of the confidential chats I had with my friend the sous-maitresse, she told me most secretly that a young sodomite could be had there, but notice some hours before must be given, that my countrymen occasionally indulged that way — if known there, not otherwise — and that one had been so amusing himself that night. I declined, having no tastes that way, yet had a long conversation about the subject, for my curiosity was aroused. At times afterwards I had wished I could see this funny product of humanity, yet without any desire to avail myself of his services, passive or active. The matter had for some months passed out of my mind, but this night was evoked again by what occurred.

"Mademoiselle Sappho is engaged, shall she come in after," said the chambermaid entering the room. I refused, being in no hurry, not being yet tired of the woman with whom I was amusing myself — besides my erectile power seemed in abeyance, the young lady having been friggling my tool uselessly. — Then after a minute's reflection "I'll see her, before she meets the man." — Just then the sous-maitresse appeared at the door, beckoned me, and on my going to her, whispered,



there was a young man a "beau garcon" there, awaiting a monsieur who had never come, would I have him, all was quite safe. — With a spurt of lustful curiosity roused on the moment, I accepted, dismissed my companion, and was for a few minutes alone in a curiously excited state of expectation.

Whilst waiting in a feverish state of mind, one minute regretting, the next wishing him, and scarcely knowing what I should do when he appeared, wondering what sort of animal he was, whether if I should ask him to undress or to show me his genitals, how he would be-have, and so on, all thoughts tumultuous, the door opened, the sous-maitresse appeared smiling, followed by Hylas as naked as he was born, who came in with a skipping, springy step, and a smile on his face like that of a ballet girl. I never was more astonished in my life.

He was a shortish, square built, well set up man, looking about twenty-one or -two years old, and had dark, crisp, curly hair, and dark eyes. His body was well-fleshed, well shaped, plump indeed and as white as a woman's. It had not a vestige of hair upon it. He had no moustache, or whiskers, or hair anywhere, excepting on his head, in his armpits, and round his prick, which was set in a neat little, crisp bush. I had expected to be shocked, I scarcely knew what, but had changed, and I felt as pleased in contemplating his nude figure, as I have at seeing the Apollo Belvedere, and other glorious examples of Grecian skill in portraying the naked male. — Nor had I the slightest feeling of any other sort, all erotic notions had for the moment vanished. That soon changed, he stood for a minute staring at me, then without word or summons ad-dressed to him, came and sat on the divan by the side of me, and put his arm round my neck. That instantly I dislodged and moved away, and for a minute we sat looking at each other.

Gradually, all sorts of lewed ideas arose in me. — Many a prick had I seen of late years, some of which I had longed to handle — a fugitive desire, gone as soon as formed — but then there were no opportunities. — Here one was. — Within a few feet of me sat a man of perfect form, indeed every way "beau garcon" and hanging out from the crisp little hairy thicket a nearly white, thickish prick about three inches long, with a "leettle" bit of red tip shewing.

Then desires rushed tumultuously through my brain — I longed to feel it, to frig it, stiffen it, see it spend, watch the sperm flow, see his vibrations of pleasure, hear his murmurs, watch his face as the ecstatic crisis overwhelmed him—and at once I grasped his prick, uncovered the tip and squeezed his balls. — Yet not a word had been spoken till he said, "Won't you take your clothes off like me?" Obeying his suggestion, rapidly I put my-self as naked as he was, eying him all the time whilst undressing but not speaking. — He laid himself along the divan, and gently puffing his prepuce up and down, smilingly watched me till I sat myself naked by his side, and seized again his prick. Then he seized mine — all dislike, all repulsion had gone for the minute, I seemed to be doing the most commonplace thing in the world — curiosity had me.

"Let's go on the bed," said he. Obeying, we placed ourselves side by side — our flesh touching every-where — feeling each other's cods — with seeming curiosity he mine — I his with curiosity mingled now with strange voluptuous wants. Then I mounted him as reminiscences rose up in my brain of doings with the young man at F\*\*r\*rs years ago. — Belly to belly, breast to breast we were, I clasped his buttocks, laying between his thighs as if fucking a woman — our pricks and balls touching, laying in a heap together, neither prick stiff — then I moved with a fucking motion. "Look in the glass," said he. Turning both side ways, our genitals in a heap, the sight overwhelmed me, yet lust, a desire to Socratize him — as nearly as I can de-fine my sensations — scarcely entered into the con-fused and lustful combinations, caused by my clasping him as if he were a woman.

Then I recovered my senses, had clear intentions of doing things, and by his side I played with his prick, frigging it gently, lifting up his thigh to look at his balls, and then again went on frigging, but his prick remained limp. Then at my command he frigged him-self — and seemingly to stimulate himself felt my pego — but all was of no avail, there it lay like a sausage.

Then curiously I looked him all over, stood him up, turned him round as I should a woman, saw that his feet were white and clean, his toe nails carefully trimmed. Never in my life before had I so inspected a naked man and it pleased me much, and to my astonishment. Then we talked, he suggested this and that, knelt and turned his rump to me, shewed me how he stooped to be sodomized. — "I will suck your prick, and you shall suck mine — it is delicious," said he.

After washing our pricks we laid down together head to tail, and taking his prick in my mouth I minnetted it. The smoothness pleased my palate, nothing ever seemed more delicate in my mouth, it excited my saliva, it felt like a jujube between my tongue and palate, and so we played long with each other. But I couldn't make his erect, nor he mine, tho we lay enjoying our mouthfuls for a quarter of an hour perhaps. Then I told him he was frigged out, and not worth his money. I wished to feel and frig a stiff one, and had no intention of doing anything else, tho he politely suggested his anus. He said he should be better another night and could not account for his condition then. — "You have been frigged before tonight" — he denied it — and still we sat feeling each other's pricks.

Then a knock came at the door. — Opening it, there stood a little dark-haired woman — Sappho — who had just been fucked. — "Yes full of sperm" — a fine young man had had her — "full of fat sperm" — Glad of the change, I laid her on the bed and tried to insert my little machine. The sight of her cunt filled with healthy issue pleased me, I saw in imagination the man enjoying her and ejaculating his semen, but all failed to rouse me, I was done for and wild. — "Shall I minette you?" she asked. — Hope rose again at the proposal — hastily I washed my cock, laid down, and she kneeling with her rump towards me, began the delicate exercise, she licked round the gland, tickled the frenum, ran her tongue lightly up and down the stem and over my balls, and then engulfed it in her mouth. — At times it softly rubbed her palate, then came out of her mouth immediately to disappear, then rubbing it gently between her tongue and palate, sometimes she gently squeezed my balls, sometimes the tongue ran quickly just over the delicate little tip slit, sometimes she pushed finger on to my bum hole, whilst I looked at her plump round buttocks, and the black haired, red split, now gaping and dividing — its colour spoiled by the glaze which covered it.

It wouldn't stiffen, tho faint pleasure began to steal through my refractory tool. "I'm too fatigued — you can't make it." — "Mais si, si, j'en suis sur — soyez tranquille — ne pressez pas" — and again my penis was hidden in her mouth — Eugene stood looking on, then placing his finger under my balls, gently intruded one into my anus. — A voluptuous shiver ran thro me — fancies whirled through my brain. "Kneel over me and put your prick in my mouth," I cried.

He sprang on to the bed smiling, delighted with the invitation, knelt over me, and in a minute his limp prick met my lips — Sappho had to move slightly to let his legs come over me. His body then hid her head and breasts and I could see her no more, but by turning my head could see her buttocks and sperm-slobbered cunt, now half hidden by the left bum cheek, I felt the delicate movement of her mouth on my prick which began swelling with pleasure, then feeling under his balls and guiding it, his prick dropped well into my mouth, I clasped him round his smooth buttocks with my left hand, pushed my right hand fingers up her glutinous cunt, he began fucking my mouth, I clipped his pego with my tongue, her bum began to wriggle as my three fingers stretched it, and vigorously she worked at my penis which was swelling fast. Imagination played its part in me, all was soft movement, and the two pricks and two mouths worked silently.

Suddenly my prick throbbed, a painful pleasure crept along it, I groaned, still his prick in my mouth. He cried out, — "Foutre — foutre" her buttocks wriggled, I twisted my fingers about in its lubricity and my spunk ejaculated into her mouth. — Now faint with pleasure I noticed nothing more but the lubricity of her vagina, the swelling of his prick between my lips, and the soft squeeze of her mouth still minnetting out the last drop of my libation, whilst my pego slowly dwindled.

All was tranquil for awhile. Artists in eroticism, they perfectly well knew when to move. — Then all rising, quickly she left the room, Eugene threw himself by the side of me feeling his own prick not yet stiff. My prick shrinking to a bag of skin, had a chilly sensation on, it due to the evaporation

of her saliva. So I lay speechless till she returned smiling, with her mouth and cunt purified.

I spoke. "You are frigged out Eugene, you have no spunk in you." — "Ah yes — tonight so — but another night, Ah! you shall find me strong." — "Go now." — These were the last words spoken, I paid him and he departed naked as he came.

Sappho now stood by the bed side, wetted a towel and washed my prick and balls, I pissed, and we both laid down. — The pretty little damzel was curious, talkative, and very communicative. Almost directly I re-versed her, placing her head at the foot of the bed, keeping mine at the top. So placed she laid hold of my prick and I felt her cunt conveniently placed both for feeling and seeing.

She not being dressed had not been present at the money scramble, and was sorry. How much had I thrown, every girl had got some thing but four. — She of course not — did I often do that sort of thing? — I was talked of in the house as good to the women — that I liked spermatized cunts. — She was sorry I had not stiffened, for she had never had it done her when full by another man. — She would have liked it, liked to try, did I always like it so? Our talk ran then about the funny letches of men and women — she evidently liked the conversation and had only been in the house six weeks, this was her first house. The chambermaid afterwards told me that what she had said was true, that she had come there "an innocent." — The sous-maitresse said the same to me also. — "Have her, you will find her charming, she is fresh."

We talked thus for half an hour in the warm room. Her clitoris was a large one, and I had, with the usual restlessness of my hand when on a cunt, rubbed her clitoris continuously with my thumb. After I had fingered and satisfied my curiosity about the innermost parts of her sex, I ceased thumbing, tho laying hips touching, side by side, it was quite easy. — "Go on rubbing," said she. — "What, softly like that?" — "Yes, don't leave off." "Do you like it?" — "Yes." Replacing the thumb I rubbed on and we went on talking. She hadn't spent that night, once a night she always spent, and often twice, it depended on the man, she told me. — Soon after she leant her head on the pillow, then rose and sucked my prick for a minute, relinquished it, fell back, and saying "Go on," closed her eyes.

I watched her carefully, voluptuously curious, but not too much excited — for fucking alas, was not for me any more that night. I rubbed gently with my thumb a long time in unbroken silence. Then her breath shortened, her belly heaved, her thighs twitched and still she lay with eyes closed. "Quicker," said she, and laying hold of my thumb she placed it in a little lower down — quicker and harder I rubbed till her thighs and belly became agitated, that indescribable jogging, heaving, wriggling came on with sighing and murmuring soft sounds of pleasure. "Her — er. — He

— her" and clutching my prick, she subsided into quietness, and half sleep. Thus we lay without speaking some minutes, I looking, watching her tranquility, pleased at having given her a spend, voluptuous fatigue of body on me — mind tranquilly voluptuous. — "Aha

— a — a — a — a" — said she at last, with a prolonged sigh and rising. — "You haven't spent," said I. — "Yes yes — feel me — look." — Her cunt was running over with her juices it was wet outside as well as up — I saw, felt it, and was delighted. — "I never frigged a woman before with my thumb and lying in that attitude" I remarked. — She laughed. — "I've never been frigged so before — I did want it." — "Why?" "Don't know, seeing his prick in your mouth I think — I never saw a man do that to another. — Ah! polisson — it's not nice — a woman and a man may do anything to-gether — but two men — no 'tis villainous. — Ah! — I like it not." — "But it made you hot cunted." — "C'est vrai — mais," — and she shrugged her shoulders — other gay women have said the same.

There can be no indecency, or impropriety in women or men amusing themselves any way they like in private — objections arise from prejudice and custom. — Yet I was glad to get Eugene out of the room. It annoys me to think that I had him, as I write this — which is absurd. — What is the use of my philosophy if it leaves me thus minded.

A French lady of whom I shall tell nothing more — a lady lewed enough but not gay — told me that she thought the loveliest mouthful any woman could have, was a nice soft prick. That no woman and man ever lived together a year and loved each other, without the man putting his prick into her mouth, or that she could love him without sucking it — she didn't say let him spend in it. This has been told me by more than one French "dame galante," when I have been long intimate with them. The lady also said that no woman had enjoyed the sublimity of voluptuousness, till she'd been fucked by one man whilst she sucked and palated another's pego.

Mademoiselle A\*\*l\*e also — not quite gay — told me that the most voluptuous evening she ever passed was when the man who kept her brought home three male friends with him. All five stripped naked, she laid on the bed edge a man lying on each side of her and one kneeling over her head. Then her "mari," standing and tilting up her thighs, fucked her, whilst another's prick filled her mouth, and she f rigged the other two. Four pricks had she in keeping at once, one in her cunt — one in her mouth — and one in each hand. — Semiramis or Messalina could not well have had a much greater treat.

Every man fucked her that night, and all felt each other's tools — they were friends, and Frenchmen. All of them got drunk. — If true, I should like to have been one of the party. But was it true? I am quite pre-pared to believe that it was.

She said that she should never forget it, and would pay herself to get such a treat again. Her "mari" (who kept her) brought the men home with him from a club. Their principal regret was that there was not another woman. Her "marl" suggested that he should fetch another, but she wouldn't have it. She said — "Mon ami, respectez moi — je ne suis pas putain." I fucked that lady several times, she had a fancy for me. — [Ultimately she went to a French colony with a general officer. — She may be living now.]

Then I grew tired of the erotic spectacles, and of taking pleasure in lubricated channels, so resolved to go no more to them. — Many a day elapsed before I did.

Erotically maddening as the sights were, they were one and all with courtezans, with whom satisfying love and lust is a trade. — In my whole experience there I never saw a woman who was not a baudy Cyprian, and contrasting what I saw there with the snug house at \*\*\*\* St. where, years ago, Sarah F\*\*z\*r and I had our evenings and where at every other visit I saw love making with women not gay, but with servants and others of better class — I preferred the sights there to those at the lapunar.

A month later I was some hundreds of miles further south, through December and January, and all but chaste. One night I went to a circus, an hour after-wards met a woman in the streets, went home with her, and found her to be one of the circus riders, and a Spaniard. In a slovenly bedroom, in a little cot slept a child a year old. — A "love child," she said. — Doubting her and not recognizing her, she described the horse she rode. — The next night I saw her riding it. — All she got a night for her equestrian skill, she said, was five francs. — Her cunt I fancy paid her better. — I stripped her, she was shortish, plump, had an exquisite shape, and flesh solid as ivory, her face was handsome and pure Spanish. — What astonished me, was to find so much hair on motte, cunt and buttocks; four inches all round her anus was quite black with crisp, shortish hair which was not handsome to me but she seemed proud of it. — Tastes differ. — I fucked her and gave ten francs, for which I might have her again, she asked me to — I repeated this another night when I had seen her riding a white horse. — My God! and all that skill for five francs. — I wondered as she whirled round on the horse, now throwing this leg up, now that — if many there knew of her hirsute buttocks besides myself. — It pleased me to think about her cunt whilst she was riding.

[This reminds me, that perhaps the hairiest women whom I have had were Spanish. I've had them at two or three French border towns, in Paris, and several in Spain, and the cuntal regions of all were unusually hairy.]

## Vol. 10 Chapter VIII

**My heroic resolution. • The whore and the railway porter. • Against a viaduct. • Michael's prick and Michael using it. • On the early fucking of poor girls. • Another juvenile virgin. • Her antecedents and harloting sisters. • Her salacity and taste for minetting. • Nervous impotency again. • Virility restored. • Virginity ruptured. • Female pleasures at their first fucking. • On the way virginities are lost and won.**

It seems strange to myself, that tho I stopped in the City of \*\*\*\* on my return from the south, I kept away from the lapunar with the peephole — for once I kept to my resolve. — But I am tired, I suppose, of the spectacles which have so much delighted me. — Was this fatigue of travel, satiety — or age?

On my return I saw H, who was delighted, and the first afternoon spent with her in using my tongue, fingers and prick, left her tranquil enough for twenty-four hours at least. — Donkey prick she was getting very weary of, the other lover was still ill, her protector more loving than ever. — "Oh! I'm so glad to see you again and have some one to tell things to." — Tell she did, and I think all about her fuckings, cooking, Donkey prick's meanness, young Harry's lust, &s. — Then for the first time I think she wanted to borrow a trifle which she got as a gift instead of a loan — for she was delightful, with beauty, cleanliness, fine taste, wit and lasciviousness combined. [How rare that combination.]

Towards the end of February, on a dirty but warmish night for that month, I visited an old relative in the suburbs, and went there by a loop line of railway which had not been opened long. I met there with a little ad-venture, being I suppose always on the look out and un-able to resist a grope of a warm cunt, whenever I got the opportunity of groping comfortably.

The station in the suburb led out of a wide long road about a tenth of a mile from a main metropolitan thoroughfare.- On my return I found I was three-quarters of an hour too early, so loitered about the road, smoking and thinking, I noticed at length two women, unmistakably harlots of a middling class. Quite in my youth I had many times fucked in that very road when there were only oil lamps there and against fences enclosing field and strawberry grounds. There were more houses about the road now, yet on both sides of the station road and viaduct, there were still large fields, and from the road which led up to the station was another — just before reaching it — which passed under the viaduct, connecting with a farm road and was altogether between fields, and led to a farm house.

After a time chatting, I gave the women a shilling apiece to feel their cunts,, tho this was in the main road. Then said one, — "Why don't you have me? Let's go on the other side of the viaduct and nobody will see us — we are very often done there." There I went with one, promising another shilling for an uninterrupted grope, it seemed a pleasant way of passing the time. I soon stood besides her having passed into the farm road, the night was quite dark, not a light was in that road, but a little light was shed down from the station platform above our heads, tho not sufficient to distinguish features by. Having pulled her petticoats up to her waist, I felt her bum and belly everywhere. She piddled over my fingers, felt my tool, and I was satisfied, tho my cock was stiffening as she left off.

As I first had seen her standing outside the station door, I now said I wondered they didn't prevent her. She laughed. — They wouldn't interfere, why should they? — she knew the porters'-and they knew her. — "They fuck you?" — "Both on em — I let em it keeps them square." — Then I heard that the porters had their pleasure with her up against the viaduct, just when we were standing, — my fingers still twisting her cunt ringlets. — "I'll give five shillings to see one fuck you," said I impetuously as the idea came suddenly on me. "Will you? all right, wait till the next train's gone

and I'll fetch one." "But I'll feel him first." — "Oh. I don't know about that." — "I'll give him half a crown, and it's all in the dark." — It was so dark that I could scarcely see her face. "I'll ask — one I think would, but I don't know about the other — here's the train."

A bell rang, the train moved in and moved off, she went when the passengers had gone off up to the station door, and I standing far off by the archway, after a time saw her talking to a man. Then she came to me. He'd be there as soon as he could, and we were to keep there in the dark. Finding I had ten shillings in silver in my purse, I put it into my greatcoat pocket ready — refusing to pay her beforehand as she asked me — then pulled my coat collar high up round my neck, and put on a comforter to hide my face as much as I could. — We stood talking about the porter and his prick, — which was a good big one she told me, that he was married and was named Michael. — Soon after, a big strongly built male form came under the arch to us. — He was evidently anxious not to be known and said he wouldn't fuck if I didn't go further off. I refused, and tho nervous had screwed up my determination to feel him when fucking her, or wouldn't pay. I told her this when she had come to me, he standing with his face to the viaduct. She, fearing the loss of five shillings, went and persuaded him energetically. "Come along old man, yer didn't mind when the farmer passed the other night," I heard. Then I guessed from her movements she was feeling his cock. He had pulled his cap well over his eyes and kept himself turned to-wards her, and I kept at the back of him not wishing to be known or to know him. In the darkness there was but little probability of future recognition of each other.

All was silent, I approached and supposed he was obdurate spite of her manipulation of his doodle. "Feel my pussy," I guessed by the movement that she'd lifted her clothes, and for a minute again all as quiet. — Then

—"There — isn't it stiff — put it in." — I closed on him, — she'd her back against the brick piers. "Let me feel it first, and I'll give you the half crown," I mumbled. "Let him feel it Mick — don't be a fool." — I closed to his back, he'd made no reply — put my hand round and grasped a prick as stiff as a poker, then felt his balls. — She moved her hand away from them to let me — he turned his head sideways from me, whilst I manipulated his prick for a minute in slence. — My own prick then stiffened, throbbed sensuously, I longed to fuck her myself, and next to see him do it. The old letch for a lubricated cunt came' \ thrilling.

"Put it up her" mumbled I, my hand having roved up and down his prick for a minute or so. In a second he was oscillating his rump, was fucking her rapidly, heeding me not now as again going to his side, my hand stole between them till I grasped his balls, and the come and go of his rod in her cunt was perceptible, — then Michael murmured, sighed, and spent. From the moment he began ramming her till he'd spent he seemed to think of nothing,, never uttered a sound — tho still he leaned his head over her left shoulder so that I couldn't see his face, — which was just what I wanted.

Ere he'd withdrawn his prick from its cosy lodging, I drew to his back again and put out the half crown, saying so. He took it with his left hand, and the next second suddenly and without turning round to see me — without uttering a word, — ran off quickly under the viaduct, and was out of sight in a second. The woman laughed. — I gave her the five shillings and felt her overflowing lubricious quim. I now was trembling with lust. — "Oh I'd like to fuck you." — "All right, put it in." — "I'm frightened." — "You need not be." — "I'm a married man." — "So is he." — I wonder I re-strained myself for my prick was throbbing with lust, but groping the lubricious receptacle, thinking of the solid prick which had spent in it, and God knows what other voluptuous reminiscences, I let her frig me, spent on the ground, and then pissed over my fingers to purify them.

She was squatting, washing her cunt with her own piddle — when "that's your train." — I wouldn't go by it fearing to see the porter, tho I'd never seen his face nor he mine, said I should go by cab and miss the train I'd been waiting for. "I must go," said she, "I nearly always get a friend by this train." — "And you fuck here?" — "Generally — sometimes we go further up the lane, there's a fence all

the way to the farm — if you wait here you'll see us at it." We both moved into the station road, I waited by the arch, but she got no friend. Then I led her to a lamp in the main road to see her face, and found her really a good looking young woman. Surprised, I wondered she didn't take men to a house. — "So I do if they'll come, and there is a nice one seven minutes from here, but they're generally in such a hurry." — I was interested, so gave her another half crown for a chat. She'd done well since the station was opened — had two or three men each night there — was rarely, five minutes with any of them — they did her, and often got to the station just as the train stopped there.

One middle-aged man who had had her several times, came usually by the train just come, he waited till all was clear, then rapidly went under the archway, she following him. When he'd fucked her he went off quickly, she never moved off for some minutes, so as to pre-vent any suspicions about his little game, he'd arranged it so.

Strange desire to see that porter came over me, I checked it for a day or two, but four or five evenings afterwards took a ticket by train to that station and waited there. There were two porters, but I couldn't identify my man, the two being in form so much alike. I kept there wandering about, till the station master asked me why I was waiting — I told him for some one who'd come by next train. Soon after he called a porter, another said. "He wants you Mick," and he I believe whose prick I had felt, came — I stared at him, but he evidently had no recollection of me. He was a fine strapping fellow of about thirty-five. I'd have given a sovereign to have seen and felt his prick again. It delighted me to know that I'd felt it and seen him fucking, and that he hadn't a notion that I had done so.

[I wonder at myself — wonder if many men in this metropolis have had such out of the way letches — and adventures.]

[Then again came the chance of a youthful virginity, and a singular illustration of the effect of nervousness upon me, mentally and physically. So identical were the nervous phenomena, so similar all circumstances attending that defloration to what took place about six months ago, that the narrative seems even to me, like a reproduction of an old event clothed in new language. But it is not so. As each of the two incidents occurred, the same or the next day it was written down. I do not dwell on my nervous sufferings, but they were pain-fully great, I was a psychological study to myself for some time after the event.

[All circumstances attending the deflorating this lass are evidence that most poor girls are fucked before they are sixteen. It is immaterial who does it, but they will be fucked. — She is quite as willing to have it done, as he to do it, and probably it is the female who incites the male (unwittingly perhaps) following simply the law of nature — quite as much as the male incites the female to the pleasure. What rot then this talk about male seduction, when it is nature which seduces both. Equally absurd also the sentimental bosh about young virgins being bought and sold. The results to the girl are the same whether she is fucked for money or love

— or if the term be liked better — for lust. A prick up her she will have before she's sixteen. She will have her sexual pleasure, paid or unpaid for it. The poor alone are philosophical in amatory matters.]

H. was impecunious, and having made money by the lass whose virginity I took last spring, I shall always think put this temptation in my way for further profit.

— I found there one day a little servant about fourteen years old, fairly pretty, sprightly and pleasing, and thought I should like to investigate her privates as soon as I set eyes on her. — H. said the lass was daughter of a sea coast man, and had two sisters gay, had been stopping with one in London who had let her see men fuck her. "She won't be long before she has it." She had found out that this girl frigged herself. — I suppose all girls of fourteen do — and wanted to be fucked, knew all about it, had said so. — H. and she had already looked at each other's cunts — women like doing that — and she had frigged the girl who was "virgo intacta" — warranted. "If you don't have her some one will soon, her sister won't let her stop here she'll make money out of her, and if not

the girl will let some man fuck her." — "I'll have her" said I, and began courting the lass.

Soon after, H said she'd have nothing to do with it, but still she would not hinder me. I reminded her of what she'd told me. — She replied, that certainly the girl would have a man soon somehow, or somewhere, for she was so lewed and curious, that a little per-suasion would get her. — H's change of front, her object in holding back now, was not very clear to me, but felt sure she'd like to see me fuck the lass for bawdy pleasure if for nothing else. Telling her so, she laughed and said she should.

That day I kissed the slut, gave her a trifling present, and felt up to her navel. She let me readily, even seemed complimented by my attention. — H. was present. — "There's no hair on your dear little cunt." "Not yet," she replied — I had then one of those long exciting preliminary, bawdy, inductive conversations, — so very delicious with an unpoked girl, and equally delicious to her. — "You know what fucking is, don't you my darling?" — "No," said she hanging her head and looking confused — "What a lie," said H. — "You've seen gentlemen doing it to your sister." — "Oh" said the lass. At length she confessed it. Then I felt freely all about her hidden charms, my hands roved up and down, I insinuated a finger between her thighs closed tightly, but it rubbed between the lips of the groove, and brought away the female aroma. Ah me how nice is the smell of cunt, which some fools say isn't nice. — She was sitting on my knee, I wanted to see her naked but that she refused, I pulled up her clothes, she pushed them down, whining. H. winked at me. "Your cunt smells so nice," said I. — "You're a nasty man" she replied, coloring up and looking at H.

"Let me another day, dear." Then as customary, I gave money to buy shoes and stockings. Having felt her till my cock was restive, I began caressing H\*\*\* "Come and look at your mistress' cunt." — H. favored me, for our conversation had made her lewed, she turned on to the bed and about, and let me look at her cunt. Then the girl after a little persuasion felt H's cunt. — We had wine, I gamahuched H., the girl got tight with the drink and also gamahuched her, then I again made H. spend and again with my lingual titillation until she was well-nigh exhausted with spending, and then fucked her twice at the side of the bed, letting the girl see my prick go in and out, and I taught her to play with my balls. — Never had a lass seen so much I think in about three hours. We had a deliciously bawdy treat, and at the end half screwed, laughingly she admitted that she too should like to be fucked. Odd if she hadn't, for her modesty had gone to the winds, had been going before she came to H. and our talk and acts would have made the coldest virgin randy, and her cunt hot and reeking with lubricious juices. — This girl in whose eyes was lust, who kissed me again and again when I left — tho still resisting a look at her privates — was dying to let me, tho I left without doing it.

Next visit, H. told me that since my absence, she had been gamahuched by the lass who loved doing it, and she'd again frigg'd the lass who was longing to be fucked. — "Give her a sovereign, and she will let you." — So I began kissing and coaxing her, but she had such a bad cold in her head and wanted her pocket handkerchief so often, that she was unpleasant to me, so much so that desire for her was chilled, I never could bear a snotty-nosed female.

I tried to evoke my lust by a frig and other devices uselessly. I thought of my impotence with the former little lass and fear came over me of similar trouble. I fancied my prick shrunk, felt it and whispered to H. "I shall not be able to fuck her I'm sure." — "Nonsense, don't think so — can't you fuck me three times nearly every time you come to see me? — Why can't you fuck her then? — Nonsense — don't think about it" — was H.'s reply. But it was so — the result of the girl's bad cold in the first place, and then a fearful, ridiculous nervousness, thro thinking about my former frigidity.

Next visit she had neat stockings and shoes on — my gift. — "Let's look at your little cunt, darling." — H. had prepared her for the request, and the girl got slowly on to the bed. "Pull up your clothes," said I, liking to see her do that. — With hesitation slowly up she pulled them, — "Higher darling" but she stopped, and I pulled her chemise up above her navel. I was enraptured with breaking down her modesty, with making a supposed virgin expose herself so much. Then I looked long and lasciviously. She was a nice little creature, not plump but not bony, nor did I feel any prominences as I ran my hand over her from her nascent bobbies to her thighs. Then dropping on



my knees by the bedside, I opened wide her thighs and saw the delicate pink grove. All was well washed and sweet — H. took care of that.

I gloated on the pretty cunt. Not a hair discolored the creamy colored lips, nor interfered with the view of the little flaps and clitoris which were just showing. There was the hymen closed all but a little hole, a perforation into which I cautiously inserted my little finger, at which she winced. All was so pink, so rosy, so delicate, that restraining myself no longer and removing my finger, I put my tongue to it; throwing her thighs over my arms and placing my hands under her little bum, I licked her cunt furiously. For so long a time I had licked no cunt excepting those of which the thatch tickled my nose — the well-haired cunt of H.'s mostly — that this was a delicious novelty and the rosy-tinted, sweet virgin quim licking gave me voluptuous delight — H. stood by with her soft bawdy eyes enjoying the sight. I licked till my tongue ached, the lass enjoying it, showing no life excepting an occasional twitch of her thighs, or an involuntary slight heave of her little backside — I can't say if she spent or not. — She told H. that she did. Then I left off and gamahuched H. till she was wild with de-light, and sobbed out when spending — as she does also when she's fucking. — "Fuck — oho — aha — ahar — spunk." — She and I always indulge thus and stimulate our passion. She pushed me away just as her salt spendings reached my tongue, she always either clutches or pushes my head furiously when her spend is on.

Then I laid the lass along the bed, she seeming joyous at it, and told her that the tongue could not give her the pleasure that a prick could, and so did H. "Its fifty times greater than sucking or frigging gives you dear — let me put this into your cunt." — "Shall I?" — said she to H. "Do what you like," was the reply.

I mounted her, but my prick fell flapping against the pretty cunt. Three minutes before, I was stiff to bursting, now not a bit of strength was in it. The girl and H. had both felt it stiff as a ramrod — now it was a bit of pendant gristle. — I rubbed, thrust and rubbed the tip up against the virgin slit, pinched it and squeezed it, shook it, but all was useless. — Off I got, placed H. against the bed with rump towards me, and a few pushes up her invigorating quim stiffened it enough to have gone thro a street door. — With the moisture of her dear cunt on it, again I put it against the little virgin cunt — Down it then drooped again. I tried it again but all was useless, then weary and ashamed I gave it up after half an hour trial. — After some wine and talk I turned H.'s rump to me, and "a levrette" fucked and spent in her. — No difficulty had I in the lovely avenue of that delicious stimulating creature.

I had put the lass so that she could see our copulation, see that I was stiff and had-spent. H. then herself fingered the little one's cunt, and once inserted a tip of a finger. I got the lass to see my prick as it came out of the gruelly quim, but my cock wouldn't stand to her, and I left annoyed, telling her she'd not get her present, till I had left her quim as wet with my spendings as H\*1\*n's was. — "Ain't I doing as you told me," said she to H\*1\*n -- in an anxious tone. — "Certainly, it's not your fault."

"Never mind, he'll do you next time," said H. — but the next time — a couple of days after — was only a repetition. I could not fuck her, tho the girl helped me, twisted and turned like an eel, as I told her. Yet again H. drew out my sperm easily. — What witchery was on me? — I stayed away longer, and when I went felt strong—that I should succeed. There was the little ready lass a virgin still, as closely I investigated and satisfied myself — randy lass tho she was. — We all three stripped and began amorous tricks. — "You'll do her today" said H. feeling my prick. — I put the little one on the side of the bed. — "Should you like to be fucked dear." — "Oh I should — so — like — to be fucked," — said she, emphasising her words just as written. Strong desire was in every word, and in every look of the little dear face — surely never was a young virgin more determined to taste the male — it seems incredible almost as I write it, but such was the result — largely of H.'s teaching — who laughed. "Since you were here she and Phil have been in bed with me, he Rucking me — haven't you?" — "Oh yes." — Nothing more was said — the lass kissed my prick — I licked and wetted the virgin quim, there was the unbroken virginity. "Hurrah!" my prick was hot and stiff, I felt her, brought her to the edge of the bed, put her legs up against my chest, and nervously

agitated, lodged my prick against her notch and pushed. — "Does that hurt you?" — "A little." — I thrust again. — "Oho" — she gently sobbed as another prick thrust told — and she winced and her bum drew back. — A few more short pushes and I felt the barrier give way, felt my prick tearing it open, then in it glided easily up the smooth canal, till her womb stopped it. — Glorifying, I felt my prick fully sheathed. "Feel it H\*1\*n" — I cried. — "I'm up her" — H. felt it. — "She's got it." — The girl put down her hand and felt at my request my prick stem hidden in her cunt. — "Is it nice love?" — "Oh yes," she whispered. — Then taking my time, with long steady thrusts and withdrawals, so that every inch of her vagina could feel the friction, I fucked till at length hot spunk gushed into her copiously, and the sweet little lass spent with me. — Long time I kept it up her, triumphing, looking at her contented face, then out came my prick slobbered and blood streaked. — Her cunt was bleeding slightly and letting out my sperm, as she lay still in dreamy voluptuousness, satisfied, bewildered with her new pleasure, her reeking cunt soothed and gratified by my sperm, and so she lay, thighs apart with her legs hanging down seemingly happy, till told to get up and wash. — H\*1\*n stood looking — speechless.

Never was a virginity at last taken with greater ease or luxury than hers, never was a girl more anxious to lose it. She washed her cunt under H\*1\*n's directions, and the basin full of water got red. Again I looked at her quim which would not stop bleeding. — "Yes I liked it," said she, and that was much nicer than frigging herself, that she was glad she had been fucked. She kissed me as if she wished her lips to eat into mine — did the young, hot-cunted loving slut, whose willingness for fucking was remarkable.

I have often heard women say that until their second or third poke, they had no pleasure with a man, that they believed few if any enjoyed the first. — H\*1\*n seemed even to have that belief, but her two young ones both spent at their first fuck. I'll swear I have known full grown virgins fetched by my gristly rammer, the first time it was put up them, and that their pleasure followed the slight pain which the splitting gives. I in-cline to the belief that breaking thro the hymen really gives very little pain. I know as much about it as most men, and am sure that many a virgin spends with her first fuck. — What astonished me was that I had again the same temporary impotency I'd had with the other young servant — one of H\*1\*n's — some months before. I believe it was thinking of my difficulty with the first one which unmanned me with this girl, and my failing in the first attempt on her — I feared it would be so the moment nervousness set in, and so it was. It was not want of sperm, for I fucked H\*1\*n easily enough when I couldn't fuck Nancy.

It is needless to tell more about this amour, the only novelty was in opening up her quim to masculine pleasure. She soon left H\*1\*n and took to whoring with her sister, who had also her cunt plugged before she was fourteen. H\*\*\* was no doubt right when she said that some one was sure to fuck the lass soon. Harlot she wanted to be and was. Whether a girl in her condition of life has it at fourteen, or postpones it till sixteen, the end is the same, she merely has two years more frigging instead of fucking. Physically and morally which is the worst — or best? — Both are natural and according to some notions improper — to talk, think or write about copulation, or to do anything with our genitals is always highly improper to some people. — Yet we were created with cock and cunt, and sperm, for that alone, live indeed for that alone. — All males and females think and talk about it constantly and fuck as much as they can. — "How improper," say some fools and humbugs. This law of nature will make them fuck without permission of priest, registrar, or law, for the multiplication of the species comes about by this very improper act, called fucking.

[Thinking over this episode — one day I wrote the following about "Virginites."

[How much alike is all this amatory work, varying only broadly in the preliminaries, — less and less in de-tail as familiarity increases. — How soon the time comes when full opportunity occurs. — Introduction civilities, liking, and then desire springs up in the man or woman, or both. It is contagious. — Then cautious advances of the man, tentative remarks, almost instinctive at times - - at other times designed. Pride in the man's attentions and flattery soothes the woman, and the road to surrender is paved. In him now lust rises, hope springs up, then come warmer and suggestive

words. — Were not man and woman made to give each other pleasure? — how many give each other pleasure in secret — the world knows nothing of it, — it's easy enough to accomplish. — Why not we? — to kiss, to cuddle, how sweet to both — how lovely is the touch of naked flesh with naked flesh — nice even when palm meets palm but only to be fully tasted when in bed. — "Let us." — "Oh! fie! — I don't know what you mean. — Oh! how rude you are" — and she blushes, tries to look offended, yet half smiles with downcast eyes.

[She liked to hear these hints — suggestions of conjugality and its pleasure — tho she forbids. Luxurious thoughts now arise, chasing each other thro her brain. Is it more pleasure than frigging herself, she thinks. — Desires — complicated at first by such thoughts and fears and prudence, arise. Ah! a thrill passes through her, starting from her centre of bliss. Again and again that voluptuous thrill, — that half faint feeling as her cunt again sends forth those carnal waves of desire, desire not precise in its wants but indefinite, softly languishing. — Lust with its soothing, brain stealing voluptuous sensations, is working her body and soul for its end, and she thinks of fucking. They look into each other's eyes, male instinct tells him of her carnal wants, and his lust burns fiercely.

[Then further talk and broader hints of the sweets of connection — two joined in one. A pressure of the palms, a kiss, a hug round the waist — closer together they now, limbs meeting, their warmth of flesh mingling. Does lustful aroma issue from one or from both as prick and cunt inflame. — French writers say it does and steeps the senses, and deadens prudence. — Certainly never does woman's flesh smell to me so sweetly, so excitingly as now — her lustful aromas rise from neck, and armpits, from the hair of her head issues sexual perfume. Then acts follow words. — "Let me. — What a lovely ankle." — "Oh! take your hand away." — up steals his hand above the garter and the warm soft flesh of thigh is felt. — Up starts his prober hard as horn, lustful — heated pulsations moving it: It nods with lust. — A thrust of hand — a cry. — "Oh — don't." — A struggle and his fingers touch her clitoris. — "Oh! now. — Leave off — I'll scream." — But his finger keeps there. — "Ah — oho — what a shame." — The struggle is over, her voice sinks lower to a whining murmur — no screech follows the threat. — Both murmur softly now, "let me." — "No." — "I won't hurt you — let me fuck you." — "No." — His hand goes further back below the clitoris, touches the portcullis of her womb, and then she struggles hard!. — All useless, maiden.

[The invasion is complete — the titillation tells and enervates. She has voluptuous delight, mental and physical, in his fingers laying between the lips of the soft lubricious orifice. Tho with a few struggles she says, "don't." — Out comes his flaming prick — her hand feebly refusing at first soon grasps the throbbing rigidity. — Lust now overwhelms them both — unconscious, blind agents almost, working out are they their share in the great scheme of generation. — Instinct, restless are his fingers till she yields, falls back, refusing all the time yet helplessly is yielding. Up he lifts the curtains of her nudity. A kiss on the white soft belly whilst the aroma of the avenue makes him reel with fierce desire. In a second his prick touches it. — Thrust — Thrust, throb — "ahrr — oh don't — you hurt." — He is full up her, his balls touch her buttocks, her cunt tightens, then spends from every pore. "Aharr — my darling," and his sperm jets into her. — Soft broken murmurs die away into silence, their limbs are still now in the exhaustion of pleasure — the deed is done — nature is satisfied — the object of creation attained. — Thus are virginities taken. — Ex uno disce omnes — variations in time and according to age, and place, and hour, and opportunity — some quicker — some shorter in progress, — but the end the same — always the same. — Nature will have it so. — Ex uno disce omnes. — 'We were fucked for — born to fuck in our turn — to beget others to fuck. — Ex uno disce omnes. As in the beginning, now and ever it will be — Fucking.]

## Vol. 10 Chapter IX

**A small cunt on the Derby day. • Under a portico at midnight. • The brothel afterwards. • A harlot's history. • On cunts generally. • Nationalities of the women I have fucked. • The beauty of cunts. • Their fucking qualities. • Ignorance on this head. • Ages of the women I have fucked. • How the sight of cunts affects men. • Physiognomy of cunts. • Their classification.**

A month or more after I had the little virgin at H.'s, at past midnight of the Derby day when the street was unusually quiet after the day's festivities, I who had supped with friends on our return, walked along \* \* \* \* \*. A short neat-looking girl approached, evidently not in-tending to notice me, I was heated with food, wine, and the day's outing, the idea of a free and easy cunt being at hand roused my passions, and I accosted her. "Where are you going, my dear?" "Why home of course." — We stopped, talked, and in a few seconds "Let me feel your cunt and I'll give you a shilling." — She looked up and down the silent street. — "Be quick then." — We turned up a street still quieter, with large handsome houses with porticos, beneath one of which my hand was soon round her bum and a finger — after a general feel over the soft surface of her sexual gap — was up the male receptacle. — After a minute's groping. — "What a tight cunt you've got, how old are you?" I asked. "Turned seventeen." Then many questions and answers in a quiet tone, whilst still my hand roved about the slippery surface of the red opening, ever and anon a finger gliding in and out of the juicy folds, then frigging the little soft proturbance where the belly divides. — "Why, it's like a girl's of fourteen." — "So they say," — and further answers. — "Some men like it, some don't. — No I haven't had it tonight, worse luck." — Then indignantly. — "A park woman? that I ain't." — Then I heard she'd been to the races in a chaise with her sister and husband and his brother, and had had a jolly evening. — The brother was "on night watch for a fortnight and obliged to leave" — "or he'd have had me — ain't you curious? — No I've just piddled and can't do it — no I won't try — that will do — oh leave off — I must get home."

Her bum waggling, she drew it back and dislodged me, — "You'll make me want it," said she as my fin-gers again moved about her quim. Soon after, — "Let me feel yours?" She felt my trowsers at the proper spot, I looked up and down the silent street, saw no one and produced my shaft. "Aha — it's stiff." — I was red hot now by desire for the little quim, and we felt each other restlessly, until — "Why don't you have me?" — "Do you want it?" — "I just do — oh you'll fetch me — don't" — and again she dislodged my fin-gers as her bum wagged with lustful thrills.

That brought me to my senses, and tho my pego throbbled I paid her. — "If I'd had that before I'd rode home — there — why don't you do me?" — "We shall be seen." — "We shan't" — "I've no more money, I've lost all betting." — "So have I — do it — come close to the door — we shan't be noticed." — "I've no money, I tell you." — "Never mind — do me." — I thought for a second hesitating but wanting her badly. — "Here's half a crown. — Now don't let me if you're not sure you're quite well." — She pocketed the money. — "I'm all right, I never was ill in my life," — and she went up another step, and set her back against the side of the porch which just there was walled. She was short but a willing cock and cunt will help each other to the great act of nature. — Soon I was up to my balls in her, and we fucked ourselves into Elysium. — What a grip her cunt gave as my lubricious emulsion throbbled into it.

There we stood coupled till we heard the heavy foot-steps of a constable in the distance, then uncunting, we walked off laughing to the main road. "You wanted it." — "I just did." — "If he hadn't come we'd have done it again." — "Yes, we'll go back," said the girl. — We stood talking till the policeman appeared and went far away. Then "Come back," said she. We went to another portico, I felt her gluey quim, she frigged me — just then a clock struck one. — "I must go." — "You'll do it in a minute," said the randy-cunted lass frigging my cock hard — but I was for reasons obliged rapidly to go, I'd no idea it was so late. Altho I've had no special liking for tight cunts —

quite the contrary once — there is no accounting for a letch, and as my prick pistoned her, the sheath had seemed so exquisite in its lubricity, that I asked her to meet me another night. She lived much further off, knew no house there, but she'd be with me. I must pay her. — I didn't much expect she'd keep her word, but gave her five shillings, promising another five if she'd be at a place named. Three days after she came and I had her. She was a slim, well made, fairly good looking young strumpet, and had very clean under linen. Her cunt nymphae, was lovely to look at and perhaps the tight-est cunt I ever had in a girl of her age. I fucked her twice, then frigged her, and sent her away contented. As I felt up her cunt, it seemed as if no prick could get into it — but cunt is a distendible article.

We had champagne, and her tongue loosened. Laughing heartily "I did want it just when you felt me, I'd wanted it all the evening, I've never been felt in the street before. — Toni forgot the time and distance, so went off suddenly or he'd lost his place." — He'd in-tended to have her but things went wrong, there had been words through drink. "So I was athinking of it when I met you." She was fifteen and a half when first fucked for about half a dozen times, then for a year never had it again, then she wouldn't let her mother "keep her under" any longer, and she'd been "regular gay" two months. — "I don't let the people about us know that, — when I goes out I never goes near mother." — I got her address, but never used it.

Then I fell ill, and during that time wrote the following essay on cunts. — I intended to destroy it, be-cause it is no part of the narrative of my secret life, but reserved it at last.

In my travels in various parts of the globe, I have never failed to have the women of the various countries passed through, as well as many of the women of the provinces, countries, and nationalities, which in some cases make together what is called an Empire. Thus women of Croatia, Styria and Dalmatia, and those of Vienna and Pesth, altho all belonging to the Austrian empire, are of absolutely different physical types. — A Dalcarlian and a woman of Gottenburg differ greatly, yet both are of the Swedish kingdom. — In Great Britain, the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh are of different types, and there is even a great difference in face and form between a Yorkshire and Devonshire woman -- both English.

I have tasted the sexual treasures of all these fair creatures in their capital cities, and many of their large towns; not only in Europe, but in lands and countries away over many oceans. I have sought abroad variety in races and breeds at the best lapunars, where they keep women of different nationalities to suit the tastes and languages of travellers. Thus I have had women of all parts of the world, and from parts in which I have not set foot. They may differ in face, form, and color, but all fuck much in the same manner, their endearments, tricks and vices are nearly the same, yet I found great charm in the variety, and always voluptuous delight in offering the homage of my priapus to a woman of a type or nationality unknown to me.

Looking thro diaries and memoranda, I find that I have had women of twenty-seven different empires, kingdoms or countries, and eighty or more different nationalities, including every one in Europe except a Laplander. I have stroked Negress, Mulatto, Creole, Indian half breeds, Greek, Armenian, Turk, Egyptian, Hindu, and other hairless-cunted ones, and squaws of the wild American and Canadian races. — I am but \* \* \* \* \* years old, and the variety I have had astonishes me. May I live to have further selection, and increase the variety of my charmers.

I have had of course women in most parts of the United Kingdom, but fewer Irish women than others; having generally found them the lowest, baudiest, foulest-tongued, blarneying, lying, cheating, as well as the dirtiest of all the harlots I ever had.

[In the manuscript the names of the various places where I had the women, together with dates were mostly set forth, but to do so here would disclose too much.]

I have probably fucked now — and I have tried care-fully to ascertain it — something like twelve hundred women, and have felt the cunts of certainly three hundred others of whom I have seen a hundred and fifty naked. My acquaintance with the others beginning and ending mostly in the

streets, with the delicate operation of what is called stink-fingering. Many incidents connected with these fugitive sexual amusements have been briefly described already, and on revision I find but few others worth noticing, tho some of them at the time struck me as novel. I expect that for the most part they were but such, as every man who with an amorous temperament has behaved in his secret life much as I have done, has met with. So to the flames with these short histories of amatory, fingering, &c. &c.

My sense of the beautiful in all things, which makes me now more than ever look to form in a woman more than to face, has shewn to me distinct beauty in some cunts compared with others. For many years — tho perhaps it did not absolutely determine my selection of the woman at first, I still must have been conscious of it — it must in a degree have determined afterwards, whether I had the woman a second night or not (gay women). Altho the reasons why I selected the lady for the second night's amusement are mixed and difficult to analyze, my recollection dwells pleasantly on those women whose cunts pleased me by their look, whilst the externals of those whose slits lacked attraction and looked ugly to me, I think of even now with some dislike. For years past this perception of the physiognomy of cunts has been ripening by experience and reflection, and now when I lift a woman's chemise, my first impulse is to see if her cunt is pretty or not.

I have in fact become a connoisseur in cunts, tho probably my taste in that female article is not that of other men. There are perhaps many who would call those cunts ugly, which I call handsome, and vice versa just as they might differ from me about what is beautiful in form, face or color of a woman; and even about her style of fucking, her manners, language, or other particulars.

Not only is beauty, or want of beauty, to be seen in the externals of a cunt, but it is to be noticed when the fringed covers are opened. Many a woman looks well enough as she lies on a bed with thighs nearly closed, and the triangle of hair — be its color what it may — shadowing the top of the rift which forms her sex at the bottom of her belly, but whose vulva looks plain enough, seen when the outworks are opened wide, and large nymphae growing from a clitoris protrude, and the opening to the avenue of love looks large and ragged. — Other cunts with small delicate inner lips, which merge into the general surface before they reach the small looking opening at the lower end, are pretty, and invite the entry of the prick beneath the little nubbly red clitoris. — The charm of color also enters into the effect. The delicate pink coral tint of a very youthful virgin, is much more pleasing than the deep bluish carmine — the color of many matured, well fucked, or well frigg'd quims, or of those which have let through them several infants.

The saying that every woman is the same in the dark, is the saying of ignorance. It implies that every cunt gives equal pleasure, an error which I think I have ex-posed before, and combatted with several men. The pleasures which cunts give men in coition vary greatly. Scores of women I never seem to have properly entered or enjoyed. In some my prick seemed lost, in others felt an obstruction. In some it seemed to move irregularly, meeting obstacles here and there, as if the cunt resisted its probing, or when a snug place was found for the tip — wherein lies all male pleasure — at the next thrust it was lost and difficult to find again. Up others my prick has struck their end before half its length was sheathed in it. Sometimes a pretty looking little orifice leads to a capacious tube inside, and is wanting in gentle pressure on the prick when within its folds. I have had some women, up whose cunts I have thrust a finger by the side of my pego when with-in it, tho it was swollen to full size, and seemed large enough to fill any cunt, and yet the vagina seemed a cavern to it.

There are cunts which fit me to perfection, in which my prick revels in voluptuous delight, from the moment it enters till it leaves it; in which it cannot go wrong, whether lying quiescently within its warm lubricious folds, whether the thrusts be long or short, quick or slow. Such cunts make me feel that I have an angel in my embraces. Others do their work of coition uncomfortable, making me almost glad when the orgasm is over, and leaving me indifferent to the woman when my prick leaves her. What my experience is, must be that of others.

I have either fucked, felt, or seen the cunts of a child in its cradle, and those of females of all ages

between six and fifty, have seen them of all sizes and developments, and in color from pale coral to mulberry crimson — I have seen those bare of hair, those with but hairy stubble, those with bushes six inches long, and covering them from bum bone to navel. It might have been expected that I was satiated, that all curiosity, all charm in this female attribute had gone from me.

Nevertheless the sight of this sexual organ pleases me as much as ever, sometimes I think more. Little intrinsic beauty as it may have, little as it may add — artistically considered, — to the beauty of the female form in those parts wherein it is set. — Nay, altho at times I may have thought it ugly in a beautiful woman, it has still a charm, which makes me desire to see the cunt of every young female I meet.

This is the reflex in the brain of the joy that the penetration of the cunt has given me, of the intense mental and physical pleasure of fucking, pleasure which for the time makes the plainest woman adorable, and her cunt a gem which the mines of Golconda cannot match. There is no more exquisite, voluptuously thrilling sight, than that of a well formed woman sitting or lying down naked, with legs closed, her cunt hidden by the thighs, and only indicated by the shade from the curls of her motte, which thicken near to the top of the temple of Venus as if to hide it. Then as her thighs gently open and the gap in the bottom of her belly opens slightly with them, the swell of the lips show, the delicate clitoris and nymphae are disclosed, the enticing red tint of the whole surface is seen, and all is fringed with crisp, soft, curly, shiny hair, whilst around all is the smooth ivory flesh of belly and thighs, making it look like a jewel in a case. Man's eyes can never rest on a sweeter picture.

Then as the thighs widen for man's embrace, and the cunt shows itself in all its length and breadth, red and glistening with moisture and lust, all seen but the lower end where lies the entrance for the prick, which is partly closed by the ivory buttocks, and seems of a darker red, by the shade in which it lies, telling of the secrecy and profundity of the tube which the prick is to fathom, and in which it enters, stiffens, throbs, emits, and shrinks out whilst its owner almost faints with the pleasure it receives and gives, is there aught in this wide world which is comparable to a cunt? How can any man cease to have curiosity, desire, and a charm in it?

At such moments my brain whirls with visions of beauty and of pleasure, past, present, and to come. My eyes embrace the whole region from anus to navel, the cunt seems invested with seraphic beauty and its possessor to be an angel. Thus even now I can gaze on cunts with all the joy of my youth, and even tho I have seen fourteen hundred, long to see fourteen hundred more.

Of the physiognomy of cunts, and of their pleasure-giving capabilities, perhaps I know as much as most men. Physiognomically they may be divided into five classes, but a cunt may partake of the characteristics of one, two, or more, and particularly in respect of development, of clitoris and nymphae. I classify them as follows. — Clean-cut cunts. — Clean-cut with stripes. — Lipped with flappers. — Skinny lipped. — Full lipped — and Pouters.

Clean-cut cunts. — Are those resembling a cut through an orange; the flesh on each side is full, thick, swelling up, turning inwards slightly, and forming a fattish pad rather than lips, altho a tendency to the form of lips may be seen. Neither clitoris nor nymphae are seen in some, tho in all the flesh seems reddening as the sides turn inwards and meet, showing the slightest coral stripe, a mere hint of the red surface inside. This sort of cunt is most beautiful in girls up to about fourteen years of age, just before the hair begins to grow on them, tho they are to be seen in much older females. The pads of flesh are firm yet elastic, and that of the motte — which is full — is equally so. This class of cunt generally alters by age, but I have seen it in one thirty-five years old. There is usually ample space between the thighs where there are these cunts in full grown women, so that a man's hand can lay comfortably between them, and grasp a whole handful of vulva. Perhaps the bones of the thighs are set widely apart in the pelvis, but I have seen and felt this width of cunt in short women. Straight cut cunts with stripes. — These cunts are much like the former, but the nymphae are slightly more developed, as well as the clitoris — not largely, but sufficiently to give a visible red stripe between and seeming to open the outer lips. Sometimes the red shows largely only

when the thighs are widish apart — in others it shows even when the thighs are closed. — In some the little clitoris (not an ugly big one) just protrudes itself under the dark hair which thickens just about the split, and an inch below it the nymphae are lost to view unless the thighs be wide apart. I have seen this cunt in women up to thirty, and it is to me certainly the most delicate, most refined, handsomest, and most exciting cunt. I have nearly always found it in the finest modelled, plump, and loveliest woman. — It is indeed the only class of cunt which can be said to be handsome. A cunt is perhaps not a really handsome object at all, tho sexual instincts make its contemplation exciting and charming to a man.

Lipped cunts with flappers. — These have the lips usually fully formed, the clitoris sticks out and the nymphae hang out from it nearly the whole length of the split down towards the vagina. — Women towards forty have mostly this cunt, and if they have fucked or friggged themselves much, the color is of a very dark pink or carmine. I have seen it in women of nearly a mulberry red. The nymphae I have also seen hanging out of or projecting beyond the lips, from three quarters to an inch and a half in depth, it was so detestable to me, -that it quite spoiled my liking for a really well made pretty woman of thirty-five whom I once knew. Many French gay women in the bawdy houses get this sort of cunt, I expect thro excessive venery. They grow thus oftentimes in women if they have children. — It is a cunt nearly as ugly to me as the pouting cunts.

[Years after writing this I had a girl under sixteen years of age and looking fourteen, with nymphae hanging an inch and a half outside the lips and a quite large clitoris. The nymphae on one side was much larger than the other, and her vagina would have engulfed the prick of a giant. I saw and fucked her a second time, out of sheer curiosity. ]

Skinny lipped cunts. — These may be either with or without the nymphae shewing. Poor slim, youngish, half starved women with thin thighs and miserable rabbit backsides, have this form of cunt. It is not ugly actually, unless the nymphae are too obtrusive, which they frequently are, for many of these poor thin women have had a child, and you may see the signs of that on their poor flat bellies lying in a hollow between their ill covered hip bones — (women with this class of cunt usually sham modesty, put their hands over their gaps, say they don't like it looked at and giggle in an affected manner. I suppose they are conscious of the want of beauty in those parts.)

Full lipped cunts. — These are usually mature, they puff out like the half of a sausage, then die away into ample flesh on each side under a fat, fully-haired mons veneris or motte. Women fleshy and well fed have them, and they look well and handsome between the large white thighs and the big round buttocks below, between which they are enclosed and lay. They were the cunts which I loved most in my youth and long after. Mary, one of my first loves, and Louisa Fisher had such cunts in perfection. — I expect they are most attractive to quite young men, for they realize the cunts which all boys — as I very well recollect — figure to themselves before they have seen the sex of a woman. The general effect of the cunt is that it is capacious. Women with this class of cunt usually allow them to be looked at and fingered freely, and smile voluptuously at the man whilst the inspection is going on, as if proud of their notches, and they like the men to look at and to appreciate them.

Pouter. — The lips of these cunts are like half thin sausages, and almost seem to hang down from the belly, so that they leave a furrow between the outer sides of the lips and the inner side of the thighs. It is the ugliest ' cunt — and is still uglier if the nymphae show much, as they often do. They look as if the owners were in a consumption. The hair on these cunts I have found often look straggling and thin — or if thickish, the bush is weak, long, and with but little curl in it. — Several times when I have found myself with a woman who had this ugly sort of genital, I have been unable to stroke her. — Pouters, like the thin lipped cunts — usually belong to women, lanky, thin, poor, ill fed and not too young, poor, short, skinny arsed seam-stresses, those whose bum bones you can feel. I fancy it is largely through want of nourishment in their case and frequently through ill health. — Middle aged, needy whores — those who wear veils and try to pass them-selves off as thirty when they are nearer fifty — have them. — I have in my youth many a time been taken in by them,



but never now go after a woman who wears a veil.

All classes of beauty may be found with one or other of the defects, for the variety in combination of outer lips, clitoris, nymphae, motte, and hair in quantity, size, and shape is infinite. No two cunts are exactly the same in look, hence the charm of variety, and the ever recurrent desire for fresh women by the male. There is always a charm in novelty, it is born with us.

## Vol. 10 Chapter X

**A small-cunted lady's maid. • The courier's good for-tune. • Fucked and forsaken. • A public house and a hot clay. • Child, mother, and grandmother. • Lust communicated by touch of flesh. • Effects of hot weather and sherry on a rutting cunt. • In the cab. • In the brothel. • Pleasure and repentance. • Adultery alas!**

[Turning over the remaining manuscript — I found the following about a small cunted woman. — When it got placed out of its chronological order I know not, but the incident occurred quite fifteen years ago. It naturally belongs to the chapter on cunts and so is placed here.]

Towards the end of October, at about five in the afternoon, a tall, light haired young woman turned out of Oxford St. into Bond St. She was so neatly dressed like a superior servant, that I couldn't conclude if she were gay or not. I followed her down the street where she seemed to look at no one when stopping and looking at shops. When she did, I also stopped and looked, standing by the side of her. Men noticed her, none addressed her, but when one turned round to look after her, I felt inclined to accost her fearing to be anticipated and some man have her before myself — if she was to be had at all.

By the time she had got to P\*\*cl\*d\*\*ly my cock tip was up against my navel. I'd not had a fair woman for some time, and as I walked behind her had been picturing to myself the look of her cunt, comparing it mentally with dark ones, till I almost fancied I'd never seen a light haired one, and felt passionate desire for her. She stopped at a corner shop and going close to her I asked. "May I go home with you?" She looked at me as if half astonished, then after hesitation. "Yes, but I live three miles off." — "Let us get into a cab." — "Oh no, I can't take you home." — We got then into a cab, and in ten minutes were in a snug accommodation house [existing no more].

She stood not attempting to undress. "Take off your things." — "All?" — "Yes." — She did partially then stopped. — "Get naked." — "Are you going to be naked?" — "Yes." — "Oho." — She went on undressing slowly, there was no fire in the room and it being coldish I said "Keep your chemise on." — "Thank you, sir," said she — at which I laughed, and at that she looked astonished.

I had undressed much quicker and when in shirt held it up, proud of my prick which was in grand erection. She stood staring at it without speaking — I closed on her and put my hand between her thighs. — "Oh wait" — said she — and was soon on the bed in chemise, which I pulled up to her navel, and saw a finely made woman twenty-two years old, — she said. — She'd a lovely motte delicately covered with short crisp hair of the color of ginger, but brighter. I opened her thighs and saw one of the prettiest of cunts, delicately lipped, and with the prettiest little crisp curls part of the way down them, slightly divided part of its length by a vermilion stripe which was just obtruding. I laid by her side, fingered the soft red stripe, intruded my finger, could scarcely find an opening, and when I did it seemed so tight to my finger. "You have a very little cunt." — "Have I?"

Surrendering herself I got her to the bed side to see better, and opening wider her thighs, saw that the vagina's mouth looked like a young girl's. I put one finger, then two up it, delighted with the novelty — for nothing is so entrancing, soul absorbing as novelty in cunt — questioning, asking without reply, till at length. "I'm all right made sir." Then on the bed I kissed all over her well

formed, plump white fleshed body, nestling my mouth in her motte, sniffing its atmosphere. Then pressing myself close to it, putting her hand round my pego, kissing her lips, I frigged a neat little clitoris till she sighed with voluptuous thrills.

Silently turning on to her belly, - how instinctively a woman turns on to her back as the male presses against her — pulling up shirt and chemise, getting the fullest contact of naked flesh — that delicious sensation — my thighs settled between hers, my pego rubbed in the crisp thicket on her motte till my hairs mingled with hers, I guided the ruby tip to her cuntal entrance. Slowly at first my prick glided up the tight avenue, and then a vigorous thrust lodged it by her womb. Up and down now I lunged it, smoother and softer the channel seemed, a minute's luscious movements only. Aha, God! — what a tight grip yet lubriciously soft, how delicious a sensation on my gland which seemed dissolving into the folds of the channel. — "Oho — har" — she sighed, our buttocks trembled, my prick wriggled at the goal, a spasm of pleasure, my prick throbs, and out jets my sperm as our tongues meet and the voluptuous paradisaical swooning left us tranquil in dreamy pleasure, cunt and prick completing their work without our will. What an angel seems a woman during this orgasm of love, this sexual mingling. As my sperm rises I love her, could drink her piss, her blood, so do I long to be incorporate with her, be with her one in body and soul.

The brain returns to its normal state, the anticipation and anxieties of love return, when the heavenly pleasure has passed. — "Let me wash." — "No, don't move" — and I clasped her buttocks firmly, pressing my motte to hers, squeezing my prick into her cunt. — "Do, I'm so frightened of getting in the family way, I'm going to service again" and she uncunted me as a woman with a retrograde jerk of her bum can, when the prick is shrinking in her.

She washed whilst I lay asking how she managed to get the sperm out. — Was it really so small, she asked — one gentleman had said it was. Then as it was cool, and the sheets looked questionable, we covered our-selves with the blankets and talked, she had laid down after ablution as if she expected to be fucked again.

What did she mean by going to service? She began crying and told me that she was a servant in a good place — naming it — had been three years there and traveled with the family. Their courier made advances, before, got into her bedroom and she let him have her virginity. Afterwards he fucked her on several days or nights. As her room was away from the family's that was easy and seemed secure. — But they were discovered. Not a word was said till they came back to England, when her mistress discharged her at once, refusing to give a character. The courier laughed at marry- ing, said he'd only joked, that she knew it, and in a few days went abroad again. She, frightened to tell her parents, took a lodging, spent what little money she had, and at length one night in despair and without being advised by any one, went out to get money by the sale of her charms; that was only a week ago. She'd had two or three men, got but trifles, and hated the life, and resolved to get to service again. She'd got good clothes. Then she cried again, and left off feeling my cock to wipe her eyes.

I had thought her manners not those of a gay woman — but women are so cunning. — Soon after I had got this history which she seemed bursting to tell me, I'd frigged her into silence, her tears had ceased. The titillation of a cunt drowns sorrow, the frigging of a prick the same, and again my prober gently entered the tight warm sheath. Slowly at first then quicker we fucked ourselves into Elysium. It was delicious to feel the pleasure she felt — for she wanted it — lovely to lie up her afterwards, my prick revelling in the soft compression of her tight but mucilaginous cunt. Again she washed, again unasked got onto the bed.

Then our passions assuaged, and she made amiable by the fucking, I looked over her sweet body. It was two and twenty in perfection. — A gentleman whose prick had moistened many a cunt, a connoisseur in female beauty, should have ruptured her virginity, and not a man servant. — It was pearls to swine.

I saw no chance of a stiff again, yet cuddled her a while, making her put one knee over my haunch,

then feeling from bum bone to clitoris, intruding a finger up the tight channel, hearing all again that the courier swore by God he'd marry her, how he showed his stiff prick, how she succumbed. She bled, and spent, tho not at the first fuck. He never took his clothes off, and she'd never been in bed with a man till with me now. There is great charm in eliciting these disclosures from a woman. But my pego remained dormant tho sausage-like. I got her to the bed side, looked at and felt, and smelt the little cunt without result. "I'm keeping you long." — "Never mind, I'll stop as long as you like." — Then in the bed again we fondled and friggd our copulating organs, till I made her lewed, which made me stiff, which made her happy and myself as well. — "Yes, I like it of course, it's only natural," and again I fucked her.

She was overwhelmed with a couple of sovereigns, for I took great interest in her, ten shillings was all she'd received from men before. "Oh thank you, sir, I'm much obliged, I can live on it a fortnight." I promised her as much if she'd meet me again. "I will if I can, that's all I can say." She didn't meet me and I thought she wouldn't, for on parting she said "I mean to get to service if I can, I won't be gay." — I wonder if she did, or whether fucking demoralized her, — to use an absurd term — for why call a natural, needful function demoralizing, — and she continued harlotting.

Early in June the weather became suddenly blazing hot, insufferable almost after prolonged very cold weather. At half past two one day walking near Somerset House, I became very thirsty, and up a narrow court seeing what appeared to be an out of the way, quite public house, I entered it and ordered iced sherry and lemonade. There stood at the bar two women, and a little girl not more than three years old. One woman evidently was the mother, a handsome creature seemingly about thirty, the other was old and evidently the grandmother. — I was very fit just then, had been chaste, and was feeling lustful stings, and the instant I set eyes upon the good-looking woman had a voluptuous thrill shoot through my prick. A strong letch for her came on, and I stood looking at her, wondering what thighs and cunt she had — when she'd been fucked last and a crowd of other amorous thoughts and wishes.

They looked fairly well to do but not ladies. The beauty was clad in silk slightly the worse for wear, but all her clothing was neat and modest. The child and grandmother as I soon found her to be, were dressed similarly. — They were talking earnestly and loudly, and went on doing so without at first noticing me, tho dropping their voices a little, and I heard much of what they said. They were drinking sherry, of which the beauty seemed to have had quite enough. — Her face was anxious, excited, and moist with perspiration, which however didn't much impair her beauty. The old woman besought her to go home, not to worry herself and all would come right. — He would certain be home in six weeks, or he wouldn't have written those letters — "Besides Mr. \* \* \* \* says he must." I soon gathered enough to infer that they were talking about the beauty's husband, who had been away for some months.

Then my cock stood stiff and full as I stood looking at her lovely profile, thinking how she must want fucking if she'd kept chaste during her husband's absence. Had she been fucked — did she frig herself — how satisfy her natural passions, she healthy and in the prime of life? — I longed to speak to her and began playing with the little girl, gave her a bun, and at once the mother turning her lovely face round began chatting with me — the old woman saying at intervals. — "My dear you'd better go — I must be off or they will think something has happened."

"It's hot." — "Yes it's dreadful, sir." — Then reciprocal incitements of lust began their play, both almost unconsciously — each stimulating the other by looks prompted by stiffening prick and moistening cunt — I'm sure that by touch of her flesh I can communicate my lust to a woman, that by gently squeezing the woman's hand, looking in her eyes and thinking of fucking I have made many a woman colour up or look lovingly, and half think I can do so by merely looking at her. — We looked full into each other's eyes smiling — suddenly she dropped hers as if something had crossed her mind, and when she raised them again, there was a soft, abashed expression in them, as if half in fear that I might have guessed her mental emotion, for emotion there had been. Had her cunt responded sympathetically to my prick? We chatted on, her eyes grew bolder, and at length we

looked into each other's fully, and without speaking. — There was desire in hers, I saw plainly. Suddenly she turned towards her mother saying, "We will go," and to the child, — "Come along, dear." — The child peevishly cried, — "Oh carry me, mamma."

She pulled a glove off and saying, "You are heavy," stooped to lift her — I stooped and lifted her, anxious to get close to the beauty. — "Have you got her?" saying that I laid hold of her naked arm just above the wrist as it was under the child's bum, and a thrill shot thro me as our flesh met. She took no notice, but moved the child about saying how heavy she was, whilst still I softly held and pressed the arm. — "How you got her well?" "Yes thank you, sir" — our eyes met full again as I relinquished her wrist.

The child was restless. They had turned to leave, when "Oh, you're so heavy dear you must walk," and putting the child down somewhat hastily it slid with its bum onto the floor. I stooped to help it up, the mother did the same, and again I laid hold of her wrist. There was no excuse for that now, but she said nothing, and again our eyes met. In hers I saw that my lust had roused her passions, that her quim was yearning for a prick, tho perhaps not for mine, whilst mine was throbbing for her cunt. The child cried, the grandmother coming round let it towards the door, the beauty said again, "Good day, sir," and they were gone.

I saw no chance in following them and turned to the barmaid, a coarse tho good looking woman of about thirty. My throbbing pego made me long for her, — any available cunt at that minute would have had my sexual worship, and I thought of getting a venal fuck-stress. Talking to her I heard she wasn't married — wouldn't mind marrying, but not to be left for months like that lady who I'd been talking to and she listening to. — "Ah, she must want a bedfellow mustn't she?" — "Sure I don't know." She looked knowingly at me whilst serving customers who came in, but still talking. "She looks like it." — "Oh does she, I suppose you know all about it, she's had an extra glass and it's a hot day." — I saw from the barmaid's eyes, that I had set her thinking about fucking. The first hot weather makes the genitals of most of us pleurably uneasy, and long for companionship and conjunction. I fancied that the barmaid's cunt was inciting her to fucking at that moment. — A hot May they say makes virginities cheap. This was a hot June, and cunts were sweating with lust. I recollect that ten years ago even, my gland was quickly white with sebaceous exudations — the sign of full testicles — if I'd not fucked them empty the night before.

Having done chaffing the lewed-looking barmaid, and more customers having come in, I was leaving, when in rushed the beauty dragging with her the child. — "I've lost my parasol, did I leave it here?" Just by my legs it was, leaning against the counter, I had not noticed it before. — She was loquacious, was so glad, wouldn't have lost it for anything, hadn't found her loss till she'd put her mother into an omnibus, etc., etc. — "How hot it's made you." — "Yes it's flurried me so." — "Have some iced lemonade and sherry." — "Thank you I'd rather not." — But I'd ordered it, and before five minutes had gone she'd drank a tumbler full and was quite gracious, her eyes beaming with love, with the softness of desire. — Soon after we left the public house together, she was going to F\*\*h\*\*m by omnibus.

In the Strand I waited by her side. The first omnibus was full. — "I'm going your way, have a seat in my cab." — Hesitation, refusal, then acceptance. Into the cab we got, she sat the little girl in front of us who at once fell asleep, proximity completed my desire for her, and then came twenty minutes of sexual excitement, during which it is difficult to recollect exactly what, or the order in which it all took place. — Was it her husband I'd heard her talking about? — "It was." — "And away from you four months." — "Yes, nearly five." — "I wish I'd been your bedfellow since." — The words seemed to astonish her. — "You mustn't talk like that" — of course no one had been her bed-fellow. Then I seized her and kissed her. — She objected, resisted, struggled, was sorry she'd got into the cab, but I kissed on and gradually she yielded. Then I risked all for time was short. — How I should like to see beautiful face with a bonnet — "and this beautiful flesh" — pinching her thigh. "let's go and have tea together, and talk about it. — I'm dying for you and never saw a more beautiful creature. — I am sure you're as beautiful in form as your face is — five months and in bed alone by

yourself?" — "Hish — hish — you mustn't." — But she smiled, tho trying to look severe. — "Oh! look at the child" (who was asleep), I went on in the same strain. — "Oh — really — it's abominable, let me get out." — "My God, let me have you or I shall die, you're exquisite." Tho a blazing sun-shiny day, excitedly forgetting aught but my wants I pulled my truncheon out, and ere she had the least notion I suppose of my intention had put her hand to it. — "Oh! don't, pray" said she withdrawing it but not quickly. — Her manner was yielding, her "oho don't pray" told that her desires were conquering her. — "Oh let us dear, I'm bursting, come my darling and have some tea, — let me feel your lovely flesh." Stooping suddenly I got my hand up her clothes, and my fingers as well on her cunt as her closed thighs permitted. — "Oho, what are you doing, sir," — she cried out. — "Oh, look, the people will see you — oh don't — don't now" — she screeched as furiously I drove my fingers between her closed thighs till I felt the upper end of the moist notch. — "Look, my child's tumbling."

By the jolting of the cab the child was falling forwards. Beauty half rose, put out her hands to catch her, and then the whole length of my forefinger slid between the lips of the moist gap, which was as wet as if she'd piddled herself. — She took the child on her lap, my fingers were dislodged as she sat down again, and she looked at me with eyes half closed, and humid with voluptuous sensations. — She wished she hadn't got into the cab, and had taken an omnibus — our talk became inconsecutive, in frank language I pressed my wants and said I knew she'd a lover. She declared she'd not. Then I again got my hand up her clothes, begging and persuading, and at last she said she'd like a cup of tea, for the wine had got into her head and I'd quite upset her.

We had then got far along Piccadilly and away from any bawdy house I knew. So many of the haunts of Venus known to me have been closed, that I every now and then take a well dressed Paphian for the sake of finding where good accommodation can be had, to meet these amorous contingencies. — I turned the cab towards such a house, we alighted not far from the door, and then she refused at first to follow me, but at length yielded for the sake of the tea, and we were soon in a bedroom. Not a few women have entered a brothel with me — "to have a cup of tea." My humbug and theirs also — a mere sham of modesty, for I fancy most of them knew well what we were going for.

"What can I do with my little girl?" said she as I shut the door, "I'm so frightened I wish I hadn't seen you." — The child was laid on the sofa after whining and crying, and being sat on the pot to piddle, and the next minute was sound asleep. — "When is the tea coming?" — "Presently, but my darling let us enjoy ourselves." — No she wouldn't, but her eyes said she would, and there was a little struggle. — No, she'd take nothing but her bonnet off, — that done, again tea was asked for. — No, she wouldn't get on the bed — was afraid.

After more persuasion and now open talk of fucking — and the shame it was she'd 'been left unfucked for some months. — "What will become of me if I get in the family way?" — Out I pulled my prick. "Well feel it, and let me feel you, and that is all I'll ask you." — She, leaning against the bed saying "no — no" — I'm in front of her, we handled prick and cunt. — "I shall spend in your hand." — "Oh don't" she sighed as her bum wriggled under the titillation of her cunt. — "No — I won't then — I dare not" — whilst saying that, I pushed, half lifted her on to the bed — her resistance was gone and she half helped herself up.

Next minute I was by her side, I unbraced and pushed my trowsers down, then showed her a glorious erection. — "Feel it love, that's going up your lovely cunt." — She stretched out her hand rapidly and grasped it. Taking it out of her hand I threw up her clothes, saw large white thighs, a widespread dark-haired motte, threw myself upon her, and the next second my prick was in a soft glowing sheath, lubricated already by its own lust — up to my balls. "Hharr" murmured she as the stiff shaft struck her womb, and her eyes closed in voluptuous enjoyment. She moved her thighs well up to get every bit of my gristle into her, our tongues met, and ere I, hot as I was, had approached my crisis, — "Ah — ah — ah" — she staccatoed, whilst a tight grip of her cunt and the rapid oscillation of her soft bum told me she'd spent. A deluge of her own seemed to have filled her

cunt, which loosened round my tool as cunts do after their spend, whilst I was still ramming it with steam engine energy.

Her quietness and relaxed vagina annoyed me. I don't like a woman to spend so quickly, nor to lose that exquisite cuntal grip which dies away with her spend. I love the heavenly crisis to arrive with hers, so ceased fucking and withdrew my tool. — "You've spent dear, why didn't you wait for me?" — "Oh! couldn't." — "Feel my prick, it's wet." Readily she grasped it, and I laid by her side and began frigging her. — "You'll spend again." — "Yes, and soon. — Aha — yes, — ah — ah — put it in again." On to her I turned, up went my shaft into her lubricious quim, the rest had prolonged my pleasure, her chastity had left her hot and ready, and as my pulsating prick jetted out its thick hot spunk into her, she clasped me and spent again, our mouths glued together yet sighing and murmuring our heavenly pleasure, till exhausted I lay quiet on her soft full belly.

She was certainly slightly overcome with sherry, and now with the soft and satisfied feeling which comes to man and woman after fucking. — "Oh! I'm so sleepy, it's the wine" — quoth she opening her eyes as I raised my self partially up — still pressing my belly to hers, keeping my prick in the hot lubricious cunt. But my shrinking injector drew outwards, a torrent of spendings following it from her inundated sheath, I fell off on her side, she turned her face to mine, and laying so we talked, or rather I did, and in a few minutes was irritating the red button of her clitoris, now soft and glutinous, and more pleasant to finger even than before.

Then she roused herself suddenly. — "Oh let me get up and wash or I shall be with child — I felt it just as you came." — "Nonsense." — "I'm sure I am, don't hold me" — and she struggled up. — "If you are with child, washing won't stop it now, but I'm sure it's non-sense." — Passing my hand over the whole surface first I let her rise and wash, and got up to see her doing it. There she sat over the basin slopping her cunt and looking at her child asleep on the sofa. — "Piddle" — said I as she was getting up, and handed her the pot. — "Oho" said she as if quite disconcerted with my politeness, but she accepted it and pissed copiously. — "That's the sherry and lemonade. Wash it well." — "I have well." "Wash it again and then I'll lick your cunt." — "Oho — what a man," said she.

"But where is the tea?" — I hadn't really ordered any but now did, and went on talking bawdily. I'd only had one spend, and seeing her wash her quim and piddle had somewhat swollen my prick again; so I lifted my shirt and showed it. — "Let me look at your cunt, I'm sure its lovely." — "You've seen enough." — "Only for a moment, let me, and I'll gamahuche you." — For fear of awaking her child I had sat her down in a large arm chair, and kneeling in front of her had forced one hand between her closed thighs, begging her to show me her charms. — When the tea came of which both partook — for I was thirsty — she drank cup after cup. — "You'll soon want to piss again." "Oh! what a mari — but tea does run through me quickly." — We were getting sociable, a woman rarely is otherwise with the man who has just fucked her. — Then she got curious about me. Was I married? — I said. "Yes," — thinking that the lie might suit her views and my object. — "One's just as bad as the other then — we are a nice couple." — "We are, but no one but you and I will ever know of our fucking." She shook her head solemnly but made no reply. — But the idea of my being married quite evidently pleased her much, for her manner got freer and still more sociable directly afterwards.

I wanted to know about her, but she refused to tell me more than that she hadn't seen her husband for five months, was married six years before — had a girl five years old at home — that she'd not had a fuck for five months she would "swear before God," and that no one had tempted her. She rarely went out excepting to see her mother, so whispers about impropriety could not be uttered of her. Her husband sent money to keep them. "Tho but poorly, but enough with economy." Then she must go, but I refused to let her — she objected, but I got on my knees on a pillow in front of her as she sat on the chair and my fingers again between her aperture. The position was difficult for frigging her, but by twiddling persistently and talking bawdily, I roused her lust again.

She repeated that she didn't want to talk about that, but I did and used my choicest vocabulary, asking her to feel my prick which at first she wouldn't. — But soon that compound of wriggle,

heave, jerk and retreat of her bum came on, which in all women is the first symptom of sexual pleasure. They can't help the movement. — "Now leave off, pray." — I stood up then with prick like a horn. — "You shan't go till we have fucked again — feel it — you've felt it several times, what more harm in feeling it again?" Thoughtfully she felt it, and soon after was at the bedside with me. Standing there in silence we caressed each other's genitals. — I pulled her head to mine, intoxicated her with kisses whilst now frigging her gently, till yielding I got her lying at the bedside, threw up her clothes, then buried my mouth between her thighs extolling her beauty there. Nothing pleases a woman more, it lulls them voluptuously and makes them feel lewed when they hear their cunts praised.

Gently I then pulled her thighs wide apart whilst she lay silent — saw a full lipped handsome gap, hedged round and protected by a crisp and curly chestnut colored bush, a nubby clitoris shewed well out, a longish one, but with short nymphae; my finger curious for knowledge went up the warm avenue which my prick had not long left, and then my tongue laid on the little red bud, and rapturously licked it. — "Aharr — don't," said she — I did not wish to fuck a fatigued cunt, so ceased the lingual titillation, rose and showed my standard. She pushed down her clothes, stood up and looked at the erection. I closed on her and kissed her — lewed to my marrow. — Whispering, — "Take off your clothes." — "Oh impossible."

"Then I will — if we are to fuck let's have all the pleasure we can" — quickly I stripped to my skin, whilst she contemplated me silently. "Undo your dress then dear, let me feel your breasts." — She refused. — "I can't — suppose my little girl wakes." — "If she does she won't know, listen how sound asleep she is." She silently went to the sofa, looked at the child, and then took off her gown. — "Oh, your stays." — "I'm frightened." But she took them off and shewed a lovely pair of breasts. I kissed and sucked the nipples, feeling her cunt with one hand, her bum with the other as I sucked. — Then we mounted the bed, heartily she felt my prick in silence, I laid at once between her thighs and fucked a heavenly fuck.

"I'm sure I shall be in the family way," said she in a whisper and getting off the bed so soon as my prick was out of her she washed quietly, the little girl slept still. — "Lay on the bed again." She seemed more willing than before and yielded as if the voluptuous amusement was proper enough. We lay and talked, feeling each other, every now and then she getting up to look at her sleeping child. — "I'm so tired," said she, "I was up all night, couldn't sleep thro a letter I'd got, and wrote to mother to meet me. I've been drinking today and am not accustomed to it or I shouldn't be here. — Oh! if it's ever known, I am ruined — I declare before leaven — I'd no intention. — If I'm in the family way what shall I do? — Do you live in London? you don't live near F\*h\*m do you? I hope not" — and she began to whimper.

I assured her I was only going to see a friend there and lived miles away. "All will come right but let's have pleasure now, let's see your bum." — She would not. — "Well your cunt again, but I've seen that already." — I soon saw both. We had been an hour on the bed, the child had once awakened, she'd soothed it to sleep again, and I don't believe the child knew I was in the room, for I laid quietly still naked, enjoying the coolness on that blazing hot day, when she'd got up.

She started up now saying she must be off — I pulled her down and recommenced my frigging, wanting to get time for another erection. — "Oh! leave off, you'll make me want it again, God forgive me." — [fancied there were signs of strength in my prick, so coaxed her to the bedside and gamahuched her. She was in full rut, her long continence, the effect of my talk and frigging coupled with the liquor, had left her in that lascivious state of mind that she was absorbed in it, and the irritation of her cunt killed all moral consciousness. — She might indeed have felt — as I have known others feel — that having sinned once, a little more sin could not affect the consequences, so at the bedside I amused myself with her cunt and its surrounding till she spent again. Then standing naked I inserted my prick in the freshly moistened avenue, it stiffened with pride as it entered it and with long but pleasurable fucking our enjoyment was complete. — "Mammy" said the voice just as I'd recovered from the spasm of delight, and a little head peeped over the foot-board. Out she shot

my prick, bounced up and laid the child on the sofa again, looking at me with fear in her eyes.

The child laying down, she dressed, came to me as I lay, and whispered much in an agitated manner. — She didn't want money — had just received twenty pounds, — had been with her mother to the solicitor for it. — "No I won't have any money — God forbid, — I'm wicked, but that will make me worse. — I'm queer in my head I think, it's swimming now. She wouldn't give me her name or address, and left the boudy house whilst I still lay on the bed to pre-vent the child seeing me. — In forty years fucking I never met with a similar adventure, and all thro going into a public house on a hot day. I hadn't been into one in London in the daytime for years, and nearly avoided doing so on this occasion. — Luck.

[I wonder if that little girl ever recollected what she'd seen, and where she had been. It is not probable, yet when I arrived at manhood, suddenly recollected having felt the hair on a woman's cunt, and her thighs, and sniffing at the aroma — I must have been very young but perhaps not older than this little girl.

[The pleasure this woman had in my embraces seemed supreme, and the exudations of her cunt were great. She certainly under my tongue, finger, and prick spent five times in a couple of hours.]

## Vol. 10 Chapter XI

**Luck. • Harry masturbated. • An orgy. • Two males and one female. • Bum-fucking intentions. • H. gamahuched by both. • Simultaneous masturbations. • Confession of sodomy. • Anus and pudenda plugged. • Sphincter and thumb. • Fucking cum cock-sucking. • H.'s unsated lust. • Champagne and repose. • Amorous exercises resumed. • Boudy ejaculations. • Fucked out. • Voluptuous eyes. • Balls handled. • Prolonged conjunction. • Finger and bumhole. • More repose and more champagne. • Erotic fury. • All exhausted. • Finis. • Reflexions.**

In August I went abroad, returning in October. — Beyond a visit to a lapunar, there was nothing worth relating. — Indeed my fidelity was remarkable.

I had been but little to see H\*\*\*\* since the last youthful virginity was taken. Going there towards the middle of October on my return, she had much to tell me. She had quarrelled with the "mean cur" (Donkey prick) yet had not absolutely broken with him. Her other lover was dead. With a little pressure — for she was really longing to tell me — I found she had gratified Harry and herself by letting the lad fuck her, and was frightened of Donkey prick knowing it thro the possible indiscretion of the lad in keeping silence about what he must have been proud of — lucky beggar. — She de-scribed his prick to me, compared it with the donkey tool and her protector's, told me laughing how the lad behaved at his first fuck, and whilst we were talking this over, a letter came from Donkey prick which was brought by the lad who was waiting for a reply. With that instantaneous letch, and recklessness of consequences which when they come, come more rapidly than ever, "Show me his prick, let me see him," — I said hastily.

The idea pleased her. "But I don't want him to know me." "Keep your hat on." — She would go and see him. I rubbed some black off a stove with my finger, darkened under my eyes, and made my eyebrows also darker and wider with it, put on a skull sleeping cap which I happened by mere chance to have in the pocket of my traveling suit, and also a pair of tinted glass spectacles which I had used on glaciers. Really I scarcely knew myself when I looked in the glass.

She laughed when she saw my disguise. She had written a letter to the Donkey whilst down stairs, and now thought for a minute. Donkey prick was going out of town. — Harry was to take the reply to him at the station, and dare not wait long to fuck her as I now suggested, or he perhaps might lose his place — Don-key prick being a hard master. — "I'll make him show his prick and make it stiff."



— "All right." — On the landing she called him up into the bed room. — "Never mind this gentleman." He was scared at seeing me. — Then what followed took place as quickly as I write this narrative of it. — All was unpremeditated by either of us, one letch leads to another, I follow blindly the promptings of instinct when in this concupiscent state.

"How's your prick, Harry?" said she. He seemed perfectly flabbergasted for a moment, looked at me, then at her. — "Is it stiff?" — "No it ain't," said he — shamefaced in manner. "Show it me." — "No" — said he very solemnly and looking but for an instant only at me. "Why? you know I've seen it." — He grinned. "Do" — said I speaking in a husky voice "and I'll give you five shillings." — H\*\*\* said. "There, show it, and I'll show you my cunt." — He reflected — "I can't — if I don't catch him before the train, he'll sack me perhaps." — "I'll give you a cab fare and here is five shillings" — shewing it. — H. then without more ado laid hold of him and pulled his prick out, he unresisting. "When did you fuck last?" — "Not since you," said the lad getting bolder. — "Have you frigged your-self?" — "No." — "Would you like to see my cunt." — "Oh yes." — She went to the bed and lay down on the edge. — "I'll give you half a sovereign if you'll let me frig you" for that letch now seized me. — "There's luck, Harry." — He never looked at me, was engrossed with her and made no reply — his prick was not stiff.

H. pulled up her clothes. — At the sight of her lovely cunt quickly up rose his prick erect — a longish but thin article, perhaps to thicken, in a year or two — I seized and felt, then frigged it, he making no resistance and she inciting him. "Let me fuck you — do," — said he piteously, as I found by a certain vibration of his belly that he felt the pleasure. "No. You get the half sovereign." — "Open your thighs wider," said I, "pull open the lips" — for I wanted to make him spend over her cunt. She saw my game. — "Is it nice?" — "Yes" — "Shall you spend," said she. — "Yhes" — and his bum jogged. I felt him coming. "Bend forward, put your prick nearer her cunt." "Oh let's fuck," he cried as his sperm shot over her vulva, and I frigged till not a drop was left in his balls.

He put his hand to feel the lovely receptacle, but she arose and I gave him the money. "You take the letter and be off, or you'll catch it," said she. — In a minute he was out of the room, buttoning up his trowsers as he went. She laughed. "Fuck me, dear," said she going on to the bed, and shewing her mucilaginated vulva. — But I'd fucked her twice and couldn't again then, so without further word she frigged herself. — "Ain't we beasts?" said she as she washed her cunt. "No; I'll gamahuche you." — "Do. I've not been fucked for a week. Phil's away, and I've quarrelled with Donkey" — as we now named him. — "But you've frigged your-self." — "Of course, every night — I sleep by myself and read in bed till tired, then frig myself and go to sleep."

[It was a great piece of luck this to me and the next time I saw H\*\*\* we talked over this masturbating frolic with the lad. She had been fucked by him twice, and the letch gratified, desired no more of him. But his youth and inexperience started in me a wish to see him fucking, to be in the room and then for us all together to do what we liked erotically. Before I left it had all been planned. The bawdy episode — tho so long and prolix — is one of the remaining evidences of how this manuscript was originally written. It is too much trouble to abbreviate and I retain it nearly as it was written. It's the narrative of one of those erotic frenzies, which come over women and men when together, and they are heated by wine and lust.]

On the evening about a fortnight after, H. looked lovely in laced chemise, crimson silk stockings, and pretty slippers. — As she threw up her legs shewing her beautifully formed thighs and buttocks, the chestnut curls filling the space between them, relieved by a slight red stripe in the centre, never had I seen a more bewitchingly voluptuous sight. Rapidly my cock stood stiff and nodding, tho I was a little out of condition. — What a lovely odour it had as I gently licked her clitoris for a minute. But we had other fish to fry. "Harry's here," said she. I stripped to my shirt, then he came up, a tall slim youth now just turned seventeen. Quickly he too stripped, for he knew the treat in store for him. I laid hold of his long thin tool, which was not stiff, and he seemed nervous.

How strange seems the handling of another's prick tho it's so like one's own. "Show him your cunt." — Back she went on the bed exhibiting her charms. The delicious red gap opened, his prick

stiffened at once, and after a feel or two of his rigid gristle, I made him wash it tho already clean as a whistle. — I'd already washed my own. Then a lutch came on suddenly, for I had arranged nothing — and taking his prick in my mouth I palated it. What a pleasant sensation is a nice smooth prick moving about one's mouth. No wonder French Paphians say that until a woman has sucked one whilst she's spending under another man's fucking, frigging, or gamahuche, that she has never tasted the supremest voluptuous pleasure. Some however had told me that they liked licking another woman's cunt, whilst a woman gamahuched them, better than sucking a prick in those exciting moments. But erotic tastes of course vary.

I laid him on the side of the bed alternately sucking or frigging him. — H. was lying by his side, and he put his left fingers on her cunt. — I had intended to let him have his full complete pleasure in my mouth, but changed my mind. Then we laid together on the bed — head to tail — making what the French call sixty-nine or tete-beche, and we sucked each other's pricks. — He was pleased with the performance. — H. laying by our side said she should frig herself. Whether she did or not I can't say, being too much engrossed with minetting his doodle. — He did not irruminate me with skill, and after a little time we ceased and his prick drooped.

Then I mounted his belly as he lay on his back, and showed H. how I used to rub pricks with Miss F\*\*z\*r's young man, and putting both pricks together made H. clutch them as well as she could with one hand. — But two ballocks were too large for her hand. — Then came on a desire of long standing, that of feeling the sensation of a prick up my own bumhole. — He consented to operate without hesitation. These erotic tricks will give H. something new to think of when she frigs herself in the morning — as she says she usually does before she gets up. Her delight in our performance was immense, she felt us about everywhere, looked everywhere and gave herself gentle frigs at times as well.

His prick was much smaller than mine, and according to H.'s opinion what would be called a small prick. It was in size like a longish thin beef sausage, and as I thought just the size for me. So wetting my bum hole and feeling nervous, I laid down on my backside on the edge of the bed lifting up my thighs, choosing that position so as to watch his face whilst he spent. — We could not manage it that way, I turned my rump round, H. delighted guided his prick to the orifice, and at one thrust he went half way up. A revulsion came instantly, "Pull it out," I cried. — Out it came, she laughed and there it ended. — I did not feel pleased with myself at all. — What is the good of my philosophy?

H\*1\*n's fingers had been feeling her own quim, al-most the entire time since we had all been together, and her face now looked wild with voluptuousness. — She cried out "Fuck me, fuck me" and threw herself on the edge of the bed, thighs distended, cunt gaping. But I knew my powers were too small that night to expedite my pleasure crises, and wished to prolong the erotic excitement, so would not fuck her nor let him. — But I gamahuched her. Then he did the same. She lay full length on the bed, he knelt between her legs, and whilst he plied his tongue upon her vulva, I laid on my back between her legs and his, and took his prick in my mouth. I felt her legs trembling and heard her sighs of delight, she was entering into the erotic amusement with heart and soul, cunt and bum hole as well, as I knew by her movements, ejaculations, and then tranquillity. She spent just as a rapid ramming of his prick between my tongue and palate, told me he was about to spend also. So I rejected his tool quickly.

With rigid prick and incited by H. he continued licking her cunt till she spent again. Then I laid them both side by side on the edge of the bed, he began frigging her, and I frigged him. — "It's coming" said he, and at the instant out shot his sperm in four or five quick spurts, the first going nearly up to his breast. — How the young beggar's legs quivered as his juice left him. Nelly leant over and looked as he spent. — His sperm was thinner than it should have been, tho he said he had neither fucked for a fortnight, nor frigged himself for a week. I believed he lied. — My sperm would have been at his age thicker after a week's abstinence. The last time he had fucked her before me it was much more and thicker. He reaffirmed that he had not spent for a week, and she declared

he had not fucked her, so I suppose it was true.

He washed and pissed, again I played with his doodle and questioned him. He had he said buggered a man once, and friggged one. — Now he had a nice young woman, who let him have her for half a crown when he could afford it, but he only earned a pound a week and had to keep herself out of that. His prick was soon stiff again. — He gave her cunt another lick, and then we went to work in the way I had arranged with her when by ourselves. He did not know our game.

H. in our many conversations on erotic whims and fancies, had expressed a great desire to have two pricks up her orifices at the same time. She wanted to know if it were possible, if sexual pleasure was increased by the simultaneous plugging of cunt and bumhole, and wondered if it would increase the pleasure of the man. I had shewn her pictures of the positions in which the three placed themselves for the double coupling, and we arranged to try that evening. He was not now to know what we were at, his inexperience coupled with his excitement at being fucked by a most lovely creature, were calculated to leave him in the dark as to the operations at her back door. But we were obliged to be cautious.

He laid on the bedside his legs hanging down, whilst she standing with legs distended and enclosing his, leant over him — I watched the operation from the floor kneeling, and saw his doodle going up and down her cunt. Then when we knew his pleasure was increasing, I lubricated her bumhole with my spittle, and rising pressed my pego between her buttocks and against his prick, touching it from time to time as she moved her cunt on it. I did this as a blind. Soon after. "Do you feel my prick?" said I. "Yes." — He didn't, for I was then putting my finger against it, but he was too engrossed with his pleasure to notice it. Then she backed her rump artfully, and his prick came out, as she pushed her buttocks towards me, and she kept on talking to him whilst making a show of introducing his pego again to her pudenda.

At the first push my prick failed. It was right in direction — for I had tried the orifice with thumb and finger — all inconvenient nails removed — and, knew the road was clear. — Push — push — push with still failure, and then came nervous fear. There were the loveliest buttocks that belly ever pressed, or balls dangled against, smooth, sweet-smelling flesh, an anus without taint or hair, a sweet cunt and youthful prick, and a woman wanting the supremest voluptuousness. Every erotic incitement to sight, touch, and imagination was there, but all was useless. My nature rebelled. Tho I wanted to do what she and I talked of and wished for, my recreant prick would not rise to the needful rigidity — the more I strove the less my success.

I was mad not for myself but for her disappointment — it was her lech. — We had discussed the subject many times, and I longed for her to have sperm shed in her cunt and fundament at the same time. Further trial was useless, his prick was again worked by her, and I knew by her manner that she was near her crisis, when anxious to give her other orifice, the pleasure, kneeling I licked her bum hole then thrust my thumb into it, took his balls in my other hand and thumbugged her whilst I squeezed his cods. She cried out. "Oh — bugger, fuck," — when madly excited and both spent. Then his prick flopped out wet and glairy from her cunt into my hand which was still beneath his balls — I arose and so did sweet H. looking with bright voluptuous eyes at me. — He lay still on his back with eyes closed and prick flopping down, with a pearl of spunk on its tip. Then too late my damned, disgraced prick stood still like an iron rod, and could have gone into a virgin's arsehole twelve years old, or slipped into H.'s with ease. Sheer nervousness stopped it from doing duty, aided I think by a natural dislike — much as I desired the novelty, — novelty with her and for her.

The strongest fuckstress, with unlimited capability for sexual pleasure, the most voluptuous woman, the woman with the most thirsty cunt I ever knew, guessed my condition and state of mind. — "You fuck me, dear," said she, and falling back on the bed opened her thighs. Her cunt was glistening with what he had left there. — He'd not uncunted two minutes, nor she finished spending four, yet she wanted my prick — either to gratify me or herself.

Randy enough I went near and pulled open the lips, saw the glistening orifice, pushed fingers up

and with-drew them covered with the products of her quim and his doodle, and looked in her voluptuous eyes. — "Fuck — come on — fuck me." — "You can't want it." — "Yes — do me — do it." — Harry then aroused himself, I caught hold of his tool still thickish. "Wash it, piddle, and she'll suck you whilst I fuck her." — He who only had spoken the whole evening in monosyllables, did that quickly. I laid him on the bed and she leant over him standing and bending, laid her face on his belly, her bum towards me. — "Suck his prick dear" — "I shan't" — She wouldn't, entreaty was useless, I could not wait, so opening her lower lips for a final look at the sperm, put my prick up her. — Oh! what a sigh and a wriggle she gave as I drove it hard against her womb. Her liking always was for violent thrusts, she liked her cunt stunned almost. — It gives her the greatest pleasure she often tells me. [When at a future day I dildoad her, she liked it pushed violently up her.]

I husbanded my powers, urged her to gamahuche him, hoping she would. — Her refusals grew less positive, and at last into her mouth went his prick but only for a minute. — "There I've done it," said she. — His doodle had stood, but drooped directly her lips left it.

She'd do it no more, but laying her face on his prick, wriggling her backside, saying, — "Oh fuck me — fuck harder — go on dear." What a fetch she has when she tightens her cunt round my prick and wriggles her lovely bum, it is almost impossible to stop thrusting!

But I would not finish, pulled out my prick and felt with pleasure its now spermy surface. I turned her round onto her back at the edge of the bed, and put him standing between her thighs. Then belly on belly to cunt, all sorts of postures suggested themselves to me whilst they posed so, and I varied them till I could vary no longer.

Then I made him kneel on the bed over her head, his belly towards me. His prick hung down still biggish just over her head, whilst into her cunt I drove again my stiff stander and fucked, bending my head towards him to catch in my mouth his prick. She laid hold of it and held it towards me, I took it into my mouth and fucked her, holding her thighs and sucking him. — The young beggar's prick soon stood again — went half down my throat. — "Is his prick stiff again?" said she, spasmodically. — "Yes" — I mumbled. — "Oh, we're beasts — fuck me, fuck." — But as my pleasure came on her mouth pleased me best, I let go his prick, and sinking over her put my tongue out to meet hers, and with mouths joined we spent. — He had slipped on one side when I relinquished his doodle, and when I raised myself and severed my wet lips from hers — our pleasure over — he was looking at us, and she with closed eyes had found and was clutching his doodle stiff still. What a treat for the young beggar. —Thous-ands would give a twenty-pound note to have seen and done all this. He had the treat for nothing. — All was her device, her lecherous suggestion.

Then we all washed, drank more champagne, and after a slight rest we both felt Harry's pego. Taking it into my mouth it stiffened. — "Can you fuck again?" — "I'll try," said he.

Ready as if she had not been tailed for a month, her eyes liquid and beaming with voluptuous desire, she turned at once her bum towards him at the side of the bed, and gave him free access. I guided his pego, and the young chap began fucking hard again. — Then I laid myself on the bed, her face now on my belly, but spite of all I could say she would not suck me. Was she frightened that he would tell Donkey prick of her? Annoyed I arose, and slipping my hand under his belly, friggid her little clitoris whilst he was fucking her at her back, I could feel his prick going up and down, in and out her cunt, and felt even his balls — which are small. — From time to time I left my post to view the operators from afar, to see his bum oscillate and her thighs move. — It was a long job for him, but she spent soon. — The more she spends, the more violent at times seem her passions. — "Ah — don't stop, Harry — fuck — let your spunk come into my cunt," she cried as she spent. He didn't spend but worked on like a steam engine. — "Spunk — Spunk" — she cried again. Flap, flap went his belly up against her fat buttocks, the sound was almost as if her bum was being slapped by hand. — I thought he'd never spend so long was he in her, till I saw his eyes close. — "Are you coming?" — "Yhes." — "Ahaa — fuck fuck," — she screamed again, her whole frame

quivered, then action ceased, she slipped a little forward fatigued, his belly and pego following with her, and there they still were in copulation both silent and exhausted. — Soon after she un-cunted him, and without a word turned onto the bed and laid down — I looked at her cunt and squeezed his prick, felt madly lewed but had no cockstand — I dare not ex-cite myself too much now — I was envious, dull at not being able at once to fuck her again.

She lay with eyes brilliant, humid with pleasure and a little blue beneath the lids, and very red in face. She looked at me intently. "Do it again," said she. — "I can't." — "You can, I am sure" — leaning on one el-bow she raised her upper knee, her cunt slightly opening, and I felt it. He was washing. — "Put it in for a minute." — "It's not stiff." — Reaching out a hand she gave it a grip. — "You can fuck," said she edging her- self to the bedside again and opening her thighs. "Do it this way just as I am lying." — I could not resist and put my pego where she wished it — would do anything to bring my prick to touch her cunt. — It was not three inches long — but directly the tip was on her vulva and she rubbed it there, it began to swell. Stiff, stiffer it grew as she nudged it into her cunt. "It's quite stiff," said she — I feared a relapse and set to work vigorously, sucked her sweet mouth, exhausted it of spittle which I swallowed and then we spent together, he now looking on. — It was an exciting but killing fuck to me — my sperm felt like hot lead running from my ballocks, and the knob felt so sore as I spent, that I left off thrusting or wriggling, and finished by her repeating cuntal compressions and grind, in the art of which she is perfect mistress. — When I first knew her and her cunt was smaller, she never exercised that grip even if she had it — now her lovely avenue tho certainly larger to the fingers, is fatter inside, and has a delicious power of compression.

Harry now was silent, and she at last seemed fatigued, yet sitting by his side began again restlessly twiddling his cock. There were evident signs of its swelling — I felt it, but my lust was satisfied and I cared no more about feeling it. We chatted and drank awhile, and then she laid herself along the bed as if going to repose. Not a bit of it — her lust was not sated yet. She put a hand on to his tool and said, "Fuck me, dear." He said he could not. "Try — I'll make you." H.'s eyes when she wants fucking have a voluptuous expression beyond description. — It appeals to my senses irresistibly — It is lewedness itself, and yet without coarseness, and even has softness and innocence so mixed with it, that it gives me the idea of a virgin who is randy and seeking the help of man, without in her innocence quite knowing what she wants, what he will do, and that there is neither shame nor harm in trying to get the article of which she does not know the use. Her voice also is low, soft and melodious — I sitting when I saw that she was now in furious rut. — I've seen her so before — and she said to the lad "Get on me — lay on me dear." — "I can't do it." — "You shall," said she impetuously. "Lay on my thigh." The slim youth turned at once his belly on to hers. He had now no modesty left — we had knocked that out of him quite.

Wildly almost, she pulled his head to hers and kissed him, her eyes closed, her bum jogged, down went one hand between their bellies, a slight movement of his buttocks, a hitch of her bum, a twist, a jerk, then up go her knees and legs, her backside slips lower down, and by a slight twist she had got his prick into her. Then she gave two sharp heaves, clutched hs backsde and was quiet — her eyes were closed — I would give much to know what lewed thoughts were passing through her bauty brain just then, a flood of lascivious images I'm sure, whilst her cunt was quietly, gently clipping his doodle. She opened her eyes when I said, — "Fuck her well." — "Fuck dear," said she to him and began gently her share of the exercise. He began also shagging, but quietly. "Is your prick stiff?" said I — "Yhes." — A strong smell of sperm, prick, cunt, and sweat, the aroma of randy human flesh now pervaded the hot room, — the smell of rutting male and female, which stimulated me in an extraordinary way. I got lewed, my prick swelled, and for a moment I wanted to pull him off and fuck her myself, but restrained myself and put my hand under his balls to please my lust that way.

If he was a minute upon her he was forty. — Never have I had such a sight, never assisted at such a long fucking scene. She was beautiful in enjoying herself like a Messalina all the time — I squeezed his balls and gently encouraged him with lewed words, she with loving words till she went off into

delirious obscenity. With her fine, strong, lovely shaped legs, thighs, and haunches she clipped him, he couldn't if he would have moved off of her. Every few minutes she kissed him rapturously crying, — "Put out your tongue, dear, kiss — Kiss. — Ahaa — fuck — fuck harder — put your spunk in my cunt." — Then came prolonged loud cries. — "Ahrrr — harre" — and she violently moved her buttocks, her thighs quivered — and after screeching. — "Aharr" — beginning loud and ending softly, she was quiet and had spent. But a minute after she was oscillating her bum as violently as ever, and crying, "Spend Harry, spend — kiss — kiss — put out your--tongue — kiss — you've not spent — spend dear, kiss" — and her kisses resounded.

I moved nearer to her, and standing, slid my hand under her raised thighs and gently intruded my middle finger up her bum hole. — Her eyes opened and stared at me bauldily. "Further up," sobbed she in a whisper, her bum still moving. Then she outstretched her hand, and grasped my prick, and I bending to her, we kissed wet kisses. His head then was laying over her left shoulder hidden, he was ramming like a steam engine, and neither knew where my finger was, nor thought of aught but her cunt, I guess.

Again he put his mouth to hers, their tongues met, and she still holding my pego, on went the fuck. The ramming indeed had never stopped for an instant. My finger was now well up her bum, his balls knocking against my hand, and each minute her bawdy delirium came on. — "Now — spend Harry — spend. — Oh God — fuck — fuck — bugger. — Aharr — aharrrr." — Again a screech, again quietness, and as languidly he thrust again she stimulated him. — "Fuck dear, that's it — your prick's stiff — isn't it?" — "Yhes" — "Your spunk's coming." — "Y — hess." — "Ahaa — spunk — fuck. — Aharr" — she screeched. The room rang with her deliriously voluptuous cries, and again all was quiet. So now was he for he'd spent, and out came my fingers as her sphincter strongly clipped it and she spent.

I thought all was over but it was not, her rutting was unabated. "Keep it in dear — you'll spend again" — "I can't" — "Yes, lie still." — Again her thighs clipped his, and her hands clutched his backside. I felt under his balls the genial mucilaginous moisture of their passions oozing. His prick was small and I slid my finger up her cunt besides it. — He never noticed it. "Don't you beast," — said she. — "Give me some champagne." I withdrew my moistened finger, gave her a glass, filled my mouth with some and emptied that into hers. She took it kissing me. She was mad for the male tho she murmured after her habit. — "Ain't we beasts?" — "No love, it's delicious, no beast could do what we do." — He lay now with eyes closed, almost asleep, insensible, half only upon her, his face half buried in the pillow. — She raised her head partially, not disturbing his body, I held up her head, and a full glass of champagne went down her throat. — Then she fell back again and put her hand between their bellies. "Is his prick out?" said I.

No reply made she — I put my hand under his buttocks, touched his prick which was still swollen, found she was introducing it to her quim and it touched my hand in doing it. — I saw that heave, jog and wriggle of her backside, her legs cross his, her hands clamp onto his buttocks, the jog, jog gently of her rump, then knew that again his pendant doodle was well in her lubricious cunt, and that she'd keep it there. — "How wet your cunt is, H\*I\*n," said I. — "Beast" she softly murmured and began fucking quicker, tho he lay quite still. — Her eyes were again closed, her face scarlet. "Feel his balls," said she softly. — "Do you like my doing it?" — "Yes, it will make him stiff — do that again." — Her eyes opened on me with a fierce bauldiness in them as she said that. — The exquisite voluptuous look, the desire of a virgin was no more there — delirious rutting, obscene wants in their plenitude was in them, the fiercest lust. — Up went my finger in her bum, — "Aha. — Aha — God" — sobbed she in quick staccato ejaculations. — "Fuck me dear."

He roused himself at that, grasped her buttocks, thrust for a little time then relaxed his hold and lay lifeless on her. "I can't do it, I'm sure." — "You can, lay still a little." — Still he laid like a log, but not she. — An almost imprecipitable movement of her rump and thighs went on, ever and anon her eyes opened on me with a lustful glare, then closed again, and not a word she spoke whilst still her thighs and buttocks heaved. — I knew her cunt was clipping, was nutcracking his tool, — often

times I've felt that delicious constriction of her cunt, as in boudy reverie I've laid upon her, half faint with the voluptuous delight of her embrace. — Some minutes ran away like this, whilst I was looking at their nakedness, feeling his balls withdrawing my finger from her, then gently, soothingly replacing it up her bum, frigging my own prick every now and then — none of us spoke.

Then more quickly came her heaves, he recommenced his thrusts. "Fuck dear, — there — it's stiff. — Ahaa — yes — you'll spend soon." — "Yes" murmured he. — "Yes, — shove hard — give me your spunk." All was so softly murmured and with voices so fatigued, that I could scarcely hear them. Again I took my finger from her bumhole (for the position fatigued my hand), on they went slowly, again he stopped, again went on, each minute quicker, and soon furiously rammed hard whilst she heaved her backside up and down, thumping the bed which creaked and rocked with their boundings, and the champagne glasses on the tray jingled. Up into her bum hole went my finger. "Aharr," she shivered out. — "Bugger — fuck — fuck Harry — quicker — aharr — my God — I shall die — y'r spunk's — com — corn — aharr — God — I shall go mad." — "Ohooo" groaned he. Her sphincter tightened and pinched my finger out, another bound up and down, one more scream, then both were squirming, another scream from her, a hard short groan from him, and then she threw her arms back above her head, lay still with eyes closed, mouth wide open, face blood red, and covered with perspiration, her bosom heaving violently.

He rolled half off of her, his prick lay against her thigh dribbling out thin sperm, his face covered with perspiration and again half buried in the pillow and laying nearly a lifeless mass at once he slept. Her thighs were wide apart, no sperm showing: his spend must have been small. Both were fucked out, exhausted with amorous strain.

My strength had been gradually returning, and prick stood like a horn as I felt again his prick, and thrust my fingers up her lubricious cunt. No heed took either of my playing with their genitals. — I forgot the pains in my temples — cared not whether I died or not, so long as I could again penetrate that lovely body, could fuck and spend in that exquisite cunt. Pouring out more champagne I roused her and she drank it at a draught. "Am I not a beast?" said she falling back again. — "No love, and I'll fuck you." — "No, no. You cannot, I'm done and you'd better not." — "I will." Pushing the lad's leg off hers — he fast asleep — and tearing off my shirt, I threw myself upon her naked form and rushed my prick up her. Her cunt seemed large and wet but in a second it tightened on my pego. — Then in short phrases, with boudy ejaculations, both screaming obscenities, we fucked. — "Is my prick larger than his?" — "Ah, yes" — "longer?" — "yes — aha, my God leave off, you'll kill me — I shall go mad." — "Ah, darling — cunt — fuck." — "Aha — prick — fuck me you bugger — spunk in me arsehole fuck — bugger — fuck — fuck." — With screams of mutual pleasure we spent together, then lay embracing, both dozing, prick and cunt joined in the spermy bath.

"Get up love, I want to piddle," said she. I rolled off of her belly. — She rose staggering but smiling, kissed me and looked half ashamed. Her hair was loose, her face blood red and sweaty, her eyes humid with pleasure, and puffy and blue the skin under her eyes. She sat on the pot by the bedside looking at me and I at her, and still with voluptuous thoughts she put up her hand and felt my prick. — "You've fucked me well." — "My God! aren't we three beasts — I'm done for." — "So am I."

I'd fucked her thrice, he thrice. — She spent to each of our sexual spasms and many more times. During their last long belly to belly fucking she kept him up to it for her whole and sole pleasure, for she was oblivious of me. — She must have spend thrice to his once, for her lovely expression of face, her musical cries, her boudy ejaculations during the orgasm — I know them full well by long experience — were not shammed. That would have been needless and impossible. — The tightening of her bum hole on my finger told the same tale, for the sphincter tightens in both man and woman when they spend. — She'd also frigged herself, been gamahuched by both of us, and spent under all. For two hours and a half, out of the four and a half I was with her that night, either finger, tongue, or prick had been at her cunt and for one hour and a half a prick up it.

Impossible as it seems even to me as I write it — absurd, almost incredible — she must have spent

or experienced some venereal orgasm — something which gave her sexual pleasure, which elicited her cries, sighs, and flesh quiverings, with other evidences of sexual delight, from twelve to twenty times. She may not have spent always, her vaginal juices may have re-fused to issue, their sources may have been exhausted after a time, yet pleasure she had I am sure. There was no need to sham, why should she, for she gained no more. The amusement was planned by us — so far as such a programme can be, jointly for our joint erotic delight. — Harry was but a cypher tho an active one, a pawn to be moved for our mutual delight, and nothing more — tho of course much to his delight — lucky youth.

I thought of the orgy perpetually until I saw her again three days after. I couldn't get to her before. — She looked smiling and fresh as ever, not a trace of fatigue was on her face, but she admitted that she was quite worn out that night, and had spent as nearly as she could tell, twelve or fifteen times, had laid a bed all next day, drank strong beef tea, and that such an-other night would almost kill her. — Never had she spent so much, never had had such a night before and should recollect it to the last day of her life. She hadn't seen Harry since and didn't want. — "We must not be long, Philip is coming to town tonight and will stop a fortnight, he'll be here in two hours, so get away soon." Her cunt had got its cherry red on it again, its delicate scent filled my nostrils and excited my brain, I gamahuched it, fucked her twice and left. — As I drove off I saw a cab with portmanteaus on the top going in the direction of her house. — Instinct again helped me, and stopping my cab, telling the driver to follow me, I walked slowly back, and when in sight saw the cab stop at what I suppose was her door. — It was, I found afterwards, her protector, and I'd been nearly caught there.

[Lascivious orgies I've had of various sorts — maddening, exciting, all — but for a refined voluptuous evening none ever came up to this. — To the last day of my acquaintance with her I shall recollect it. — We often talked about it together for some years after. [I altered but very slightly the wording in place this narrative, omissions were not needed. Would that, could illustrate it by pencil.]

## Vol. 10 Chapter XII

**On a metropolitan railway. • A conceited neophyte in harlotry. • Three males on the scent. • The assignation. • Lucy in despair. • Addressed, con-soled, fed, fucked, and compensated. • An assignation not kept. • The hairdresser's servant. • Phoebe dismissed. • Dinner with me. • Attack on pudenda. • Pudenda stockaded. • The second dinner. • Second attack. • An unexpected portcullis. • The citadel taken and inundated. • Festivities therein afterwards.**

[My lapses from chastity are fewer, promiscuous fucking I seldom now indulge in — perhaps it is that having one voluptuous lascivious beauty always avail-able, I need no novelty in female form; perhaps it is making me more virtuous — if there be any virtue in refusing to comply with nature's law, in shedding my semen in a ready thirsting cunt. For the last few years abnormal pleasures have suggested themselves, and I have indulged in what I believe are called erotic excesses. In my philosophy nothing which man and woman do with their sexual organs, or any of their organs, is illegitimate, unnatural or improper, if they kept it to themselves. — Certain it is that I don't want so much fucking, tho still able to satisfy a nice woman who is new to me twice within the first hour, and can do a third by waiting, but these occasions occur less frequently, are less sought for by me. — Age! ! — My sperm holder needs more time to accumulate its life-giving treasure, and my body takes longer to recuperate. — I have fewer episodes to narrate, less manuscript to eliminate, but little to abbreviate — My fugitive amours being a diminishing quantity.]

Soon after the orgy with H. and Harry (He seen but once afterwards) need of money took me again to try my luck on the stock exchange. I returned at times westwards by the various underground



railways. I'd already had one or two adventures in those railways, and believe that thousands of intrigues are hatched there in. — Where are they not hatched? "for cock and cunt will come together," as in my boyhood we often sang in bawdy chorus.

It was dark early, when in the middle of November on the railway in a first class carriage, men only in it, a lass looking about sixteen entered, and sat down with great complacency. She stared round at us all, then threw aside her cloak (it was cold) and disclosed her being in an evening dress, very décolleté, and with naked arms. She had mittens on, I expect to exhibit one or two showy rings. The dress was of poorish stuff but showily made, and she pulled up bits of lace from her bosom to arrange it, smoothed her dress, turned her rings round, looking at them and ever and anon at us to see if she was admired, with an air of intense satisfaction, and desire to exhibit her clothing. There was no lewd invitation in her eyes, all was excessive vanity. I guessed at a glance that she'd not long been poked, that the rig out was the gift of a lover, that she was going to meet a man, and was not a harlot. What experience comes with age!

Looking at her handsome nascent bubbies and picturing to myself her hidden charms, voluptuous sensations crept through me. I'd not the time to attempt her, nor indeed did it suggest itself to me. "Is this \* \* \* \* station?" she asked. It was, she got out, two gentlemen also got out after her, and I after them, for it was my station. I was going to a shop and saw her ahead when up the street, and soon after one of the gentlemen who had been in our carriage accost her. I stepped to the opposite side of the way, for watching intrigues is so delightful. His essay seemed fruitless for he went off, and directly afterwards the other man I think who had been in the carriage, appeared and walked by her side. Both I suppose had had their cocks set tingling, by the sight of the fresh, slim lass, who was very appetizing.

This man seemed more pressing, for she stopped, turned back, he after her, then she turned back again he with her, and touched her arm I think, for she lifted her shoulder and edged off from him. At length he left her, turned back and walked towards the station — I supposed. — Two disappointed pricks were gone.

Watching them and guessing their object made me think of fucking, and my cock swelled. Keeping her in view, I followed still on the opposite of the way, till she reached a street where the third house down was a large one, or rather two which had been united. I knew it some ten years before when it really was a poor sort of private hotel, but where they asked if you wanted a sitting room as well as a bed room, — always assuming couples were going to stop the night — then let the rooms for money down. — It was in fact half hotel, half bawdy house. A chance woman first took me there, and afterwards at intervals I took others there. One night a few years after, the landlord scrutinized me and the lady, then said they were full. On saying that we shouldn't stop long, he said that wouldn't do, the police had been down upon him. If I'd a carpet bag he wouldn't have minded.

As I watched the lass it occurred to me that the house was doing its former business again, and she looking up at the name of the street as if to see if she was right, I concluded it was an assignation there. After watching her for five minutes I crossed, spoke to her, asked if she'd have a glass of wine, said how beautiful she was and so on. "No," she was waiting for a friend she re-plied, and begged I'd leave her, she didn't want to be seen talking to a gentleman. Then she walked up and down the street, I following and persisting, till she asked me the exact time, and on hearing it. — "Oh I'm late, I wish you'd go, what do you keep following me for when I don't want you, I'm waiting for a friend." — I left her, giving a look at the hotel which had an ambiguous aspect, and concluded that her friend was going to take her there, and that she was no harlot tho she'd had the persuader up her.

I was at my shop a long time and was about to go home, when the lass again came into my mind, so went back [I get my chances, I'm sure, by instinct] found her still waiting and looking anxiously up and down the street. I crossed over and asked if her friend had not come. She began to whimper, saying he had not. She was late, she was afraid, and he'd gone away angry, she'd never met him there before, and hoped he wasn't ill etc. etc. Her trouble was opening her mouth and mind, and she

no longer was curt and rude to me. "Perhaps you've made a mistake in the hour." — "No I ain't but I was late, here's the letter." Fumbling in her bosom she produced one and was going to show me it, when she thought better. Then after a good deal of talk, advice, and persuasion, she went to a neighbouring public house with me.

She was so cold, she said when she accepted the invitation, and perhaps on that account drank two glasses of port wine very quickly. She recollected my having been in the railway carriage. "Oh if my friend should be waiting now." I told her that it was not likely, that it was a shame to keep such a lovely girl waiting, and so on. Her vanity again showed itself — I have met many women as vain as peacocks, but think this lass was the vainest. Seeing my chance, I laid on the flattery till it was almost laughable, but she swallowed it all. I told her I'd been wild for her, since I had seen her beautiful breasts peeping out of her pretty frock. "Yes, isn't it pretty, he told me to come in it" — saying that she undid her cloak to show me. — "Lovely, exquisite! I'd give a sovereign to see you strip to your waist, I'm sure you're perfect." — "My friend says I am." — She looked half sheepish but delighted. — "Have you any hair in your armpits?" I risked. — She actually colored up, laughed, reflected seemingly, and then. "A little. — Oh! I must go, perhaps he's there now." — "Nonsense he's playing with you." — "It's a shame if he is, I've come such a way, but I must go and see." — Out we both went, I keeping a long way off from her, and she came back in despair. "Let us have another glass of wine at a quieter house, and you shall go and look again in a quarter of an hour."

At length after going out again to look for her friend, she consented. — Quite uncertain what the character of the house now was, and not knowing any other about there, I went to it and asked for a bedroom for the night. — An elderly woman said "yes," but there was a sitting room with it, and she couldn't let me without the other. I hired it, said our baggage would come soon, and found myself alone with the lass in a fairly comfortable room with a fire, which I soon roused to a blaze. — Ordering wine, the landlady said they hadn't a spirit license but would fetch anything. — I paid money down and port wine came.

The lass threw off her cloak and we sat by the fire, I kissed her often. — She liked it, but I took no great liberty then: waiting till the fire had warmed her flesh, and the wine heated her cunt a bit. Then I began to feel hungry, so was she, the landlady said she had nothing in the house but could get us anything, and in twenty minutes there were mutton chops (not so bad) on the table, and soon were in our stomachs. — "Don't you want to piddle?" said I, thinking it quite time to break the ice. — She laughed uneasily and said she did, went to the bedroom and returning. "Have you dried it?" — "Ohoo" she chuckled, "I wonder if my friend's come." — I went to the bedroom, and turned the gas full on there to warm the room, no fire being alight.

I told her it was a waste of time to look for her friend now, he wouldn't expect her to wait an hour and a half for him. "If he is waiting close by, what will he think if he sees you going out of a house? — he'll never speak with you again." That had not occurred to her. — "I ought not to have come here" quoth she sadly. I pulled the sofa to the fire and we sat down, putting the wine upon the mantelpiece.

More talk, another glass of wine, more kisses. — "I'll give you a sovereign to strip to your waist." — "No" — I kissed her breasts. — "What do you meet your friend for?" — After a pause. — "To see him." — "You come to be fucked, you little fibber." — She gave me a push. — "Let me see your legs." — "I shan't." — Seizing her round the waist, and kissing her, I pulled her back and got my hand on to her cunt. How many dozens of times I've done the same thing to women? — She didn't cry or struggle much. "Don't, now don't" was all she said. I now begged her to let us fuck, said I knew she'd come to be fucked, that she liked fucking, and then pulling out my prick — a standard in perfection — I stood in front of her to show it. "Look at it my darling, it's as big as your friend's." — She laughed slightly and looked at it. — Seating myself again I took her round her waist, kissing, begging, talking of fucking. — "Oh! don't — I won't" — I put her unresisting hand round my prick, she kept it there, and in a second I was frigging her whilst still she murmured.

— "Oh — don't — I won't." In silence now I frigged till her backside began to writhe under my titillation, whilst still she held my prick, her head laying on my shoulder. I knew that lust was now aiding me.

The delicious enervation of lust was indeed overwhelming her, desire was coursing through her veins. — Who can describe the sensuous delight a woman feels at such a moment, when in the very springtide of sexual wants and almost in her innocence of their gratification. When ready to spend under the gentle titillation of a man's fingers on her clitoris, her cunt in-voluntarily lubricating itself to receive the prick which she holds, he kissing rapturously and murmuring the blazing words of lust and love: Who can describe the voluptuous thrills which annihilate her resistance to him who is begging to let him fuck her, she dying to be fucked whilst yet she says, "No, no — I won't." Such moments must be bliss only excelled by the ecstatic crisis, when they are joined in one and the sperm gushes up her cunt, and cunt grips, sucks, receives, absorbs it, shedding its own to blend with his in the warm avenue to her womb, and make the lubricious compound in which his prick lies wallowing afterwards.

Vanity — the only name I can give her, was in this voluptuous state, when withdrawing my fingers from her cunt, and rising with hornlike prick, gently I pressed her unresisting to the bed room and raised her light form on to the bed's edge. "Don't now — don't" — I threw up her clothes, kissed and smelt between her thighs for an instant only, then her thighs opened more, I felt between the moist lips, and in a second with one lunge was up her cunt. — "Don't — aherr" — was all she said, then laid silent with eyes closed, whilst I stood still, my prick throbbing and enjoying its possession.

Then nature impelled me to the amorous exercise. Gently drawing my prick back to its tip, again I drove it back with force. At each such thrust she sighed, "Aherr." Then her eyes opened full on me. Something in their expression, something in the feel of her little cunt — I can't describe it, — instinct told me her crisis was near. — Rapidly I moved my prick now, the friction told. — "Aherr." Her eyes closed, ripples of pleasure on her belly, quivering of thighs and buttocks, a heave up of her cunt. "Aherr," she sighed. — "Aherr, I'm coming, darling — fuck." — My hot spunk flooded her cunt, and both were in paradise, tranquil, silent. — Ah what a sin to awaken from such bliss! — Why not die away thus into Elysium, cunt and prick still in holy conjunction? — As all must die, let us pray to die fucking, die in the ecstasy of obeying the divine law. — "Increase and multiply." — Many men are fortunate enough to go off in this supreme pleasure.

There is an end of all things. — She opened her eyes, we gazed into each other's voluptuously, prick and cunt still joined. — "Did you like the fuck?" — "Yes." — "Wasn't it delicious?" — "Yes." — "Is my prick bigger than your friend's?" "I can't tell." — So ran our talk till I felt the mucilaginous, soothing liquids running down my balls. Then withdrawing my prick I knelt and saw the evidence of our pleasures, both washed, and went to the sitting room.

Fucking usually opens a woman's mouth, as well as her cunt. — Vanity now was more talkative, it was first about fucking and she revelled in it. Then it was of herself and friend. — I couldn't get her name or address, but her christian name was Lucy. — She'd been cautious about wine. — "Have I hurt my new dress at the back?" — "No, take it off dear and see, and I'll give you a sovereign to strip to your waist." — She hesitated silently. — "No." "Why? I've fucked you and seen your cunt." Then thoughtfully, without a word she stripped slowly to her waist, and afterwards at my request to her chemise — at which she chuckled. — Then on chairs together we sat before the fire feeling each other's genitals. Then I looked long at her cunt, and at length gamahuched her — her first pleasure under the friction of a tongue.

She was sixteen and three months old, well grown, thin, with lovely shaped nascent breasts and but a narrow bum, had a dear little cunt, light chestnut-coloured hair on the motte, and as much only as would cover half a crown. The lips were fattish and unfledged nearly, the clitoris well developed. Really these young cunts are lovely. — I like them best now. — She'd been fucked not two months and about ten times. — Her cunt had all the signs of comparatively recent defloration — I know the look of recent rupture well, having ruptured and seen many. — She'd large hands and feet, was of

common breed, only moderately pretty, had lovely teeth, and a large mouth. But there was a delicious fresh look about her, an innocence in her manner and in her fucking, which was most stimulating. Before long I wanted to do her again, she was ready in a minute, and made no objection to anything after I had gamahuched her, but was ready for all. We got into bed and we fucked nearly but not quite naked. — I put this time my tongue in her mouth, her friend had never done that. — "It's nasty tho it's nice" — said she — queer combination of ideas.

Her friend was not a very young man, he'd fucked her twice at first, at other meetings generally but once. He'd first met her in the street. A friend of hers, a widow, let her meet him at her lodgings but he'd never tailed her there. Her parents were poor and knew nothing of her game, the dresses given her she kept at the widow's, she must go there to change them that night; her mother thought she'd gone to a concert with the widow. Here she let slip the name of a place at the extreme end of London. — Her friend gave her a sovereign each time he had her, and said he'd keep her. She always came to meet him at the west end, but didn't know where he took her to, they were various, he had never named that street before. — If she got with child, the widow was to help her — I came to the conclusion that the widow got money by the girl, and was perhaps fucked by the friend as well.

Lots more chat, and then in a hurry she left, as she must get home — I told the landlady there was some blunder about our luggage, and I must go and look after it, so paid for the rooms for the night. — She gravely asked, if letters came where was she to for-ward them to. I went with the lass in a cab to the Rail-way tho it only took four minutes to get there, felt her little cunt all the way and promised two sovereigns if she'd meet me here again. — "I will if I can I'm sure — I like you better than him," — but on the evening named she did not appear.

[Good fortune this year certainly had not forsaken me in respect of virginities.] — Two years ago I moved to another quarter of the town. Between my house and some particular friend's house where I visited some-what frequently, were small streets in one of which lived my hairdresser, whom I employed because he was always at home, and his shop was quiet. The house and those in the street had been private dwellings tho now shops, and the entrance passage which opened to the shop went further on to a door which was the living house entry. — One morning at about ten o'clock going there to have my hair cut, I saw a well grown, young, and remarkably handsome girl, sweeping the passage out. She looked full at me with her beautiful hazel eyes, then dropped them on the floor in a sham modest way as I thought. Struck with her and for the sake of looking at her, I asked if her master was within. — He sometimes was out — "In the cutting room I think, sir" — and again her eyes dropped under my gaze. — She was so neatly dressed and her demeanor so ladylike even, that I thought she must belong to the hair-dresser's family and was not a servant, especially as he was a small tradesman.

A few days after I saw her again sweeping the pas-sage. She looked at me then dropped her eyes as before, which made me suspicious. A modest woman turns her eyes away from a man's, those who drop them ostentatiously on to the ground with a half-stealthy look, I have found to be naturally lustful, to know much on sexual matters, and be cunning. It struck me that this girl was hot cunted and immodest, and as usual I began to think about her hidden charms. Then I thought that a man had probably seen them, and that her sexual aperture had been plugged. Another week or so passed, and as I entered the shop, she was again sweeping the passage. The same look and droop of eye took place, and with my hair was being cut I re-marked, — "What a superior-looking maid that is of yours, sweeping the passage." — "I'll be glad when she's gone," he burst out angrily. — "An idle hussy — we can't get her up in the morning, she does nothing but read novels, and keeps them in her pocket, neglects her work. and drives my wife mad. The month she came for is up, thank God and she's going tonight. We took her with quite a so-so character." A lot more of the same sort, he said. "She's good-looking, she'll get a place or a friend always." — "Yes, sir," said he with a snigger. "She'll get soon what most girls want if she's not had it already, she's going out now to get lodgings. — She's only nineteen and won't come to any good, you may be sure." — He worked himself quite in-to a passion. He was an ugly baldheaded, middle-aged man, but a very good

hairdresser.

A letch for her came on strongly. — All the hair-dresser had said pointed to his belief in her having been fucked, or being as he said not better than she ought. No woman who's had a fucking will ever be long with-out having it again. Before tasting it they can resist long and oftentimes successfully, but after the feel of the semi-elastic, warm, smooth, red-tipped prober up their cunts, it so upsets and vanquishes them, they think so of the delicious sensations of the conjunction just as a man does — that at all risk they will have it up them again. — I made sure she'd been fucked from the sly downcast look, and guessed she was sexually hot — I have made mistakes about women having been fucked, but rarely if ever have I been wrong about the voluptuousness of their natures.

I could scarcely wait to have my hair finished, so anxious was I to waylay her when going out, as I have many a servant before — even my own servants. — I feared to miss my chance. — "Shall I trim your whiskers, sir?" "No, next time, I'm in a hurry" — and away I went.

I planted myself in the street just in sight of the shop, and there had plenty of time for reflection. — I thought I was embarking in a risky affair, but my letch overpowered me. I had come to the conclusion that she had gone out whilst my hair was being cut, when I saw her coming in my direction. I moved out of sight round the angle of a street, and in a minute we met. — "I'm sorry to hear you've been dismissed," said I, accosting her. — Astonished she looked. — "Who told you, sir?"

— "Your master." — "Yes, and I'm glad to get away."

— "Where are you going?" — "To get lodging," and she told me where. — "I'll drive you there — I fell in love with you the first time I saw you." — "I don't believe you." — Our eyes met and she laughed, a few minutes more flattery and she got into a cab with me. Driving along I learnt that she supposed she'd soon get a place and so on. — "Why don't you go home?" "Oh, it's a long way off." — "Where?" — She said that she knew where but avoided all information about herself.

The lodging was got. She was to leave the hair-dresser's at half past six, and with little persuasion agreed to dine with me afterwards. We got on very happily, she asked my age, I told her one younger than I was, but she thought me ten years younger than that. No — she wouldn't disappoint me, she'd be glad enough of a dinner, for they almost starved her, and would be in a cab where I'd first spoken to her. I ordered a dinner in a private room at \* \* \* and paid half the cost down, then went home and reflected on my risks, thought she was a determined wench, that such resolute ones often got men into trouble. But I was cunt struck, was in sexual love — my prick stood when I thought of her, and resolved to have her at any risk, thinking that her coldness was assumed, and that she was one who kept in situations if it suited her for a time, and took money and a prick when out of it. — There are many such servants.

At the time agreed on she in the cab was there, we drove to the lodgings, deposited her box, then in an-other cab we drove to the restaurant. In the dark going there I kissed her but she didn't return it, was taciturn, sullen and pushed away my hand which I'd placed on her lap to be near her cunt. In the dining room she re-marked it was very comfortable — sat down, and in an easy way at my request removed her bonnet. She looked lovely. I couldn't quite make her out — was she, or was she not virtuous? — My first instincts about women have generally proved to be right, yet in the intermediate stage of courtship I've frequently hesitated and doubted my beliefs. Women are so capricious and cunning, can so hide their sexual wants and habits, and have nothing to show when lust is on them, as a stiff prick does a man — that unmistakable indicator.

She eat as if she'd never had a good dinner before and drank wine sparingly, but unaccustomed to liquor, took enough to warm her up. We were close together, and so placed that I could touch her legs with mine. I joked about her lovers. — Wouldn't she write to one to keep her company till she got another situation — keep her warm in bed, and so on? — "Why no." — Freer and freer I got and when dinner was removed and wine on table, we sat on the sofa together. I gave and got kisses then. — "Don't you want to piddle, dear." — "Lord, no" — said she startled. — "You do. I'll call

the maid." — She didn't say no again, went out with the maid and returned. — "Have you dried it properly?" "Mind your own business" — Her face grew scarlet when I repeated the question and she made no further reply until, — "Now, let me dry it." — "Oh how you do go on." I let the subject drop then, knowing that she was thinking of her cunt, and knew that I was as well. Once set a woman thinking thus and lust begin to ferment and fucking results.

We chatted on, she close as an oyster about her past life, anxious about a situation and the money question — I offering to befriend her and kissing her at intervals. She wasn't ticklish she said, but trying her, in a minute she was wriggling like an eel and begging me to desist. — "Oh — I can't bear it — leave off." — Then I pulled her suddenly back on the sofa, got my hand up her petticoats, and my fingers touched a napkin instead of her cunt. — She had her courses on.

She cried out loudly— "Oh, don't, you beast" and dislodged my hand easily enough, for indeed surprized, I had desisted, not liking women when with their monthlies on. — She was scarlet in face again and un-mistakably angry. The ice was broken and I went on talking about menstruation in medical fashion. — She tossing her head, and not replying — until. "I'm sorry I've offended you — I wouldn't have tried to feel your cunt if I'd known, you'll let me another day." — "I won't, you beast — I must go" — said she rising up.

I went on talking. — It was only nine o'clock and re-fused to let her go, told her that gin and water was good for her etc. etc., till on promise not to do "anything of that sort again," she sat down. Again I kissed, but she was now reserved, so soon after we left. In the cab I felt to her knees spite of her struggles, declaring I'd not go a bit higher which I didn't, not liking to feel a cunt in that condition. Finally exposing my genitals completely I forced her hand on to them. — "Oh you beast" and off her hand went, but I knew she'd think about that when she was alone.

She jumped out of the cab when near her lodgings, wouldn't kiss me, and repulsed me. No, she wouldn't dine with me again. — "I won't, I won't — there — never" and she rushed into the house. — I was surprized at this termination, but I'd touched her thighs, she my pego, I knew that lewed thoughts must arise from that, and her cunt heat and moisten when they did. — Such is human nature male and female. "He wants to fuck me" — must have been in her mind many a time afterwards. Oh that I could for a week change my sex, be a woman, and have their thoughts and sensations.

I waited three days then telegraphed an assignation, but she never came. A second time the same result. I had been too hasty, too impetuous. Then I thought she'd perhaps a sweetheart who was enjoying her, then of the insinuation of the hair dresser, and felt sure that some-one fucked that sweet sylphlike beauty. — Yet she'd been so nice and soft in manner with me at first, — and her eyes had that downcast, half knowing, half modest look which women have when they incline to a man — that I was bewildered. If she has been fucked why couldn't she let me have a pleasure? Perhaps she has got a situation I thought. One evening, randy to my bumhole and risking all, I went to the house and asked if she had left. She had not. "Tell her the gentleman is here about the situation she's been after." The girl appeared, she'd been unwell thro taking cold, couldn't get a situation, thought she'd go home again, and at length agreed to dine with me the next night, on my solemn promise that I'd "have none of those games again." Did she believe my promise?

At the restaurant where we had dined the sofa was more like a seat. With a willing woman we might have fucked on it, but if she were restive I knew that I couldn't succeed. I might also have one of those temporary fits of nervous impotence, which I've had at intervals all my life, and ever shall recollect the words of our maid in my youth, she willing on a sofa in the dark, and I couldn't tail her tho I tried. Then she contemptuously. — "Oh — you're not man enough," — forty long years perhaps have elapsed since that was said, but even now the recollection of it annoys me. So I sought an Italian hotel, and was shown a room with a big sofa, on which the Great Eastern might have laid her bulky arse. I took it, ordered dinner and fine wine, then seeing a door which the waiter locked, "What is that?" — "A bedroom." — "I can't have this room then, I don't want to be listened to." — "All the others are engaged." — He went to his master and returning asked if I should stay late.

— "No, but I'll pay for that room," and that was so arranged. I thought it a lucky omen.

The dinner tho the hotel was a poor one was really excellent. The girl whose name was Phoebe — I never had a woman with it before — eat enormously. She'd been half starved, had spent all her money and pawned some underlinen. She cried a little about that. She belched. — "Oh I beg your pardon, sir, I was so empty." — "Never mind we all do that at times, don't blush" — for she did. Sitting together afterwards upon the sofa she was less reserved, and said if she didn't get a situation soon perhaps she'd better go home. She'd barely enough money left to keep her an- other week. "I'll pay if you'll let me feel it again." — She gave me a push in a half sulky manner. — "Your sweetheart has felt it." — "I haven't one." — She looked me full in the face, and again her eyes drooped in what seemed to me a sham modest manner. Then I thought her a cunning devil.

We were both jolly as far as good food and wine could make us. I talked in veiled lewdness accompanied by kisses and cuddling. — How time flies in these absorbing amusements. "Let me feel it again and there is a sovereign for another week's living, I'd give you five if you'd sleep with me." — "I won't." — "Well take the sovereign." She took it, thanked me and got thoughtful. After a glass more wine I held her tight to me, her head on my shoulder. "Let me feel it — only just above your knees then," — "I won't." — "I've given you a sovereign to let me." — "I'm so poor or I would not have taken it." — "Let me." — With a little struggle my hand was on her cunt, my fingers in the curls of her motte. "Oh don't, you shan't." — Her resistance was slight, and I twiddled all about the soft region, but couldn't get to the split, her thighs were so tightly closed.

Withdrawing my hand and pulling out my prick in magnificent condition, I stood up for a moment showing it to her, then sitting down closed on her again, and cuddling, holding her tightly to me, got at last my fin-gers on to her clitoris.

She writhed to get away. "Let me feel it darling, I'll give you such pleasure." — Her movements only gave me better chance, I got my middle finger well on to that soft convexity, that gentle protuberance, placed there by nature to let the male rouse the female's lust, and let the woman assuage her lust solitarily by frigging, if she cannot be fucked. — Murmuring now the lewed words of love, intoxicating her with kisses, entreating, promising anything, everything. Her "No — no" grew faint, and her thighs opened with incipient pleasure. — "Aher, — doo — on't — leave off." — Her lips clung to mine as she murmured thus, in the enervation of sexual want — want of fucking.

Instinct told me the psychological moment had come. Pressing one of her hands for a minute on my ballocks and kissing all the time, for a second I frigged her rapidly.

She was silent with eyes closed, her body saturated with desire — almost unconscious of yielding to her lust whilst refusing, yet yielding. "Ohoo — noww." — "Let me fuck you, love." — Kissing her, my arm round her waist, I led her to the bed room, placed her on the bed, for a moment by her side laid feeling the region of her sex, then covering her, placed my red hot prick against her cunt, and in a second lodged it well and thrust — "Oho — ho — don't." I didn't enter, thought I'd mistaken the road and felt my tool. All was right and I lunged again. — "Oho" she cried. — A barrier! by the living God! she's a virgin! ! ! Then with fierce, al-most bloody determination now, I thrust as the fact dawned on me, thrust with the force of fifty pricks for entry. — "Ohoo." — Something nipped my gland tightly, nipped as it an india rubber ring was round it, then instantly loosened, gave way, and at the next lunge my prick was buried up to its balls in her cunt. Then shortening my thrusts in the glory of complete possession whilst her cries had ceased, next minute I flooded her avenue with boiling sperm, and sank quietly on her, kissing and endearing her.

As I came to myself, I was surprized — the virginity was so unexpected. Had I thought when first I accosted her that she'd not been fucked, I'm quite sure that under all circumstances I should never have at-tempted her. — Is my judgment, my perspicacity in feminine affairs, leaving me? So I thought as I lay with my prick still revelling in its hot lubricious bath, and she lay quiet with eyes closed. — "You've never had it before," at length I remarked. She opened her eyes. "Let me get up — do." — Shifting to her side and uncunting, I put my finger over the orifice which was yielding up

fast the excess of my libation, and with drew it covered with blood and sperm. Then I tried to look at her cunt, but pushing down her clothes she got off the bed, so did I, and we stood looking at each other for a second or two. "You've never been fucked before," again I remarked. — "Of course not," she re-plied sadly. — "I'll get hot water for you to wash your cunt with." — Ringing, it was brought, and I left the room to let her purify alone, I knew I should soon see all that I wanted.

She came to the sitting room, had a glass more wine, for an hour we talked and kissed. The most luscious conversations I've ever had have been with virgins just after defloration. Open a woman's cunt and you open her mouth. Our talk was all about fucking, or what leads to it — about her being virgin — how she'd kept one so long — what her longings had been, what her sensations as my prick broke through the membrane, what as it stretched and spent in her. — Then cuddling, kissing, showing my prick, feeling her cunt, looking at its ragged bleeding edges; within the hour I done all this. She'd felt my stiff prick, I'd fucked her again, she had given down her maiden tribute to mix with her ravisher's, and our spendings had mingled in our pleasures.

Then, whether I could do her again became an anxiety, not being so young as I was. Again by the fire we sat, sipped wine, and talked and kissed and cuddled. She anxious to go, I to keep her, until at length with a long effort, but with prick which never showed signs of shirking its duty, nor dwindled from the moment it was gripped by her cunt, at length I did it, standing at the bed side, holding up her thighs, watching her lovely face as she spent with me during the luscious carnal exercise. Half an hour after that I had left her at her lodgings. I'll bet she fingered up her cunt more than once that night.

I shorten the narrative from here. Three days after we fucked in a warm comfortable bed and had full enjoyment for eyes, fingers, lips and prick. All my senses were fully gratified and hers as well. Soon after I was sorry to find a recklessness about her. She was still reserved about herself and relatives, and I never knew where she came from nor her real surname, perhaps not her Christian name. If she did not get a situation she'd go home, she said, but I knew that she could have got to service if she'd liked and told her so. — Well, she wasn't going to a tradesman's again, so she'd go home. She was very affectionate to me, hinted how she would like me to keep her, and so on. As said, she knew my name and address, and amusement was tending to-wards a tie, so insisted on her going home. — She agreed, I gave her ten pounds, fucked her before she got into the cab, took her to a railway terminus — and never saw or heard of her since.

She was a slim, well-formed girl, with a small quantity of darkish brown hair on a pretty little cunt. — I thought her a delicious fuck at first, but somehow ceased to care much about it soon after, whilst she seemed more eager for my prick at each meeting. She wasn't altogether a pleasant girl either — something in the background was, I think, shadowing her, there was such a strange look in her eyes at times. — Her face was lovely, she had the loveliest hazel eyes.

[Among many pieces of good fortune with women, this was one of the most singular and was due largely to boldness and opportunity. Boldness is one of the most essential qualities in getting women. Not much harm can result from it, if not good. A man can but be refused, and women don't tell of sexual requests to them. Not one virtuous woman in a hundred would tell anyone but a confidential female friend, if a man said to her. "Oh! I'm dying to fuck you," and she'd feel in her heart complimented by his desires, — tho she wouldn't tell that.]



## Vol. 10 Chapter XIII

**Fucking on chairs. • Condoms tried. • Blowpipe, condom, and cunt. • My ill health. • H.'s sexual strength. • Cunts felt in the streets. • A peculiar piddling performance. • L\*\*l\*e again. • A sweet seventeen harlot. • A sea voyage. • A young plain-faced widow. • Masturbation of a circumcized. • A harlot's naked street antics. • Fucking against bamboo. • A comedy of donkies. • Lewed effect on the widow. • An aperient applied to her pouters.**

The two little episodes last narrated, tho shortened, took a long time to write, but are worth preserving, yet how short a time they really occupied me in the performance. The railway lass but one evening only — the hairdresser's servant, but eight evenings in six weeks. They are charming reminiscences, particularly that of Phoebe, whom I had the pleasure of teaching the art of love, and in the very few meetings, fucked her in half a dozen different attitudes, and both gamahuched and friggd her. She used to submit to my suggestions at once after our marriage night, and without a word but, "oh!" — when she heard my proposals.

For sometimes I hadn't seen H. at all, and when I did told her all. She said she didn't care but was evidently angry. We had champagne. Neither Donkey prick nor her protector had had her for about ten days (so she said when sitting on my knee, feeling my prick and I her vulva). She said she'd contented herself with digital movements on her cuntal bud, — which wasn't all she needed — and before I'd been in the house a quarter of an hour she was manipulating my love staff. This shows how the recital of any amorous trick affects those whose lust is rampant. — I'd said that I'd fucked Phoebe whilst sitting on a chair, she sitting on my prick with bum against my belly. — "Fuck me so," said H. Next minute I did. — She put a glass on the floor with lights by its side — as L\*\*l\*e used, — so that both could see the movement of my prick in her cunt, as she fucked me by rise and fall. We were delighted, she enraptured. — "Do you see your balls?" "Yes dear — frig your clitoris." — She obeyed. Then sobbing out our carnal chorus, looking in the glass whilst fucking and friggging, we got repose in concupiscent Elysium. — Afterwards we varied it by fucking whilst sitting face to face and tongue to tongue, — that luscious lingual junction, a delicious addition. — It pleased her to know I had fucked Phoebe in that posture. — Said she as we began, "I can't see your prick moving when face to face, you can," — then she put the glass at the back of our chair, and looking over my shoulders was gratified, tho she could only see herself moving.

A day or two after, there again, meretricious inventiveness was on us both. It was an age since I'd had a condom on my prick, and she long since one so sheathed and been put up her. We had talked of that before. I took condoms with me, we began operations with one on, but not liking the sensation — which cheats the sexual pleasure of both, — I took my prick out, well greased the condom outside, put it on and up her again. We compared sensations, but both agreeing that pleasure was largely lessened by the intervening skin between prick and cunt, I took it off and fucked without one.

I took another day with me a condom tied on to a little bone tube, which I took out from an india rubber bottle or injector, and with that could inflate the con-dom. — Wetting the condom she pushed it — a gutty little string — up her cunt as far as she could with her fingers, leaving the mouthpiece hanging out, and laid herself at the edge of the bed. Then taking it in my mouth, I tried to inflate the condom by blowing into it, but with all the force of my lungs failed to do so effectually. It might have been done perhaps with a pair of bellows, but with my mouth I could do nothing more than inflate it a little. Directly I ceased blowing, the squeeze of her cunt drove all the wind out again. She could feel the dilation, which gave her cunt what she called "a tickling squeeze out" but nothing more. We both thought it good fun, which shows what infinite variety of amusements reside in cock and cunt. A trial on another day, when the condom was pushed up her dry, was equally unsuccessful.

Then I blew up her cunt thro an india rubber tube — my breath blew against her womb, which we thought at the time good fun. — Indeed any absurdity (as it may be seen afterwards) will amuse a meretricious couple fond of playing with each other's genitals. Then as she had a pretty bum hole, I introduced the india rubber tube up that and blew up it — "I'll put a fresh fart into you," said I — "Beast," — but she liked the fun. Inventions multiplied. I blew a condom out, tied the end to keep up the inflation, then pushed it up her cunt. It was larger in circumference than any prick I have seen — so far as I can judge, — but up it went, and I moved it very gently whilst she friggd herself. There were pleasant chats about this, and we agreed that a cunt full grown would take a much larger than ever man yet had.

Then I fell out of health and was ordered to a warmer climate for the winter. — Before departing, H. and I had a frolicsome evening, in which we invented postures and modes of pleasure, in which we both got tight, and her lasciviousness had full play. With great regret we parted, as much exhausted with lecherous amusements as a couple could be. Her wonderful strength showed itself that night, for under my prick, finger, and tongue, she spent eleven times, and at that last gamahuche, during which I added to her pleasure by inserting my middle finger just through her sphincter, she gave such a long, loud screech as she spent, that it must have been heard throughout the house, and she nearly tore the hair off my head. — "Aha — my God — suck — bugger — quicker — haa — spunk," she screeched in ejaculations, pausing between each word. — I wrote an account of all next day, this is but an abbreviation.

A week afterwards returning home late, reminiscences of the fun I'd had in cunt hunting in that neighbourhood filled my mind. I walked along the harlot's promenade, met N\*\*l\*e L\*l\*e and went home with her, having a desire to see again that large-mouthed dark-haired vulva, which had spite of its size given me much pleasure. She looked older, seemed poorer, but had good apartments with newish furniture, given to her by her septuagenarian friend, up whose anus she worked a dildo whilst she gamahuched him — as I think has already been narrated. — After amusing myself with her cunt, I paid her a full fee and departed without tailing her, much to her astonishment and regret seemingly.

Then in an erotic state of mind and body, I went to the quiet streets where I have felt scores of cunts — thus does lust lead men on — and thought I'd feel others. It was now just past midnight, the public houses were closed, and Cyprians who had been taking their fill of liquor wanted relief. A French woman said, "Come home with me, cheri." — "No, I'll give you a shilling to piddle over my fingers whilst I feel your cunt." — "Mais, oui," and without a word the act and deed were done, and payment made in three minutes.

Whilst the warm saline outpour was going on, two other whores came by and were amused. "Voyons, je puis pisser, moi." — "A shilling?" "Oui." — And so she pissed, and her companion also. Then a shoal of harlots, French and English — one telling another — came and pissed. "Prenez garde — le police," and quickly they scattered like chaff before the wind. I stood upright by the kerb stone. On stalked the guardian of public morals, not noticing me who had never moved.

Then came by a shortish, stout English woman, I offered her a shilling. — "Give it me then, I want to piss badly." — She squatted and began ere I could stoop, at the edge of the kerb, and to my astonishment her piddle squirted out in a smallish stream nearly horizontally, and quite two yards from her. A police-man came near. — "Get up, the police." — "Can't, I'm bursting," and she finished whilst the guardian stalked by without noticing her. She, evidently aware of the direction of the current, had pulled her clothes up above her garters to avoid wetting them. The constable I believe thought from my standing by her side that I was her husband.

"I'm seven months gone with child," said she rising from the kerb. "You can feel my cunt round the corner." — I followed her there, but finding another couple engaged in feeling each other's privates, bade her good night, and left without further satisfying my curiosity about her cuntal region. There are more gas lights there now than formerly, which interfered with street amours, and destroys tranquillity in the sexual pleasures — cui bono? The cunts will be felt else-where, the venue is

changed, that is all — that which is natural between the sexes will have its way, or if thwarted lead to the unnatural.

By that time concupiscence was asserting its power in me. The feel of six or eight cunts, the sight and feel of L\*\*l\*e's bum furrow and cuntal region — now thickly black haired from bum bone nearly to navel — had roused my tool, which from fatigue had enabled me to withstand sexual wishes since the night when fucked out I left H. A slight, fair-haired woman looked at one. — "How old are you?" — "Seventeen — come — my lodging, it's close by." I went with her. She'd a delicious, pretty, little, light auburn-haired rift, pink tinted and with scarcely nymphae or clitoris, quite a girl's cunt and very enticing. She was small boned, rather thin, but most beautifully made, and to my astonishment said she was Irish tho I didn't believe it. "Do it me." — said she so soon as she'd felt my cock. — "You want it?" — "Yes I've not had it tonight." — "Here is your money, don't let me if you have any fear." — "Thank you, put it down, I'm all right." She was then laying on the bedside naked. — Next minute I plugged her to her womb. It was such a tight little cunt, and I had pleasure in feeling round my prick, tightly enclosed by the nearly hairless lips. — "Oh — go on — fuck," quoth she impatiently, and in a minute our sexual juices mingled.

"Ah — isn't it nice?" said she, as leaning over her — my cock still sheathed in her — I kissed her pretty youthful face, which wasn't a bit Irish. — Stooping, kissing, keeping my prick up as long as I could, at length out it came. "Do me again." — "I can't." — "Let me make you." — "No, its late, and I'm sure I can't." But she was anxious for it. A pretty girl begging me to fuck her is irresistible. She washed. — "I'll lay by your side a minute or two." — There I felt up he] tight cunt, she made me rise, up her I put my pego, and lay so for many minutes before I thrust, then fucked again and departed. She had lifted up her legs for a very small fee.

A longish sea voyage, no incidents worth noting, excepting that of a healthy and very plain-faced, tall woman, seemingly about twenty-five, traveling wit] her mother and father to the East, was seasick close t me. I led her to her cabin and comforted her on the way. "How very kind," said she next day, and then to my astonishment I found she was a widow. The sea air and extreme rest soon made my prick voluptuous, and I thought of the widow whose cabin was only a few yards from mine — I like talking to widows, they know all about fucking, they want it, and will take any sly allusions to it, whilst I am wondering how they assuage their passions, and how their cunts must tingle with want of the male. They tingle much more than virgins' cunts who don't know the stretch of the prick. There were her "Pa and Ma," and I also had friends with whom I was travelling in my way. But walking on deck after dinner one fine evening with her "Pa and Ma" about — we leant over the bulwarks talking about sea sickness. Was I sick? she asked. — "Sometimes qualmish but soon over, and it has a very peculiar effect on me." — "What?" — I hesitated, then — "It makes me want to be in bed with a companion." "Ohooo," said she giggling and went off to her Ma — I didn't fear, knowing that a widow wouldn't tell of that. — Half an hour later sitting at cards, I noticed that every minute she looked across at me. I fancy her cunt was stewing.

Once or twice on the voyage I nearly friggd myself, after I'd been standing at a place where I could see the women's feet as they went up to the decks, and I'd let the young widow see that I looked at hers. I fancied she let me see as much as she dare, and a beautiful foot and ankle she had — her sole charm — complimenting her on it, — "You've no business to be looking" said she laughing. "Why not, what are pretty feet, and legs etc. etc. made for but to be seen?" I thought what a hard case hers was, to be deprived of the male after three years regular fucking, which I ascertained was her case.

At an Oriental city I found perpetual blue sky, hot sunny days, and coolish nights. — All the delights of novelty in climate, vegetation, architecture, food, customs, dress, and where colored skins from the blackest to the whitest, were seen, and where among the peas-ants prick is king, no shame in showing it, whilst the women would sooner shew their cunts than their faces. I landed with a fortnight's sperm in my balls.

Two nights after on a blue-sky'd yet darkish evening, I wandered about the streets in the city, delighted with its wild, half-savage, irregular beauty. A few women flitted by me, their faces

covered with the yashmaks, men turbaned and with flowing robes, others with baggy trousers and a fez. — Negroes and Negresses mixed with others of tawny hue, whilst at rare intervals an European was seen. In a widish street near a café chantant all was bright, yet within two minutes walk from it, were poor houses, ragged, unkempt gardens and waste grounds. At the corner of a cross street, stood a short young man wearing baggy trousers, and on his head a fez. I stared at everyone that night for the novelty, and stared at him as I passed. He gave a significant jerk of his head and turned down the street. I followed, thinking he would show me a brothel of which I stood in need, as I had heard that pimps of whom no fear need be had, were always about. In two minutes we were by the ragged waste ground and almost in the dark, tho there were some street lamps at long intervals. I was hesitating to follow further, when he turned round and exposed his prick, I could fairly well see it for it was not very far from the last gas lamp. Then he turned, went on further, and in greater darkness stopped against some bamboo railings enclosing some waste grounds.

At once surprized, as I was for a moment, it occurred to me that he must be circumcized. Such a prick I'd never seen, so closed on him and felt it. It was soft, thick, and grew big under my handling. Then said he "Turko fuckee" and pointed in the distance. Scarcely a word of the language knew I, but guessed somehow that he meant a sodomitic den of which I had heard there were many there, and to which the Orientals openly went. I shook my head, he gesticulated persuasively, but it was of no avail.

Then he pointed to his prick which I'd relinquished. I had not satisfied myself about the circumcision, and by signs intimated I wished to see it again. He under-stood, pulled it out again in the half light, and I saw he had no prepuce. He advanced across the road nearer the light to show it, guessing from my manner what I wanted. He seemed quite indifferent whether he was seen or not by others, but I retreated, and he came back to me and towards some misearble bamboo railings. A man and woman passed on the opposite side but took no notice of us. The old letch came on with force, and naming a coin (about two shillings) I intimated by gesture that I wished to frig him. He nodded, I paid, he stood sideways so as to aid my operations. His prick grew stiff, then solid as a horn and very large yet smooth. I felt the glans which no prepuce covered, pleasure signs came on him and he tried to feel my prick, but I refused and friggged on slowly till he spent. My fun was over and off he went. It seemed an unnaturally large prick for his stature, but his race have large cunt rammers.

I walked away wondering at myself. I had not struck the whores' quarters which I'd sought, and was lusting strongly from long continence, when again I came across him accompanied by a girl. I was in a main road with feeble lights also a long distances apart. The girl immediately pulled her single garment right up to her neck and was all but naked, for she had neither shoes or stockings on, and holding them up she walked thus by my side accosting me, I guessed asking me to have her. The man who knew me again went on the other side of me chattering — some natives came to-wards us but took no notice. Then, two Europeans passed us and the girl turned back and went after them, but soon after turning round I saw her coming to me, and again she'd pulled up her clothes. — I pushed her off and she disappeared in the darkness.

Resuming my stroll and motioning him off, in a minute the girl was again with me, again exposed herself and under a lamp, for there were still fewer people about. She looked about sixteen, had lustrous eyes and was very handsome tho copper colored. — I was quivering with want of a woman, and thought I'd just feel her cunt and nothing more.

A darkish, silent side road being close by, I turned down it. She took me by my hand, led me into the semi-darkness, where impelled by lust which had be-come too strong for prudence I felt her hairless cunt, and put my fingers up the warm avenue. Fear of danger then left me, I had heard that no European was ever molested there, that women for a mere trifle would let men fuck them, and within a short time I was fucking her, my concupiscence making me oblivious of all the chances of ailment, indifferent whether I was seen or not, tho I knew that my friends might be about.

Cooled by fucking I felt mad with myself. The risk I had ran when on the eve of a long journey

where medical aid could not be had, astonished me. My having friggd the Oriental on a public road surprized me — yet strange inconsistency, marvellous power of concupiscence, who can withstand it? I longed to feel the woman again but only to feel her. My feeling and fucking had not I guess occupied three minutes, and the moment I had spent I ran off. Would she piss over my hand as harlots have done in the streets of Europe? So ran my thoughts, my prick stiffened again, and within half an hour I was fucking her in the same place, and at the same time feeling the youth's prick with one hand — for he had suddenly appeared and produced his tool — whilst I held her naked rump with the other. That night's amusements cost me only about eight shillings.

These incidents astonished me, but I soon found that they were usual enough everywhere in Oriental cities, and that the satisfaction of the senses carried no disgrace. But the nude exposure, the hairless prick and cunt, the singularity of the incitements, I thought of all next day. A rutting fit came on me and I thought of and longed for the cunt of every woman who passed me.

After a midday meal, travellers sat in front of the hotel with parasols up, digesting and talking. I thought of the cunt of each woman I looked at, then moved my chair to talk to the widow who with her parents was there. My friends had gone for a stroll. — Soon her parents went and we were alone, but there were other travellers sitting about. I looked in her eyes, thought of her cunt, and my cock stiffened. "What a lovely climate etc. etc.," she said. — "Yes and it's having the same effect on me as sea sickness." Her eyes opened wide, she colored up, made no reply to the observation, but drew my attention to a finely clad Turk who was walking by. Shortly after I looked her full in the eyes and laughed. — She laughed, and I felt sure she was thinking about my words.

We had slightly moved our chairs the better to avoid the sun, and then were overlooking the street sideways. We were talking about the hotel bedrooms, and found that mine was near hers tho at the back of the house. Suddenly the violent braying of a jack ass was heard, and turning to look, there was a splendid nearly white donkey, with a prick a foot long, getting into a very small donkey, one of several standing in the street for hire. Just as we looked Jack made a successful lunge and his big prick disappeared in the small donkey's cunt, and he rammed with energy, whilst the little female with her tail obligingly turned aside, stood still enjoying it. A donkey boy with yells and blows pulled Nanny away from Jack, by her ears and bridle. — The owner of the stallion, who rushed out of a shop, belaboured it with a big stick, puffing its head at the same time quite round, and at length the two got separated, but Jack's sperm was issuing as his big tool withdrew from the Nanny. By that time a group of Orientals with one or two Europeans who had collected thro the violent braying, seemed delighted, and witnessed the scene laughing. I looked on, the widow at my back I caught looking on when I turned round, tho she'd turned her parasol down in the direction of the street, as if to shut out the view. My procreator, hot before, was now burning and throbbing. — "I shouldn't like to be disturbed like that," said I. — "It's hot, I shall go in," she answered and quickly rose up. — Instinct I suppose made me reply that I should do the same, and we entered the hotel together. — "Didn't the master twack the poor jackass," said I when we were indoors. — "I didn't see anything," said she, — her face as red as a poppy. Then she burst out laughing. — "You did," I replied, laughing heartily too. — "I don't know what you mean. — He — He — He. — "You fib," — replied I. Then both grew serious.

We stood talking in the hall for a minute, I smiling, she scarcely restrained from smiling herself. We each knew well what the other was thinking of, and I wish I could have felt the sensations in her cunt, for I saw from her eyes that she was lewed. We both went up-stairs together, and when in the bedroom corridor, "That's my room, they are lower this side but larger than yours." "Really?" — "Look." — I opened the door, she half entered it, I laid hold of her arm quite gently, and without any resistance, pulled her in and shut the door. — "Oh! I mustn't stop here." — "Give me a kiss — I will have one." — She didn't resist the kiss. — "I mustn't stop here." — "Yes do — I'm dying for you — let me see that sweet foot and leg which I saw on the steamer." — "I shan't" — I pulled her down on to the bedside and put my hand on her calf. — "Oh you shan't" — next second it was on her thigh. — "Oh now — no, you shan't." Next minute my fingers were between her cunt lips, and I was titillating her clitoris, and kissing her. "Let me have you, my darling." — "Leave off now."

— "Let's fuck." — "Oh, I'm sorry I came in, what will the servants say if they see me leaving?" The lovemaking then ran its course — how commonplace but how delicious, tho the same, and the same, and ever will be the same. — Frigging her first, then bawdy words, then pego erect, dazzling and fascinating her, next her hand is round it, and I've a finger up the warm moist avenue. — "Hush dear, don't make a noise, they can hear thro the partition — I will have you, don't be foolish. — Hish." — "Oh — now — don't get me with child then." — "I won't, I'll spend outside. — Hish." — I pulled her bonnet off and threw it on the floor, then pulling her back onto the bed, the mosquito curtain tore down in all directions, then she was laying on the bed silent, her cunt thirsting for the soothing lifegiver. I see a dark-haired motte for an instant, then my belly covers her. — "Ah — Herr" — she sighs as my prick is buried in her. "Aha — err" — and I'm rapidly fucking her. "Aha" as my tongue meets hers. "Oh don't — abr." — My spunk was coming, was throbbing out into her, she spending, our pleasure was complete, her cunt full of my libation, my promise was forgotten, she'd forgotten her request, but both were happy.

Then came the wash and the usual regrets — the modest look — the fears. — "Oh if I'm seen." — "Wait longer — now let me see it." — She made no sham, she knew she could give no more than she had, and waited till she'd seen my prick erect again, till I'd seen her charms from bum hole to navel, and we'd fucked again. — Then smoking, I promenaded the corridor till the coast was clear, whistled loudly, and she escaped safely, nor did I see her until with Pa and Ma seated at the table d'hote. -- Then how we looked at each other. — A widow I'm perfectly sure can't help getting fucked on the sly, and they know somehow, I find, how to take care of possibilities to themselves afterwards. — There were two other widows at that hotel, and also two soldiers' wives who had been with-out their husbands for months. — Had they done with-out sexual solace long? — Perhaps — most likely not.

## Vol. 10 Chapter XIV

**The plain-faced widow. • A plain-faced backside. • An Oriental bagnio. • A circumcized cunt. • Terpsichorean bum-vibrating whores. • Cunts in the street. • Penis sine praeputium. • The physiognomies and sizes of pricks. • Female admiration of big ones. • The time consumed in a fuck. • The number of thrusts. • Quantity of sperm injected. • Amorous ejaculations whilst fucking. • Abnormal erotic whims and fancies.**

The very plain-faced widow retired to her room, and I hope had pleasure in her retrospect of the after-noon's performances. After dinner, Pa — Ma — she and I, sat in the garden, till Ma complained of the mosquitos and the parents went in leaving the widow and me together. I asked her to come to my room again. — Her appetite for pleasure had been re-awakened, a cunt fasting for three years must prove a severe trial to most women who have been accustomed to connubial exercises, and I have always found widows accessible. Yet I was half surprized when she remarked that she would, but was frightened. She didn't actually refuse but again feared she'd be seen. — What would the servants or others think, if they saw her go to my room etc. etc., all of which fears were by no means groundless. But I pointed out to her that the corridors were most dimly lighted to avoid attracting mosquitoes, that her room — as she had said — tho next to her parents had no opening into theirs, and that hotel servants dare not take notice of travellers' doings. Then I offered to go to her room, which she objected to, and at length agreed to come to mine, my door to be left ajar. I got new mosquito curtains put well out of the way, and sat longing, expectant, till two hours past the appointed time, but she never came. — Nor was I sorry, not feeling quite sure of my prick's competency, it having twice that day solaced her long neglected cunt.

Next day she told me she had started thrice to come, but always someone appeared just at the moment, and she got frightened — I told her how I had put women up to going straight to the water

closet, when coming to my room, if anyone happened to appear on their way. She took the hint and the next night we were on the bed together. She was very plain faced, nor was her form remarkable, and her cunt was a coarse, hairy pouter, yet it seemed a delicious one as I fucked it. She'd only a gown on over her chemise which I took off, and clothing did not embarrass us, for I stripped, flicked her twice, and gamahuched her once in about an hour and a half, during which the mosquitoes feasted on my rump and thighs, and on her thighs and breasts. We separated content with each other. The next night we did the same and showed each other mosquito evidences. The day after, she with her parents departed in a different direction from ours. I never have seen her since. She didn't fear her parents much, for she said that she paid all the costs of their journey. She was a well-to-do widow. Then I found out the locality of the whores. My friends had already done so, and we walked in the day-time there together. Evening found me there alone. Many an Englishman had been in the house, and the women had learnt a few English words explanatory of copulation — "Me fuckee prick," said one — I saw two dance naked their national dances. The quivering of their buttocks raised my pego in no time, whilst the novelty of hairless quims finished my excitement. I had a woman, and afterwards looking at the other's cunt it did not seem to have a clitoris and that the nymphae were also partially gone — all in fact of that on which women frig themselves, and looked what much like a scar, — tho reddish like the rest of the vulvas — was in their place. I pointed to it hoping some explanation by gesture or pantomime. But the girl looked sulky, then savage at me, got up and left the room, nor would she return. — Cautiously I mentioned this to a married one of our party whom I knew to be without prejudices, and had several times been in the East. He laughed. "You've been at \* \* \* \* I knew you would. She's been circumcized, they cut off the clitoris of some girls to prevent them frigging them-selves and flat fucking, but what objection they find to. their amusing themselves that way, I can't guess." — When I returned after a month or more, I sought the brothel again and fucked the circumcized one (if that be the term and it were the fact). — She laid quite sulkily whilst I fucked her at the side of the bed, never helped me, laid like a log, and looked away from me, I cannot imagine why.

Then master of myself, I yet was unavoidably chaste. Hundreds of miles away from the great city I got no opportunities, but saw bathing and at other places, men naked or partially so, with big pendant tools which would have made the average Englishman's look small. They are a big-pricked race. — Of cunts I saw none, but often felt wild with desire to raise the clothes of the women, garments which shrouded their forms so much, that one only guessed them as women from that.

At the end of some weeks, one night I saw the dancing women, saw them dancing naked. There were two — A copper-colored woman and a sweet little dark-colored girl about fifteen years old, a Nubian with the most exquisite form, with faultless breasts, teeth white as snow, a sweet little plump creature who danced wriggling her body, quivering over belly, and breasts and buttocks, till I thought her lovely little dark bum would drop off. — She ceased, smiling, showing teeth exquisitely shaped and whiter than snow and demanded backsheesh which she liberally got. — Her companion dancer, a brownish copper-colored woman about twenty I guess, did the same, and both got well rewarded. The little one looked in my eyes voluptuously, invitingly, and tho two male musicians squatting on a carpet were there, I couldn't restrain myself, and turning my back to the musicians, grasped my buttocks, pouted my lips, protruded my tongue. She understood. At a sign the men left the chamber, her female companion remained.

The next instant, I had her on a dirty divan, on one side of the room, and wide enough for fucking, and was inspecting her little gap round which not a hair was visible from motte to bumhole. She was Mahomedan and they all divest their quims of nature's clothing. My inspection was quick, I looked at her bright hand- some face, her smiling mouth, and snow white teeth in a slightly prognathus jaw, and the next minute we were one in body. Five minutes after, our union was dissolved and her cunt white with sperm. How strange it looked, that pearly white film over the dark red oval, in the dark and nearly black surface of cunt lip, and thigh. She was a Soudanese and almost like ebony, tho a nice fleshy tint ran underneath the black. Her skin was satiny, ivory. — No white woman's skin ever felt more delicious to me.

As my belly left hers, I became conscious that the other dancer was in the room, in my erotic excitement I had not noticed it before. — Standing naked she had watched our coupling. — With a very much larger mouth, with fuller lips than the little Nubian, there she stood smiling at me lewdly, as the little Nubian got up with her cunt full. — Then unasked she laid down at once upon the divan, and opened her thighs just as if it were the custom of the house to do so, and that at once I would begin to enjoy her. Shaking my head I pointed to my pendant tool, but still she lay there making Ghawazee signs, opening the doors of the temple with one hand, and pointing to it with a finger heaving, jerking her belly, quivering her body from thighs to breasts, in much the same manner as when dancing.

The Nubian got me water and I washed my prick — fearful of consequences — I pissed, then shook my head. The dancer got up from the divan, fell down on her knees, and minetted me. The little black lass rose from the floor where she had squatted on her haunches after washing, and placing herself in front of me, — having snatched up a tamborine — commenced the wriggling, belly and bum shaking dance, and the copper-colored woman sucked me, till what with her labial exercise and the jellylike quivering of the little black's haunches, my prick rose stiffly, and at once on the divan I opened her cunt with it. But it was too soon after the first, it slunk out from it. Then I laid on my back on the divan, and my pego went into her mouth as she knelt and gamahuched me, as whores do everywhere in every clime, whilst the little black continued vibrating her buttocks close to me. At last I stopped her by feeling her cunt and groped till my libation sped into the other's mouth, which completed my evening's pleasure.

Another enforced chastity of weeks and again I was in the big city. I saw the short fellow whom I'd friggd in the street and shook my head as he approached me. I found that in other streets and places besides that where I'd seen it done, women lifted their clothes up as an invitation to their charms, and I felt one or two smooth-lipped quims. Then I had curiosity to see if an-other native's standard was like those seen by chance and which seemed so big in repose. — It was not lust but simple curiosity. — Seeking a brothel I had a smooth-cunted harlot, and having learnt of the language enough to enable me to say I wished to see a prick, when there I'd forgotten half, yet by the aid of two or three words and bawdy signs the girl at length understood, and called an ugly, hook-nosed woman, whose nationality I guessed was Greek, and who spoke two or three words of French and English. It took me long to make her even understand my wants, but at length she did, and in a quarter of an hour in came a young man about five feet nine high.

He stripped at once and shewed a dark brown skin, and hairless, large pendant tool as brown as the rest of his body, and without a bit of prepuce; all having been cut off. He began feeling for my prick and jabbering all the time. I didn't understand a word and pushed his hand away. Saying something which sounded like "hicke" he threw himself face downwards on the bedside, his rump towards me, and pulled open his buttocks. I pulled him round and friggd him till his prick became very big, and his semen fell in front of me. My curiosity was satisfied and I left very rap-idly, — glad to get away.

In another city wandering thro a cemetery, I saw a girl seemingly about fifteen with a white child who could just toddle. The girl was of the brownish copper tint, but so handsome that I couldn't help noticing her. She followed me leading the child, so that I met and met her again, and each time she fixed her big dark eyes on me till my prick swelled and I lusted for her. — What was she, that she was unveiled at her age, and with a white child? Surely not a Moslem — and yet her color! — It was in the afternoon. A party of English strolled through the cemetery and disappeared. Again I met the girl and child in an obscure part, it was hot, I sat down on the ground, she squatted near me. — She'd rings round her ankles.

Then my sperm began seething in my balls. I smiled at her, she smiled in return. Going closer I touched her garment, and at once she lifted it up to her navel, laid down on the sand, and intimated that I might fuck her there. Tho alone and nobody near, I shook my head, not being equal to lying down with a girl in a cemetery in broad daylight. With a little gesticulation and showing some coin



she understood me, and leading the child she left the place — I following slowly in the distance, to a cottage just outside, — there were a dozen or so cottages — and she entered one. I hesitated and stopped. Soon her head peeped out beckoning me to her, and with prick erect I entered it.

In the miserable chamber were one or two articles of furniture, and a divan covered with a wretchedly shabby carpet. After she'd closed the door, without a word she threw off her only garment and laid down stark naked. An exquisitely beautiful shape she had, such breasts, such thighs and arms. I pulled out my stiff prick which she at once started up to look at and kiss, as if in extreme delight. Then she laid down again and I mounted her, but finding the divan too narrow for easy fucking, got up. She seemed to understand, got up, pulled the carpet onto the floor, put a cushion for her head, laid down and opened her thighs wide, showing a pretty, pouting-lipped, hairless cunt, and in five minutes I had filled it with my semen. Never had I a more delicious fuck. She wanted it again, but I gave her money and departed quickly, tho I no longer feared the ailments of Venus, being about to sail for Europe soon.

I visited other towns without whoring, then left the East. A longish sea voyage followed, and landed me at a great French seaport. Never in four months had I done so little fucking. The opportunities were few, and when they occurred, I thought of my health, restrained my desires.

During my voyage on a sea as calm as a mill pond, I wrote an article about pricks and what I had seen and done with those carnal tools in the East. On my return home, I looked out scraps of manuscript written at different times on that and the cognate subject of fucking, and thinking they would be better together than distributed, placed them here under the Aegis of the rod of life.

I have seen a great many pricks in a state of erection as well as repose, tho I've felt but few. I suppose that there are pricks which may be termed handsome or ugly, and that women see beauty or ugliness in them, just as I do in cunts.

The greatest number seemed to be of about average length and thickness, but the difference between the largest and the smallest was very considerable; certainly quite two inches in length, and in thickness proportionately.

No two look quite alike. There are those long and thick, those long and thin, short and thick, and short and thin, those equally thick throughout their length, those which taper a little from root to gland. There are those with tips or glands flattish, round-topped, or pointed. Some tips are like a heart, others like a plum, some with little, some with big tips, with big knobs some. Some look quite straight when stiff, others have a well-defined curve. Some have little scrotum, others a big bag of testicles, and there are no end of combinations of all these features, endless varieties in size and shape. Moreover some are brown skinned, some white, some of which the tips are never covered with the foreskin, others covered wholly or but partially. — Some tips are of a pink tint, others of carmine even when in repose and lust not rampant.

Women according to their tastes, I remark, call them fine, big, noble, splendid: rarely do they say, lovely, pretty, or beautiful. They express admiration of size alone. I've not heard them say. "A beautiful shape, a pretty knob" and so on. But no doubt women are not insensible to beauty in the article, and indeed some pricks have pleased me more than others. But size is the only feature which is worthy of remark about them here.

To me a prick only looks well on a man when smallish and pendant, then it seems in fitting pose, and neither adds to nor detracts from his physical beauty. But when it is stiff and the man naked walks about with it projecting like a bowsprit, and nodding with its weight and his movement, it makes the man look ridiculous. It would make the Apollo Belvedere look absurd. Yet it has when in that state of erection a special charm for the woman, it fascinates her, and few can handle it for a minute, without lying down and opening their thighs to receive it into the realms of Venus, whether the man is eager or not for the conjunction.

This I have discussed with many Cyprians, many a time also with H\*\*\*. Indeed of late we never

meet without talking about the sizes and capabilities of pricks, in which subject she takes the greatest interest. We had at various times arranged how pricks ought to be measured. She measured mine one day with pieces of thin string carefully cut off to mark sizes, and subsequently she did the same to her protector and to both of her large-pricked lovers. How we laughed when we compared them with mine. The strings were given to me and I noted the lengths and circumferences. The following dimensions of the pegos were all taken when stiff. The lengths were measured on the upper sides from the tip to where the prick joins the belly, and not underneath where it joins and is lost in the balls. The following measurements show how much smaller the two large pricks were than she had supposed them to be. She had often spoken of both as seven or eight inches long or more.

No. 1—Donkey prick 63-4 ins. long 5 ins. circumference

No. 2—Poor lover 61-4 ins. long 4 3-4 ins. circumference

No. 3—Philip 51-4 ins. long 41-8 ins. circumference

The measurements of my own I omit out of modesty, but it's neither so short or so long as the extremes. — Once I was ignorantly ashamed of its size — I knew no better then.

The biggest prick was under seven inches long but looked very big and far above the average of those I have seen through peepholes, with one exception. You hear gay women say, "Oh, his prick was seven or eight inches long." I have talked with dozens of women about this, have discussed it in conclave with three harlots and a baud. I cut bits of wood, six, seven and eight inches long and projected them from my belly to show them what a six, seven and eight inch prick was, and what a little they knew of length — I should say that six inches is more than the average length of stiff pricks measured in the way described. That titanic doodle which F\*\*z\*r showed me some years ago must however have been nearly eight inches long. She had never seen such a tool before, she told me. There was also one very big prick which I and a woman handled together, the narrative of which I think is preserved, but cannot at this moment recollect. What is the superiority of the big doodles? Six inches is the utmost that the ordinary female can take up her cunt with pleasure. A vigorous hard rammer of even six inches hurts many women, and a moderate-sized one they all admit gives as much pleasure as the largest — yet all seem to admire — to be fascinated — by the idea of huge cunt stretchers, and always speak admiringly of them. Somehow even I seemed to have more pleasure in looking at the large ones than at the others.

Some women have told me they preferred a good thick prick to a long one, that the sensatton of stretching was nicer. But perhaps that was mere imagination, for a cunt is big enough for the biggest, and involuntarily closes on and grasps a prick, fitting itself to the size whether it be a large or small one, directly it is lodged within its folds, and I believe the smallest cunt will take the largest prick.

I have collected many notes made principally at lapunars, of the time a man takes in fucking, and how many times he thrusts up the cunt before spending. From my experience at the boudy house in \*\*\*\* St. I knew it varied immensely. Then, I never had made observations watch in hand. — I have asked harlots with-out any satisfactory reply. They ought to know, but they didn't, and only said. — "About so and so." — It was not that they didn't want to know or tell, but they didn't know. — "You are a queer man," said one to me when I questioned her, and who became immensely interested in the subject.

At the lapunar in after times, this inquisitiveness arose in me, and being older and with less urgings from my ballocks to get rid of its accumulation, cooler in fact with advancing years, on some evenings at the lapunar with watch in hand I made observations, having first fucked a harlot to cool my carnal promptings and leave my brain clearer, but keeping her with me — gaining her experience by questions.

One youngish man whose prick was stiff as he washed it spent in three and a half minutes. In my

youth I have spent at the moment my gland touched the cunt.

One man, seemingly forty, who turned the lady's bum towards him, was six minutes in her cunt including the time his prick lingered in her before and after spending. From the moment he began his thrusts to the moment he uncunted was five minutes and he averaged a thrust a second. Allowing a minute for the repose of contemplation at his entry, and half a minute for repose after he'd spent, he was four and a half minutes thrusting which makes two hundred and seventy thrusts up the lady's pudenda — I don't know why it should be called "pudenda" or that there be anything to be ashamed of in it, since she was born for the sole purpose of using that pudenda, cunt, gap, quim, notch, split, slit, thing — to put names alphabetically — or whatever else it may be called.

Then I timed a man who perhaps was forty-five years old, but a fine, vigorous, big fellow. First he fucked the woman standing as she lay on her back at the bed edge. In about six minutes he turned her bum towards him, and re-inserted his prick, fucked, spent and withdrew. He was leisurely in all his preliminary movements, and in the change of posture of the lady, and from first to last occupied sixteen minutes. I held my watch in hand all the time, timed his thrusts in the middle of his fucking, and found that each was as nearly as possible a second, perhaps a very little less.

Allowing a minute for repose after insertion and two minutes for change of pose of the lady from belly to bum and his re-insertion, and his quietude when contemplating the beauty of her buttocks, and of his own prick as three or four times he drew it out slowly to the tip, and put it up again equally slowly, and also a minute's repose before he uncunted after his spend, that man was twelve minutes fucking. — He was slow and luxuriously contemplative at his work. I timed him at various stages and found after the lady's rump was towards him — the last posture — that he was somewhat quicker in movement than at the first. Allowing on the average that he was a second and a quarter at each thrust, or say fifty thrusts a minute — then he made six hundred thrusts up that woman's cunt before he spent. He was always slow, she told me.

I timed three of four youngish men who put into their women without much preliminary dalliance. They varied from three to four and a half minutes before they spent and their thrusts from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and ninety-five.

One French harlot told me she thought that most men were, if young, about six minutes in their cunts al-together. An English harlot years ago said seven minutes. — "But lor, I have had some who have fucked a quarter of an hour without spending, then pulled it out and began again after waiting, and some spend directly." — H. told me her men were up her and over in no time and that some spent directly they entered. I have seen men begin and finish in three minutes and often have done so myself. I saw once a man who must have been half an hour up a woman before he spent, and kept ramming hard at intervals all that time; he was a feeble man. Many others pause long with prick in the lady talking all the time, but these are exceptions.

My impression is that from the time the man first feels the pleasure of the contact of his gland with the cunt, to the time he spends in it, that he fucks at the average of forty-five thrusts a minute — this average excludes hot full-balloked young men, and lewed, experienced, philosophically fucking, middle-aged men, and old men; tho perhaps if these extremes were included the average might remain about the same.

I think that on the average, men between twenty-five and forty-five, and in full strength, are at their first fuck no more than four or five minutes in the woman's cunt, which includes the lingering of the prick for a short time after the seminal discharge. The second fuck occupies a longer time, but of the second operations I have seen fewer. I have myself I am sure kept my prick in for twenty minutes at my second poke, ceasing to thrust, nearly withdrawing it, checking the spend when pleasure became strong, then keeping it up a few minutes after spending.

If a woman has three men on one night — and many do — and each on the average thrusts his prick four minutes only, and at the rate of fifty thrusts a minute, she would have six hundred thrusts up her cunt. — What a fine material a cunt lining must be!

I don't think any man could make such observations if his spermholder was full, and he himself wanted to fuck. — He must be cool, and collected, which means empty ballocks. This was my case when most of the observations were made on special nights, but on others the results were about the same. Few of the men were more than half an hour with the women altogether, including amatory preliminaries, dressing, and undressing.

In my youth I fucked women in silence excepting the sighs and murmurs of pleasure. When older, with soft-est words of love and endearment, mixed at times with expressions of rapturous adoration of the cunt I was enjoying, and with the ideal beauty of which and its owner my mind was filled as: — "Darling — lovely cunt." — Pleasure evokes voluptuous thoughts and reminiscences most varied. I now ejaculate the most obscene words and phrases. This stimulates my passions, increases my pleasure, and affect, I find, my partner in fucking, who sympathetically responds similar words, heightening her pleasure and mine as well. Of the many men I have seen fucking, few have cried out such lustful, stimulating words as I now do — when I could hear them, which was not always the case.

The language of love is always exaggerated, hyperbolic, full of flights of fancy. A standing prick and a stiffening moistening cunt cast a glamour over- the genitals and all their operations. The glowing terms of lust and love seem almost ridiculous when fucking is over and one is cool, yet they represent the exact feelings and sentiments of both sexes when fucking. Curious to know the quantity of sperm spent at the first fuck, many a time I have frigged during my career. I have also frigged men, and seen a hundred cunts with recently injected semen in them. I fancy that a large tea spoon full is about the quantity spent by a man at his first fuck, when in the vigor of life. Harlots have told me the same, but one told me she knew a man who spent about a dessert spoonful. In the decline of life the quantity falls to beneath a tea spoon full — it is a steadily diminishing quantity with age — the quantities spoken of in bawdy books as spent are quite figurative.

Among the hundred and fifty pairs I have seen copulating I have scarcely seen any of those fanciful, outrè amorous tricks, which I have myself played with women. This sometimes makes me think that I am somewhat exceptional in this. Nearly all of my tricks have however been played at the houses or lodgings of the women, and after I have known them sometime. Perhaps this is the case with other men.

## **Vol. 10 Chapter XV**

**At a French seaport. • A café chantant. • Next day after luncheon. • Giulia and Elise. • Confessions of tribadism. • A tribadic orgy. • Erotic investigations. • Sodomy offered and declined.**

I landed at the town of M\*\*s\*\*\*\*s on my return from the East, glad to see white faces and flesh again. For a month nearly no sperm had issued from my scrotum. At a cafe chantant I saw two finely grown and remarkably handsome women, one looking about twenty-five, the other perhaps thirty years of age. They were so quiet, that I scarcely imagined at first they were Paphians, especially as in the room were many well to do respectable women with their husbands and children. But seeing that men spoke to them, I got quietly the address of one and half promised to see her the following day. She was a sweet, modest-faced creature, with natural wavy hair of a light chestnut colour. Fresh as a daisy she looked, and had I been alone should have gone home with her at once, but having a friend with me had to manœuvre. Madame Elise was on her card.

After a good luncheon next day I called on her, and as going into the bedroom, saw thro a half opened door two women eating at a table. The bedroom was a hand-some one, but the bed was not made, tho the room was not in disorder otherwise. Almost directly Elise came in — Would I excuse her for five minutes, she was having luncheon, she had not — tho I had promised — much thought I should come. "Ah my God, that beast of a servant has not made the bed yet, come in here, sir." She

showed me into a larger and handsomer room, looking out into a public promenade with large trees. The sun came hot and powerful into the room for the time of year, that and the cloudless sky made every object, every speck of dust in the room visible, no blind was drawn down, no attempt to hide anything in darkness, the warmth was sought evidently. In the room by myself for some minutes I noticed every-thing. A large bed stood against the wall opposite the window and next to the side wall but leaving a passage way between the wall and bed was a long wardrobe with large glass doors; a wash stand, sofa, high chair and low chair, a large cheval glass, ottomans, pillows, and everything to make fucking easy and to see what-ever the attitude for that delicious conjunction of the sexes might be, and whether cunt, bumhole, mouth, armpits or fingers were the agents in the amusements. I saw all this quickly and that there were no bawdy pictures, tho one or two nice engravings were there. The town has been notorious for centuries for its erotic tastes and habits.

Soon Elise returned, saying that her room was ready. "Why not this room, I like it better?" It was her friend's, but I could stay perhaps. Leaving the room she returned, saying that her friend expected no one and we could use it. "Who is your friend?" It was the dark lady who was with her at the concert, a Neapolitan named Giulia, they were friends, and for three years had lived together, when one moved the other did, they had been in these apartments a year. Ever since Elise had been out, Giulia and she had been together, knew each other when both were in keeping. So said Elise in answer to my questions whilst I was taking off my clothes. Should she light a fire? — "Presently," I said, for it was too warm, just then at two o'clock, tho it was March. But it was the sunny South.

For long I had not had a woman, nor seen one naked, and was dying to see the nudity of the sweet creature, but out of pure voluptuousness only — for strangely, at the moment I did not feel any sexual want. — Now I had this handsome full-grown woman all to myself and was delighted. She had on a loose silk peignoir over a chemise, and nothing else but slippers and silk stockings. I kissed her, pulled her to me as I sat, and putting my hands under her chemise felt a firm, large bum, and thighs and flesh like ivory. Then on to the hairy slit between her thighs my fingers found their way, entered it, and played between the full moist lips. Pulling up her chemise I saw the cuntal fringes, and kissed her motte and belly, clasping her to me by her ivory buttocks. — "Go to the side of the bed and show me your cunt my darling," for the smell of her flesh, and the sweetest mixture of the aroma from it, and from her fresh-washed cunt, began to make me impatient. That sweet, cock stirring smell, from a healthy clean woman's belly and genitals, how delicious it is to me.

She laid on the side of the bed immediately, showing a delicious pair of thighs, - large, round, solid, creamy colored, the color of a fine fresh English woman, tho she was French. The thighs joined together in a thicket of chestnut hair, soft, close and curly, just showing a little pout of the cunt lips and no more. It was the form of a superbly yet sweetly made woman. Her legs hung down, her head laid back on a pillow. As I drew my chair closer and took one of her little feet on to my lap, — "Open your thighs, put that heel on the edge of the bed just under your buttocks." — She wriggled her bum backwards on the bed a little, then put the left heel just on the edge and against her backside, and inclined her knees outwards. The cunt in all its size, fullness, and glory came into view now, slightly gaping, making a fresh red gap fringed by the soft curly chesnut hair. Lower down the globes of her bum pinched the cunt lips where they get smaller together, closing the furrow between her bum cheeks. — "Pull your cunt open, dear." Down went her hands, with two delicately shaped forefingers she pulled aside the lips, and I saw the entire face of the vulva, — the opening of the moist avenue to the cave of love, the avenue of man's pleasure. Then the smell of sweet flesh mixed with that of a sweet cunt, came up my nostrils stronger than ever, my cock began to swell, I to be randy.

It was a lovely cunt, with delicate little nymphae, and a pretty fullish nut of a clitoris. It looked altogether so small for so well grown a woman. The hair was thick, soft and rich in color, but only in quantity that of a girl's of eighteen, tho for beauty and sexual enticement there was quite enough. It was a young-looking cunt, tho all signs of defloration were gone, there had been plenty of fucking in that delicious gap. Enraptured I moved to all parts of the room looking at it as she lay. The bright sun and clear air was so strong in light, that I could have seen a crab's egg on her quim yards off had

there been one there. Creeping all over now with voluptuousness, with cock standing stiff as a horn. "Suck my prick, faite minette," I said as I washed its tip and went to her. — "Gamahuche me and then I will play minette with you," she replied. "Do you like being gamahuched?" — "Yes, I like it before I fuck, and more after luncheon than at any time. I've just had my luncheon and only just washed it, shall I wash it again?" What a number of gay women have asked me to gamahuche them. I suppose they take special fancies to men as I do to females for that exercise.

I laid down, she put my prick in her mouth, and moved round it, one leg on the bed, on the floor and I felt her lovely cunt. It was of such a lovely crimson and felt so clean, that when she asked me to do it to her, I knelt at once on a pillow at the bedside, and began irritating her clitoris voluptuously. Then getting on to the bed and in the sixty-nine attitude, whilst my head laid on-her thigh I licked her clitoris again, and she minetted my doodle. We had not spent, were dallying with our wants, our arses and bellies were just quivering and glowing with the coming spend — but I didn't mean to do that out of its best receptacle — when the door opened. It was her companion, who saying she was sorry to interrupt us peeped in, could she come in, she wanted to get some linen. Of course we let her into her own room, and with tightening throbbing moistening cunt, and throbbing nodding prick, we stopped.

"It's Giulia whom you saw last night with me," said Elise — for the moment I had scarcely recognized her without her bonnet. After getting out her linen I saw the big dark bawdy eye again. A more lustful, bawdier eye I never saw, and yet it was so fierce with it. She had on a blue, loose gown open in front, her chemise beneath dropping from her neck showed half of a large breast, the flesh of the slightly brown Southern tint. "Stay with us," said I. "If you like." — She went to the door, locked it, and came back to us. I gave a hurried kiss on her breasts then thrust my hand on to her cunt, felt a hedge of rough hair, and a moist prominent piece of gristle between full lips. "Let me wash it," said she moving away, and without further ado she stripped off the robe, then her chemise, and standing naked all but blue woollen stockings — she had neither boots, nor slippers on — pulled out a pot, pissed, washed her cunt, and put a clean and exquisitely worked chemise on. I, sitting, looking on, Elise leaning against the side of the bed with one hand on her motte. The two splendid creatures formed a most voluptuous spectacle — a cock-standing sight, yet not a strictly bawdy one, for it was natural.

Burning to see her sexual evidence — for in the cleaning operations I had only had a glimpse of its beginning where it parts the belly in two, I put her onto the bed as I had Elise. She was a bigger woman with fine massive thighs, and with hair strong, thick, wiry, and black as charcoal round her cunt, out of the lips of which projected one of the largest clitorises I have ever seen, with thickish nymphae hanging from it, twisting and folding together there, and in color almost a purple red. It was altogether as big in projection as half a large walnut, but lower down the nymphae got smaller, and smaller, until hidden by large pouting outer lips which were covered with the dark hair, meeting and hiding the nymphae split buttocks, furrow and bum-hole. It was the sort of cunt I never liked in shape or color, yet I pulled it about, opened it, and remarked that she had a splendid clitoris for flat fucking, at which both women laughed heartily.

Having examined both their privates and laid Elise on the side of the bed again, having first put Giulia lengthwise on it I placed Elise's head on Giulia's thigh a few inches from her cunt, and then it getting stiff, up into Elise went my prick and I fucked her, whilst with my left hand I pinched and twiddled, and friggd Giulia's clitoris, holding onto Elise's rump with my right hand. Then my sperm gushed out copiously, I had not had such a gush for many a day.

Bending over her, prick in cunt till my pleasure was over, kissing her breasts, twiddling the other's clitoris,

— "You must fuck me now," said Giulia. — "Not yet."

— Elise and I washed, champagne was sent for, the women drank it all, then gay and all in shirt and chemise we chatted, talked licentiously and made enquiries of each other. They were soon under the

champagne loquacious, said that they had each had a man the previous night, but not to sleep with them, both preferred sleeping alone if they could. "I spend with a man if he is nice," said Elise. "I spend always and as much as I can," said Giulia. "I love fucking and can always spend." — "And frigging and being gamahuched?" I asked.: — "I love them all — any way of spending is nice

— the only thing worth living for. — What a lot you've spent, and fat spunk — when did you make love last?"

— This when I'd just got my prick out of Elsie, and Giulia had opened her cunt and looked at its condition.

Tho not liking Giulia's quim I grew curious about it, laid her on the side of the bed and examined it again. I noticed again the purple colored big clitoris and nymphae hanging like flags, closing on each other and then lower down opening, yet seeming to want to close again over each other. I pinched them, rubbed them, then frictionized the clitoris standing out from the nymphae. — "Does it really grow stiffer when you're randy?" said I. — Giulia laughed, said that it did, began frigging it gently, and I swear that it got quite stiff. In all my life and long experience I never saw any clitoris get so hard to the feel before, but must add that I recollect but one or two which were so large.

"You are fond of fucking a woman," I said. — "What's the harm if we both like it — fuck me." — "I'm not stiff." — "Shall I suck it?" I would not let her, but got them again both on to the bed, Giulia next the wall, and next to her Elise, and put myself on the outside. Before I did so I made Giulia lay on the bedside with her back towards me, and have rarely seen a bumhole in a woman so hairy, with thick, crisp, but short and black hair. I fingered it and it felt like a loopoha. It was black and thick in her armpits. She was fleshy, big thighed and fine bummed, her defect was her big pendulous breasts — big, but full and fleshy, not empty bladders. Yet she was not a fat woman, tho firm and full.

When we were all on the bed, Giulia put her chemise on again — for I had stripped her — and we talked. Both women were naked to their waists, Elise laying on her back feeling my prick, I her cunt, and now and then putting my hand across her and feeling Giulia's cunt, who like me laid slightly on her side. Observation, experience, and almost instinct, made me feel sure they were tribades, so I talked about flat fucking and buggering, and told them my free and easy philosophy in sexual matters. — Why should not men have each other's bums if they liked, why not women rub cunts together if it's pleasure to them? — Had I ever seen women do it, asked Giulia. I told her some of what I had seen. — She laughed, then she got baudier in talk, and began to feel Elise's cunt. Her hand and mine were on the cunt at the same time.

Then I knelt upon the bed, and opening Elise's thighs put a finger up her cunt, whilst Giulia was rubbing the clitoris. Elise said not a word but rubbed Giulia's clitoris. "Fuck her — fuck her," — I cried. — "Do it to her."

Giulia rose without a word, her face the incarnation of baudiness, and placed herself kneeling between the other's legs. — "Pull off your chemise." — Seeing I was in for a voluptuous treat, off it went and bending she kissed Elise's cunt for a few seconds. — Quite suddenly then she threw herself between Elise's opened thighs and began flat-fucking. I pulled Elise's chemise up all round her neck, so that their two breasts might meet, and their plump naked bodies touch everywhere. Giulia fucked at first with a sort of wriggling circular motion, she was getting her clitoris well on to the other's, but I thought it sham. — "Your cunt is not on hers," said I. — "Feel" — said she ceasing her movements. — Open your thighs a little then." I pushed my fingers past her hairy bum hole, and for an instant up her cunt, then out again and lower down my fingers went a little into Elise's quim, the two made quite a mass of hair and cunt together. I felt the meeting of the cunts in ecstasy, for their clitorises were close on each other. "Turn on your side and let me see," said I, for Giulia had recommenced her wrig- gling. She held Elise's buttocks just as a man would have done. — "Give us another bottle of champagne, — oh, look at his stiff prick," — said Giulia getting off Elise to my annoyance. The wine was sent for, I would have given them anything in my lustful state. Both rose

and drank, then both. stripped naked, got on the bed together, Giulia again mounted Elise who stretched apart her thighs to receive her friend, and gave her same hearty kisses.

A woman in her lusts if she indulges in them is like a man. As years roll on fresh phases of lust occur, and each whim gratified begets another litch. Once I could not fuck before another woman, now it adds to my pleasure to have another woman assisting at my fucking — or a man even — and when H. was fucked by her lover, I am sure it added to her voluptuous pleasure to know that I was hidden and looking on at their enjoyment. She admitted that. — "Turn over and let me see your cunts together." — Slowly Giulia heaved over to the left, Elise put her left leg high up above the bum of Giulia, her lovely backside came partly into view, and looking underneath the fair fat buttocks, and furrow of deepening brown, I saw the two cunts seemingly to-gether for almost their entire length, the anus ends excepted. Giulia's big mulberry red clitoris must have been against Elise's pretty coral button, but the bulging lips and the hair of both cunts mingling, hid those sensitive vulval projections from view. Lower down, Giulia's fat cunt squeezed into Elise's, and pushed and pouted her cunt lips up in little ridges, visible thro the mingled thicket of black and chestnut hairs which curled into each other. The inner, sensitive, delicate lining of both cunts must have been nearly everywhere close together, and every movement of their bellies and bums must have frictionized the sensitive sur-faces. Giulia's clitoris, from its size, could have been almost slid into Elise's prick hole if she had wished it, I am sure, but the seat of pleasure for two women when flat fucking is not low down. It is in the clitoris and its vicinity where voluptuous feelings are generated, and as their two clitorises were quite against each other, all their nymphae and the neighbouring surfaces of their cunts must have rubbed together. I heard the cunts rubbing, smacking and slobbering together later on, when the women had once fucked, and their cunts were wet with their spendings.

Again I put my fingers to feel between the cunts. One finger just entered Elise's, then impatiently Elise turned on her back, Giulia on the top of her, and began cunt rubbing. "Don't move," I said. — They paid no heed. Giulia began with a funny, arse wriggling and shaking, half straight rubbing, half circular motion of her buttocks. She kissed Elise, Elise kissed her, then Giulia thrust her tongue into Elise's mouth, who now was quiet, with eyes closed. All was silent, no noise was heard but that of the movement of their bodies. Giulia began to breathe hard, and restlessly, then I pushed my hand between her buttocks to her bumhole and pressed it with my middle finger without meaning it for I wanted the cunt. "Push it up," she sobbed in broken sentences — for she was spending. "Your arse-hole?" — "Yhes — arse — erhole" — and wriggling violently, and stretching out her legs, her body quivered from waist to knees and then she lay quiet. All of us were quiet, absorbed in voluptuous thoughts. I slipped again my hand between Giulia's buttocks and felt her cunt, which was no longer on the other's, but which I saw beneath it, gaping as if a prick had just left it. — The room was so brightly lit I could see every-thing.

Giulia rose on to her knees and resting her bum on her heels, slightly opened the lips and looked at Elise's cunt, then turned her eyes flaming with lasciviousness on me, and with a bauldy sigh dropped on to Elise again, and grasping her buttocks, recommenced flat fucking, her head now laying over Elise's right shoulder. Elise began to show signs of pleasure which she hadn't done before. Both now wriggled, I looked over the back of the bed in the wardrobe glass, and saw them badly reflected, it was better to see them close. After a violent rubbing and wriggling, both sighed, and shivered, stretched out their limbs and were quiet. Then they recommenced, neither of them speaking a word, now gently wriggling, now stroking, then violently fucking. Elise with eyes shut, the other's head buried on Elise's shoulder, both with sighs and murmurs moved rapidly. — Elise brought her heels up to Giulia's fat backside, and heaved up her arse, the bed creaked and groaned. Both gave a long sighing, murmur of pleasure, down flopped Elise's legs again, Giulia's thighs opened then closed, and she lay exhausted with pleasure on the top. — I noticed what I never recollect seeing with women flat fucking before, that both opened their thighs widish when in the midst of their spend or so it seemed to me — I would give something handsome to know what passed thro their minds, when wriggling cunt against cunt for the half hour they were at it.



So they laid, their bodies palpitating with soft pleasure, when Giulia got on to her knees again. Her hair was hanging down about face and neck, her face blood red and moist, her eyes swollen and slightly watery, looked softer, as if her lust was assuaged, but still they looked fierce and lewed. "You have not spent," I said with sham incredulity. — "I've spent three times," said she angrily. — "Feel my cunt — feel it," — I looked at it, and at Elise's. Both cunts were running with their spendings, with the usual pearly, thin spendings of a woman, — tho I've known some not pearly. — With one hand I covered Giulia's cunt pressing on to it, and at once it was covered with their spend. — My cock was standing. "Let's fuck you, Elise." — Giulia put on her chemise and laid down. In Elise's cleft I inserted my penis and fucked a little, but her wet cunt seemed quite large to my prick. Perhaps it was fancy, perhaps not. I wanted then to try Giulia's, and pulling it out moved on to her. — What a strong cunt lady she was. Hers squeezed my prick like a vice, and in the seventh heaven of lust I forgot her purple clitoris, her big nymphae, and spent, feeling Elise's cunt whilst my sperm gushed into Giulia's.

All had done with sham or false modesty. — Giulia felt her own cunt, saying I had spent much. — "Most natural I should of course." — Had I really been three weeks without a woman. — "Yes." — Had I frigged or had I buggered a man, or boy? — "No — no spunk has come thro my prick for nearly a month." — Oh must I not have enjoyed it then. — In this strain we talked on, they told me their life, and asked mine — yes, they flat fucked often — they slept together. — Both said they spent when men fucked them if they were very nice. — But they liked each other best. — "Why not?"

More champagne was had, they did not want it, but I did, feeling fatigued. The wines you get at such houses in France are better than at similar places in England. They washed their cunts and Giulia washed my prick

—I looked then at their sexual parts in the minutest way, and with the tranquillity which a couple of spends leave me in. — A French woman is so delightfully complaisant, and seems proud of her cunt being looked at. I placed them both at the bedside together and compared their size and appearance. "I should like to see your clitoris against hers, Giulia." — "I'll show you — you've seen cunts so before I expect — polisson." — "Show me again." — Both were now excited, chattering, and slightly noisy and we were the jolliest trio — Elise then laid at the bedside, Giulia stood between her thighs, Elise wriggled her bum down to the edge of the bed, put her legs very wide apart, her cunt opened, the moist lining of the pricckhole glistened a rich pink, the rest was redder, her clitoris shewed a little. Giulia approached her cunt, her big clitoris sticking out of her full nymphae touched and covered the little clitoris of Elise. My middle finger passing down by the side of the two clitorises, then lay between them separating them. As I removed it, — "Ouf," said Giulia, and began rubbing her cunt against the other till Elise made her stop. "Go on so — do it again, and I'll give you each two pair of gloves." — Then Giulia holding up Elise's thighs, they flat fucked in that position. — It was an intensely voluptuous, lust stirring, bawdy, cock stiffening sight. They didn't spend, it was only to show me how two cunts met for flat fucking. Again we sat, drank, and talked and Giulia lit the fire, then pissed.

"Were you ever fucked when flat fucking?" I asked. — Yes, a lover did it to Giulia one day. "Show me how." — Elise opened her thighs and her legs hung down, Giulia closed hers and covered Elise putting her cunt against the other's and bending over Elise then said, "Put your prick in me now, my cunt's on Elise's." I put it up Giulia for I was stiff, but not enough so, and out it slipped when they began movements, and Giulia's backside went to and fro.

"Ah you are not stiff enough." — I rested awhile, and Giulia sucked me till up to the mark, then again we posed and my prick went up her cunt. She flattened hers on Elise's and recommenced, but it was no go; directly she began wriggling, out came my rod. — "Come tomorrow," — said she knowingly. We sat and talked awhile. — They would get me a love of an Italian boy to bugger — fifteen years old, no more, a love.

— "I'd sooner do it to you. — "Vous pouvez m'enculer,"

— said Giulia. — She was in earnest but I was joking.

It was she who now did all the talking I am sure there was nothing that Giulia had not done with man or woman nor that which was possible which had not been done to her, and that she liked every variety of fornication. She was a woman after my own heart, would have gloried in seeing a virginity taken, or a sphincter cracked, and would have friggged herself when witnessing it. — She understood every physical pleasure to be got out of anybody.

After looking at their charms and trying various attitudes, I gave it up, saying I could fuck no more and went away. — I shall never again see so voluptuous, complete a spectacle of women taking sexual delights with each, other. The scene in a French boudoir — already told of I think — had a boudoir manner — this was private, domestic, natural, and done with delight by the two accomplices in lust.

Next day I called on Elise, gamahuched her, and she me. Then we fucked, Giulia looked on, and I made her afterwards put her cunt against Elise's again. She was pleased to do it, and showed me every movement. — "Look I'll put my clitoris into her cunt." — She did and I felt Elise's little button, whilst the big one was in the mouth of her vagina. Then they got on to the bed, both widened out their thighs, their clitorises met and rubbed, the surface of the lower ends of both cunts were exposed, the lips open, and I could see both their bum furrows, a philosophically boudoir sight. — Giulia wanted to teach, please, and excite me at the same time. I re-warded both liberally.

## **Vol. 10 Chapter XVI**

**At a big Italian City. • Edith the frisky again. • My luck and opportunities. • The sick mother. • The table at dinner. • Boudoir photographs bought. • Exhibition in a church.**

Next day I left and journeyed to a large Italian city. Within a couple of hours after I was located at an hotel, to my great astonishment I met face to face in a corridor the frisky Edith. Her astonishment was as great as mine. After the first greeting. "I'm so glad to meet you, mamma has sprained her knee badly, cannot leave her room, and the doctor says she may be so weeks. I have written to my uncle begging him to come over to us, for we have no maid, no friend travelling with us and we scarcely know what to do."

Next day I heard from her that they had left England for good, and were going to reside abroad. Her mother's health was bad, the climate of England didn't suit either of them after living in India, England they found was also very expensive and so on. They were going to settle down in Germany or Italy. There seemed mystery about them and their movements — as indeed there always had been in England. — Before I left I'd heard it rumored that another suitor of Edith's had suddenly ceased his attentions. Not visiting them I had taken but partial interest in it, having indeed for some time thought them adventuresses, and that they had come to England to get Edith married. Perhaps be-cause that in India she'd tarnished her reputation. Yet there were very little grounds for these suppositions, or for the hints and suggestions that many had made about the two poor ladies [as I afterwards found.]

Concupiscence asserted its power directly. I was now in good health, and for months my opportunities for fucking at all had been few and far between, and as I sat at the table d'hôte thinking of the books I'd lent Edith, and of our most extraordinary sort of intimacy (perhaps the most extraordinary event in my career) my cock erected itself and I longed to chat with her erotically again. Her mother ill, she all but alone in the hotel. — Oh, if I could get her into my bed room! Yet knowing how violently she'd resisted my attempt to feel her in a cab, the idea of fucking her scarcely entered into the possibilities. But to talk again about fucking with her opened a most delicious treat to me whilst I stayed there.

After table d'hote dinner I ascertained that her room was next to her mother's, and was on the same floor as mine, tho in another corridor. I sat in the reading room and heard all she chose to tell me about her affairs. My cock tingled as I looked at her, I placed my legs so as to touch hers, and in a low voice said. — "Would you like another book?" She smiled and shook her head. "You would." — "Have you got any?" "Come to my room and I'll show you one." She shook her head again, looked round the room uneasily and went off to her mother. "Good night," said I squeezing and holding her hand. — "I shall have it stiff all night thinking of you." She smiled archly. I was now thrown most unexpectedly and luckily into her society, for, her mother in her bedroom Edith dined at the table d'hotes where I also fed. Next morning I saw her mamma in her bedroom, who sat up in bed dressed and who confided Edith to me, said it was dull for the girl, (she was nearly thirty) to be always with her, and when I offered to take her about the town which I'd not yet seen, she accepted it with pleasure, intimating delicately that with a man of my age and position, her daughter would be safe. "But not to theatres."

I went to a likely photograph shop and after seeing there some decent nudities, said I wanted something "piu-caldo." — He smiled and showed some. They were not "piu-caldo" enough. Then cautiously in his little sitting room, he produced a packet of the bawdiest I'd ever seen. Women showing their cunts, others licking them, couples fucking etc. etc. I bought two dozen, went back with them and found Edith ready to go out with me. When well away from the hotel, "I've something to show you." — "What is it?" she asked anxiously. — "I can't show it to you in the street." — We walked on and every now and then. "What is it — tell me, do." — At last she laughed funnily as she asked. — "I will show in a church." — "Let's go there now, I'm so tired." — Into the nearest we went, looked about and then sat down, the church was nearly empty.

Directly we were seated. — "Show it me." "I forgot, I mustn't in a church." — "Why?" — "They are so naughty." — "Oh!" — "That's a lovely window." — "Yes," — said she hastily looking. "But show me." — I was dying to show her, she to see, but I made her wait to excite her. At length I produced a photo of a naked woman on a bed with thighs wide apart, and a man standing with his big poker ready. — "I won't look at it," — said she handing it back, after she had fairly well seen it. Her face flushed, and she was excited. She usually was so cool about such things.

Thoughtfully she rose to leave, I kept looking at her and smiling. "What are you smiling about?" — "At what you're thinking about." "I'm not thinking." — "You are about that happy couple." — "It serves me right," — said she as we left the church. Soon we entered another and she sat down -saying she was tired, she did it to induce me to show her others. — "Will you see another?" — "No, lend them to me." — "No, look," and taking the envelope out I showed one of two girls gamahuching. — She looked much more excitedly now. — "You do that." — "I don't." — "How do you get pleasure?" — "I don't that, and don't want any." — "Nonsense, you're a goose if you don't." — "As I've seen those you may as well show the others." — "I won't." — "Let's go home then." Back we went, I thinking her one of the most incomprehensible women I'd ever had to do with. At the hotel. "Come to my room and show all, you can talk with me as to a father, you know" — her own words once. — She smiled.

END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.