

Vol. 11 Chapter I

Edith the frisky. • My bedroom. • Exhibition of a stiff prick. • Exhibition of a bleeding cunt. • My regrets. • Next day's amusements. • A week's work. • Departure. • Edith's grief. • Her history partly.

Edith was a complete puzzle to me. Does she fuck or frig herself, or play with women's cunts, has she any cuntal defect? She looks sensuous from eyes to mouth, she'll talk on sexual subjects freely but in a modest sort of way, yet won't let me feel her. Is she gamahuched by women? She'd looked long at the last photo. These thoughts passed thro my mind and that she had Sapphic tastes was my conclusion. Dressing for dinner, I determined on a bold attempt. Our seats were side by side, and when dinner was nearly over, I did what I've done, to half a dozen women, put my hand under the table cloth — which happened to be just long enough to cover it — and pressed her clothes against her belly as near her cunt as I could. She looked at me hard, and just then a gentleman on the other side of her spoke — she replied, and then quietly put her hand down and pushed mine away, without uttering a word, but looking at me intently.

After dinner we sat awhile in the reading room. She made no allusion to what I'd done. "I must go to Mamma. — Lend me them." — I refused tho she begged hard, and at length she agreed to come to my room, after my refusing most positively. "I'll sit with Mamma a quarter of an hour first." — I got champagne in my room, and in twenty minutes, she was with me. She'd told Mamma she was going to the reading room to chat with some ladies. Then she smiled, looking full in my eyes. I seized and kissed her rapturously praising her beauty, and she permitted it. I scarcely expected her, and had resolved if she came to use no more hints and delicate phrases, but to speak bawdily to the utmost of my wants, and of the pleasures of fucking; to get that pleasure if nothing further. It delights me to say the bawdiest to a modest and quasi-modest woman. They all like it tho some profess to be shocked.

On a little sofa by the table we sat side by side. She took champagne, tho she rarely drank wine, and I showed the first photo. — "I won't show you any more unless you let me explain." — "I don't want it." — "But I will." — "No." — "He's ready to fuck her, isn't his prick stiff? How I envy them — let us do what they are going to do." She made no reply. — "Have you ever been licked so?" said I showing the next. — "Of course not." — But she looked confused, there was something in her manner what made me fancy that that was her letch. I went on exhibiting and commenting and explaining in the bawdiest words, whilst she kept silence. At length she began to drink champagne as if not conscious of what she was doing, got excited and began to laugh and question. — "Mind, I'm your father" and I kissed her and she kissed me. — "A pretty sort of parent." — "A pretty daughter." — "Look at papa's prick," — said I unable to restrain myself any longer, and pulled it out. "Feel it." — "I'm going to Mamma." — "Feel it." — "I must go to Mamma." She tried to rise, I stooped, fearing to miss my opportunity, and got my hand up her clothes to her motte. "Oh! my God! — leave off," — she squealed out, and our joint movements turned over the slight table with the champagne, the glasses, and photos, on to the floor. I held her tightly, insinuating my fingers between her thighs and begging her to be quiet. "They'll hear in the next room." — She struggled silently. — "Oh, you hurt." — I'd got a finger on to her clitoris.

"You wretch to do that, I wouldn't have believed it." — "I'm madly in love with you. — Look." — Out came my pego. She looked me full in the face as I rose and flourished my erection. Again she rose to go as I showed it. I pushed her down and sat by her side, hugging her, begging, praying, endearing. — "What nonsense, dear." All was now confusion. — "I won't let you out," — and going to the door took the key out. "It's a shame to behave so." — "My love, no one will know but you and I, let- me." — She shook her head. — "Well let me gamahuche you." "What's that?" — said she quickly. — "You know, lick your cunt to give you pleasure, make you spend with my tongue as

women do to you." — "They don't, it's a story," said she fiercely. — "Hish dear, be quiet."

Swearing my love, holding her round the waist to me, kissing her and she once or twice kissing me, she pacified, tho still so excited as I'd never before seen her. She helped me to pick up the things, my tumbler and broken glass, wiped some wetted photos, looking at each carefully as she did so without remark; ever and anon staring at me for an instant. What was passing thro her mind? — Again I hugged and kissed. "Why don't you kiss me Edith?" — "There then." The table d'hote was early for theatre goers and it was light all this time, but dusk now was coming on. One glass remained in the bottle spite of its tumble. I poured it out into the glass and she drank it off at once. "Have more wine?" — "I don't care," — she replied in a reckless tone. — "Get behind the bed whilst it comes." She did, and I took in the wine without her being seen. Then sitting on the sofa she again looked at the photos rapidly, one after the other. I now pulled down the blind and lighted one candle on the mantel shelf (a feeble light). Again she gulped down champagne, but there was not the slightest signs of her being elevated by it, and we talked whilst still she looked at the photos, and listened to my plain remarks about them. Was she lewed, and controlling her sexual wants?

"Are you going to wait till you're married before you are fucked, dear?" — Nothing now seemed to upset her and she began answering. "I never shall be married," laughing cynically. — "Do it without then. — Now don't be foolish, let me feel you." — "I won't." Is she going to yield? passed through my mind as I put my hand down. She barely resisted, but crossed her legs just as my fingers touched the thicket. — "Now don't." — I couldn't get my fingers to her clitoris, her thighs prevented it, but roved my hand over thighs and bum, and up to her navel, feeling ivory smoothness, ex-tolling its beauty, praying her to let me feel the slit. — "No — no — no," — was all she said, as she gently squirmed about on the sofa resisting me. Puffing her closer to me — kissing her cheek incessantly, or her lips when half turned at times to me,—she was quiet and seemed reflecting. — "Open your thighs — do, love." — "I won't." — "Feel my prick — do." — "I won't. — Ceasing to feel her, I pulled it out again and still holding her tightly, placed her hand around it. — "Feel it, Edith dear," and for a minute only she did. I had withdrawn my hand from her thighs to do that, and now had to get it back. She didn't hinder me, her thighs were no longer crossed, my fingers went between the soft lips of the warm nick, settled on her clitoris and there friggged gently. — "Oho — take your hand away." Again she crossed her thighs imprisoning my fingers, and stopping the luscious titillation. She'd felt the pleasure, and knew she was drifting towards-the irrevocable, was struggling with her sexual desires.

"Let me dear — do." — "Oh you hurt me." — "Now I don't, and won't — I swear I won't." — I fidgeted my hand, her thighs opened slightly, my finger recommenced its gentle movement on the bud of love, on the soft pulpy mass of clitoris and nymphae — which seemed large and full — till again she sighed. "Aherr — oho — don't," and her face turned to mine. I put my lips to hers, put again my prick in her hand, and again got my other hand up her clothes on to her cunt and friggged away. — "Oho — ah — don't." — "Feel it — frig me, love — let me spend in your hand." — "Aha," — she sighed. "Let me fuck you dear, I'm dying for you." — She sighed, she was about to spend, her thighs quivered, when with a sudden effort she got up, let go my prick and dislodged my fingers from their warm place. "I must go to Mamma," she said loudly, almost violently. "You shan't." — "I must." — She moved towards the door, when catching her round the waist with rapid effort, I pushed her against the bed, lifted her upon it, and threw myself beside her, talking voluptuously, swearing I'd have her, She, now inert, didn't resist. "Let me go for God's sake," — was all she said. "Hish dear, they'll hear you." — Again I was friggging her and had placed her hand on my prick, when she gave a strange half cry, half hysterical laugh, she had passed the rubicon, meant fucking. Who could wonder at it after all she'd seen, heard, and done on that day — and all she knew?

No more was said. Lust at times works craftily and slowly. I'd fears that a sudden shock might spoil my chance, but caution now left me, all was a chaos of loving bawdy words and deeds, the sighs of a woman with a sweating cunt, and wanting fucking, her fearing it, of a man reckless with desire and a turgid prick. My kisses grew more rapturous, attempts more bold, her resistance less and less.

"Don't — aha — don't — you'll ruin me. — Don't now," — she sighed as lustful pleasure enervated her, and my fingers moved quickly over clitoris and nymphae. With a sigh her thighs then opened, resistance ceased. The moment had come, I felt my power — how the male instinct tells! — Withdrawing my hand from the lovely aperture, tearing open my trowsers, pushing them down, pulling up my shirt, freeing my prick and balls, rapidly I turned my belly on to hers, grasping a haunch with one hand, pointing my prick with the other. — "Let's fuck, darling." Then my wet lips met hers, closing her mouth. "Don't — no — for God's sake don't," she murmured inarticulately as my tongue forced itself between her lips, that lovely moist embrace of mouth and mouth. "Oh — pray." — Then all words ceased.

Not a movement of legs, arms or buttocks hindered me as our bellies met, and my thighs slid down between hers widening them apart, opening the road to the earthly paradise of humanity, she palpitating, with cunt yearning for a prick, subdued, utterly silent till she felt my fingers opening the way for my entry. "Ho — ho," she cried sharply as roughly in my impatience I lodged my prick and gave its first pressure at the gate of love.

Then thrusting, — "Ho — you hurt," she gasped. I had not entered, a barrier stopped my prick. I felt rapidly round it, was it the wrong path? — No, the tip was in its proper place. Again I thrust. — "Ohoo." — She's virgin, flashed thro my mind — thrust — thrust. "Ho — ho" — thrust, thrust, thrust — I gave rapidly and violently with cunt splitting force. "Ohoo," she moaned, as my prick with a plunge filled her cunt, and my balls dangled against her ivory buttocks. A virgin again, by Jove! ! ! And for an instant I rested.

Then as the joyous fact entered my mind, wild with delight I could not rest an instant in my victory, my prick ready to spend for the last hour, plunged up and down her luscious cunt. — She'll bleed — oh joy, that blood — and as that crossed my mind my sperm seethed up, my prick felt bursting. — "Fuck — spunk — spend darling, spend," — I sighed, and the essence of life spurted out, stopping all utterances in the ineffable pleasure of the jetting, and my prick lay weltering in an emollient bath, was bathing in her sperm flooded cunt, to which she'd added naught but that soft moisture which the voluptuous wants and urgings of her nature had issued before our bodies were one, before my prick had touched the entrance to her shrine. — Pain had stopped her pleasure, barred her spend, ready as the flood gate of her temple had been to open. I'd fucked too quickly, so she'd missed the delirious pleasure, the glorious reward of her cuntal pain, of the sacrifice of her virginity.

I was so astonished at the unexpected virginity, that for a minute or two I didn't speak. She lay inert with clothes up to her navel, thighs apart, silent, motionless, excepting that she put one arm across her eyes. Blood was on my prick, and signs of blood on one of her thighs, I put my hand broadly over her vulva, and with-drew it with more sanguinary evidences of virginity that I've usually found. "Get up — wash dear, you are bleeding," twice I said before she moved. "I don't care," at length she murmured in a reckless tone, but got up, sat down on the sofa by the small table, and buried her head in her hands.

Then came over me a feeling of regret, a feeling similar to that which I had when I fucked my married cousin Hannah — that I'd injured her — and felt deeply sorry. But the thing was done, and after all she was as much to blame as me. What other woman in such social position, had ever entered into such relations with a man as she had? — Must she not have expected to be tailed? — These thoughts comforted me.

She sat so, without moving or replying for some minutes. "Your chemise will be - stained." — "I don't care." — Then she lifted her head, looked at me earnestly and said, "I'm ruined," then washed her cunt. — I put a towel between her thighs and sat down by her side again, saying that her "ruin" was nonsense, saying what I have to other virgins to comfort them, and absurd as it seems had comforted them. But this liaison was a peculiar one. — Never had I fucked a lady virgin before, and old enough to be her father, and knowing that the consequences might be more serious to her than to women of a commoner sort, again I felt very very sorry. Three fourths of the servant class and

the class below them, have been fucked well before they marry, and yet the couples are content. The lower class's know well that a cunt improves in giving pleasure by practice.

"I must go to Mamma," — said she after listening long, and almost without reply. That turned the current of my thoughts. She hadn't spent. What if she re-fused to let me fuck her again, repented and avoided me. "You mustn't yet." "I must, she'll wonder where I am." — "We haven't been an hour and a half together, I want to fuck you again." — She wouldn't — insisted on going. I caught her round the waist, kissed her and she kissed me. "Will you swear you'll come back?" — "Yes — yes, if I can, but I must go to Mamma." — She was so excited and resolute that I let her go.

Wondering if she'd keep her word, I put my room to rights, picked up some fragments of broken glass, let the chambermaid empty the slops. All was done in ten minutes. Then I lighted another candle, and sat down marvelling at the virginity I had found in a manner as unexpected as that of Phoebe's not six months ago, yet such was my luck. During forty years I had never had such two extraordinary chances, and both now came within a short period of each other.

In about twenty minutes in came Edith. "You've kept your word dear." — Then side by side we sat, and first- she told me how she had humbugged her mother, but she must go back to her in an hour. Then all was talk of fucking, the photos were seen again, besides a dozen others which I'd reserved. With what sensuous delight she listened whilst I described them in bawdiest language. It delighted me to say the words to a lady. Soon after in silence we were sitting, kissing, billing and cooing, she looking at times at my prick, I at her thighs, then feeling her still bleeding cunt, she handling my procreator from tip to tecticles. What a delicious treat for us both, what voluptuous novelty to her. — Soon arose my love staff — her bum moved with the sensuous-pleasure which my finger generated on her clitoris, and gently I led her willing, ready, dying to be fucked, to the bed.

There she was plastic, silently submitted to be felt and seen — subdued by lust. Never did I enjoy a second fuck more. Not too full or too randy now, I kept my pego quiet up her for a time before I thrust, and we talked in this holy conjunction, - she only too pleased to converse. Did it hurt her now — how hurt her before — was it. really pain to her? Was the sensation of my quiescent prick nice? and so on. All was about our genitals, and the pleasure they gave mutually to their owners, in the maddening yet soothing delight of fucking. Then thrusting and kissing her I felt her cunt stiffen round my prick — an exceeding tightness to it. — I knew what that meant, and in a few rapid, long thrusts, lungers — hitting the profundity of her sex then nest-ling it in its depths — with a long sigh of pleasure the tightness of her cunt ceased, a soft, lubricious, creeping feeling took its place. Edith had had her first spend with a prick, ere a throb of pleasure was felt by me. Resting, I looked at her as with eyes closed and palpitating bosom, she lay voluptuously tranquil in dreamy pleasure. Out I pulled my prick from her lubricious sheath, rested, talked lewdly, reinserted it, and fucked till she and I both spent together. Then off she went to her mother, not waiting to purify her. cunt. I went to bed. A luscious evening — never one more luscious — was over.

Next day as arranged we scarcely spoke in the dining room. After midday meal we talked in the reading room. — Not a blush — not a sign of modesty or regret had she, but quite cool, was ready to come to my room whenever I named a time. — A most extraordinary creature. — She'd tell her Mamma that she'd walk out with some ladies, actually did so, left them, and found her way back to me. "Let's go into bed together." — "I'm frightened." — "Both naked gives the height of pleasure." — "I'm frightened." Yet she'd risked being seen entering my room. I partially un-dressed her. With the coquetry of a woman, she'd the loveliest silk stockings and boots on, making her legs look exquisite. With what delight I twiddled her cunt as we sat on the little sofa, where I had just a glimpse of garters, and naked thighs, and she bending her head, could see the florid knob of my piercer which she held in her hand. — "Let me frig you." She laid her head on my shoulder, opened her thighs wider, and enjoyed it whilst still holding my pego, and silently-thinking. It was an intense delight to me, excelling in its re-fined sensuality the erotic games with the finest har-lots.

Our passions fully roused by the delicate twiddlings and lascivious talk — she listened but never replied bawdily, — "Come to the bed love." She rose at once with me, I laid her on the bedside,

lifted her petticoats, saw all her charms, kissed belly and thighs and motte, just gave the clitoris one little tickle with my tongue, then lunged my prick up and stood asking her how she liked it. A cuntal grip replied, and lifting her thighs over my arms, we fucked with fullest lust and love. My spunk jetted forth as hers was shed to mix with it, and with kisses, and soft dreaming murmurs we stayed in voluptuous silence coupled.

Recovered from our Elysium, still holding her body to mine by her thighs, genitals still joined. "Can you feel my prick in your cunt still?" — "Yes." — And thus we talked, till my scrotum stuck to her lovely buttocks with the mucilaginous overflow from her cunt. Then separating we washed, and at length she consented to my seeing quietly and fully all her secret charms, which in my excitement, in my hurry to enjoy, I'd only momentarily glanced at. First I looked at the seat of the hymen about which recent rupture there could be no doubt, evidences of her virginity were wonderfully evident, and it was sore still she said. How thick the broken membrane seemed to me. That might have been fancy, yet certainly I'd never had a tougher one to get through.

"Show me the photos again." — I did, we looked over and talked about them. — Never have I seen a woman so eager to see bawdy pictures, she feasted on them, looked through them again and again. Then she felt my prick and as she did so, I felt her cunt. The soothing influence of my fingers was felt, voluptuous sensations crept through her. Then she sought fuller explanations, turned and looked at me, as I spoke the bawdiest words. I told her I'd seen a thousand cunts. — "Oh! impossible." — Her interest became intense in cunts. — "Yes dear, and scarcely one exactly like the other." "Do many show as much as mine?" — She looked confused as she asked and turned her eyes to the photos. "Oh many," — which was a lie. So talking, looking at photos, explaining, telling her I had done all and seen all done which were pictured in the photos, she at last laid her head on my shoulder with a sigh. — She was lewd, ready to receive my prick up her again, and again let me lift up her chemise and admire her beauties. She seemed pleased to let me.

I was surprised to find her so fine a woman, well grown, plump, rather indeed inclining to stoutness. Her breasts were smallish but beautifully shaped, and with lovely pink nipples, larger and more prominent than is usual in virgins. The shape of her thighs was fine, they touched all the way to her knees, and the contour of her haunches was superb. Her little feet looked smaller and prettier when she was naked than when dressed, she was always displaying them enticingly when sitting, and wore shortish petticoats (not then fashionable) I believe to show her feet.

Her cunt and motte, covered with hair of the darkest chestnut — the color of that on her head — was curly, close, and about the silkiest that I ever felt. It curled so round the soft plump lips, that the cleft was in shadow all but where large and thick nymphae and an unusually large clitoris protruded, forming a bunch which took three fingers to cover. Lower down the nymphae were soon lost in the cleft, and died away into the general surface of her cunt, but the large projection like a big red poppy but partly opened, was to me very ugly, and spoiled what otherwise would have been a beautiful cunt. Was it always so, or was it the result of frigging herself? I never asked and shall never know — I swore that her cunt was lovely. She looked at me as if she didn't believe my praise. Had she seen other cunts?

I admired all, and indeed was enraptured with her unexpected beauty of form. — "Now you're nearly naked, be quite naked love, let's get into bed and talk." — "I'm frightened." — "Why? Your mother thinks you out — what folly." — I stripped myself and stood close to her, feeling her cunt and lifting up her chemise, she holding my pego. "Let our flesh meet every-where, take it off, you shall, you must," and I began taking off her chemise spite of her resistance. Then into bed rapidly she got to hide her beautiful nudity, I with her, and after cuddling, kissing, feeling every crack and cranny. — "Your stockings, — I cannot feel your legs," — and in the bed I pulled those off. Both naked as we left our mothers' wombs I folded her in my arms. How exquisite is the embrace when man and woman are both naked, how the hands rove from knees to neck, and up and down and round, and into every cranny, armpits, bum furrow and cunt. Then our hands settled on the sacred implements of Venus, tongue played with tongue, all speech was lustful words, till I mounted her

and fucked with prolonged rapture, sank into a sweet sleep and slept too long. "Oh! What will Mamma think!" With one leg up her gluey avenue I let her go. In greatest haste she dressed and left, stopping neither to wash or piddle. What would Mamma have said, had she known the condition of Edith's cunt?

At dinner I was intentionally placed near some friends who had arrived — distance from her we thought might help to lull suspicions if any arose. A chat with her for a minute in the reading room after-wards. — "Have you washed your cunt?" She nodded and smiled, then went to her mother, and at about eight o'clock came to my room again. Again we fucked and she went off in twenty minutes, leaving me a wee bit fatigued with my exercises.

Next morning I reflected — I had come to this city intending to stop two days, had already stopped four, and had deflorated a lady who seemed ready to risk anything to be fucked. I had suggested caution which in a degree she observed, but — "I don't care what becomes of me," — said twice or thrice in a way as if social ruin stared her in the face, I didn't like. I could not stop much longer, and didn't want to get home rucked out, poking twice or more day after day is more than I can stand now. So, tho her exquisite signs of sexual delight when I was up her, her burning kisses, voluptuous sighs, her intense lovingness whilst fucking, gave me the most exquisite enjoyment, I resolved to save my strength and health a little, and to leave.

She usually breakfasted with her mother, but next morning appeared early on a terrace overlooking the sea. I determined to tell her I was going but hadn't the heart. She was going out with some ladies and I was to go to see her mother. I did, and found she was getting her leg well, quicker than the doctor had thought. Her brother was coming, etc. etc. This quite suited my intentions, and on leaving whispered "I shall be in my room at half past ten, the door will be open," — intending to inform her. Then I went to breakfast, had my tobacco, went to my room, and there she was.

My intentions vanished directly I saw her, my only thought was of her secret charms. What puts latches into my head I can't tell, but suddenly I wanted to gamahuche her. I had explained to her the meaning of the word the night before, and she'd admitted that her cunt had been licked by her Ayah in India, when he was not fourteen years old. She refused to let me, was in a hurry to dress to go out with some ladies, etc. etc. We were standing close together and I was feeling her cunt. "What have you put those damned drawers on for?" (She'd not had them on before.) "It's coldish this morning." — It was. — "I 'hate them." — But I felt her quim thro them, not wishing to fuck, hating to be hurried in that delicious friction. — "Let me kiss it." — "No." Yet in a minute she was on the bedside, her bum on my hands, thighs over my, arms, my nose buried in her silky motte, my tongue searching for her clitoris between the large nymphae, and found easily for it was full sized. I kissed her thighs, held them up that my lips might kiss and rub over her satiny buttocks, then her belly, then I nibbled at her love bud, licked all over the vulva, shot my tongue up the avenue, then played it on the clitoris, sucking it in at times, then nibbling it gently, till I felt- her thighs begin to twitch, her cunt slightly jerk up. Quicker went my tongue. — "Aherr." — "Feel my head love," at once her hands grasped it, on went my tongue — "Ahrr — ehha" -- her thighs for an instant stiffened, then quivering relaxed, a flush of cuntal juices met my tongue whilst still it lingered playing gently on her clitoris, giving the fullest pleasure, letting her lose none. Raising my head, looking at the moistened vulva, opening its red lips wider, again to see and glory in the cocks-comb edges of her lost hymen, I rose up. She was lying with eyes closed enervated by her spend. — Ah the luscious tranquility in mind and body which a spend gives both man and woman. Then she quickly got off the bed pushing down her clothes, and for the first time showed signs of modesty. She looked ashamed and away from me with flushed face as I said, "That's what gamahuching is." — "I must go — what will they think of seeing me come out of your room so often?" (I wondered too, for she hadn't before seemed to care.) "Shall I buy some more photographs?" — "Oh, do, do," with vivacity. — "Wash your quim, dear — let me wash it." — Without a word she left the room, chancing whom might be in the corridor.

All the remainder of the day I did nothing but think of fucking her, of looking at her lovely thighs

and buttocks, at her secret charms again — and of the position I'd fuck her in. Then I resolved to stay a day or two longer, yet knew that I must tell her, and leave at some time. Her manner was quite like one who expected the liaison to be permanent. What really passed in her mind about that I know not, for when together, our entire time was employed in talking about copulation, its preliminaries, and looking at photographs. Of photos I went out and bought another collection, met her in the hotel with the ladies she'd been out with, arranged that she should come to my room as before, soon after table d'hote dinner — at which I wasn't to dine — and she was to humbug her mother. I heard that Mamma always asked about me, and I began to fear suspiciously.

In the evening she came and took care to wait till no one was about. The door locked, "Have you got any more photos?" were almost her first words. Producing them we sat down, she looked them thro with lustful avidity, whilst I had one hand on her thigh. — It seemed to me almost incredible, that such complete familiarity should have come about between us in so short a time, she unmistakably a virgin four days before, — but so it was — I told her I'd fucked a thousand women. "Oh what a story." Her mother had said I was a libertine by the look of my eyes. All this was seen, said and done, in a quarter of an hour, then, — "Let's do it dear." She rose up at once ready for fucking. What woman doesn't when it's a novelty? It happened to be an unusually cold night and I suggested bed. — No she couldn't be away long and feared her mamma sending for her. — But naked we got into bed, and fucked again, laid in each other's arms after feeling and fumbling our gluey genitals till they were dry again. Then I rose on my knees and made her pull my foreskin up and down, and then I put my fingers up her cunt as far as I could — all this with loving amorous talk — till again my prick was up her and again we fucked.

In the interval between our pleasure my leaving occurred to me, yet I postponed telling it. Our talk was so delicious about sexualities, that I hadn't the heart to say what I'd intended. There is no more delicious conversation, than when a man tells to a neophyte all his experience in sexual matters. How Edith's quim heated I could tell by the way she cuddled me, the way she clutched my pego and asked about other women's cunts — very curious about those — and much about harlots and their doings; and yet I couldn't get her to utter a bawdy word. — She was certainly a curious one.

The rest of the pleasant yet in some respects sad amour, must be shortened. Next day in the morning I asked her to come to my room. — Visitors were out, the chambermaid had done the rooms — there are times when but few are in the corridors — when she came. "Edith dear, I'm obliged to go to London," — I blurted out determined to get it over. — She stared at me with mouth wide open for an instant, then flopped down heavily on a chair, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears and sobbing. I awaited sadly, soothing as well as I could but could say nothing effectual. — At length she quieted and to some remark of mine, — "I knew it must be, and I've ruined my-self," — not that I'd ruined her — I said that that was nonsense, but she repeated it, and that she should never marry now. We talked an hour, she in much grief, begging me to stop a day or two for she should never see me again — would I wait till her uncle came? We separated without fucking.

She however came next evening and we fucked twice. How she managed to humbug her mother at leaving her alone so much, is needless to tell. I saw her mother in her room next day, and before I left am sure she had no suspicions about me. I waited three days more till her uncle arrived, and we fucked twice every day, and talked about that operation ad libitum and all appertaining to it. Then I made her a present of the photos on condition of her repeating after me the three words, "prick, cunt, fuck" — the only ob- scene words I ever heard her say. Yet she'd a hot cunt, was salacious to her bumhole I am sure. I frigged her once, and gamahuched her every day after the first, besides fucking her. We parted that last evening in tears. She said she loved me.

In our conversations, she told me she'd had three offers of marriage nearly, but they were broken off, she never knew why. She declared that no man had ever taken a liberty with her but me and some school girls, that one or two female Indian servants had gamahuched her, tho she'd never heard that name for cunt licking before I had said it — which is possible. — I gathered that she'd a

sister in India and somehow came to the conclusion that both sisters were illegitimate, tho I never heard such a thing hinted of them. — Was her mother ever married? I wondered. — Certainly she was a thoroughly well educated lady. The day before I left Edith her courses came on whilst fucking. I congratulated her on it, but as before she remarked, she said didn't care what became of her.

[Three years or so afterwards, I heard she was married to a very rich man who took her to Brazil, and that is all I know about her. — It was a singular liaison, and somehow I have always felt sad when I think of it.]

Vol. 11 Chapter II

At the lapunar and peephole. • Alexandrine's advice. • Katie's instruction. • Marguerite's fornication. • Profits and losses. • A hairy arsed harlot. • About the propriety of seeing and feeling other men's pricks. • A double cunted strumpet. • Katie's eventful history. • England again. • Alteration in the arrangement of my narrative. • The philosophy of fucking virgins and juveniles. • H. lost and found. • Mutual friggings in a cab. • The snug accommodation house. • Baudy books and prints. • H.'s pleasure in meeting me. • Minetted by Misses R and Black. • Baudy triads. • A flagellation spectacle. • Three women and self. • An orgy. • Black becomes favourite.

Taking rest tho travelling, I reached the city of pleasure and was welcomed with open arms by Alexandrine, who. still retained her post. There was much change in the woman-kind in the bordel since last I was there - - a longish time ago — but enough of the old ones left to know me. — "C'est lui," — when I appeared in the salon. Marguerite was there as beautiful as ever, in-deed more beautiful in form. A wonder — for there she certainly has been seven years and more and Alexandrine tells me, never has less than five men, and frequently seven, in each twenty-four hours. "She makes much, as much as any three women. — But. Ah! — it all goes outside to some one." — "Un horn-me?" — "Je le suppose," and she shrugged her shoulders. I fucked Marguerite and told her she'd made a fortune. "But I spend it." — "How then?" — "In pleasure." — "Ah there is un amant de coeur." — "Peut-titre," — and she smiled. — She was a lovely creature.

I saw also about a dozen couples fucking, saw the Cyprians before it, enjoined them to shew off the men's pricks well, and was obeyed. The sight of a handsome stiff pego, I sometimes fancy now excites me more than the sight of the more secret female organ. — Why? — Is my desire to see this procreating tool improper or not? Prejudice and education in false principles would make answer. "Yes." — If it be so, then man made in God's own image, is in his nudity a thing to be ashamed of, and his pego obscene, filthy, abominable. Yet the creator has made him with that tool for the great puprose of peopling the world, of creating beings whom he then endows with souls. Strange that it should be thought abominable and immoral for a man to show it, or other men to see and touch it — simply ludicrous. — All males at some time have both exposed their own, and felt other men's pricks — perhaps only boys' pricks — but the act is the same. — Powerful organ which all love and women worship — why art thou called filthy and obscene?

One evening a nearly black haired woman came in to me, with a copious overflowing libation in her quim — fat spunk and lots of it. — I looked, investigated, said she might go, and proffered payment. "Mais baisez moi donc." — "Ah no I want it not." "But you must, you shall, you have not kissed me for three years." I had quite forgotten her, then recollected her hairiness which had displeased me than, and displeased me now. She was one of the hairiest in the region of cunt and bum hole I ever saw. From navel to arsehole, it was black, long, curly, thick, and hid everything. The gap was hidden by it quite, her buttocks were covered with hair up to the bum bones, gradually

thinning off to those ossifications, but still black and thick. It must have been an inch long round her anus, and all jet black. It filled the hollow between cunt and thigh. As she knelt, it looked like the arse of a black bear and was ugly, yet such was her almost angry persuasiveness — such the excitement of novelty — that I fucked her, tho against my will as I did it, but I verily believe to her great delight.

"There is a findesh woman and she's two cunts," said Alexandrine to me as I entered one night. "Impossible." — "It's true, she comes from Marseilles and has been stopping at the F*r*y's and now is here." — I asked for Katie, and had a chat with her. — "Yes it is true, and she is in society now." — "Better and better," I said. "Let her come to me after." Awaiting her, I amused myself with Katie, who told me all about the woman till she entered.

I put her on to the bedside quickly. — She had heard of my lech — and opened her thighs. There was much thick sperm outside, what looked like any other cunt, and I said the two cunts was a joke. But Katie coming to my aid pulled open the lips, which so far resembled an ordinary quim, but down the centre of the cunt, was a membrane of diaphragm looking like one of the nymphae, extending from the clitoris to the lower end of the split. The two proper nymphae were in their place. I put my finger up. — "There is no sperm in there," said Katie, "look here" — and putting the central division on one side, there was the opening with sperm in it. I rapidly looked all over her two quims randy in mind, but was just then not strong, not well, and my prick would not stand. — Katie sucked it to a slight rigidity and I put it with difficulty up the spermy orifice. — It would not remain there, her cunt fell away from me. "There is not much spunk in you," — said I. — "Not much," said the Marseillaise, "it's all run out, but the Monsieur is waiting for me to go back." — So I let her go. She came back soon after with her cunt or cunts washed. — Excited and lusting for her, yet I now couldn't get my prick stiff at all so tried Katie's quim which didn't raise it, and in despair I left the house.

Next day I had the same two women. Kate, because being English she interpreted for me when my French failed me, and I learned all about the double one. I saw her piss, felt one then the other vagina, felt to the top or bottom of each, rubbed the womb entrances, put two fingers, one up each cunt at the same time, and felt and pinched the gristly or fleshy division between the two. Every enquiry I made was answered with frankness. Katie gamahuched me, and so did "double cunt." — All was again useless, I wanted the woman, yet had a dislike to her. So tipping handsomely for the trouble I had given, I departed again with flaccid tool, and without having this time even got the tip up either of the double cunts, or the single cunt, for I tried Katie's — I had done for myself by recent amours I suppose.

The third time I was better, and had had a cock-stand when thinking of the funny fucking apparatus of the Marseillaise. It was in the afternoon after a good luncheon that I went to see her, and had her to myself for a couple of hours.

She was a well grown woman say five feet six high with firm fleshy large buttocks, scarcely any waist, thighs. From knees to ankles the legs were hairy and ugly. She had dark hair on her head, and a slight darkish moustache on her mouth, and dark eyes. Her face had a somewhat sad expression in it. — The hair of her motte had the growth of a woman of thirty and was very dark. She said she was twenty-three. — There was scarcely a sign of hair by her anus. Her cunt may be likened to one of the short leathern purses like a bag, which opens with a clasp, and shews inside a division or central pocket, with a pocket on each side of it. The cunt had the central division only and two pockets only, that is, a cunt — on each side. The centre division looked like one of the nymphae, but there were nymphae of the ordinary size and usual place, just within the outer lips — I am certain that a man not knowing of the peculiar physical conformation of the woman, might have put his prick up one of the cunts, fucked and finished, without knowing that another cunt was by the side of his penis — always supposing that he had been lewed and full of sperm when he began feeling, looking, and fucking. In brief, in the usual physical condition of a healthy man when wanting a woman. From what she told me on this and another occasion, she did not seem to have

been conscious of her peculiar conformation till her menses began to show. She had them now from one cunt after the other — never at the same time from both. Each lasted about three days — under her true clitoris, but lower down and on either side of the central division of the two vaginas, were two little piss ducts, and she pissed first from one and then from the other. — These piddle openings were not just inside and near to the vaginas or prick holes as in most women, but higher above them tho both were hidden partially by the diaphragm dividing the cunts and by the nymphae and outer lips. I am sorry I did not see her piss.

She had pleasure she said in fucking, but could not say the pleasure was more from one cunt than the other. — She seemed from her description to have had the usual alloverish voluptuous sensation from both cunts when fucked. She had been in the family way on her left side womb, and when four months gone and her belly much swollen, the doctors told her parturition probably would kill her, and so she procured abortion. — The central division where it joined the real clitoris, protruded like a second clitoris, the piddle vent holes a little lower were on each side of it. She could frig herself to pleasure and spend on the lower as well as the upper clitoris. Sometimes one cunt spent, sometimes the other, she didn't know which would spend when she friggd herself.

The doctors said that she had two bladders with two distinct wombs and adjuncts. How they were connected with her breasts for milk, they did not know. They warned her against breeding. — A person, a doctor, had offered her a large sum to go to America to exhibit herself, but she was frightened and refused. She liked whoring in her native land best. The doctors had passed implements and drawn off the water from each of her bladders as an experiment, to settle the point whether she had two bladders or not.

I forgot to ask her about her virginity. She liked fucking she said — and when she friggd either clitoris she seemed to spend from one cunt or both, she could not control it, but both cunts did not wet. — Two friends once had her together. She stood over the one with the shortest prick, and the other pushed up her other quim from her rump side — the one she was on was well up her; but the other got his prick only a little way in, for it was difficult. Both spent up her and she spent — all three nearly at the same time — but she never could tell which of her cunts, or if both did, but she spent certainly. She was made so lewed when they did it she couldn't tell. Then both fucked her twice again, one after the other, both looking on alternately. "Yes, once in the other's spunk, the other time in different cunts." — "One liked fucking in the foutre?" — "Oui, like you," — said she with a smile. — She'd heard of me. — They were Frenchmen. — She was all the evening with them.

I saw her again some months after. She had then gone to another lapunar — all the clients at * * * * had had her. She did not take, few men had her more than once for curiosity. She didn't like them not to fuck her but many did not. — I went thro all the examinations again and heard the same story. — I got my prick first up one cunt then another, but could not spend, and MY. SECRET LIFE after trying in every attitude came away without spending. — She this time told me that she'd had two virinities, one her lover took — the doctor who examined her subsequently had the second.

I was resolved to fuck her, visited her again, heard all over again and a lot more. My cock stood so mounted her, I pushed my prick up her left avenue, then exchanged it for the right one. I wanted to compare differences of sensations — if any — and whether the cunts gave the same sort of feel to my tool as a one cunted woman gave me — but over-excited again, my tool to my annoyance began to dwindle and came out flabby almost suddenly. — The abnormal nature of the female's organ in fact gave me a slight disgust, but really tho curious, there was nothing in the slightest degree — as I now think of it — disgusting about it. Again by the help of her fingers and her mouth I rallied, and bringing her to the side of the bed, I first looked at her quim from behind her bum, then reversing her and lifting her heavy thighs up, I asked her to put in my prick for me. — "Which cunt?" — asked she. "Your left, the side you bred in." She placed it there, up went my prick, and I left my sperm in the favoured avenue.

Her cunts did not seem as nice and smooth as the ordinary female article — but somewhat fatigued,

not much wanting it, and over-worked before — for my cock had recently gone into quite a dozen cunts and mostly smooth with sperm and I had seen thirty couples copulating — I was rather done up — I'd had difficulty also in finding where this woman had moved to, so I was not in a good state for judging, and felt all the time that I was fucking out of mere curiosity. A few months after I sought her at the same house. — She'd left. — Then I asked Alexandrine, who under pledge again (she'd told me before) gave me another address — but she had left, had gone abroad they told me. — Perhaps so, and all Europe may see this *lusus naturae*.

[I have always regretted not asking more and precise questions of this double cunted woman — but the excitement caused naturally by talking on the subject, and having the cunts at hand and the naked owner of them there ready and willing to fuck made me forget asking much which I intended. I should have written down my questions, and asked them seriatim. — But that might have scared her, and she would most likely have lied more than perhaps she did, but as far as I narrate I think it is all true about her. — I had Katie — the only English woman in the house, — to interpret and aid me. But above all, Alexandrine, who had been for a few years my friend, aid, and adviser in erotic business told me a great deal.

[Katie had a wonderful history. From being an ordinary harlot there, and first in London, then at Lyons, she married the nephew of the mistress of the bordel, and was for a time practically mistress of the establishment — and would with her husband have inherited it, with an income as far as I could make out of quite three thousand pounds a year. Good behaviour in her lodgings got her that marriage and that position, prosperity upset her. — She became a drunkard, quarrelled with the women, and caused rows in the house (never permitted in a French "maison de tolerance"), was rejected and dismissed — of course still married — and as far as I could learn, she was afterwards sent to Eng- land a confirmed drunkard, her husband keeping her here. — Her name had occurred in the original nandrative, but in the abbreviations those incidents had been destroyed — hence the need to preserve this short memoir of her here — an eventful history.]

My narrative is nearly finished, my amatory career ending. My sexual powers lessen tho still strong, but as the urgings of concupiscence are less powerful, opportunities seem not to occur so frequently and my sins against chastity grow fewer. The actors and actresses will henceforth be nameless or named wrongly for they are living and about. — The houses which gave me shelter exist, but must not be named. The amatory episodes were for the most part more briefly written by me than formerly, and need but little abbreviation. Their chronological order will not be quite followed in the interest of all the actors, actresses and self.

[Here is placed a loose paragraph — I fancy I have written a similand one before — but lest not so, it's well to preserve it.]

[How similar for the most part have been my temporary amours. How similar the behaviour of the women who have procured me the virgins. Whether L*I*e, F**z*r or others, all were similar. All the virgins were got for money. What pleasure also the Paphians had in exciting the lasses, and for their own lust in seeing the hymens taken — in including the girls to fuck. — What complete unanimity in opinion, that their little proteges would soon be fucked by some one if not by me. What tales they told me of the nascent desires, lewed wishes and erotic knowledge and habits of the girls at that early age, and the encouragement they gave to the males — mostly lads a little older than themselves and of the same class. — Verily a gentleman had better fuck them for money, than a butcher boy for nothing. It is the fate of such girls to be flicked young, neither laws social or legal can prevent it. — Given opportunities — who has them like the children of the poor? — and they will copulate. It is the law of nature which nothing can thwart. A man need have no "compunctions of conscience" — as it is termed — about having such girls first, for assuredly he will have done no harm, and has only been an agent in the inevitable. The consequences to the female being the same, who-ever she may findst have been fucked by.

The first week of my return I telegraphed a meeting with H. Getting no reply I went to her house which was empty. I telegraphed the scout, got no response, went there and she had flown, but I

found that her letters were sent to a neighbouring chandler's shop — I wrote there naming an appointment in the dark near **** and there found H. waiting. All was changed, she lived in the country, was not sure if she could meet me, but if so at great risk, didn't know when or where but in a week would let me know. We drove through a park which was on the road to her station and felt each other's carnal agents, I besought her to get out and let us fuck against a tree. She was indignant at the pro-posal, and it ended in our frigging each other in the cab, face to face, kissing and tonguing, to the great injury of her bonnet, and a little soiling of her silk dress and my trowsers. Who would care where sperm fell in such an entrancing ride.

A week after, a place of rendezvous was found, at a convenient snug little house where we met generally. — Before she'd taken anything off but her bonnet and I my hat, we fucked on the bedside with intense mutual delight. Directly I'd uncuted, we both stripped start naked and got into bed, drank champagne there, and fucked and fucked again till my pego would stiffen no longer; fucked four times, a great effort now for me, but not for her. But frigging and gamahuching always satisfied her as a finish — luckily.

Then our meetings were at longer intervals apart, which only made them more delicious. But I alas, am obliged to husband my strength more than formerly, so the long intendvals suit me better.

When next we met, we found that the mistress of the establishment had voluptuous photographs, pictures, and engravings by hundreds, and one or two chests full of the best and baudiest books in English and French. — We revelled in them that day for all were placed at our disposal. — We sat feeling each other's genitals between our fuckings, looking and commenting on the artistic display of nudities and erotic fancies, and wishing we could participate in such performances our-selves. They awakened ideas which had slumbered in me certainly. She said in her also, but she always declared that I had put desires into her head unknown before. We were well matched.

Living far off now, without a male or female friend with whom to talk about sexualities, more than ever now she looked to our days of meeting, and hours of unrestrained voluptuousness. After hearing all she had done at home even to domestic details — which she was fond of telling as showing her domestic comfort, — lust and love in all its whims and varieties we talked about. "Did you ever do that?" "Do you recollect when I showed you ***'s prick?" — "When did so and so occur?" So ran our talk. How often he'd fucked her or gamahuched her, how often she'd frigged herself, the sperm he spent, and all the domestic baudy doings were told me with delight, and similar frankness exacted from me. — Then came wishes. "Let Mrs. * * * * * get us another woman, you fuck her whilst she gamahuches me," was a request made whilst after fucking, we laid reposing in the bed. — I agreed. — "Let her be stout, I'd like one as stout as Camille," — these are the very words said funnily enough in a half shamed faced way — for absence and the change in her circumstances, at first seemed to impose some stupid modesty on her. — But both of us liked to call a spade a spade.

All was accomplished. The abbess as I shall call her, we ascertained would procure us every pleasure, tho only cautiously and from time to time she disclosed her powers. A very plump and almost fat, handsome woman of two and twenty was our first companion. — "Don't let me ask her, you say that you want her to lick my cunt — I don't want her to think that I wish it," — said H. So it was done, we had champagne, I stripped the plump one, then asked H. to look at her quim — which she was longing to do — and then incited her to the gamahuche. Baudy talk and wine raising our lust MY SECRET -LIFE made us friends soon, and Miss R. jumped at the idea of gamahuching the other. Then naked all three (warm weather now). Looking-glasses arranged so that H. could see all, she laid on the bed-side whilst R. gamahuched her. On the bed by H.'s side I also laid, she frigging me during her pleasure. "Aha — God — lick quicker. — I'm spending," — and she spent nearly pulling my prick off during her first ecstasy.

Pausing for a minute, R. recommenced, for H. likes to continue uninterruptedly at that luscious game, till she has spent at least twice. It was a lovely sight to see H. with her beautiful thighs, and the coral little gash set in the lovely chestnut hair, which R. held open for a minute to admire. Then

her mouth set greedily upon it, her hands under H.'s buttocks, the dark hair of R.'s armpits just peeping, her big white buttocks nearly touching her heels. I stooped down this time and peeped along the furrow past the bumhole, and could just see the red end of her cunt with the short crisp hair around it. Then straddling across her waist, my prick laying on her back between her blade bones, I watched the lovely face of H. which in her sexual ecstasy is a lovely sight. "Fuck, fuck her," she cried to me. But I wouldn't. Next minute saw H.'s lovely eyes fixed on mine, whilst with soft cries she spent.

A rest, more champagne, a discourse about the pleasure of woman cunt licking woman and of men doing it, and H. again was on the bed. — "Oh, I'm so lewed I want a fuck so," said R. — "He'll fuck you, won't you?" — I complied. Further back on the bed now the better to reach her cunt with her tongue, with pillows under her head lay H. when R. recommenced her lingual exercise on the sweet and fresh-washed quim. I standing up now at R.'s back. — "Fuck her, and spend when I do," said H. — R.'s bum towards me was almost too fat an one as she bent, so I made her bend lower, and then between the buttock went my prick, dividing two well haired, very fat lips of her sanctum of pleasure. She adjusted her height to the exercise when my tip was well lodged. My balls were soon against the buttocks, every inch of my prick up a cunt deliciously lubricated by its owner's randiness. — "It's up her cunt love," I cried, began fucking and R. began gamahuching. All now was silence but the lap now and then of R.'s tongue on H.'s cunt. "She's coming darling — I shall spend," — I cried at length. — "Oh — God — fuck her, fuck, slap her bum," cried H., writhing and sighing. — My slaps on the fat arse re-sounded, as R. wndithed and shivered with pleasure whilst licking on, and both of us spent as H. spent un-der the tongue titillation. Then with slobbered prick and wet cunts we got up. Soon after standing by the bedside I fucked H. whilst she frigged Miss R. Never were there three bawdy ones together who enjoyed the erotic tricks more than we did.

These delightful voluptuous exercises were repeated with variations on other days. R. sucked my prick and took its libation whilst I was lying full length on the bed, H. kneeling over my head, I licking her clitoris the looking glasses so arranged that H. could see all. An-other day I fucked R. whilst she frigged H. Then I put my prick into both women and finished in R.'s cunt, which completed that day's amusement.

Soon afterwards we noticed wales upon R.'s capacious white buttocks. It was from her last whipping she said. That disclosed what in time was sure to have become known to us. That the abbess was an expert it flagellation, that swells both old and young came under her experienced hand. Questioned, the abbess told us all, was indeed proud of her performances, shewed us the varied apparatus with which she either tickled or bled the masculine bums, and women's as well, o: superintended men flogging female bums. Such as the fat arsed R.'s were preferred, tho some she said like(younger and thinner buttocks. Some brought an(birched a woman whom they liked and fucked, some a special woman to birch them. They all paid very hand somely for bleeding a fair pair of buttocks.

R. told us that flagellation of her backside made he lewed an hour after or so. She liked the birch just to hurt slightly the cunt lips. Then if she couldn't get man, she frigged herself — that some girls said it di(not affect them lewedly — others that it did. — W talked quietly with the abbess about this. Both H. am I desired to see the operation, and heard that some men liked to be seen by other men when being flogged. If we would come on a certain day, there would be then a gentleman who had a taste for being made a spectacle, and she would arrange for us to se — for pay of course.

We went on the day but the man didn't appear. Two ladies were ready waiting to flog him. The abbes said it didn't matter, something had detained him that when he disappointed he always paid the money for all concerned. One of them was dressed as a balk girl, the other only in chemise, such were his orders. — She in chemise, was a sweet faced, dark haired short ish girl of nineteen, with fine teeth. We asked her t our room to take wine, and it ended in H* * * frigging he and my fucking her, then in my fucking H., whilst she looked at the other's quim, and we agreed she would be better for our amorous games than R. — I will call this dark one "Black." She had one of the most

delicate, refined, cock stiffening, slightly lipped, slightly haired cunts I ever saw: it resembled H.'s cunt years ago. Black took at once a frantic lurch for gamahuching H. — and who wouldn't? — When my mouth covers it, I can scarcely tear it away from it.

At our next visit the flagellation came off. As H., who'd only her chemise on, and I my shirt and wearing a mask, entered the room, there was a man kneeling on a large chair at the foot of the bed, over which he was bending. Over the seat and back of the chair was a large towel to receive his spendings. He had a woman's dress on tucked up to his waist, showing his naked rump and thighs, with his feet in male socks and boots. On his head was a woman's cap tied carefully round his face to hide whiskers — if he had any — and he wore a half mask which left his mouth free. — At his back, standing, was one youngish girl holding a birch and dressed as a ballet dancer, with petticoats far up above her knees, and showing naked thighs. Her breasts were naked, hanging over her stays and showing dark haired armpits. Another tall, well formed, tho thinnish female, naked all but boots and stockings, with hair dyed a bright yellow, whilst her cunt and armpits' fringes were dark brown, stood also at his back — a bold, insolent looking bitch whom I one day fucked after she'd gamahuched H. — tho I didn't like either her face, cunt, form, or manner — but she was new to me.

What he had done with the women before we entered we were told afterwardds by yellow head, was very simple. He'd stripped both women naked, and saw the one dress herself as a ballet girl, nothing more. Neither had touched his prick nor he their cunts. When the door was closed after we entered, he whispered to the abbess that he wanted to see my prick. Determined to go thro the whole performance, I lifted my shirt and shewed it big but not stiff. He wanted to feel it but that I re-fused. "Be a good boy or Miss Yellow (as I shall call her) will whip you hard," said the abbess. — "Oh — no — no pray don't," he whispered in reply. He spoke always in whispers. Then he said H. was lovely and wanted to see her cunt, which she refused. He never turned round during this but remained kneeling. Then after childish talk between him and the abbess (he always in whispers), "Now she shall whip you, you naughty boy," said the abbess — and "swish" the rod descended heavily upon his rump.

"Oho — ho — ho," he whispered as he felt the twinge. I moved round to the other side of him where I could see his prick more plainly. It was longish, pendant, and the prepuce covered its tip nearly. — Swish — swish — went the birch, and again he cried in whispers. — "Ho, ho." — H then moved round to my side to see better — Yellow head from behind him felt his prick — The abbess winked at me — Then he laid his head on the bedstead frame and grasped it with both hands whilst very leisurely the birch fell on him and he cried "Ho — ho" — His rump got red and then he cried aloud — "Oh I can't — then sunk his voice to a whisper in finishing his sentence — Yellow head again felt his prick still not looking round.

Then was a rest and a little talk, he still speaking in whispers. The abbess treated him like a child. I felt Yellow head's motte, she looking at H. to see if she permitted me the license. Yellow head then took up the birch, and H. and I moved to the other side of the bed. Both of us excited, H.'s face was flushed with lust, I felt her cunt, and she my pego, now stiff. "Look at those two," quoth the abbess. We, and both the women laughed. — The patient had turned his head to look, but could see nothing but us standing. — Swish — swish, fell heavily the rod on his arse, now very red indeed. — "Let me lick her cunt," whispered he, nodding at H. — She refused. — "I'll give her five pounds," he whispered. H. hesitated, but short of money as usual, at length she consented, beside she was lewed to her bum-hole — "I shall spend," she whispered to me as she got on to the bed and saying aloud, "Five pounds, mind." — "He'll pay, he's a gentleman," murmured the abbess.

Then was a spectacle such as I never saw before nor shall again. H. settled on the bed, thighs wide apart, quim gaping, legs over the bed frame, cunt close up to the victim, but too low for his tongue to reach the goal. The abbess, Miss Yellow head and I, pushed pillow after pillow under her lovely burn till it was up to the requisite level, and greedily he began licking it. I moved round him again, looking curiously at his prick which was now stiff. — "Let him feel it," he whispered more loudly than usual. I felt and friggid it for a second. Whilst I did so, swish — swish — fell the rod on his

rump, which writhed. — "Um — um — HUM," — he murmured, his mouth full of H.'s cunt. "Ahrr," sighed H., whose lovely face expressed her pleasure, for she was lewed. Yellow head laid hold of his prick, gave it two or three gentle frigs, and out spurted a shower of semen. Then he was quiet with his mouth full on H.'s open quim, still Yellow head continued frigging his shrinking organ. — "Have you spent?" — said I. "Damn it, I was just coming," said H., jogging her cunt up against his mouth, wild for her spend. But he was lifeless, all desire to lick her had gone.

At a hint from the abbess we went to our bed-room. — "Fuck me." — On the bed she got, her cunt wet with his saliva, my prick nodding its wants and lust, up I plunged it in her wet cunt, thrust my tongue into her sweet mouth, our salivas poured into each other's, and we spent in rapture, almost before we had began the glorious to and fro of my prick in her lubricious avenue.

Neither of us had seen such a sight before, never had either of us even seen any one flogged, and we talked about it till the abbess came up. The man had left, but only gave three sovereigns for H.'s complaisance. "No doubt she's kept the other two," — said H. after-wards. The young ladies were still below, would we like to have a chat with them? Our passions were well roused, H. at once said "Yes," and up they came. We had champagne, giving the abbess some, then all talked about flagellation. The younger woman showed marks of the birch on her bum, and when the abbess had gone, we heard more about the rich victim, whom both had seen before and who was between fifty and sixty. He always had two women, but not always they two, they'd never known him allow strangers to be present when he was flogged, and he wanted to know if H. would whip him some day. (She never would.) Then we all four stripped, both women gamahuched H. and whilst the younger one was doing that I fucked Yellow head, whose cunt I couldn't bear. Then she gamahuched H. and I without any effort fucked up the other girl and found her cunt delicious. — In the intervals we laid pell mell on the bed together, topsy — turvy, — arsy — versy, and any how and in all sorts of ways, looked at each other's cunts, the two women both sucked my prick to stiffness but no further and Yellow head put her finger up my bum as I fucked the younger girl at the bedside feeling H.'s lovely sweet cunt whilst I did so, and as her rump was towards me I paid the finger compliment to her bum-hole. — We had champagne till all were tight, and gloried in most un-restrained baudiness in act and talk. We all pissed, and I felt their amber streams whilst issuing, and pissed myself against Yellow head's cunt, H. holding the basin. — Then fatigued with lustful exercises — H. excepted — we had strong tea, and went our ways. A veritable orgy, and an extravagantly expensive one.

Now it was very clear and frankly avowed by H., that our meetings were the delight of her life, that tho happy at home they were friendless nearly, and she looked forward to meeting me with the greatest pleasure, not only to tell me all, but to indulge with me in reminiscences, and have boudy afternoons with other women. "And it's your fault, you've told me more than all the men and women together whom I've known." — But there were hindrances. Sometimes two or three weeks intervened between our meetings at the abbess'; tho each meeting brought some boudy novelty.

When next we met we had little Black and not Miss R. for our companion, and Black and I together gave H. her complete dose of pleasure. Two fucks, a frig, and three or four gamahuches, some by me, some by Black, seemed the quantum which she called a jolly boudy afternoon. All were pleased, for B. loved gamahuching H., and being gamahuched by me, and tho so young, willingly sucked my pego to its liquid culmination. — H. still refusing to do that, or to touch B.'s quim with her tongue. — What with conversation about fucking in general — of the erotic caprices of men, of money gained and spent, sexual incitements, etc. etc. — in which conversations the abbess joined now at times — we passed most voluptuous afternoons or evenings. — But the cost was heavy — for the abbess' house was quiet and expensive, and champagne and a second gay lady added much to the sum total of the expenses of meeting H.

The abbess was the most kindly woman of her class I ever knew and superior to her business, her house the nicest and quietest.

Vol. 11 Chapter III

On the Thames Embankment. • A woman's letch. • Lilian the actress. • Invitation to dinner. • Invitation to fucking. • Eight hours' amusements.

On a sunshining day in August that year at about 2:30 p.m. I was passing a theatre near to the Thames and loitered to read the programme, scarcely any people were about. On the footway stood a tallish, dark eyed and exceedingly handsome woman, well dressed and looking about four and twenty, talking to a short, shabby old woman, the sort of woman who is frequently the friend and aid of high class harlots and actresses, oftentimes indeed their relatives. I was very fit that day, was dressed gaily, had had a good luncheon, womankind looked lovely in my eyes, but I'd no intention of seeking their acquaintance in the flesh, tho my pego was a little on the swell for I'd fucked no one recently, and had had no novelty since my return to England.

Few people were in London. Many frail ladies who could not afford to leave were in town, their lovers were absent, and their cunts missed the stretch and libations which they loved. People at hotels were having luncheon. Struck with the lady I looked at her with admiration. She fixed her eyes on mine, turning her head towards me as I approached, and turning her head round directly I had passed to look after me. I did the same, and looking half over my shoulder our eyes again met. I turned my head away courteously, but a voluptuous tingle went thro me as I thought of her cunt, — which of course I thought of.

I slackened my pace involuntarily. I had no object beyond seeing her beauty, and walked on a little, and then looking at some object as an excuse turned half round to look at her. She was still looking after me; beckoned with a toss of her head, and the old woman went off. Instinctively and without thought I returned, and in a second we were close together. "What are you staring at me for, do you know me?" said she with a smile. — "No — because you are so lovely." — She laughed, I laughed, and there was a minute's silence. — She seemingly was waiting for me to make advances, but as I didn't said hesitatingly, "Come home and dine with me." Awakened fully to the position, not wishing any more liaisons, thinking that a fiver if not a tenner would be expected, and I knew not what else, and having neither money or time. "Sorry I can't I've just had luncheon." — "So have I, but I said dine," — and her face I fancied looked livingly at me.

I was "flummoxed" by this very clear invitation to fucking, and as I have always been frank with women, and saw that this would be an entertainment beyond my means, recovered my reason which was failing under her fascination, and the carnal ideas and curiosities springing up, and making my pego thicken and elongate with voluptuous thrills. I told her I was sorry, was neither young nor rich. "So mustn't tho I longed for you the instant I saw you, — besides you'd be tired of me soon." "Then you can go," — she laughing re-plied. — "But I haven't two sovereigns in my pocket."

— "Well, keep them there — come" — looking in her smiling face, thoughts of her cunt came, my cock erected itself. "Is it far?" — "Only at * * * * *, come, I'm very lonely."

A crowd of thoughts rushed thro my brain. Desire for her — was it a trap — was she married — o kept. — Suppose I am caught — has she a letch for me? — If so I can't fuck as much as she'll want; these jumbled in my head making me irresolute. — "Are you an ac-tress?" — "You're curious." — "Married?" — "No."

— "Have you a friend?" — "You're very curious." Saying that she half turned away. Then desire for her rushed through my brain and body — I should lose her.

— "Very well." — She laughed. A growler passed us, into it we got, and in doing so again I said "I'm a poor man." — "So you said." The cab drove off, then I kissed her and she me. — "You are so lovely." — "Do you think so" Then the conversation stopped, I wondering how the affair would end. Soon after we were at her house.

A pertish-mannered damzel opened the door. The dining room was handsomely furnished on the ground floor, where for a minute the lady left me. The first floor to which I soon mounted was handsomer, and I saw thro a door ajar a bedroom, thro which peeped my lady saying "I'm only changing my dress." — Her name she'd told me in the cab, I promised not to reveal it and shall call her Lilian, tho neither word nor letter even phonetically resemble her true name.

In five minutes she appeared in a charming summer's dress. Then I saw that she was older than I'd thought, was perhaps seven and twenty. The servant brought in champagne, ice, and fruit. She drank thirstily, I but cautiously, for I'd drunk well at luncheon. I'd not taken the slightest liberty beyond kissing her when in the cab, now I closed to her on the sofa, extolling her beauty, saying I'd been struck with it on the instant I saw her and again I kissed. "Why did you go away then?" — "I reflected." — "On what?" — "I didn't know what to do, what exactly you meant, then my cock suddenly stiffened, and I wondered what sort of cunt you had, and stopped," — I replied, bursting out into lustful phrases. She fell back on the sofa screaming with laughter. — "You are a baudy devil, I thought you were." — Then we kissed, again, for the ice was broken and I hugged her to me. "Now I shall find out what it's like." As I spoke my fingers went up her clothes and between the lips of hend quim. She only closed her thighs as most women do when taken unawares — excepting thorough-paced whores.

Resisting slightly — a mere sham — laughing all the time and calling me a baudy devil, I got her clothes — now only a chemise and the frock — up to her thighs, saw the triangular brown thicket, and bending kissed near to it, putting my furthest hand round a deliciously soft, cool haunch. She kept her thighs closed. — "Can't you wait? Till we have a glass more wine?" — But I now on the ram, slid down upon my knees, buried my nose and mouth, on thighs and belly, and hands pushed round her haunches pulled her towards me. Slowly her bum came to the sofa's edge. Suddenly I forced her thighs apart, my mouth went down between them as with a final rapid pull they opened, leaving her sweet slit ready to my lips which covered the soft surface, and as they touched it out shot my tongue searching for her spot of pleasure. Laughing, saying, "Now don't — I don't like that. — Oh don't — you beast — oho — lock the door then," came at last as the gamahuche already began to tease her, for she was lewed I knew.

I rushed and locked it, and returning fell upon my knees again. She dndropped her clothes, saying, "Come to the bedroom." — But my letch was strong on me, I was enamoured now of gamahuching, the scent of her sweet, fresh washed cunt had roused that letch and I pushed her back, threw up her clothes to her motte, and again gently pulled her towards me by her haunches. Her bum came to the sofa's edge, her thighs widened apart expectant of her pleasure, not a word more she uttered as I pushed both hands under the lovely white columns till I held her cool ivory buttocks. Then my tongue found her clitoris and played with it. Then I fell back for a hasty glance at the rosy split, pulled aside the fat, soft, silky edged lips to see the inner treasure, then greedily again my mouth closed on its face and my tongue caressed the little red button, the seat of pleasure in this amorous game. How delicious felt the smooth red opening as my tongue ran over it! Then settling on the rosy bud it played again. She felt the luscious tickle directly. — "Aher — aher," she sighed quite softly. Delicious are the murmurs of a beauty as sexual pleasure gains on her with voluptuous thrills, and her cunt stiffening tightens for a spend, and the soft exudation comes from its surface, ready to mingle with the mans' sperm, as it throbs from him in fucking.

Suddenly with that singular desire to have all the pleasures at once, I longed to fuck her and stopped, but restrained myself knowing that soon my prick would be in her. — All was silence as my tongue worked nimbly, till "Aher. Haa." — I drew back to look at the lovely opened cleft. — "Ohoo — don't stop," she murmured. On I went licking, grasping her buttocks now more fully as she heaved them up to help my placing them, my tongue raced on yielding its saliva, moistening her slit from motte to bum hole — gentle sighs, soft murmurs come, those and the splash of my tongue on her wet pulpy vulva alone disturb the silence, her clitoris stiffened, I felt it stiffen unmistakably. — Some women's do. She put both hands upon my head pulling it to her, as if my mouth was not close enough to her cunt, her thighs began to tremble, her cunt heaved up against my mouth. "Aherr

—aha — aher — darling — aher." She had spent.

With moustache dripping, I looked at her moistened notch now shedding its juices, as she lay with eyes closed and thighs apart. Then standing up and pulling out my throbbing procreant tool, "Let me fuck darling." Bending I closed on her, my prick was within an inch of its goal, when she closed her thighs, pushed me away and got up smiling at my erection. — "No — wait, you devil — you know how to gamahuche," — and kissing me laid hold of my cunt stopper giving it a gentle squeeze "Oh — oh — it's stiff." — But she refused my entry, we sipped the cool champagne and talked, and my doodle shrunk somewhat, what as it does at times when delayed in doing in its work.

About sexual pleasures ran our talk and I astonished her. She said I was "A bawdy profligate." — We were kissing quietly, she handling my flaming pego, I her lubricious gap. What blissful moments those, how little said — how low the tone! Then I roused her lust, she lapsed into silence with the voluptuous currents in her blood my fingers generated. "Let's fuck or I shall spend." Silently she arose at once and we went to the bedroom. There filled with desire for each other, in a minute I stripped to my shirt, she to chemise, and poured out water in a basin. — "No dear don't wash your cunt." — "Oh fie — I must, its wet." — "No, no, I like your spunk in it." — "Oh fie." — I pulled her up ere she could splash the orifice — "I like it wet." — "Oh fie" — Then on the bed, mad for each other's pleasure giver, for the entrancing junction of the two,

— for the fuck — up went my shirt to neck, up went her chemise above two lovely globes, and up her cunt I rushed my prick. — "Oh not so hard." — And we were one and lay entranced in the lovely junction of our genitals. I put my finger down to feel the soft lips of her notch enclosing gently my pego, then in her soft and glowing lubricious sheath up and down moved my prick.

— "Aher — love — fuck," — I murmured. — "Yhes, fuck me darling," she replied. The blissful moment came, I felt the contractions of her cunt, the jerks of her ivory buttocks, then belly to belly, wriggling my prick with short thrusts as if my balls would roll into her cunt, my love shaft penetrate to her womb, out throbbled thick, boiling spunk in torrents into her, and with tongues touching, salivas flowing, midst kisses and loving murmurs, grasping each other arses, we dozed off into the Elysium of humanity.

Awakening soon, my prick had barely left the sweet embrace of her sex, when pearly drops of spunk were trickling down between her thighs, hanging to the soft auburn curls. She lay languidly permitting all, till I thrust a finger up the red avenue into the emollient glutinous outcome of our pleasures. — "Aha, you -beast," said she rising. Then on the porcelain she squatted, and bawdy still, I told her I loved both the sound and the attitude, put my hand down and caught an amber stream. Then we purified our genitals, and fresh, and gay, and loving more than ever, went back to champagne. Then soon again back to the bed, where tranquil now I looked at her secret charms. How pleased she seemed to let me.

She had a lovely brown head of hair, and her eyes were of an unusually deep blue — I had thought them dark brown when first I noticed her — and with the loveliest long eyelashes, smallish nose, and good teeth tho in a large mouth, completed one of the sweetest, yet boldish faces. But as I found in the delights of love, that boldness changed to the softest, most voluptuous expression. She was one of those who looked heavenly when being fucked.

She was tallish and inclining to be stout, the curves and contours from hips to feet were lovely, her bum of perfect shape and beauty, her breasts large and slightly pendant. Taking her all in all she was perfect. Well might the public have thronged to see her. Her cunt was overshadowed by a splendid soft curly bush of lightish chestnut on a full plump motte, from which opened one of the prettiest, full lipped pouting clefts reddening inwards to almost a ruby one line, and delicately fringed with hair which stopped short of its lower end, her bumhole was hairless. The nymphae were small and delicate, the clitoris longish and easily seen, and all was of handsome and of deepest coral tint.

She had a skin of that surprising whiteness which is rarely found excepting among red haired

women. It smelt fresh and sweet like almonds. In the exciting inspection I now noticed this, and at once began again kissing her thighs, up to her central charm, and as I opened the lovely notch and fingered it the aroma rose into my nostrils and I longed to gamahuche her. — My love of licking a woman increases largely, and is now one of the greatest pleasures of my life. — "What a delicious smell your cunt has. Let me lick the lovely cleft again." Her thighs widened apart, she yielded with expectant pleasure, my mouth close on her gap, my tongue gained her clitoris and moved till her thighs quivered with pleasure, and then I stopped. — "Oh — go on."

But another letch came on. "I'll lay and gamahuche you." — Mounting the bed she made way for me. — I turned her on her side, laid my head against one thigh and lifting the other up — how quietly she aided me — inserted my tongue, titillated then stopped again to tease her, then asked her to take my pego into her pretty mouth. — "Ah, no I won't." On I went gamahuching and again stopped. — "Oho — go on — you'll drive me mad, I was just coming." — "Take the tip in your mouth then." — Blazing with sensual passion she moved her head and took it. — I felt the cunt like feel on its tip as she clasped me to her by my buttocks. Again my mouth closed on her luscious gap licking her clitoris nimbly, spasmodic twitchings of her bum and cunt came on, she sighed, she murmured. "Oho — quicker." — A shudder of her belly, a pressure of hend cunt to my mouth, a cry of pleasure and the deed was done.

She'd relinquished my prick as her spending came on (they all do so at that supreme moment) leaving it pulsating, red hot, ruby tipped, bursting, almost ready to inundate her, as I rose and pushed her on to her back, wild to sheathe it in her glowing lubricious avenue. But she rolled off on the other side of the bed laughing and refusing me. — "Not yet — wait a bit." — She guessed perhaps that my fucking power was limited, my gamahuching unlimited.

Into the sitting room I followed hend, another bottle of champagne was brought — both of us got fuddled, then back to bed. — "Let's be quite naked." — "All right." — She was boudy now, ready for anything. "I'll pull your boots off." — "All right." — Laying with her back on the bed I pulled all off, lifting up her legs in doing it, to see her cunt, laughing and talking about it all the time. Again she pissed, my hand beneath the stream, then both start naked mounted the bed. Again a preliminary gamahuche, my pego for a minute between her lips, then with a sheet over us, naked, side by side we felt each other's flesh, our hands roved every-where with amorous delight, till our fingers settled on prick and cunt. Then mounting her, clasping each other's buttocks, with kisses, tongue to tongue, again we fucked in heavenly transports and then fell fast asleep.

It was half past five when we awakened. Putting on her gown, — "I must give orders about dinner" quoth she. — "I cannot stay." — "You must." — An hour was spent partly in bed my fingers searching her glutinous gap, and she handling me from scrotum to gland. — We then dressed, had a nice dinner, and again went to bed. I gamahuched her till she was exhausted, then fucked her again, finished myself and left. — Eight hours of most delicious varied companionship had been mine.

Before I left the money again annoyed me. Was it possible that this lovely woman had simply a letch for me? I thought. — "Can I buy you anything dear, are you short of cash?" — I stammered. — "No. Bring me some flowers tomorrow" — kissing me — I did so next evening which I spent in gamahuching her much and fucking her a little. But she was satisfied and pressed me to see her again. — "As a friend," — said she with emphasis.

I must abbreviate the rest. — That night we talked about ourselves. "Who and what was I?" — "I shall only tell you lies if you ask me." — "Tell away," — and I told lies. — She was an actress, I had seen her on the stage. — In a few days she was going to America. She'd had a quarrel with her lover who had kept her — tho she gained a good income — and he'd left her a week ago. The house and furniture had been given her by him. Since he'd left she'd not been fucked. — "No, and you are wrong, I haven't, I haven't used my finger." "No wonder that the luscious, hot blooded lady wanted a fuck, when the lucky chance for me threw her in my way and I became her sensual fancy. — "You're a lovely bedfellow," said I. — "And you are the same, I wish we could be lovers but you say its impossible." — Three years afterwards saw her again on the stage in London, but we have

never met since [she afterwards married I believe, and disappeared certainly.]

Vol. 11 Chapter IV

An idle day in the outer suburbs. • Bread and cheese at the public house. • The showman's daughter Kit. • On the road. • Against a field gatepost. • On straw in a calf shed. • In a barn. • A masturbating miller's boy. • Epitome of voluptuous amusements with H. • A female trio and myself. • Copulation, fornication, irrumination. • Bum-digitation, cunnitonguing, and cunni-dildoing.

Later on this year came other luck for me. — On a muggy misty morning towards the end of October, I was at a sessions house at the extreme east of London, having to my annoyance been summoned as witness in action of a friend of mine, against a farmer whose cart had damaged his carriage when driving me. On arriving I found to my further annoyance that the trial was postponed. This information sent had never reached me.

It was near a poor village, a couple of miles from the Thames in an agricultural district. Having nothing to do and not having ever seen the neighbourhood, I strolled about, went into the church and so on. Then feeling hungry — having left home early — entered a small public house, in front of which stood three or four showman's vans. Inside at the bar were the showman and wife drinking beer and smoking, and a fine, strapping, light haired florid faced girl of about seven-teen — evidently a daughter — together with a much younger girl. I was amused at hearing them talk about a fair they were going to, and of "Jack" whom they were waiting for, who had gone somewhere to buy a donkey. — "I shan't wait much longer, it ought to a bin here afore us. — You'd better wait Kit, gie him another hour, and then come on if he don't turn up — leave word, he'll know where to find us tonight, you'll catch us up before we gets to * * *, we'll stop two hours there and grub."

I had ordered bread, and cheese and ale, things some-times good from a small country brewer even at a village public house, and that food I like. They had also a morning's paper with which and the food I sat in the parlor which was at one end of a long bar counter, a tap room being at the other end. The doors of both were wide open — I'd seated myself there with my back to the street window, to read better, and also be-cause the door being wide open, it amused me to hear the loud chatter of the showman and family, as well as to look at the daughter, whose sturdy legs and well fed, bronzed, but handsome face had made me speculate upon the beauty of her hidden charms. Then my cock began to swell, as she turned towards the mother, stooped, and by her movements I saw plainly she was tying her garters. There was no one to see but me and her parents, so there was no harm. But women of that class think nothing of tying up their gandters in public, simply turning away a little from those near them. The exposure of a good leg is to me always exciting, I think of the woman's cunt directly, and did so now.

Whilst eating and reading and every now and then looking along the bar, the showman said again, "Damned if I wastes time any longer, wait for Jack an hour, mind." Then he, wife and child left. "Go and sit down Miss," said the landlord at the bar. The girl moved straight to the parlor. — "Not there," shouted the landlord, "that's the parlor, to the side." But the girl was well in the room as he spoke. — "Never mind, sit down Miss, I'm going directly." — "Thankee sir," and she sat down looking pleased. — The barman came, apologetically to oust her, but I said the girl might remain, that I was going soon, so he departed. In a minute we had commenced talking, soon after she was partaking of bread, cheese and bottled ale which I ordered freely and I was looking at her healthy hand-some face, seized with what is cometimes called "a sinful lust of the flesh." My cock rose up prompting me so that I was obliged to push it into a convenient position between my trowsers and belly. — No one came in, for it was not the time of day for parlor customers, who are the evening toppers in a village.

Was the ale good? "Ain't it just. We drinks four-penny. — Dad drinks beer." — She was delighted at talking to a gentleman and fed herself with freedom and the utter absence of that ill at ease, which I've so often found with servants whom I have taken to dine or sup. She told me all about the show, she slept in the last wagon with her sister. — "Mother and Dad in the other. — It's the biggest." — "And don't brother Jack sleep with you?" — Her ruddy face grew ruddier, she was confused. — "Course not, — there ain't no room till we are at fairs." — Then I heard that Jack wasn't her brother. Another bottle of ale opened her mouth more, and made me think how I could manage to open her lower mouth. I heard that Jack was a sort of partner, was her cousin — looked after the horses — went away the day before to buy a donkey. They wondered why he hadn't arrived, but sometimes he was away nearly a week when they'd business. — "Jack's your sweetheart." — "Well what if he be?" "He sleeps with you when you're at fairs. — "He don't" — "He does — "He don't" — "He does. — "Well what if he do, we're agoin to marry and Dad known on it?" At length she said, bursting out laughing.

Generally if alone with a woman I get some facts from her. "I wish I was Jack, I'd marry you." — "Oh ain't yer a lying stiff," said she laughing heartily. "Where's your next fair I'll come and sleep with you." — "Oh ain't yer a chaffing, I must go." — "No, give me a kiss." — "Shan't, I must go." — "Damned if I wouldn't give a sovereign to sleep with you," I blurted out, ready almost to ravish her. — "No, none a that sir please" as I attempted a feel, after a kiss which she let me take. Then she gave me a sudden push — A very strong one — and laughing got out the door. — "Look," said I, randy mad and puffing out my flaming stiff pego. — "Oh — ain't you one." — She walked to the bar, but looked at my cunt rammer long, and laughed before she went. I felt sure I'd made her lewed.

Refreshed and meaning to have a look at the country, I paid and departed, winking at the girl, she smiling in return, in the way women do when gratified by lewed talk and sight of a stiff prick. — Every woman is really gratified by a man's desiring to fuck her, whether the desire be delicately implied, or quite coarsely ex-pressed. — "Good morning Miss," said I most politely. "Good morning Sir," and I passed out.

I strolled along a country road, flat fields with large ditches and big uncut hedges in each side, enclosing large spaces of naked arable land with occasional pasturage as far as I could see. At long distances apart, was a poor cottage or two together, at places here and there a shabby farm house or barn. Scarcely a laborer on the road and a cart visible about every five minutes. A duller district I have rarely seen, it was dullness itself. Not a breath of wind, made a rustle in tree or hedge, all was silent, mournful, yet the novelty pleased me, and on I strolled smoking, sometimes singing and stopping every now and then. At last I asked of a chance laborer the distance to * * * *.

A quick tramp and heavy footsteps in the distance struck my ear; footsteps as of some one walking much quicker than myself. Nearer and nearer they came and on turning round, there was the showman's daughter.

She smiled all over her face and so did I — "What you, Miss, where's Jack?" were my first words. — "Oh — he ain't turned up." — "You'll have no bed-fellow — you'll be cold." — "Shan't," — she replied laughing. — "I'll sleep with you." — "Will you now, ain't yer kind?" with a good humoured sneer. "Yes, and I'll give you a new dress." — "Oh — lor — who'd a thought it?" and she laughed heartily, as I did. There was a joking, yet voluptuous twinkle in her eyes which made me feel sure she felt lewed. — "Yes and would give it to have you ten minutes alone." — "Oh ain't yer generous." — "Yes and I'll give you this for nothing," pointing to my prick — at which she roared. "Don't walk so quick I shall lose that pretty face too soon." — "I must catch em up." — "You'll wear your boots out and it's going to rain. How I wish I were your boots." — "My boots?" looking quite astonished. — "Yes, then I look up and see what I'm dying to see, let me." — "Shan't, you beast" — and again she laughed, repeating "my boots — ha — ha — ha my — boots." — Two or three minutes more bawdy chaff, and I'd taken half a dozen kisses.

Chaffing on more broadly still had made her quim tingle, for she now chaffed delicately in return,

as we walked slower along looking into each other's faces. — We heard a loud crack of a whip, and a male voice loudly encouraging a horse, the hedges were thick and high with their summer's growth and hindered our seeing. "They're a givin it hot," said she. A field gate was near, we went to it, and saw an excavation in the field, into which apparently a cart had slid and partially the horse which a man was flogging to make it pull out and which with violent struggles it did. Standing close together there I put my arm round her waist, "Adun now," — but she submitted to a dozen kisses and gave one in return. Then inflamed by hugging her plump form, I put my hand outside her clothes and tucked them against her cunt. "I've had it stiff ever since I saw you — let us." — "Adun now I shan't" — but she didn't move from the gate. The man and cart had disappeared, the hedge hid us partially, and still I stood kissing, begging her to let me, she saying "I won't, you shan't" but not moving. — "I'll give you a couple of sovereigns." I would have given her more for I was mad with lust. — To that she made no reply. — Gold, omnipotent Gold! !

Then as I always do, always did — I wonder if all men do — pulled out my prick and forced her hand to it. "There's some one's coming — hide it," — said she scared. Sure enough there was the tramp of feet and soon a couple of farm laborers came by us, whilst we stood gazing over the gate, till they were lost in the distance.

Again I showed it and she modestly shame-facedly felt it but saying, — "I shan't," — I'd just got my hand between her thighs, when, "Don't, there's a carriage coming." She was right, and again my machine was hidden. — An open carriage with ladies in it rolled past, the only genteel vehicle I'd seen. Again I kissed, again pulled out my tool. "If you don't let me I shall spend" — "I won't — we can't here — I shan't." "We can — only let me feel it nicely darling." Next minute my fingers were on her clitoris. "No — oho — no, we'll be caught — some one will be a comin by." — I was frigging her hard, my prick standing out and throbbing, she dying to be fucked.

Sure now of having her, certain that her cunt was thirsting for my spunk, quickly I stepped out into the long straight road and not a soul could be seen. Back instantly. "No one's about." — "I won't there" — but I pushed her gently without resistance, for she wanted a fuck — with her back against the gatepost, where the ground was higher than in the centre of the gateway. She was shortish, the hedge grown uncut round the post hid us well — and in a minute my prick was up her. She was young, strong and lewed, my ballocks were full, and in three or four minutes her cunt had all I could give. We revelled in the conjunction long after-wards, I holding her round her solid naked buttocks, she tightening me to her by my waist after she'd spent. We went on kissing, my cock still lingering in her, till she, "There's a man coming." — We both listened, prick and cunt still joined. — "I think it's Jack — it is.

— Oh, don't let him see you." — Out came my prick, down dropped her petticoats, she went into the road and walked on, I got over the gate and hid behind the hedge, my prick hanging out. I didn't want a scene.

A man passed by with quickish heavy footsteps, then over the gate I got and peeping round the hedge saw him ahead of her, and she squatting and piddling near the ditch. — It wasn't Jack. I joined her. — "I was in a stew," said she. — "You've washed your cunt." — "I ain't got no water." — "You've piddled, let's feel," — she wouldn't let me. — On we walked talking bawdily as I could, delighted in doing so, she listening, at times laughing, for nearly an hour, till in the long distance I saw houses and smoke. — "That's where Dad stops."

— "Let's do it again." — "We can't now," — said she, looking at me as if she wished we could. More people

— all farm people seemingly passed and now appeared to look at us more curiously. It's not often that a gentle-man and a sturdy showman's woman are seen walking together along a high road. But I had no tall silk hat on, a hat which declares class more than any other part of a man's habiliments.

We dawdled, I pressed her to fuck. She feared, said it was impossible, and we turned to another field gate. In the field it opened onto there was pasturages and cows about tho not in that field. A

little way back by a hedge in the field was a wooden shed half open but with a gate, a rough place looking as if built for sheep by laborers, not by carpenters. Thinking it might suit our amatory wants, I got over the gate — for this gate also was locked — and opened the gate of the shed which was fastened by a rough latch. In it was a grindstone and a huge roller. An inner gate shewed straw. I opened that and out rushed a calf nearly knocking me over, which limped far away, for it was lame and quickly went towards a hedge where were cows in a field beyond. It startled me as I opened the door. Seeing that we could fuck there unobserved, I stepped out and beckoned her. With the agility of a boy she climbed the gate, shewing her plump legs and dirty petticoats, and in a minute was in the shed. Fearing the animal had soiled its bed, I threw down some clean straw which was in a corner in the entrance division, she laid down at once quite ready, and I threw up her petticoats — the only thing she objected to and wouldn't have but saw fat thighs, a little light hair on a fat motte, and the ever adorable split in her belly. Then I pulled open her legs. — "Now don't do that." — I insisted and felt her cunt still soft and lubricated with my spendm, and next minute we were fucking, I with the pleasure which novelty and a pretty young randy cunt gives me. — "Listen," said she stopping my thrusts and nearly uncunting me. But there was no one, we had left the doors open purposely — I was just spending. "Be quick, I'm so frightened." — "Do you want it?" — "Yes, be quick, I'll do it soon" — and in another minute her cunt stood (as some French women say) gave grind and suction to my prick, out throbbled its mucilage, and her cunt gripping exuded its juices. Two minutes after she was back over the gate, and after having closed the shed door I followed her. — "Don't let us go to * * * * together," said she. — "Dad's there." — "All right, here are two sovereigns." She looked at them wistfully, then angrily, — "I know what yer thinks me but I ain't." — "I know that but take it." — "Thank you," — taking it she spat on it. — "How old are you?"

— "Just turned seventeen," she'd said it before. — "How long has Jack fucked you?" — She colored up.

— "Just a year ago on my birthday." "He won't marry you." — "Yes he will at Christmas, and I hope you ain't filled me." After our first coupling she let me say anything bawdy, and I revelled in it but she wasn't a bit bawdy herself. — I would feel her cunt again. — "Don't, my thighs are wet." — Then she started off alone.

I loitered till she was well out of sight, then started on to the village where were the show vans, and Dad smoking a pipe outside a public house. He stared at me, as I sat myself besides him after ordering a glass of ale. Then I entered into conversation with him about shows and fairs. — "Was you the gent at ****?" asked he. — I said I was, he took some ale with me, and for three quarters of an hour told me the habits of his class. I saw Kit go in and out of a show dwelling, and into the public house, and once on an opportunity winked at her, which she returned with a half smile. Finally the vans with all of them went off. Kit walked by the side of the second and nodded to me as she left. I wondered if she'd washed her cunt, whether my sperm had been absorbed into her, whether I'd filled her. — A most delicious day I'd spent. I'd walked seven miles, felt hungry, got some very tough beef at the public house, felt pleased with my morning's work, then thought of getting back. The landlord said there was a trap, but a man looking a compound of potboy, groom, and coachman, said that it couldn't go. — "As I'm to take Mrs. * * * * to station."

The fly — old, dusty, and discovered, was to call at some gentleman's house — I hadn't seen such a house on the road I'd walked — to a station on a branch line. Time was no object to me, so said I go by it as far as he could take me, and did at three o'clock. — "Go along that lane past the mill, turn to your right and straight on is your station, Sir," said coachman as I got out of the fly. Following his direction I was soon away from the high road, and in a cart road lane went leisurely along, smoking, thinking much of the hard rumped, tight cunted lass I'd fucked, till my prick stood again, and I lapsed into a state of general lewdness.

I've often proved the truth of the adage. "It never rains but it pours." — After a longish walk between fields I saw sheds and out buildings, and then a larger sort of shed. — The mist had gone,

sky got cloudy, and rain to sprinkle, and having no umbrella I entered the shed, and the first thing I saw was a lad not I should say sixteen years old, white as if from a flour mill — which was the case — sitting on the ground, half reclining against a heap of matting, and frigging himself.

I was staggered and could only look. He, so soon as he saw me began hiding his pego. My erotic tastes then (spite of my two pudendal amusements) — blazed up again.

It is singular that now the sight of a stiff prick stif- fens mine, and reckless of consequences, not indeed thinking of them, I said at once with a strong lech, "Go on, I'll give you five shillings to see you frig your-self." — "I beg yer pardon Sir," said he sheepishly, and rose up. — "Don't be a fool, I'll give you five shillings," and took out a handful of silver. — He looked at it and grinned. — I talked on desirous of seeing his pego, of seeing him frig himself, erotic wishes flashed thro my brain rapidly, I encouraged him bawdily, the money tempted him. Monosyllabic replies now came from him. — "Yes." — "No." — "What are you here for?" — "D'ye know mastend * * * of the mill?" Then after satisfying himself that I was a strangend. — "Gie us the cash first," said he saucily. — "No, not till I've seen you." — "Yer won't tell will yer?" — "No." — "Look out and tell as if any one be nigh, and ye'll gie it us won't yer?" — There was no chance of any one being nigh, for now it poured in torrents and thundered, but I looked out. Whilst my back was turned he produced his prick and began frigging. Then I wanted to do the work. — "There, let me, and you shall have this," and I showed him a half sovereign. — "Take it." — He did. I fancied he might cheat me but he didn't — I took hold of his prick and frigged it, talking to him all the time about cunts. — Yes, he'd fucked two or three. — "But I cairn't allus get at em." — Then — "Oho — aha — its a comin' " — and out shot surprising jets of thick and thin cunt soothing lubrication. I frigged on till his prick dwindled, wondering at his boyish strength. He seemed delighted with the operation. To my questions, "Yes — I does it now and agin. It's a half day they've given me today — they are short of water. I said I'd wait here till another chap came." Then as quickly as possible I left him, wondering at my temerity, walked rapidly thro the rain to the station, arrived wet, but glad to catch the train.

Now fond brevity sake I epitomize the narrative of my doings with H*** during this year and years after. At intervals we met and indulged in every lascivious ca-price. I had taken home from *** a fine dildo which squirted liquids, and which it amused her to be fucked with. Then I fucked her with it, licking her clitoris whilst I did it to her. Then Miss Black licked her clitoris whilst the dildo was working up H. — Then with the dildo strapped on to her, H. dildoad Black. Then she dildoad Black whilst I fucked her from behind. Then I fucked the pretty little black cunted lass whilst she gamahuched H. — Another time I dildoad H. whilst laying on her back, and B. licked her clitoris, and at the same time and unknown to B., — for H. objected to any woman knowing that I played with her bum hole — put my middle finger up that tight anal orifice, and H. spent in ecstasies during the dildo fucking, finger bugging, and cunt licking. I could feel whilst up her bum the dildo moving up and down in her cunt, and H. grew a little fond of that double insertion. — We kept it to ourselves, tho often talking about it when alone, with her never failing remark, "Ain't we beasts?" and my reply, "No, beasts don't do that."

After that she dildoad R. who was fattish and big arsed. — H.'s taste was for fat women to gamahucho her. — Then she frigged R., whilst standing in the rear I fucked the fat arsed one. Then we had R. and B. to-gether, and I gamahuched H. whilst she frigged both women who lay one on each side of her. Then the two quiet strumpets — they were not street walkers — gam- ahuched each other whilst I fucked H. All these pranks were reflected in large cheval glasses, so that we could see every posture. At intervals of rest we drank champagne, eat cakes and sandwiches. Every woman as she pissed I made to mount the bed, and squat over a basin, whilst I kneeling on the floor in front of her, contemplated the amber jet from the crimson gash. How we laughed one day when B. let a little fart when piddling, and how annoyed she was, how modest, how she blushed — harlot tho she was — but it's a fact.

I now gamahuched H. as much as she liked it done to her: the broad lick of her sweet vulva, the

plunge of my tongue up the soft avenue was delicious to me, but her great pleasure was in friggling another woman whilst I was titillating her clitoris with my tongue. Then I had a whim which she didn't like but to which I made her yield. I laid on my back on the bed naked, H. naked knelt over me, a knee on each side of my head, her cunt on my mouth so that I could lick her clitoris easily, whilst I grasped her satiny buttocks. Then one of the women — either R. or B. — gamahuched me and took my libation into her mouth. In the glasses H. could see all this. I with mouth on her cunt, and head enclosed by her lovely thighs could not. I could tell always when H. was about to spend, by the trembling movements of her thighs, and shiver of her belly and bum, and her cry. "Oh — I'm coming — suck his prick — spend dear — aha — spunk." — She used these licentious ejaculations always now. She'd spend twice before I did once for I'd usually fucked her once before, and was longer in coming than she with her lustful capabilities. Indeed this double minetting was usually the termination of the day's amusements, when all three had been fucked, friggled, or gamahuched.

Of course as said all these amusements were not had on the same day, this is an epitome of what took place from time to time during this and a few years after. — Each day's amusement was noted down by me soon after, but are condensed here. Our meretricious tricks were nearly always played in the afternoon in broad daylight, beginning soon after luncheon, and in a room on which the sun shone brilliantly most of the day; often times on prick and cunt fell the warm sunbeams. The room was one where none could see or hear us, and where the amiable assistants got for us were mostly young and handsome, and who could bear any amount of light, any inspection of their secret charms, and who full of hot blood and the voluptuousness of youth, and stimulated by champagne, loved the bawdy tricks and spent freely.

And to complete this catalogue of latches, and de. lights, — it occurred two years later when I findst dildoeed H. — I had an umbrella with a smooth handle of peculiar shape, and H. was delighted to let me fuck her] with it till she spent.

Indeed most things that a man, and three women could do together we did. What was wanting to complete the variety was H. to gamahuche me, but she's neither do that, nor gamahuche the other women tho she'd frig them till they could spend no longer. — In after years once under pressure of circumstances H took my libation in her mouth, and once sucked me up to rigidity only.

Vol. 11 Chapter V

A virgin youth with a harlot. • Questions in a cab. • A frisky triad at her lodgings. • A carrotty cunted one. • A lescivious quartette at the abbess'. • Miscellaneous, meretricious, merrymakings. • An orgy.

Tho I no longer seize my opportunities, and do not see them indeed, latches at times spring up suddenly and I am led away by them — weak still.

In November of this year at ten o'clock one night I was going along a main thoroughfare, when just by a footway passage which led to another street, I saw a young and fairly well dressed woman, standing and threatening two lads who were following and chaffing her. — "Have you had it tonight, my dear?" said one, and so on. I stood amused, listening. She angrily said, — "I'll put a policeman on you." — They laughed and chaffed more than ever. "Put the bobby up," said the biggest, but the shorter one of the two slunk away. Suddenly — how like a flash of lightning — occurred to me that perhaps the lad was randy, had never had a woman, that his prick might be at that moment stiff. Then came my latch. — "He wants to have you," said I to the woman whom I followed down the passage way, and who'd reached the door of a public house. "The little devil does I think," said she laughing. "Give me a glass of wine." — The lad stood still at the corner of the passage way, watching us apparently. She was I saw a good looking woman of about twenty, with flashing dark eyes. — Then, "I'll give you a sovereign to let him fuck you, and me see him." — "Will you?" "All right if he'll come." — "Try him."

She turned back, the taller lad was still standing there, and beckoned him, whilst I stood by the public house. He approached her, but evidently feared a trap and stood at a distance. — "What are you frightened at? Come here." At length he stood by her, and I went up to them. "I'm going home with this lady, and she shall show you her cunt if you like, did you ever see a cunt?" — "Not a woman's," he replied saucily after a moment's hesitation. — "You shall hers and I'll pay her to let you." — He seemed flabbergasted at the proposal, said, "No," he must get home, but the invitation repeated, he at last consented, tho in a downcast manner, as if half scared, as if he wanted but was frightened.

Then asking him to wait, I bought with her in the public house two bottles of sherry, resolved to overcome his fear, if any. He was waiting and looking brighter, indeed had a broad grin on his face, which died away as we got into the first four wheeler, when he seemed anxious again. My brain was now seething with desires of all sorts.

She lived in a decent house at * * * *, and we were there in ten minutes, I talked bawdy all the way, he was silent, seeming not to like much his position. He didn't know the woman he said but — "liked chaffing the gals." — He was at " as an errand boy. "I think I'd better go," said he once when in the cab. — "What, not see my cunt?" said she. That quieted him. — In the rooms we plied him with the wine, but he seemed un- easy and I feared my latches which had been accumulating wouldn't be gratified; but he drank freely, and when she came in from the bed to the sitting room with a chemise only on, his eyes seemed ready to start out of his head, and he put both hands in his trowser pockets, rubbing them up and down there in an excited manner.

She began exciting him by tying up a garter, and showing one thigh plenteously. "Should you like to feel it?" — "Yes," he replied to her, sheepishly and hesitatingly. "Show me your cock," and she began to un-button his trowsers. "I don't want that," and he half resisted like a coy girl, but in a minute she had it out and pulled the foreskin back. — It wasn't stiff. "Come and wash it." — She pulled back the foreskin, and I saw it was in a state of randy efflorescence. She led him into the bedroom and performed the operation on it her-self. I followed looking on. His tool was now hanging out and he tried to hide it. — "Let me see it, I'm going to pay her to show us her cunt you know, if you don't you shan't" — and then he let me see it.

He'd only seen two girl's cunts without hair on them, and questioned monde closely, admitted one of them was his sister's cunt. "There — look." Saying that she exposed her charms. Very pretty they were and made me stiffen. He looked closer and closer, and up stood his prick at once without his touching it. Human nature and instinct, I believe, would make the prick of any youth at puberty stiffen, even if he'd never heard of or seen a cunt before. — He put his hand to her cunt. "No, not a feel, I didn't promise that." — "Oh do." — "Let me feel your cock and she shall," — said I. — "Oh do, let me feel her." — The next moment he was fin- gering it, and I at the same time handling a fair sized tool, crimson tipped and burning. I brought him an-other glass of wine whilst he was fingering her quim, but he was so engrossed that he didn't take it, didn't notice it — was fascinated with the red gap, till she rose and pushed down her chemise, hiding her charms. I went on questioning him. No, he'd never fucked but he had frigged himself. He told everything unhesitatingly now, in the cab he'd shirked my inquisitiveness. — "Would you like to fuck her?" — "Yes, ain't she lovely?" — "She'll let you but you must take all your things off, must make yourself quite naked." In a minute he had stripped off his dirty shabby clothing, and stood as naked as he was born, his cock standing up rigidly. — "Are you sure you've never fucked a woman?" — "No Sir, never." — "You'll have a virgin, Mary," said I. — "I've never had one yet," said she laughing and squeezing his cock, and looking at it attentively.

Then she asked him if he'd ever fucked. He swore that he hadn't. — "Come to the bed," said she hastily, for the idea of having the virginity of the lad made her lewed — as she told me afterwards. — She stripped off her chemise and got on to the bed. — "Come on." On he got, she closed her thighs, then he laying there hesitated. "Why don't you fuck me?" — "How can I?" — "There," — and she opened her thighs wide. — He turned on to and tried to get up her she helping him. He

fumbled. "Not there, that's not the hole." — "Where then, that's it, ain't it?" — "No." — It was, but she wanted to worry him. — Up he got and his prick got flabby. — She frigged it stiff, and he began opening and looking at the lips of her groove. — "It's there ain't it?" said he anxiously. — "No, lower down, there" pointing. — "Why, your cock is not stiff." — Again she frigged it, and again he turned on to her, she guided his tool, and the next second he was up her. — "No, let him fuck you at the side of the bed." I said — for I couldn't see his face, and like to see the face of a man when he's fucking, and that of a woman when she spends.

She uncunted him and placed herself at the bedside propendly. He stood between her thighs and she put into her his prick. He needed no further education, for every male fucks naturally. His bum began to oscillate. — "Is her cunt nice?" — "Oh — yhes — lovely — ohoo." — "Is your spunk coming?" — He didn't reply.

— "Aharr," — and ramming as he sighed, all was over. He shut his eyes as he spent. She shut hers too, and jerked her buttocks rapidly, and both were quiet. — "You've spent too. — "Yes, I've taken his virginity," said she laughing and triumphantly, when she'd recovered from the pleasure. I was standing feeling his balls from underneath, his pego still in her cunt as I spoke, nor did they seem inclined to uncouple. "Is fucking nice?" — "Oh yes." "Would you like to do it again?"

— "Oh, yes sir."

I'd seen all I'd intended, had resolved when the letch first seized me to do no more than see the lad fuck her, but as I saw the state of her quim — in which was as much sperm as many a full grown man could have shed

— my lust was roused. — "Lay still, I'll fuck you." — "Let me wash." — "No, as you are." I fucked her and she spent with me, whilst he stood looking on feeling his prick.

We washed, and I washed the lad's tool, making him piddle first. The sherry — fiery stuff which nevertheless I'd drunk, — I suppose added to the state of rut I'd got into. Every sort of letch now arose in me, the difficulty was to know which to gratify. The lad's cock was a fair sized one, she and I handled it, he said he'd like to fuck her again. She frigged it till erect, he fucked her and I after him, then quickly I paid and de-parted, leaving him with her.

A week afterwards I called on her and tailed her. I had a long conversation about the lad who was not much over fifteen years of age, she was sure. She told me that she was also sure that he'd never fucked a woman before. She tried to get him to fuck her again when I'd left, but he couldn't. The idea of having taken his virginity pleased her mightily.

In the spring of the following year, the abbess one day said that she'd written to Black to meet us to make our lascivious trio, but she hadn't come, would we have another lady there just now, who was very young, but charming and "quite up to fun," by which the abbess implied bawdy to any extent. H. and I consulted, I asked if she'd gamahuche, and finding she would give that labial lingual pleasure both to H. and self, we had her.

In came she in chemise, a short girl not eighteen with the ndeddest hair I ever saw. I have had several of that color, but hers was exactly that of the brightest carrot, and the hair on her cunt the same. — Her split was one of those which are like a cut in an orange, a mere slit, it had scarcely a sign of the swell where the external lips are, and had but small inner lips and clitoris. The red crisp fringe from her motte descended diminishing in length, but a little way only down the sides of the split, which split shewed a pndetty coral line down the centre. The flesh of her thighs, belly and indeed her whole body was exceedingly white and soft, and the effect of the red centre line, carrotly curly hair, and plump white flesh of the cunt sides was very pretty. For all that neither of us much liked her — we both together looked well at her quim, she gamahuched H. who afterwards frigged her, and then she minetted me without hesitation, and to please H. — who wished to see it done. — Afterwards I fucked the red haired gap. Then we sent her away and I tailed H. but we never had her afterwards. H. likes now to see me fucking a woman. The wench was only noticable on account of

the peculiar redness of her hair, and the peculiar look of her cunt, quite a thing to recollect. H. had never seen a red haired quim before. I like to see her looking at another's quim.

We from time to time gratified our latches in the various ways already described and epitomized. The conversations we had at other times with Misses. R. and B. and occasionally with the abbess, were delightful. Both told us their experiences, and how, when, and where, pricks first penetrated their unscathed virgins' quims. The abbess told us of strange latches of her clients and of flagellation experiences. So here was nothing erotic that we did not know. Indeed there was little that we had to learn. Looking one day at a print of two women and two men fucking altogether. "I should like so you to fuck a woman, whilst I am also flicked at your side," said H. I agreed that it would be delicious. At other meetings on recurring to the subject, we resolved to have that amusement and that Black should be the other woman. "But who the other man?" The abbess consulted said she knew a gentle-man who could be one, but would be masked. — I didn't like that, nor did H., but towards the middle of the summer, H. met at a town two miles from her residence, a gentleman who years before when she was gay, had tailed her. She'd talked and walked with him, he got passionate for her, her quim she admitted got hot, and forgetting all, — and she risked much, — let him strum her. Then her lusts fully roused, she'd gone to him again. When she told me of this I cautioned her, besought her. — "Oh! He has such a fine prick," said she laughing, as she drank a glass of champagne. Yet this woman really loved her own man, but as in years before let her passions conquer her. — At church every Sunday after this she felt she was not good enough to be there. Lust is omnipotent.

Then he worried her. She'd refused to let him have her again, unless he'd be one of the party of four (she said) . He, wild to possess her agreed, a day was named and Black informed. He was to be without a mask, I to wear one if I liked — for I didn't know what manner of man he might be, tho I'd no fear of a trap or trick on her part. — On the day H. was there with Black and this temporary sweetheart. I entered the room masked, we began with luncheon which I had taken, and champagne of very good quality which the abbess kept in stock — for none but gentlemen entered her house, — and when we'd finished two bottles we were all ready for any boudiness, our talk alone would have roused the prick of a dead man. Both the women had been sitting with chemises only on, we men without coats and waistcoats, for it was a hot day, the sun was shining, the sky clear, all was bright as day in that snug room, the scene of so much love making.

H. sat on her friend's knee (Fancy I shall name him), and pulled out his pego, which out of lingering modesty, at the unaccustomed exposure to another male I sup-pose, was not stiff, tho large and pendant. Black did the same to me, and my tool was in similar condition. — "Make his stiff," said H. laughing, which in a minute the girl did, for the sight of H. with her chemise now up to her rump, feeling his pego whilst he fingered her crimson gap, would have stiffened me without the aid of Black's fingers. His was now stiff and in handsome state. — "Isn't it a fine one?" said H. proudly. — I'd guessed before that her old letch had made her give herself to the man — a big prick was her delight, her ideal of the male. — His was bigger every way than mine, was, indeed, a noble cunt stretcher. I longed to feel it, but mauvaise honte restrained me. H., who from many a conversation knew what I should like, said. "Feel it — here," — giving it an inviting shake and looking bawdily at me. Relieving mine from Black's fingers I went and felt it. — At once he grasped mine, and in silent delight we for a minute played with each other's ramrods. "Let me feel it too," said Black who came close to us and completed the group. — I put one hand between her thighs and felt her hot gap — gap now longing for a stretching, thirsting for the male libation — whilst I handled his stiff rod and H. handled mine. Hands across — a salacious quartette.

Then all stripped to our skin, put the looking glasses so as to reflect us, and in varied groupings viewed our- selves. It was, "Do this." — "Lay hold of his prick." — "Let Black hold it as well." — "Oh! You hurt my cunt." — "Feel H.'s cunt, Black," — etc. etc. Not minute were we in the same position, restless latches were in all of us, bums to bellies, prick crossing pricy we men placed them, both pricks stiff as horns. The women delighted, Black knelt down and took my prick in her mouth, her bum towards a glass, incited to that by H. Stooping I took his noble tool into mine, and so on,

till stimulated by these lascivious preliminaries "Oh! — my God — fuck me," said H. Going to the bed and pushing the glasses into position, she mounted it in a minute Black followed, and we men were by the bedside ready to cover them.

All had washed pricks and cunts at the beginning and all were ready for the luscious games. — "No, at the side," said H. changing her mind. There she got, and Black laid by her side. Both opened wide their thighs H. lay with her handsome central furrow, of deeper crimson tint now than years ago, wider spread and fuller now are the curls around it, shining like satin was the surface of the pretty gap. Black's pretty youth• ful black haired slit shone like coral, showing its tiny nymphae as she lay with finger on her clitoris, put there in her impatient randiness to give incipient pleasure, and make we men more lewed. — "I'll fuck you dear H." "No, Fancy shall fuck me, you fuck B." — The biggest prick and the novelty fetched her. I threw myself upon my knees, and licked all over the smooth and pulpy surface of her sweet scented cunt, whilst Fancy seeing my initiative, licked the other's little randy split. — "Oh — Fuck — fuck" — cried H. impatiently. Rising I clutched her thighs and drove my glowing prick right up her cunt. "You shan't fuck me with that mask on," cried she, and ere I could prevent it uncunted me and drew my mask from off my face. "Let Fancy fuck me first." — Reckless now, glad to be rid of the mask which heated my face, I let it lie where it fell, and turning round again I felt his noble shaft, just as he approached the eager slit of H. Then I went to B. and drove my pego up her. The next second his balls were against H.'s bum, his shaft engulfed, and mine up B.'s little cunt.

This with loud and bawdy talk, then all was quiet. Pleasures too great were ours now for utterances, as pricks and cunts were joined, and we fucked close together, side by side, the women's thighs touching, the glass sideways showing us all. Each could see all — the women's legs held up, the men's arses oscillating with the up and down, and in and out movements of their pricks, in the warm moist quims. Putting one hand out I felt his buttocks. — H. tried to put her hand on to B.'s motte. — "Oh! Look at us fucking," — cried she. She loves the spectacle of naked copulation, and we never fuck in this house without fixing our eye upon the glasses, where we see our every movement.

She sighed "Ahaa," — her belly heaved — B.'s ivory plump buttocks reciprocated my thrusts, she pushed her legs up higher as she felt my prick's friction. — Rapidly both women's arses now jogged and heaved, as our pricks rammed harder, faster, and wriggled in the cuntal depths. "Aherr — spunk — fuck," — cried H. — She loves the bawdy cries. "Fuck." — "Are you spending, Black?" — "Aha — yes — spunk," — cried B. sympathetically. — "My spunk's spending in your cunt dear." — "Aher." — "Yhes — fuck," and in a Babel of lascivious cries, bodies heaving, arses joggin short jogs, cunts wriggling and gripping, bellies or thighs shuddering with the luscious pleasure, out she our spunk. Then bending over our women, with gentlest movements squeezing our pricks into the cunt gorged to overflowing with the soft mucus, in soothing baths of our blended spendings lay our pricks welte-ing, all of us quiet, exhausted, dying away after the delirium of the crisis, dissolving in the lingering, blissful, soothing voluptuousness of our sexual pleasure, of livious of all but the blessed conjunction of prick and cunt.

Such bliss can't last forever. — With senses returning we men stood erect, pricks still in cunts, but dwindling in the lubricious emulsion of our making. We take still holding up the women's legs, who lay with hum] eyes, glad to retain the pleasure giving implements t them. "Has he spent much H.?" — "Lots, I'm full, it running out of my cunt," said H. — for I thought of he first. — "Let me see." — "You shan't you beast," - laughing. — "Don't let her legs close Fancy, — keep your thighs apart B." — Fancy entered into the fun and withdrew his dripping pego as mine quitted B.'s glutious gap. I closed on H., and saw fat sperm rolling from her heated quim — opaque and thin together. - He'd spent fully, I had deluged B.'s little tight vulva H. opened wider still her thighs for my inspection. I had left the women, having, it seemed, no taste for the glorious sight, and began washing his tool.

H. who knew my lech and had her own, tho saying "Beast," remained quiescent, expectant. — She kite the sight would stimulate my lust, and I felt her love lubricious gap with one hand, and with the

other B mucilaginous vulva. How smooth and large cunts feel after their spend, and the male libations are in them. — I plunged for a second my fingers up both cunts, I paddled in the sperm and my prick stiffened, pulsated with desire. Old latches came on me, I put my prick up H. But when half entered, shaking her head silently she pushed me off and winked, looking across at him, with his rump towards us was still washing I under-stood, she didn't wish him to see that. Soon after he did.

Then all washed. The women squatting, H. beginning to piddle after ablution. I put my hand and caught the amber stream, at which he laughed. — Naked then all sat down, the abbess brought more champagne, and said it was a pretty sight to see us naked. As we drank, H. with one hand was feeling his prick as they sat together on the sofa. Black sitting on my thigh was feeling mine. — "Isn't his a fine prick?" said H. It had swollen again. The abbess felt it, chuckled and said. "Ain't it a beauty?" Then after feeling mine and patting H.'s haunches. — "Hasn't she a nice bum? — two pricks standing. — Oh! What a pretty sight," and then she left the room.

We put on chemises and shirts, for hot as it was, in our climate long continued nudity often causes chilliness. Talk of prick and cunt and fucking them went on, and of but little else, every now and then feeling our pricks and cunts quite indiscriminately, he mine, I his, lifting shirts and chemise at times to gratify our eyes, H. now feeling his and mine at the same time, H. lolling bawdily on a sofa with him, B. and I lolling upon the bed.

More champagne and more pissing. I held his tool to see the watery spout. Then we placed the women against the bedside with bums towards us, to compare the beauty of their notches, then slapping their buttocks with our pricks, pulling the hairy lips apart, tickling the stripes with tongues, and other lascivious whims and fancies, our passions were soon roused. H. said, "Let's fuck," — before we men were ready. — I knew the lot of spending she could give, the fucking she needed when in rut as she was today — the day long anticipated and prepared for. — Again all stripped and went to the soul stirring, delicious, sexual embrace. The embrace when man and woman are angels to each other, tho the power of fucking is the gift of every animal in creation, is the function of a beast. But how Divine the pleasure in body and mind when doing it.

"I won't fuck yet I'll gamahuche," — said I, wishing to husband my sperm. H. ready, opened her thighs, and my tongue tickled her till she went off shrieking in her voluptuous delirium. She was frigging B. with one hand, holding Fancy's prick — which now again stood nobly — with the other. — H. and I suggested all, he seemed passive but ready. — "Gamahuche me," said she to him directly I had given her pleasure. Down he knelt and licked her vulva which she'd only wiped. She didn't disguise her pleasure, gave way to it with all its delirium of movements and words. "Oh — God go on — ahhh — feel his prick — is it stiff?" I felt his rigid staff with lascivious delight. — "Stiff as a poker." "Ahaa, — I can see you — aha — frig it." — I did. — "Aha, I shall spend — don't make him — spend. — Aha — spunk — fuck," — and again her cunt gave out its pearly juices whilst violently she frigged Black who lay on the bed next her with head turned towards, and watching her raptures. Up he got with moistened lips, and without a word plunged his big pego up her, she nothing loath. I watched them for a while, then looked beneath his ballocks which was ample in size, well wrinkled, then took it in my hand and squeezed it gently. A shudder of delight passed through him. "I'm feeling his balls. — Suck my prick, Black dear." — "I want to frig her," said H. — "No, come." — B. came and stooping took the red tip of my pego into her mouth, and tongued and licked and played with it, whilst I held his balls, looking at H.'s face. And he fucked on till her heavenly smile came. Then he groaned lightly and again filled her vulva with his sperm.

Taking my prick from out B.'s mouth I pushed it between his buttock furrow, till it touched his ballocks — out came his prick, and at once I went between H.'s thighs, caught up her drooping legs, and rushed my prick now bursting with desire, up her lubricated cunt, overflowing again with his mucilage. She laughed aloud now, and so did he. Champagne was doing its work, all modesty, if we'd had any, was gone. I thrust and thrust, glorying in its lubricity, in being in the soft avenue his prick had quitted. — B. sprang on the bed. — "Show me your bum," said he. — With her buttocks

turned towards him. — "Fuck me so," said she. — But he'd just spent, and to see me fucking was his pleasure. He hadn't washed. — "Let me feel your prick," said I. — "Let me feel it," cried H. with excited eyes. Relinquishing one of her legs I grasped his tool — a fine big handful even now — and pulled him by it close to me. H. put the leg I'd dropped up and resting on his haunch. Then feeling him, looking at B.'s little black haired notch pouting red from between her buttocks, I fucked and spent, and that randy devil H. spent again.

"Why didn't you fuck me?" said B. angrily, as I pulled my prick out of H.'s cunt. She was a little elevated and quarrelsome. — "Gamahuche her," said H. who sat up looking now fatigued in her eyes — no won-der? — "You didn't spend with me," said I. — "I'll swear I did." — I knew her force, her stirring lewdness, but liked to tease her so. I pushed her back and put my fingers up her cunt, whilst watching B., who in a temper pushed Fancy off, who was gamahuching her. "You don't do it nice." — We all laughed. — "Fuck me." — "I can't yet," said he. — "I'll frig my-self, let me feel your prick." H. got off the bed. — B. layed herself lengthwise on it, and felt his prick he standing by her side, whilst she friggd herself. Then — "Fuck me, I hate friggng," and getting off she rushed to the champagne. — There was none. — "You have had enough," said H. — "I haven't, and you've had all the fucking." — "What if I have?" — H. was on the pot pissing as she spoke. — Then was a wrangle, in which H. told B. she'd come there to help to amuse us, and might leave if she liked.

More champagne, Black got quite screwed and outrageously bawdy, mad for prick. We were all getting screwed and Fancy particularly so. An hour ran away, H. wouldn't minette me or him. — "Gamahuche me B., and when stiff I'll fuck you," said I. — "No, you fuck me whilst I gamahuche him." — H. was then handling F.'s tool but relinquished it. I laid on the bed and B. minetted me to rigidity, then I tongue tickled her quim a little, then on the bedside kneeling over her, she sucking me, Fancy fucked her, looking at my rump, H. looking on and feeling his ballocks from behind.

"Suck on," I cried. But B. who had before half friggd herself spent and let go my prick leaving me un-finished. — "He's a fine prick," were the first words she uttered. — "He has," said H. eulogistically.

More champagne and sweet cakes sent for. "Let's fuck on the bed, side by side." — "All right, I'll piddle first." — "Do it in the basin." — "All right." — Both women ready for anything, mounted the bed and pissed in basins, we watching the streams. — Black lost her balance, fell back, and tilted over her basin towards the bedside. — We pulled her up to the bed edge and she completed her shower. — Then he held the basin under B.'s bum, whilst he opened B.'s cunt lips, and I pissed against it. All this with laughter and shoutings — all lewed to our backbones. The abbess came up, said we were making a dreadful noise, and some friends of hers were below.

A little quieted, soon after we put both our pricks into both cunts, and talked about that. Then we mounted the bed, he flicked H., I fucked Black, both couples side by side and close together. We had fancies even then, and lying on the top of them felt each other's woman, and showed our pricks. — Then encouraging each other bawdily, we fucked till we spent amidst a chorus of lustful words. Just then in came the abbess, again, and smacked my rump as I was lying on B., and giving her the last wriggle with my prick.

Then we had tea — then more wine — and again in-cited each other to further exercise. — Groggy, weary, fucked out all, yet lewed still, we kissed all round and then left one by one, I first, and never shall see the like again. — It was an orgy.

At our next meeting, H. and I talked about nothing else, particularly of Black's sauciness and of F.'s propagator. "We had B. to amuse us, and suppose she hadn't been fucked at all," said H., and — "Hasn't he a fine prick?" She wished we could have it all over again. — "Philip's prick gives you just as much pleasure." — "Yes, but I like to feel a big one" — I reproached her for what she had done, for the risk she ran of destroying her position and happiness. — "He'll be always after you." — She replied that it wouldn't mat-ter, that they were going to move miles away, that he was going

to America. But she was frightened, and would never see him again she said [so it eventuated].

[All the erotic whims which two men and two women could do together in five hours, I think we did. This part of the narrative is just as it was written at the time.]

At a Lancashire seaport. • A millhand. • The last night of harlotting. • At the brothel. • Singular beauty. • Singular history. • Two frisky workmen. • Caught by a rope. • Lewed talk. • Lewed wants. • A handy coffee shop. • One pleased, one pained. • Another flagellation at the Abbess's. • A straight haired cunt tonsured. • H.'s letch for novelty. • The barrister gratified. • Fucking in masks.

In late autumn this year I was at a Lancashire sea-port town, and at about five o'clock one afternoon, wandering about looking at the shops, noticed a well made, well grown woman, with an absolutely lovely face and marvellously clear complexion — tho perhaps too white — who was sauntering along doing the same. I stood close to her whilst she looked at a bon-net shop, but she took no notice of me. Was she a har-lot or not, wandering about alone? I'd had no sexual desire before, now in a minute it overwhelmed — de-sire for her.

She was dressed like a genteel, poorish, middle class woman excessively plainly, but the dress was worn with such an air of distinction, that for the moment I chased the idea of her accessibility. — I followed her a long distance noticing the swing of her haunches, and the way she placed her pretty feet which were visible - for her petticoats were short. — Her boots tho neat were common and thick. She took no notice of passers by, nor they of her. She cannot be a strumpet thought I, but a handsome offer may get her if she's poor. — But where take her to? For I knew no place. Abandoning half formed intentions, yet with a voluptuous pego I stopped, and just then she turned round and re-traced her steps, meeting me, looking casually at me just as any other woman might. I turned round and followed her, still with undefined intention.

Again she stopped at a shop. I stopped too and re-remarked that what she was looking at was pretty. She quietly looked at me and agreed that it was. Her manner made me now think she was to be had. She walked on and I did by her side. — "How lovely you are, let me go home with you." — "Ah! No — impossible — good day Sir," and she turned round. Yet there was some-thing in her manner — I knew not what — which faintly bespoke the courtesan.

With hope I turned round also, and walked by her side repeating my wish, asking her to have a glass of wine, and so on. — She begged me to go, was waiting for a friend, it would do her harm if she were seen walking with a gentleman. — Yes, she expected him every minute. — "I wish I were he, I'd give a couple of sovereigns to be half an hour with you." She stopped short at once and looked at me. "A couple of sovereigns! That would be a help to us just now." — She said this as if reflecting, as if speaking to herself. — Then again she walked on, I keeping still by her side but keeping silence.

"Don't come with me, I'm expecting my lad." Then she hesitated, then went on. "If he doesn't come by this, he can't come for two hours — tell me the time." — I did. "An he come, we'll be off together at once, if not and ye'll give me two sovereigns, ye may, but I ain't got no lodgings, I've given them up, for I'm off tonight and for good."

Then she said she must wait full ten minutes to make sure, she'd walk up and down, I was to wait at the corner of a street she pointed out, then if her lad hadn't arrived she be with me. — She spoke in broad Lancashire dialect, which I do not attempt to imitate, and which at times I could scarcely understand.

Never did ten minutes seem so long to me. — I counted every minute in a fever of impatience, pictured her secret charms to myself, wondering at split, motte, thighs, whether she'd fuck well, and if she wanted fucking. At times I furtively felt my pego which kept rising and falling with lust, and feared I should not have her, for full ten minutes had passed when she appeared. "Where shall we

go?" said I. — "I've no lodgings now and only know a poor place about here." — I would have gone to a pig sty with her, and in five minutes the poor place held us. It was a little obscure house in a court, almost a cottage, with two rooms for hire, but the bed room was comfortable with a good fire.

"My lad can't be here for two hours and a half now, there be'ant another train yet, and ye'll gie me two?" said she the instant the door was closed. — My reply was to produce the coins and put them into her hand. — "It will do us a power of good just now, and ye'll be the last." — "Why?" — "I'm going away to night to be married." — I scarcely heeded what she said being so impatient for my pleasure, and put my hand up her petticoats. She repulsed them, and I thought for the instant she was going to bilk me.

Not the first time that idea has come over me when with a gay woman. "Let's feel it." — "Wait a bit, you shall, don't fear." Composed in manner and as unlike a harlot as possible, she took off bonnet and jacket most carefully and then sat down. "Let's feel your cunt." — "I will." Stooping I pushed my hand up her petticoats, and felt the silky fringed notch. — "Ye're in a hurry" — laughing. "Take your things off and let me see your cunt." — "You shall. — you shall, — never fear — wait a bit." Slowly she took them off — I di-vested myself of clothing and showed my prick. — "Ohooo," she whispered, and stopped undressing. "Take them off." — "What, all? — There" — and she stood naked.

A more beautifully made woman I never saw, and for a minute was speechless with admiration, then folded her in my arms, kissing, extolling her loveliness, pressing my stiff prick against her belly with mine. — Then, — still both standing — my fingers were titillating her love seat, when quietly her hand stole down and clasped my pego, and so we stood silent, I'd roused her passion. "Let me see it." Without reply, on to the bed she got and laid with thighs apart. A hurried look at the pretty groove, a sniff a kiss on the motte, a finger thrust rapidly up and down the moist avenue. — "Let's fuck" — next minute we were embracing with voluptuous gentle sighs, my prick enclosed in her lubricious cunt and gliding up and down, our bodies one; and ah too soon, came tightening of her cunt around my prick, which throbbed and spent, and we lay quietly in each other's arms in soft repose. Then soon after. "You enjoyed it?" a foolish question but I always put it. — She made no reply, but patted my arse cheeks in an affectionate, coaxing manner.

I uncunted at last and she "It's cold. — Let me put on my chemise." She did, we rose, pissed, washed — the usual routine — then sat by the fire — tho it wasn't very cold weather. — She asked me to give her "a glass." — "What?" "Whiskey." — That was brought. I'd been wearing a cape which now I put over her, and put on my own frock coat over my shirt, then drinking we sat and talked side by side. The ecstatic sexual embrace cools desire, and for a time erotic curiosity is almost dead, but it soon revived in me, and I began twiddling her quim. "I ain't in a hurry," said she then, told me her history, partly before, partly after our second embrace, but its told here continuously.

"Yes, a millhand, at a cotton mill." — At seventeen the young master "did me." Her father was an engineer at the mill, found it out soon after, kicked up a row, and a hundred pounds was given him as dam-ages, for the damage done to her virginity. — The money unsettled him, he drank a bit, she left the mill, worked then steadily at home for a while, and no one entered her preserve, and then, somehow she "longed for a bit," she supposed — and got fucked again. — "Yes, for love only," and then turned harlot. A young man in the mill also a mechanician, knew her history, knew her father, found her out, fucked her harlot wise, fell in love with her, then fucked for love and she also with him. She saved money, and he saved a bit, her father approved and gave up what he'd not spent in liquor, her seducer had promised twenty pounds when they were married, and they were going to marry and open a little shop at * * * * where he'd found work. — He was coming there now to meet her when I had, if he could get away in time, but certainly he would get away in time, but certainly he would come by the next train. Her box was at the station, she'd given up the key of her lodging — that bawdy house was the only place she could wait in "till I meet my lad."

"I didn't mean to let you — I've not done it for a week and told him I wouldn't, but money will be so useful to us at a start." — "Oh don't — you'll make me queer." — "Oh, don't talk of him — come on and do it then." Lewed she was with talk, with titillation, and her feel of my shaft, and on the bed again we fucked. She wanted it more than before, as I guessed by her clasp, the way her tongue met mine, her squeeze of my buttocks, her heaves, quievrns and love sighs.

She was only eighteen and a half, yet her form was full and perfect as three and twenty. She'd the loveliest thighs, the sweetest little silky fringed notch, scarcely nymphae or clitoris — quite a young girl's cunt. — She was proud of her shape and willingly let me see all, de-lighted with my praise. Her manners were utterly un-like those of a whore. The hair on head and tail was light chestnut, no dark stain was on her bum furrow which was nearly as white as her buttocks, and they were ivory. It grew dark soon after I was there and we had candles — for which they charged extra — and I held one to the furrow to inspect her whilst she knelt on the bed. Then after a time unable to tail her a third time, I gave her pleasure with my tongue, and never licked a more delicate clitoris. She'd a face handsome in her bonnet, but it was far more beautiful without it. Her eyes were dark blue. — She hadn't the slightest look or allure of a strumpet.

The whiskey made her talk freely, and we had lots of time. Five shillings was her usual fee. — "For I don't dress like swell ones." — "No, not often ten — I don't like speaking to gents. — I've only been three months at the business and don't like it — nor the gals." "Why did I go to millwork? Father made me so as to look after me, he said, mother didn't want me to go. You may wait and see me with him but don't come near me, I'm quite sure he'll come for me. — I shan't tell him what I've done tonight, I wouldnt' ha' done it but we want money so." I waited in the distance, saw her meet and go towards the station with a decent young man, her lad evidently. — I've met from time to time some interesting harlots and this was one of them, so retain the narrative about her.

Late on a dull, moist, dark night in November, I was passing along a quiet street in a poor neighbourhood, when two women approached me singing and loudly laughing. They held a short rope between them, and as they came near, thinking them a common frolicksome and half screwed couple, I moved to the edge of the footway to let them pass. They larking, lengthened the rope, and caught and entwined me with it just below my hips, laughing heartily at their trick. — "We've caught you young man, what will you stand?" — It was close to a gaslamp, and seeing it was a handsome, bold faced woman who spoke. — "Stand my dear? — It won't stand any more, you've pulled it off with the rope, look for it." — I happened to have a hottish ballocks that night, and bawdy replies came naturally — tho far from being young.

At that both laughed so heartily and I as well, and we standing close together — the rope still round me, — made such a noise, that some one on the other side of the way stopped to look at us. — "I can't see it," said the biggest and plump one, who looked about five and twenty. The other a slim, poor looking creature of about eighteen, only giggled, and then became silent. "It's between your thighs perhaps." — "Ho, ho, ho — it ain't you're wearing it still." — "He, he, he," giggled the slim one. — "No, between your thighs — let me feel there. — It was stiff and if I find it there I'll give you five shillings, and you shall put it back if you can, I can't go home without it." — "Ho, ho, ho — what?" — "My peg," — and I pushed at her clothes in the region of her cunt. — "Give me the five bob then and you shall." — "Polly — Polly — yer don't know what yer about," said the other remonstrating. — "His peg — ho, ho, ho," laughed the other.

They were game I saw, whores they didn't seem to be, but workers of a poor class and who decidedly had been drinking. That class doesn't mind bawdy language, they hear enough of it. — "I call it a peg to ladies, but there's another name." — "Tell us." — "Polly — come along." — "Feel if it's on yer yet. — Ho, ho," and Polly laughed still, as untwining the rope she was putting her hands between the fold of my great coat, when the other pulled them away. "Polly — yer don't know what yer about." — "Shut up," — said Polly. "Come along." — "I shan't." "Let's have a glass of wine and I'll feel if you've got it about you dear," said I. — "You've got it right enough." — "Lord, so I have, and it's still stiff." — Then the other — named Sarah — again rebuked the elder, said she should go

and was told she might, but, "Don't be a fool, come and have a drink with the gent," — which I'd offered. — "Follow us, there's a nice Pub around the next street," said Polly, who seemed to know the locality.

I was going to the pub, knowing that Bacchus helps Venus, and thinking I might somehow get into the plump one who'd excited my desires, when it occurred to me as not desirable to be seen by a chance medley of poor people, at a public house in a poor neighbourhood now, and because she was so coarse and common — singular are my latches — and perhaps would have gone to the Pub, sooner than lose the chance of seeing what I knew was a spanking bum.. At the street corner was a poor looking coffee shop. "Let's go in here, they'll fetch us all we want," said I. — In we two went, the other loitered outside. — "I'll wait for you." — "Come in, don't be a fool," and in came Sarah.

They'd nothing but tea and coffee, but they fetched us liquor for which they charged highly. They sat at a table in a corner with me, the two drank gin and water, the eldest's tongue ran on incessantly, I chaffing bawdily but without frank words, she delighted replying and looking in my eyes lustfully. Then under the table I grasped her large thigh outside her clothes, and nudged her belly. "Now, don't." — "It's there." — "It ain't." — "It is." — "What?" — "Don't, Polly," said the thin one again. — Just then in came one looking like a cab-man, who bought a roll and butter, and disappeared with it, but he'd eyed us so the whole time he was there that I felt uncomfortable, and so soon as he had gone, asked if they had a private room.

The mistress said "No," looked at the maid, and they held a conversation in a low tone. Then she said they had no private rooms, but there was one I might have till the house was closed. I accepted it, and we went up a narrow staircase to a bedroom. There the servant, "We don't let rooms, but this is it, five shillings — will you please pay first, Sir?" — I gave it her, the liquor was brought up, but Sarah wouldn't stop when she saw the bed. — "I shan't then — your agoin' on too far — yer don't know what yer doing." — Down stairs she went, and I was alone with the plump one. — "I'll take her some gin," said she, and pouring out half a tumbler, down she went returning alone, Sarah wouldn't come. "We'd best perhaps go down agin," said Polly thought-fully.

After seemingly a minute's reflexion, again she said, "Perhaps I'd better go." — "Nonsense, what did you come up here for?" — saying that I locked the door, closed on Polly, pushed her against the bed, and assaulted her privates. She'd so egged me on to bawdy chaff and smutty suggestions, that I'd felt sure of having her, but as my hand touched her thighs she resisted, pushed down her clothes, pushed me away stoutly, laughing as if half pleased tho refusing, and squalling loudly. — "You shan't — don't now — a joke's a joke — I won't — I'm married." — "You're not — where's your ring?" — "Pawned." — "I will fuck you. "You shan't" and she scuffled as much as virtuous servants have done whom I've assailed similarly. I was so annoyed at my hindrance, felt so spiteful, that leaving off I angrily said, "You're not married, your linen's dirty, that's why you won't let me." I didn't mean it, but savagely wanted to offend her, to say something to annoy, and that came impromptu. I said much of the same sort, but all in the same strain.

"Dirty? Me dirty? Cleaner than you, I'll swear. Dirty! I'd wash my shift to rags rather than be dirty. — You have cheek. — Show me your shirt — look." — Saying that she turned up her petticoats to her garters, and I saw the stockings and all she had on was as white as could be, tho her ankle jackboots were muddy. — "Your cunt's dirty then." — "You lie, it ain't." "Let's put this up it," — pulling out my prick. — "Shan't." — But she looked at my cunt prodder which was in splendid force. She was lewed before, now leweder still and she laughed. I closed on her again, got my fingers on the soft slit with but trifling hindrance, and friggged away at it. — "Now don't — oh don't." Voluptuous sensations were conquering for me. — What woman can refuse a prick when the man's fingers have been in full possession of her cunt a minute? "Feel my prick." — She slid her hand down to it after twice saying, "Shan't" and in another minute it was up her cunt, as she lay at the bedside on to which I pushed and lifted her. Quiet, absorbed in carnal pleasure, the delicious crisis came on, and dissolved us, spending into immobility and silence.

Quietly she lay as holding up her thighs, nestling my pego into her, we looked into each other's eyes

in silence, enjoying the carnal junction. Fucking is in its essential always the same, the idealities are everything, therein lays the charm of variety. I felt singular de-light in fucking this common woman whom I'd only seen half an hour. — It takes longer to tell than to act.

— Who might be married or single, or of any occupation, and whose cunt I'd not even seen. Relinquishing one thigh I pushed her petticoats up, and looking down saw a dark fully haired motte, the hair mingling with mine, and put a finger on to the clitoris — "Isn't fucking lovely?" — "Isn't it?" replied she.

Catching hold of her thigh again, I squeezed my belly well against hers, feeling my pego to be dwindling. "Has your friend been fucked?" "Dunno, but she has got a lover." — "Where's your husband?" — "God knows, on the tramp I suppose." — "You are married."

— She nodded. "Who fucks you now?" — "No one."

— "What a story." — She laughed, and it squeezed my cock out of her. Then we washed in the same basin, there was no towel, so shirt and chemise did duty.

Afterwards — "Show me your cunt." — "All right, I'm clean, — look," — pulling her clothes up to her motte, she let me see, saying how clean her linen was. I saw a cunt fat lipped, and full fledged. "No, I ain't had a child," said she, noticing my investigatings. — Another letch came on. "I'd give you ten shillings to see your friend's cunt, and she ten to show it." — She seemed surprized. — "Will you? Don't think she will." — "Try to get her upstairs." — "I will, but she's a stupid, don't say you've done it to me." — Saying that, she put on her bonnet and went downstairs.

The two had as said "had a drop" before I'd met them. They'd had gin since, Sarah had had a tumbler more than half full to drink whilst down stairs. Opening the door I heard much laughing, and Sarah appeared, pushed up stairs by Polly into the room. No sooner there than I told her I wanted to see her little quim and would give her ten shillings — I'd got their names pat. "Polly says then she'll show me hers."

Tho slightly screwed she refused and there was much talk. — "We ain't whores," said she. — Polly pulled her petticoats up to her garters, and then she pulled out my prick, again fairly stiff. — Both laughed at it. — Polly said, "It's getting late — will yer or won't yer? — I'll show him mine if you'll show him yours." — "Sup-pose Jack hears on it." — "Jack be blowed, how can he know unless you tells him." — I put on the table the two half sovereigns and they eyed them. — "Will you now? If not we'll go." — "It's agoin' too far," said Sarah — I put the money in my pocket. — "You show him first." — "There, then," said Polly, putting her bum on the bed and exposing her charms. — The other chuckled. — "He, He, He, look at you." — "You have seen it before, come on, show it him." — She went to Sarah and pushed her up chuckling. "He, He, He" but she was yielding, and next minute was laying on the bed, petticoats up to her navel, legs hanging down, her crack just visible, whilst Polly in a similar position but with thighs well apart, lay laughing by her side.

I investigated the cunts of both, but the young one didn't like that. — "You've been fucked," said I. — "I ain't." — "She has," said Polly. — "I ain't been." — "I'll fuck you then." — "No, you shan't." — She roused herself and half got off the bed, I promised not to at-tempt it and got her to lay down again with cunt showing. "I'll fuck you then." — "All right," said Polly. Next second my balls were banging against her buttocks. — "Oh! If Jack ever heard," giggled the slim one. — "Jack be bugged," said Polly, heaving her rump responsively to my thrusts. Silent were all three now as I fucked, feeling Sarah's thin thighs and quim. — "Aha — fuck — cunt," I cried. — "Ahr — Ahr," sobbed Polly. — "Oho, you hurt," cried out the slim one. In the paroxysms of pleasure I'd hurt her cunt with my fingers.

"We'd better get home or there'll be a jolly kick up," said the slim one whilst still my prick was in the other's quim. — I was in a hurry also, uncunted, and in five minutes was out of the house, after giving the two half sovereigns. — They were not sisters they said, which was all I could learn, excepting that they'd carried something home between them tied up with the rope, and had had a

drop with the money they'd got. I think they were laundresses.

I enjoyed this chance amour immensely, it was so different from the business-like fucking with a har-lot, price agreed beforehand. But how strange! As we met as strangers in the street, who could have imagined that they'd show me their cunts, and that one would be fucked twice within an hour. These impromptu amours are delicious.

A long time had passed since we saw the man birched, and H. and I wished to see another. The abbess said she'd try to arrange it, but some of her men strongly objected to be made a show of, tho one or two liked it. She didn't know when the exposants would come, or when we should be there, all was a mere chance, yet it was only on our being all there at the same time that it could come off. Three or four months ran away before it did. There one day, said the abbess, "If you'd like to see a birching to day, there will be a gentleman who likes to be looked at, but when I tell you, you must hold up your chemise and shew him your twatts, he'll see it, tho you may think he won't, don't speak a word and leave directly he spends."

H. wouldn't mask herself and went down with a lovely laced chemise only on. — I with a shirt on only but masked. Laying along a sofa, was a fair haired, bearded man whom I judged between thirty five and forty, with his face hidden by both hands. He was laying about three quarters on his belly, so that we could see his prick — which was not stiff — and balls. His shirt was tucked up to above his waist, his trowsers pulled down to his knees, and the whole of his backside and thighs were bare. We stood by his side and the abbess began. — Swish. She talked some nonsense to him, about her being the governess and correcting him, to which he made no reply. The swishing went on slowly at about a stroke a minute, gradually his prick elongated and the gland extruded itself completely, as his backside grew redder and redder. Then she struck more quickly. — "Oho," — he murmuringly whispered — "Ho —ho — I can't." — Swish. — Swish. — His backside began to oscillate, his prick rubbed between his belly and the soft white sheet which covered the sofa. Then as arranged, H., who stood nearer his head than I did lifted her chemise up to her navel, showing her lovely thighs and chestnut covered motte, she liked shewing it. I saw his fingers open so that he could look thro them at her, yet I couldn't see a bit of his face, he murmured something as if in pleasure, jogged his belly as if fucking, and his prick which I could see well now, shot out a lot of sperm on to the sheet. Then he ceased and laid quiet, she dropped her chemise covering her charms, and we both left. I paid for the sight, and dare say that the victim paid for the sight of H.'s nudity.

Miss R., the fat rumped, had long ceased to be seen, and Miss B. at times could not be had tho both of us liked her, for she was a demon at minetting, and with difficulty could be got away from H.'s quim when once her mouth was on it. She had also as said a lovely cunt in size, shape, color, and growth of fringe. So fucking her from behind whilst she gamahuched H. gave infinite pleasure to us all.

The abbess liked to introduce others and no doubt got paid for it. One day a Miss D**sy was named. --"Speaks three languages, has been kept, not long been gay, and now only on the quiet, quite up to fun." — So we had Miss D. a tallish, quite fair haired woman of say eight and twenty, a genteel woman who spoke French and German as I found, and who really knew much about Europe. She like all the others took a letch for H. — they all do — and of course I fucked her whilst minetting H. — the usual formula. But somehow her cunt didn't fit me at all, and I cared not about fucking her. Yet we had her several times, she was so conversable, and talked erotic philosophy in chaste language in the way poor Camille used, and for some reason or other — who can give reasons for latches tho we try? — the two women used to examine very curiously each other's cunts — a thing which usually H. did not care about doing, tho she'd frig any cunt near her when I was fucking her.

Miss D.'s cuntal fringe was silky but not very curly, and at half way down the sides of the lips the curls long. It continued so nearly round the division between prick hole and bum hole, and when she squatted to piddle — of course I made her do that, her cunt looked — as indeed it did when she stood upright or lay on the bed with thighs apart, — not unlike the end of a broom. I told her of this,

saying it was ugly. — H. agreed with me.

Miss D. said she didn't like it and looked carefully at H.'s one day — whose lips as they die away towards her bum hole are slightly covered by the shortest hairs with a charming tendency to curl — I said that if D's were clipped short they would look nicer to me —tho perhaps not to others, for tastes vary. — It ended in my artistically trimming Miss D**sy's stragglng cuntal fringe with the scissors. — Next time seen she was de-lighted, for the short hairs had actually curled partially, she examined them with a hand glass before us, and we without the glass. The beauty of her cunt was really enhanced by my tonsorial skill, and particularly when she knelt on the bed and we viewed her quim from behind.

Yet as her cunt after several trials didn't fit me, we discontinued seeing her. She was soon after again kept by a gentleman, the abbess said. — She was a conversable woman, and no doubt her cunt had found a suitable partner. — Some cunts never seem to fit me — others are delicious.

A couple of years nearly had passed since the erotic quartette. We often talked about it and H. wished we could play the same games again, but I had no such intention nor could afford it. I saw however from the tone our conversation took, that she wanted to have an-other man. "Shouldn't you like to see me fucked? I should like to feel your prick whilst he fucked me," and so on.

We talked so before the abbess one day, who said "and I know one who is dying to have her." Then it transpired that a frequenter of the house had seen H*** when going away one day, and had fallen violently in love with her. "Has he a big prick?" asked H. eagerly. The abbess said he had, that he was a gentleman, a barrister, but poor. We talked over this and agreed to have him. He was spoken to, and it was ultimately arranged that we should all be masked, and that he was to fuck H. whilst I was present. The big prick, the prick she'd never seen, made H. ready for anything, and she didn't disguise the pleasure that the novelty would give her.

This took some time to bring about, they never knowing long before hand, when habitues may arrive. One afternoon the abbess said as we entered, "He's coming, I've just got a letter and have sent for a lady for him, he'll consent to masks, or anything else to have your friend." We were a little startled at first. H. said she couldn't till she'd seen what sort of man he was. She wasn't going to let any ugly, old, common man have her.

When he arrived she went down to be introduced him, and came back approving, he was a fine tall handsome man of thirty and wanted to fuck her there and then. Her eyes glistened with lust, she had the exquisitely, voluptuous look in her face which she has when randy. I layed down the conditions. He was to be naked all but his shirt, I to see his prick, and feel it if I liked. — "No," said the abbess, "he won't allow that." — "Then he shan't have her." — Down the abbess went and returning said that I might feel him if I liked. — "Let him come," — said I impatiently. Up he came with mask on and soon divested himself of his clothes. H. without mask sat on his knee and pulled about a grand, stiff tool, triumphantly, whilst he fingered her quim. He was well made but rather hairy on his legs which I didn't like — many men are hairy legged.

Then she played one or two boudy tricks, and lastly turned her bum to him whilst he sat on a chair and got his prick up her. I sitting on a low chair opposite saw it hidden in her cunt, his balls hanging outside, his hands round her belly, one finger rubbing her clitoris. — "Aha, go to the bed," murmured he. He didn't at-tempt to disguise his voice as I did. To the bed they went where side by side she fondled his love staff, then he mounted her. — "You shan't fuck me with that on," said she, and suddenly pulled off his mask and dropped it on the floor. He cared about nothing now but possessing her, put his prick in her cunt rapidly, whilst she raised the thigh nearest the bedside high up, so that I who approached the bed could see his prick ramming between her cunt lips — see the in and out movement, an exciting sight.

He'd given some rapid strokes when I threw up his shirt to his waist, to see the wag of his buttocks which were white but nothing remarkably handsome, and I didn't admire a central furrow strongly haired up to his backbone, but the come and go of his priapean shaft pleased me. He gave a sigh of

pleasure and then I laid hold of his testicles. — "Ho," said he with a loud cry, and with a violent start uncunted. "Don't do that." — "What is it?" said H., ceasing her bum wagging. — I told. — "Fuck me, put it in, let him feel them, you will like it." Before she'd said it all, his glowing tipped machine was again hidden, his balls wagged more than ever, soon the violent movement of her thighs and buttocks heralded her coming joy, and I heard, "Fuck dear — aha — spunk," and heard his murmurs of love. His ample balls were now soon steady over her bum-hole, and both were quiet. She with closed eyes enjoying the blissful oozings of her cunt, the soothing influence of spermatic injection, his buttocks moving with the slightest gentlest jogs, rubbing his tender gland within the innermost recesses of her sexual treasure, whilst I held his balls, he seemingly unconscious of it.

"Get off," said she. Without a word off he got. here she lay with overflowing cunt, thighs wide apart, looking lewedly at me who had withdrawn then to the bed's foot. Holding his tool as he got off of her, he picked up the mask, put it on, and went to the washing stand. H. lay with thighs apart and pointing to her cunt. I had had no intention of having her so, had said so, but the sight overwhelmed me. Going to her, she moved herself to the bedside silently, knowing the de-sires she'd evoked better than I, filled with luxurious desires herself. Next second my pego was engulfed in her lubricious avenue, I rammed like a steam engine, her eyes glared at me with lust, and both spent almost directly, whilst still he was soaping and slopping his privates, never looking round till she'd got off the bed and I stood looking out of the window. I must have spent in a minute, never had I spent more rapidly wrought up by what I had seen. Then I sat down whilst he was pulling on his trowsers.

He said not a word and would I think have left, but H., — "What do you put your things on for, ain't you going to have me again?" "Oh yes, if you will." — "Take your trowsers off then and give me a bottle of champagne." He did — we'd been already drinking champagne.

Again we talked and drank. She washed her cunt, again sat on his knee, played with his pego, never ceased handling it, shewing it to me. — "Feel it, isn't it a fine one?" — "No — no," said he sharply — "you said you would let him feel it." I felt modestly the gristly elastic propagator and then he felt mine. They kissed and toyed, his fingers on her cunt. He whispered something. — "Had I fucked her in his sperm?" — she told me afterwards. — She'd answered, "No." — So drinking and talking, at intervals she feeling both our pricks at once, time ran away and his prick grew stiff. Then at her request he took his clothes into an-other room, remaining in his shirt and socks, and again fucked H., whilst again I held his balls, and then he left. We afterwards enjoyed each others genitals, she had her fourth spend, and with my spunk mingled with his in her cunt, we slept for a few minutes.

The abbess came into us. He was about leaving and had been extolling H.'s charms who wanting to see him before he left, quitted the room and was gone sometime. Returning, "He's fucked you again." — I saw it from the lascivious circles round her eyes and from her manner. "Yes," — said she in a half shamed way, "and he never made me a compliment." — "Did you ask him?" — "No, but he might have done so, he's had me three times." I, half disgusted and a little screwed, — "I'm glad he didn't, am surprized you wish to be treated as a whore. — You wanted a change, a fresh prick, a big one — be content." She was very angry with me for saying "Whore" and I was with her for desiring money. — The old leven was in her still, she wanted her pleasures but to be paid for them. No doubt, the abbess got money tho she said he'd only paid for sending for the other woman and his room.

H. said she believed he'd given the abbess five pounds, and that he might have given her half a dozen pairs of gloves. A month afterwards the abbess said he was there and wanted H. but I wouldn't let her, nor did she wish to go, and never saw him afterwards.

"Fuck me," said H. a quarter of an hour after. — "I cannot." — "Try." — "I can't." — She was in full rut, one of her lascivious frenzies was on her — her eyes were voluptuous, were wildly luminous with sexual passion — but oh! So beautiful. — Laying hold of my pego she frigged it but uselessly, then talking all the time about his prick, ever and anon thrusting her tongue into my

mouth, lascivious enough to stir a dead man, — she was partly screwed which increased her recklessness. — "Lick my cunt then." — "Piss then." — "Let me piss in your mouth, I've done so." — "I wouldn't." — "Lick me then." — I began. — "Suck my prick, my darling, till its stiff, and then I'll fuck you." — Voluptuous thrills ran thro me as I tasted the salt of her cunt. "I can't, I don't know how, I never have, but I will kiss it," and she kissed it from bum hole to tip. Then in her raging lust she yielded to my repeated wishes, into that lovely cherry lipped mouth went my prick, whilst with my nose up her vagina, I licked her clitoris as she knelt over me and clasped her ivory buttocks. — It took effect — the gentle rub of her mouth, the smell of her cunt. — "There — it's — stiff — fuck me now." — Agile as a monkey, she got from off my mouth on to her back, and lay with thighs wide apart, shewing the crimson gap. — She had her way. — I fucked her long, long, deliciously, whilst twice she spent to my one libation.

Vol. 11 Chapter VII

Termination of narrative. • Remarks thereon. • Disjecta membra. • In a country church. • The bouzy sexton. • His daughter Selena. • In a pew. • In the Rector's robing room. • On his carpet. • On his table. • Three wives with full bladders in a dark street. • Micturating civilities. • Genital handlings. • Fucking among the carts. • In a German city. • A bald cunted Cyprian.

The narrative in its chronological order of events I finish. Many more incidents might have been told of varied delights, of whims and fancies normal and abnormal, yet tho the places, participants and actresses were different, the amatory amusements were similar to others played elsewhere, and their repetition in the narrative would be tedious.

I break with the past, my amatory career is over, my secret life finished. My philosophy remains the same. My deeds leave me no regret — with the exception perhaps of a very few. — Would that I were young enough to continue in the same course — that all might happen to me over again. — But age forbids, duty for-bids, affection forbids — Eros adieu.

Here abruptly terminates the narrative. Some years after the writer died the manuscript came as already told into the possession of him who arranged and abbreviated it. A wonderful narrative of something like fifty years of secret life.

In eliminating manuscript from time to time, in order to abbreviate, much was destroyed, but some episodes were laid aside for further selection, and some with the view of grouping them in chapters. A few of those disjecta membra are added here but are not chronologically arranged, that being now impossible. They evidently occurred however within the last twenty years of the history.

One Saturday afternoon taking a walk to a village a mile or two from where I was staying, I entered the church to look at it. As I did so the sexton was leaving and locking the door. — "I must go Sir, and must lock it, we never leave the church door open without some one in it, in case dogs or tramps come in, and there's only the gal there cleaning the robing room. We parleyed awhile and I tipped him. "If you like I'll leave the key inside, but you must lock the door, and I'll be back in half an hour." I agreed, locked it and strolled about, looking at the brasses and monuments which were famous, and not thinking at all about the woman cleaning the robing room.

Without thought of womankind and in the day-time often, voluptuous thrills go thro my pego, admonishing me that it was made for something besides piddling. Having done so it is usually quiet, but sometimes repeats it and gently swells. — Then my thoughts wander towards woman's sexual charm, and up rises pego, filling me with desire to lodge it between a pair of soft white female thighs, in the warm, red, lubricious channel always fit to receive it. — Nature has thus arranged the feminine organ that it needs no preparation, and is never nicer to the prick than when it has been some hours unwashed — fresh washed, astringent quims never pleased me. Servants'

quims taken on the sudden are always lubricious and delicious with natural juices.

Looking at a noticable monument a thrill passed to me another and soon another — my pego swelled and such voluptuous sensations pervaded me, that I sat down thinking of cunt, and thro my brain erotic reminiscences and idealities flashed. — My prick grew rigid, I felt it, then took it out and looked at it, almost friggid it, just as I used when a young man. I was so fit for the joyous intercourse with a woman, that I thought no more of monuments. — Suddenly I heard a scrubbing or brushing, and recollected that a woman was cleaning the parson's robing room.

When in that randy state, to be near almost any woman is pleasurable. With all their faults, and spite of the troubles they bring to men, they are the joy of a true man's life. I put back into my trowsers my prick which I had taken out to look at during my voluptuous meditations, approached the room, pushed the already half opened door, and saw a strapping wench on her knees brushing the carpet. Her large arms were naked to above the elbows, her big bum stuck out towards me, and from beneath her ample petticoats one leg was visible half way up to her knee, and was cased in a nice white stocking. My cock throbbid, desire to fuck her filled me, and I made a slight noise. "You've come back very quick, yer ain't been there," and turning her head. — "Oh! I beg your pardon Sir, I thought you was him, how did you get in?" She seemed astonished.

She got up saying that, and a strongly built, bold, handsome faced wench of about twenty she was. I told her how I had got in. — "Mother allus does the cleaning but she's ill, so I've come," said she gratuitously, for I'd not asked her — and as if ashamed of being caught at the work. — "You're a good daughter and a handsome one," said I smiling. — "The rector will give you a kiss for doing it." I was glad to say anything. — "Not he," said she boldly and laughing, for my remark had put her at her ease. Then we stood and looked at each other. — "You're very handsome, are you married?" — She shook her head. — "Show me the monument of * * * *" — naming a country magnate — "and I'll give you a shilling." — "Thankee Sir." She moved off, I following her with prick like a ramrod. — She pointed out the monument to me, but I was thinking only of her cunt all the while.

It was against the wall at the end of a long, large, old fashioned pew with high enclosures, which we both entered. I looked at it for a minute reflecting what next to do, she standing by me. Then I gave her a shilling and snatched a kiss. — "Oh don't, he may come in." — "I've locked the door." — Another kiss and I pulled her down not unwilling on the seat besides me. — "I'll give you half a crown to feel the garter on that jolly leg," saying which I made a snatch at her clothes, and got my hand well up on to her thigh just above the gar-ter. She struggled, gave one or two loud squeals. — "Oh don't — now you shan't — oh — if any one comes — oh now don't. Ohoo, leave me alone Sir." She began to laugh midst her struggles. — "No one can come in, the door's locked." — "Yes, Sir, the Rector can come through the churchyard, and the robing room door's open. — "Oh! Don't now." My passion was a little checked by that and I desisted. "Here's the half crown as I've felt it, give me another kiss." — She took the half crown and submitted to the embrace, I held her close to me and jogged my belly up against hers. — "I'll give you a sovereign to let me do that." — "Oh — go away — let me go," — pushing me. I let her go fearing the Rector might surprize us. "Let me see the robing room." "It's there," said she going ahead and pointing. — "Now — don't, Sir." — I tried to pull her clothes up from behind, succeeded as high as her garters, and saw the handsome calves in white stockings, which made my cock more restive than ever. — "Now, I won't show you Sir if yer does that again," and she twirled round, I held on to her petticoats which tightened round her legs as she sat down heavily on a free seat by the pew door. Then she laughed as if she could not help it. Again I gave a kiss and a promise, and off we went to the room which was near the altar. I felt sure she liked my smutty games, and at the door stopped. — "My dear tell me something?" — "What Sir?" — "Is there much hair on it?" — "Oh! Go along," said she, actually coloring up — but she laughed.

In the room I saw a door leading out by a flight of steps into the churchyard, and a path leading I sup-posed to the rectory. The Rector usually entered the church that way she said. I locked the door,

she smiled as if she guessed my game. — "Give me another kiss, you are so beautiful." Indeed I thought so, for I was under the fascination of cunt. — "No." But I took it. — "Let us?" — "Let us what?" said she looking full in my eyes. — Instinct — never failing me, told that she was in concupiscent state. — "Let's do it" — I didn't dare to say point blank the magic words. — "Do what?" with a voluptuous twinkle in her eyes, and anxious to hear the bawdy words of invitation. How her cunt was tingling, for women as men like smutty talk and bawdy words — what sane human creature is there but feels pleasure in hearing the exciting triad. — Prick, cunt, fuck, that duality in unity by which in the delirium of physical and mental pleasure, the race is perpetuated. "Do what?" — "You know, and you won't tell your sweetheart." — "I don't know and I haven't got one." She turned away smiling, took up a broom, and somehow I was afraid for the moment to press matters further, tho sure she was ready. How explain these eccentricities of mine? — I never could.

"Nonsense," said I, laying hold of her arm and praising its plumpness. — "I'm mad for you." — She let me feel and rub it gently up and down. — "I dunno how he came to let you in," said she standing quite still and staring. — I saw she was waiting for my advances and tried to get my hand up her clothes. — She resisted, struggled, squealed, but my fingers got well between her thighs, and then she escaped. — I pursued her round the room, caught and kissed her, jogged my belly against hers. — "Let us." — "What?" — "Fuck — look," said I pulling out my cunt plugger, never in handsomer or more inviting condition to a woman. — She looked hard at it, and chuckled. — "Oh for shame," said she still eyeing it — I don't recollect clearly what next passed through my mind, but felt sure she was lewd and had already been fucked, tho now was fearful. Again I caught her, pushed her bum against the table, got my fingers on to her cunt. — "Oh — no — pray don't — not here. — I'll meet you tonight." — cried she excitedly.

"Don't be foolish — we are alone — no one can get in — here are two sovereigns for you," and I put them on the table — my prick still standing out. "I don't want your money." — Many have said that to me, tho they mostly took it when they'd been tailed. — "Not here. — No — no — I will tonight — no — oh" — My hand was up her petticoats, she stooped pushing them down but I persisted, gave her a strong push, and she fell on the floor, I with her, for a minute we struggled and I pulled up her clothes. "Oh! If they come back." — Then in a second my fingers were well within the lips of her moist warm slit, I caught at it as we rolled together.

"You mustn't here," were her last words, as if she thought there was impiety in the act I contemplated. But the struggle was over, both meant fucking, modesty and fears were conquered as I mounted her, clutched her solid haunches and plunged my prick up her and very soon, too soon, sighing our pleasure we spent. Her cunt was overflowing with my libation and her contribution, whilst silent and coupled we lay on the Turkey carpet of the robing room — a glorious fuck it was.

I lay on her in blissful silence clasping the sides of her smooth cool buttocks. — "I'm a feared that he'll come back," murmured she uncunting me. "He can't, the door is locked." We got up and her petticoats falling hid the charms which I'd never even seen at all. — We talked quietly, and she eyed the sovereigns. — Fucking opens a woman's mouth as well as her cunt. The sexton's duty was not to leave the church, but he often did and locked her mother in on Saturdays, and went away to drink. — He was a toper. The Rector never came there on Saturdays, it was cleaning up day. "He writes his sermons then — I'm told." — Much more talk was of the same sort mixed with bawdy suggestions. — "Then you like fucking, don't you?" — "Oh, not at all," said she smiling. — "Hush — he's knocking at the entrance." — "It's nothing, let him wait, say you didn't hear him."

Looking full in each other's eyes and sitting, touching each other, I knew that the libation must have been wetting her thighs, and the idea of that began to stiffen me. I'd never seen her cunt, for as I pulled up her petticoats I rolled on to her. "Let's look at it, and we'll fuck again." — "Oh no — he'll be back — tell me the time." — I looked at my watch and told. — "Oh, he won't be back yet if he's gone for a booze, but I can't — I can't wash here." — "There is water in the pail." — "I shan't — I can't — no — I won't." A long resistance more bawdy talk and the incitement of a stiff prick again. "Oh — oh — now, if he comes back." — A struggle, but I fingered her gluey orifice, and in a few

minutes had her laying on her back on the table, fucking her, my hands, holding up her fat thighs, every now and then glancing down at my tool as it worked up and down in her well haired split, and so again we con-summated. — "He'll sure be back soon — oh — do go — what will he think of your being here so long?" — I kissed her and departed through the Rector's door to the churchyard. I gave her a parting kiss. — "Your cunt's wet." "It's not dry, go along," said she laughing. Delighted with my afternoon's amusement, I lingered near the church and walked round the churchyard, which was at that point some feet below the level of the Rector's room; no one could have looked at our tricks through the windows. I met the sexton soon after at the entrance porch, he was groggy and talkative. Then he knocked hard at the door with a stick, then rang a bell. I stopped, the woman opened it. How she opened her eyes when she saw me. I winked at her over the sexton's shoulders, and left. — It was the sex-ton's daughter I heard later on. — She also was a Mary she told me. What a lot of Marys I've tailed. — How fine and firm and fuckable are these country wenches, what juicy cunts.

One dark Saturday night in spring at about ten o'clock, when passing along a main metropolitan throughfare, — three women turned down a short street, ill lighted and with blank walls on each side. At about fifty feet from the main road this street turned at right angles, and for a long distance then went at the backs of houses in the main thoroughfare. On the other side where there was no footway were big warehouses without occupants at night, and against them were empty carts left there till the morrow. There was little or no traffic in the street, for there was [and is] no gain in going that way. This part of the street also was still more dimly lighted than the short branch, strumpets often pissed and fucked there freely. Many a cunt I'd felt there in times gone by. Others at times — not strumpets — wanting a pee wee badly, found in it an out of the way quiet spot to do that splashing business. I saw that the three were not gay women. As I passed, one with a chuckle said, "Just round the corner," and they went there quickly looking round anxiously to see if they were noticed. — They were respectably dressed like the wives of artizans, and I believed they were so from their manner, and that they'd been having a Saturday night's drop, as artizans' wives at Saturday marketings do; a drop enough to make them frisky, randy, and rollicksome, yet not tight. My balls were full that night — sudden latches depend much on the fullness of that reservoir — and my enduring letch seized me. I followed them, feeling mechanically in my pocket to ascertain if I'd enough to pay for my amusement, if it could be had, and forgetting I'd a pocket full, for I had changed gold purposely that day to get silver. They stopped at a hundred feet or so from the angle, as I approached noticed me, and went further. So did I and close up to them, as in a group they stopped and hesitated. "What do you want, young man?" I wasn't young — said a tall woman whom I guessed to be forty. "To see you all piddle." — "Ho, ho," they all burst out together as if astonished, yet amused not shocked. "Well I'm sure — then you won't." — "I'm going to piddle too." — "Ho, ho, — he, he," they burst out again, and then were quiet and went without a word a few feet further. They in fact moved and quietly to a much darker spot. I wonder they didn't cross to the dark wall and empty carts.

One woman then burst out loudly laughing, then the others did — quite a chorus. "We're respectable women, go away now," said the tall one. — I felt sure they were so tho poor, and hesitated. But I'd felt the cunts of their class before, knew that money tempts, that women like erotic tricks, so persisted. — Many work-men's wives have been free and easy with their cunts before marriage, which weakens their morals; but it's a mistake to suppose "once a whore always a whore." There are 'many whores married among the lower classes — and indeed in every rank of life — who are chaste enough then, they forget and eschew past habits, and are content with the prick of the bread winner, yet at times some yearn for a fresh bit of cock, and a bawdy trick or two. I've always had the faculty of making women lewed, and felt sure from their hesitation that lust was coming on the three.

"Piddle and let me feel it, and I'll give you half a crown apiece," said I, bidding high for they were not strumpets, and catching hold of one woman's arm I held it. "Well — I'm blowed" — said she staggered but not resisting. — "Get away," said the tall one angrily, "or I'll call a policeman." —

"What for, to see you piddle or see him piddle?" — All laughed. "Well! What cheek," said one. — "I've felt dozens of women's cunts here whilst they piddled," said I, bolder now that they'd stood so much. "Get along you blackguard, do it if you want, and get away and let us." — They then turned their backs to me and talked quite close together in a low tone, laughing quietly at intervals, and I supposed they were talking about me, so said, — "Let's all piddle, and we'll all go and have a glass of wine together." — "Not I," — said one. I could then just see in the dim light that one nudged another, and again all quietly laughed, which encouraged me. "Here's someone coming, I wish you'd go, what will they think?" — said the tall one now very angrily. But I stood still. A man and woman slowly approached, they I think had come with fornicating intent, took no notice of us and passed far away. Whether they fucked in the obscurity among the empty carts I know not, for my mind was now in a passionate ferment with my own desires which had intensified with our talk, and what seemed to me a chance of their gratifying me. I longed to feel these three women's cunts for they were not whores, and to see them piddle. The idea of doing so seemed delicious to me, and getting reckless thought I'd try even gold. — None of them evidently were quite young, yet young enough, but they were not strumpets — that seemed the special charm — I didn't reflect, had set my heart on feeling their piddle, was carried away by my lech and went on impetuously to satisfy it. Their not being strumpets gave the charm, as if their cunts were different from those of whores. With a sudden impulse, feeling my pocket full of silver I said. — "I'll give you five shillings each." — "Get away, and don't talk like that — we're going," said the tall one.

They walked still further, I close to them and at the very darkest spot they stopped. — "Here's five shillings," and I chinkled some silver. — "God — what — do you take us for?" — "I can't wait" — said one suddenly, and squatted, the others standing close to her. I heard the splash, stooped, thrust my hand under her petticoats on to her open cunt, and took the stream on my hand. — "Oh don't — he — he — he — you black-guard. He — he — push him away I ane," — she laughed and bullied at the same time. "Mrs. * * * * *, oh!" said in indignant tones the other two simultaneously as if astounded, then burst out laughing. The lady pissed long and heavily, but a woman doesn't take long to empty her bladder. She didn't push away my hand from her cunt till she rose up then. — "He — he — he — you blackguard, I hope you're pleased." "There's the money." — She hesitated, took it, saying again as if amused, — "You blackguard — he — he — he," — and put it into her pocket. The other two now laughed, saying. — "Well — well — oho — oho — there he — he — he." — Again a man and woman passed, and they stopped laughing.

The others were again laughing after silence for a moment, they saw the silver had been taken. — "Where is your five shillings?" — said the tall one. — I gave it — "I ain't agoing to do it — there," — and as if she'd cheated me she laughed. — "All right I'll wait till you do." — "Did yer hever know such cheek?" said she with emphasis. — "Well then" — and suddenly down she squatted. Quickly again I stooped, for a second got my hand on a gap which seemed as large as a cow's, with a stream running as if from a pump, when saying, "Don't" she gave me a push and I rolled into the gut-ter, which fortunately was dry. By the time I'd got up her stream had ceased and she was standing up. "Serves him right," said the others laughing heartily. — All, I felt now sure, were enjoying the boudy game.

"You do it and we'll all be alike," said the tall one to the other. — "I don't want." — "Why you said you a were a bursting." — "Here's the five shillings," said I. — "Will you go that way afterwards and let us go this if I do?" — jerking her head in the two directions. — "Certainly." — Down she squatted, pissed over my hand and finished with a fart. — "Oh," said she rising as if much ashamed. — The other two laughed loudly. — "We'll have another glass," — "I must get home," said another. — "I've felt all your cunts," said I.

"I'll piss now if I am not too stiff, and will give you five shillings if you'll all feel my prick after," — for I was now wildly lewed and began emptying my bladder. — They looked on. "I will," said the first one who'd pissed — "but give it us first." — I gave it, she and the tall one felt it, then the other did, then both felt it again. "Well if ever I had such a lark in my life — well," said one. — "Oho — hoh," — for it got stiff in her handling. — "He — he — he," all laughed together now.

"Good night I hope you'll all be well fucked to-night." — "He — he — he — he — he," — I heard dying away in the distance as they went off.

Before I got to the corner going slowly in the opposite direction, I saw far off a man and a woman cross the road to the dark side where carts were standing. Slackening my pace for a few seconds, when opposite to the spot I saw they were fucking hard. They took no notice of me as I stood watching. Then I went off to the main thoroughfare and waited, guessing that one would return that way. Soon a gentlemanly dressed man came round the corner very hurriedly, and was out of sight in a minute. Back I turned and met the woman, evidently a demirep. — "Do you want me my dear?" — "I'd like to feel your cunt, it's just been fucked, and I'll give a shilling." — "All right — oh, wait, here comes a policeman." — We talked till he'd passed, and then among the carts I felt her for a shilling. — I've felt scores at that price, but had just paid five shillings a feel.

Afterwards going along * * * * St. filled with desire, burning with lust, thinking of what a lot I had done in twenty minutes — I saw a nice looking girl and went home with and fucked her.

[There are now double the number of lamps in the street where this piddling took place, empty carts no longer stand there, fucking and piddling is no longer so easy to accomplish without hindrance. I went recently to see, for I like revisiting the scenes of my amours.]

[This is not the only time I've felt in the streets the cunts of women not harlots. On similar occasions — tho not in that street — twice I'm sure I've felt two women when together. — In one case one of the women was much younger than the other, in both cases they were respectable, and I think married women of the humbler class. One consented first and then induced the other. Women can be made lewed by suggestion. That the money, drink, and opportunity, did it in all cases, all were a little lewed. I think the narrative of these incidents has been retained but am not sure.]

Then occurred (and soon after the Franco-German war) one of the most singular of my experiences. I was at a great German city stopping there for the night only, took a walk in the evening and thought I should like to see the bagnios there, never having yet done so. Not being able to ascertain their whereabouts, I hired a fiacre and told the coachman to drive me to the best one.

I saw five women, — there were ten in the house, and five were then ministering to male pleasures and their own profit. A tall, nut brown haired woman, with soft dark eyes and clear complexion, clad in a handsome, loose, yellow silk dress, attracted me, and soon I sat watching her take off her very nice linen. — Then she was lying on the bedside with chemise up to her breasts, and to my surprise and delight I found her secret charms were quite hairless. — For the moment I seemed under some delusion, but there was no mistake. Her motte had the slightest sprinkling of nearly invisible light brown down, which might have covered a shilling, but it did not hide her beautifully white flesh there, and as the down approached the sacred orifice for the male, it ceased altogether, and the split from one end to the other was absolutely hairless. The puffy surrounding off the indent — scarcely to be called lips — was soft, elastic, white, and smooth as ivory, with a delicate coral tinted line just peeping, which was hidden lower down by the closing of the plump white buttocks on either side.

I turned her round, kneeling her with her handsome but not big buttocks towards me, and the hairless red division was an exquisite sight. There was not a posture in which I could place her to see her cunt that I didn't then pose her in, made her open the lips with her fingers, kneel with thighs wide apart without her fin-gers, so as to get the contrast between the white and coral, and the effect every way was ravishing, I should have liked a photograph of it. The feel of the surface of her quim was so soft, so elastic, so voluptuous, that I actually laughed with sensuous delight, and at once knelt to gamahuche her, with my prick nodding with stiffness and lust. Yet till I'd seen her charms I'd had no desire, being very fatigued, in a hurry, and merely having gone to the bagnio to see what sort of place it was, and what sort of women were there. I licked her modest little clitoris till she writhed and refused to let me continue. Then getting up and placing my pego between the white lipped opening, drove it up to the deepest depths of her cunt. When there, the pleasure of the

lodging was so great, that it brought my pleasure to an end too soon. I was holding one thigh up, looking down at my pego's movements, and feeling the soft white flesh in which it was embedded, admiring and delighted, when with a throb up came my sperm. And I'd gamahuched her to some purpose, for she spent directly my libation touched her cunt.

She was two and twenty she said and looked about that. She never had had any more hair than now. The first came when she was about eighteen, before that she was hairless absolutely. I looked and felt carefully, to see if she was shaven, or whether the pudendal baldness was artificial and the result of using chemicals, but it was quite natural. She laughed when I told my doubts. — "Look, look, its nature," said she.

I was obliged to depart next day, but willingly would have stayed to fuck that abnormal cunt again. I have seen artificial smoothness on cunts in the East, but never such a naturally hairless one in a full grown woman. It must be rare, for I have seen perhaps fifteen hundred, and think I've only seen one full grown woman's cunt at all resembling it, tho at this moment can't recollect when or where.

[This manuscript was set aside with the intention of putting it with others into a chapter upon cunts. It got mislaid till sorting for final burning of manuscript.]

Vol. 11 Chapter VIII

The potentiality of gold in seducing women. • Sudden latches quickly gratified. • A small cunted ballet girl. • Sweet sixteen. • Jenny the coster girl. • On the high road to harlotry.

[The following also was laid aside for a chapter on cunts, and it and the episode with the ballet girl are put together as illustrations of the potentiality of gold in getting women in the lower ranks of life — perhaps in all ranks if the bid be high enough.]

At a spectacular piece I twice noticed a shortish but sweet looking ballet girl with exquisite legs — on the second occasion I waited at the stage door to see her come out. So different do women look in walking dress to what they do when on the stage, that it is difficult to recognize them, but looking sharply, I discovered her leaving with a group of others. It was a coldish night in the beginning of March.

At first I hesitated to follow her, for her air of quiet respectability deterred me somewhat, and I could not well accost her when surrounded by others. But my cock swelled with desire, and under its stimulating influence and with erotic hopes and visions I followed her — as I've done scores of women — till first one, then another of the group went off, and quickly she was left with two others only, who walked with her thro an obscure and nearly deserted street till they entered a public house. — After reflecting a minute I entered also, and found them sitting in a private bar — no other person there — eating sandwiches and drinking ale — I ordered a glass of wine and stood looking at them, they looked at but took no notice of me. I saw that in bon-net she was as handsome as on the stage, and my pego now nearly lifted me off the ground with stiffness as I thought of her legs and breasts. — Reckless now under its influence, I asked them all to have port wine. Two accepted but she refused — I ordered a bottle.

Now I asked why they were out so late, not alluding to the theatre, neither did they in their answer. — I got amorously suggestive, the two laughed — for directly fucking enters the mind women are pleased — but didn't reply till I asked them all to come home and sleep in my bed, tho I had neither house nor bed where I could go. Was it large enough? asked one. — What would I do? then asked the other. — "Whatever you like, what shall it be?" — More laughing then. — "One at a time's enough isn't it?" said my fancy. — "It would be with you." — "We must go," said she. All prepared quickly to go, and then only she took a glass of wine and immediately departed, so hurriedly — as if scared — that I didn't wait for change in payment for the wine for fear of losing sight of them. I

heard them laugh as they got outside and suppose it was about me, then hoping I should at some time catch her alone, I followed quickly.

When outside I saw her ahead and alone, the others had gone off. In a minute I was by her side, telling her I had seen her in the ballet, admired her lovely form, and asking her to let me go home with her. She stopped, refused, professed surprise at my asking. I grew bolder. — "Nonsense my darling, I'll give you a sovereign." — "I won't — I must get home, it's so late — besides I can't." — Then ready to empty my purse to have her, — "I'll put you into a cab and give you three sovereigns." — Then she stopped, looked at me, then looked back to see if any one was noticing her. A little further persuasion and then, "I can't stop more than ten minutes then." — I acceded to every condition. driven to a free coffee shop, a shabby one which I knew of, and were soon in a bedroom. She pulled down her veil to hide her face as she approached the house. If I want a woman not regularly on the town, it's best to bid and at once very high for her favours, I ought to have bid three at first, for I know that tho ballet girls will fuck for love, they rate their cunts high if they are to be paid for them.

I'd been eulogizing the beauty of her form when she consented to come, and she'd said "I'll shew you that but no more, mind." A funny reservation which I thought a joke, or perhaps that she had her monthlies on. But I wanted to see her nude so agreed, and would have done anything to get into a bedroom, knowing that a woman who has tasted the pleasure of a pego — and I was sure she had — would never resist one stiff standing in front of her to her hand. A stiff red capped prick has a fascination, and a knowing cunt heats, tingles and sweats its lubrication at the sight of one. — After taking her bonnet off she sat on the bedside, I began lifting her clothes and when they were up to her garters she stopped me. "That's all." — "Nonsense, I must see your thighs." She lifted them very slowly, stopping short of her motte, and she'd drawers on. — "There then." — I pushed my hand between them on to the notch. She closed her thighs tightly. — "No more." — "Well take your drawers off, I can't see as much as I did in the ballet."

As she resisted whilst yet she laughed, and as I hate being played with so by a woman, I lost my temper. — "Don't be a fool, I'll fuck you or I won't pay you." — "I wouldn't have come then." — "Look," said I, pulling out my prick, stiff as a maypole. She did look at it and long whilst saying. — "No — no." — But it excited her and a minute after she was feeling it and I her pretty quim. — Soon after she was in chemise at the bedside, thighs apart, and the lovely notch exposed and I examining it with lustful delight. "I'm very small made, am I not?" said she in an apologetic tone, as if she wished to warn me.

It was perhaps the smallest cunt I ever felt in a woman. The notch approached the usual size, but the love avenue was quite tight to my finger, and I thought my pego could never get up it. But strangely enough, that very idea seemed to stiffen it to an unbendable state, it was cast iron as the gland touched the small orifice, and it glided right up without stopping, till I touched the end of the tube and hit hard. — She sighed but nothing more. I felt her genital lubricating juices soon issuing and softening round my tip, but as her pleasure came on, the tightening of her avenue almost hurt me [it was when my prick was more sensitive as I have already often described, and I preferred an easy cunt]. As she spent, I felt as if the gland was being nipped by a hand. The tightness was sensible to my prick as it dwindled voluptuously, and its compression was then exquisite to it, as I stood holding up her thighs. Then, when with a parting nip at my prick tip as it quitted her, and when afterwards, my finger searched the mucilaginous soft interior, it still was tight to it. I never felt such a tight cunt before. Not one of the many young hairless cunted ones had such a tight cock pit, and I gloried in having fucked this clipper.

She was as many of her class are, vain as a peacock, I'd found that out before. I praised her cunt, said it was delicious, my eulogies delighted her so, that instead of ten minutes she stopped nearly an hour, stripped all but stockings, to let me see her exquisite form, and I fucked again her lubricious unwashed channel. I wouldn't let her wash it, and indeed think she never could have got the sperm out if she had. I took a curious fancy to her on account of her quim and she — as I have found all

very tight cunted ones — seemed happy in talking about it. I asked her to meet me again. She said she couldn't and told me much, but whether true or not I cannot say. — "You'll never see me again." She'd left the theatre that night for good, had done with the stage, should leave London next day. — "No, I'm not going to be gay, I never have been gay. A gentleman makes me an allowance, he did it to me first. Yes and he put me on the stage, he pays for my dancing there, they don't pay me." Three or four men besides him and myself she admitted, not more, had had her. "All have said I was very small made." — These in answers to my questions. Then she admitted that she wanted fucking just when I spoke to her in the public house, her friend was out of town but would meet her on the morrow.

One or two girls had felt her cunt and she theirs, to judge if hers really was small. "It will be a bad look out if I get in the family way, and I hope you haven't done it."

It's always amusing to hear what a woman says of herself, so retain this narrative, but principally because of her tight cunt. I have had others tightish but never such a tight one in a grown woman. — She said she was nineteen and looked that age, the hair of her head, cunt, and armpits was dark.

I went twice to the theatre afterwards, but never saw her there again nor elsewhere. She said she was going to be married.

About six one warm evening in autumn I was near a market at * * *. The great traffic of the day was over as I sauntered out of curiosity thro a street I'd never seen before, one of much trade, but where every shop was closed for the night, and but few pedestrians in it. — Near a public house stood two porters talking. At the corner of a narrow street, three common girls were lolling against the wall, talking and larking with a couple of lads looking scarcely sixteen years old, the girls seeming of about the same age.

Sturdy, thick built wenches, looking like market or coster girls (they were) and clad in good tho coarse work-soiled clothing and with short petticoats and boots suitable for their work and class. They had dirty hands and looked sweaty, dusty, and work worn. Two had hats, the other none, she was a superbly handsome creature with very light colored hair of bright hue, which evidently crimped naturally, a florid face, retroussé nose, and big mouth with white teeth, she'd light blue eyes, a fine bust and large hips, and the very picture of coarse health she looked. As I took her points in at a glance and thought her beautiful, then I also thought of her secret charms, wondered if she'd been fucked, and thought how well she'd look if washed and well dressed, those accessories of beauty.

I stood looking up now and then seemingly at the houses to hide my object, which was to see her and the group, and to watch their horse play. The lads were chaffing the girls, one snatched a kiss and got a slap on his head, tho the wench was evidently pleased. — The other lad suddenly made a dig at the fair haired one's clothes outside her grummit, making some re-mark which I couldn't hear, but at which all laughed. He ran off up the short narrow street, pursued by the girl who seemed really angry, and in a second they had turned a corner and were out of sight. The girls with hats and the lad remaining looked round the corner laughing, and resumed their position against the wall. The lad loudly said. "Tom wants it bad don't he Loo?" — "I dunno, ask him," said the girl. He on that put his hand round her and snatched another kiss, disarranging her bonnet in doing so, got another hard slap and a push, and "I'll kick your bloody arse if yer does that again." All this occurred almost simultaneously, and far quicker than this account of it is written. The street was quite quiet, and every word easily heard.

The group took no notice of me, neither did the very few passers by. The sight gave me a spasmodic, voluptuous throb in my pego, for I was very fit that evening, and with sexual instinct — I suppose — slowly I walked up the narrow street, as any other pedestrian might, and turning the corner saw the couple struggling together, he snatching at her petticoats as before, she hitting him. "Let's feel it, Jenny." "Get away you blackguard." — "I've felt it." "You ain't, yer liar," came clearly to my ears as I turned the corner. — My appearance immediately stopped the fun, and with a

parting slap from her the lad ran off, leaving her alone with me, no other person was in the passage — A foot-way only — indeed excepting at market hours few passed that way.

Quickly as thought and to begin a conversation with her, — almost anything does for that, — I asked her the way to a place and she began to tell me. — "Shew me the way, you are so lovely and I'll pay you." — The opportunity had come so suddenly that I'd not time to think about a course of action. Civilly she began to explain the road, then thanking her I said, "How lovely you are, I've been watching you and longing to be him." — "What? — and she laughed. "Yes — come with me and I'll give you two sovereigns."

"Whart?" — said she again standing amazed with staring eyes. — Just then some one approached. "Is it that way?" said I as a blind. — Amazed as she had seemed by my offer, she took the hint, and began explaining the way, pointing to it. — In a few seconds the pedestrian had vanished and again I said "I'll give you two sovereigns to come with me." Again she repeated, "Whart?"

Then reflecting she added, — "Ain't you just a cheeky one." — "I will by God, and more, you are so lovely." — She laughed, then in a strangely confused and half ashamed manner, looked at me hard and shook her head. — "Do." — "No thankee Sir I can't." — "Do, I'll be back here to meet you in a quarter of an hour and I'll give you two bright sovereigns." — "No." Again she shook her head, again I pressed and repeated my offer. At length — "I'm so dirty." — "Never mind, you're lovely, and it will be dark." — Twilight was al-ready coming on. "Mind two sovereigns?" "What for? And I've got no bonnet." "Never mind, in a quarter of an hour be here, will you? We'll go in a cab." — "Yer ain't alying?"

Another pedestrian passed whilst these few words were being exchanged, and as she — a woman now — appeared, I pointed again as if seeking direction, and the girl did the same. None are so cunning as those in lust, and I think she was a little so now.

Just then the lad reappeared at the corner and I began pointing as before as a blind. She saw the lad might suspect, and not wishing to be caught by him talking to a gentleman, bawled out, "The gent wants to know the way to * * * *." He approached and told me — pointing in another direction. — "Show me and I'll give you twopence." He went ahead. "In twenty minutes here," — said I in a low voice, and followed the lad cursing him in my heart for interrupting us, and wondering if the two sovereigns would bring back the wench to the meeting place. I saw that the offer of two sovereigns had quite staggered her, she who perhaps had never been paid five shillings for her pleasures — if paid at all — for she evidently was no strum-pet. But all women are paid for their favours either in meal or malt.

As soon as I was well away from the place I gave the lad threepence, and off he went. A few minutes after, I got into a four wheeled cab, and setting myself well back told the driver, to go at walking pace along the street where the group had been standing. There stood the same lot seemingly about to separate as the cab passed them, they didn't see me. In three or four minutes I went back again at a trot. The lads were gone, the girls going in another direction. I was delighted. I've many times been helped in my amours by cabmen, and through the window said, "Follow those girls — don't lose sight of them, I don't want to be seen." "All right, Sir." — At the end of the street where it joins a large thoroughfare, he drove past but never lost sight of them, and stopped as they did.

I could then see the three girls standing together and talking for ten minutes. Then to my delight two went off leaving my wench alone, who retraced her steps very slowly, stopping from time to time and looking back, then turned towards the place of rendezvous at the corner of the narrow street. She stopped there for a second as if considering, wiped her face with a dirty handkerchief, arranged her hair with her hand, then quickly went up it and round the corner — I got out of the cab, paid him, told him to wait and went after her. It was now quite dusk. There she stood and when I'd joined her, said she was afraid to come, she thought she'd tell me to prevent my waiting uselessly. After a few words of persuasion and the two sovereigns offered again, she was in the cab with me and off

we drove.

After we had been in the cab a minute I kissed her, she returned it saying, "You're a cheeky one." Soon after, — "If you'll stop here two or three minutes I'll get me a bonnet. — Where are you ataking me? I really can't stop out late. — What are you agoin to do?" — "Never mind your bonnet — I want to feel your little cunt and you to feel my prick." — "Oho — no you shan't — you have bloomin' cheek. — I'm sorry I've comed." — "Don't be a fool, you'll have two sovereigns." — She chuckled and on went the cab. — "I'm hungry. — It's near my time to grub, and they'll won-der where I am." — "I'll get you something," and at a public, getting out but keeping her in the cab, I took her ginger beer and gin in it and two big buns. — On we drove, and then, but with much resistance, and drop-ping her bun in preventing me, I got my fingers well on a moist cunt. — After a further struggle my finger remained there which seemed to quiet her much, but she seemed offended and remarked. "I ain't that as yer thinks, I works for my living and pretty hard too." — "You've been fucked and you live with a man." — "No I don't, I lives with the old people." — she didn't deny the fucking. By the time we reached the house I was hugging her closely and had felt her lubricious orifice both inside and out, as far as the position enabled me, and satisfied myself she wasn't virgin. She got again silent, seemingly thinking whilst enjoying the play of my digits on her quim. Such are lovely moments for any couple, and it was I'm sure for her, tho she seemed frightened at what she was doing.

The mistress who knew me was astounded to see a common wench without a bonnet, and in a whisper hoped all was right. She feared consequences, suspecting I'd brought a chance virgin and had made her screwed. In the bedroom the girl curious — as all such as — looked everywhere. — "It's a bawdy shop, ain't it?" — "Yes, take off your things." — "No." She resisted that earnestly as a half modest girl would, but longing to see her notch, I pushed her on the bed and then her clothes up. "Oh now, I won't." A more dingy sight of petticoats and chemise I don't recollect, but her fat backside, plump thighs, and smooth belly were white and clean, and the prettiest little notch lay between them. Crisp, curly, short hair surrounded a delicate coral stripe, not much was on the motte, and it looked most enticing, was the charming cunt of sixteen. She was a little over sixteen. A cunt is in its highest beauty at about that age, I now think, tho in my youth I loved them larger and very hairy.

I produced my pego which she quietly admired long — and I felt sure from her looks she hadn't seen many — in delicious silence. Soon after she handled it whilst my finger titillated her. — "Do you want it?" — No, said she wriggling. "Let me fuck you." — "No," said she squirming about — then quickly after. — "Oh! — Don't — aha — shove it in," — murmured she very vulgarly. In a second we were fucking at the bedside, she was full and randy, and soon we spent in unison. She was young, artless, hot blooded, sighed much, and gave way freely to her pleasure. — My prick lingered in her long whilst I looked down at her white belly and thighs, and anon at her dirty linen. But the lovely con-junction ceased, the evidences of our pleasure rolled out, and I pushed up her thighs, holding them apart to admire the pearly issue. Then she washed her cunt giving a mere outside sluice, and spite of her struggles, I washed her cunt outside again myself and much to her astonishment. — Had she been a strumpet she'd have washed it up enough. Her washing in fact showed she was not habitually gay, and her pleasure in seeing my pego, and a shyness of manner, made me sure she was no harlot. "Has no one washed your cunt but yourself?" "Lord no — what do you think — what did you want to do it for?" — "For pleasure." — "Ho — ho — I must go." — "You shan't yet, get naked and so will I." — "Oho, no — there then, I won't do that." — "Have you never been naked to a man?" — "Never, but only to my own chap." — He'd first had her when sixteen, she said. He had a cart, was getting on, but drank much.

I insisted, she stripped, I did the same, and in nudity, stockings excepted, we played with each other's sexual organs. Persuading her was delicious, for she was modest and no sham, and she was evidently voluptuously delighted as in silence she pulled my prepuce up and down, and handled my balls as if she'd never seen a full grown ballocks before. Not a bit was it like the experienced manipulation of a harlot. I questioned her, and she answered straight, I felt sure, tho no doubt

suppressing many things. — "You've been fucked." — "Why, in course, you knows that." — "How did I?" — "You knows it." — "How many men have fucked you?" — "Only one." — "That's a fib." — "It's true, so help me God. — You's the only other chap. — Why I ain't had it two months, and lives at home at * * * *. I ran away once with him, the night I was done — but they got me back. — So help me God it's true. — Yes I lets him when he gets the chance, but they says he's taking on with another gal. — I'll serve her out if I gets hold on her." — Then my prick being stiff and her cunt ready with our handlings again, they joined. — Then our sexual ecstasies over — and didn't she enjoy the fuck? — I had a cab got and put her into it with two sovereigns in her hand. — She'd never in her life had a sovereign before of her own, she said. — Many a girl has had her first bit of gold from me, has found out the ready money-value of her cunt.

"No, it's no good your awritin' me and I reads badly, and praps they'll get hold on it, tho they can't read." But she agreed to meet me again and I wrote down time and place. — "I'll put on a bonnet next time, but I can't put on my best things, they'll want to know why and I'd like to come earlier." So it all came about, I met her that day week and she was cleaner, had better boots and white stockings. She was a fine model from head to foot, such solidity of flesh, so satiny, and tho she said she never took a bath in her life, she was as sweet as a nut. I fucked, then gamahuched her, giving her her first pleasure that way. "No," no tongue had touched her clitoris before, she said. Then I fucked her again and she went off with two sovereigns again, all I'd promised. She earned at work sometimes eighteen pence a day, sometimes not that sum. When with her father he gave her nothing of her earnings. "But he keeps me."

She told me much more about herself, but evidently not all, how she sometimes went out with a barrow, and after work was done into the streets to talk with her friends. Her "young man" had said, "that if he caught me with another chap he'd smash both our bloody noses, and now he's after another gal." — "What if he knew I'd fucked you?" — "Dunn — but he can't know. — Shiners ain't got at barrows are they?" — She said that the two shiners promised had made her come with me. — "You'd make plenty if you liked." — She knew what I meant — looked long at me and shook her head. — "I ain't agoin' at that game — no thankee — not if I knows it. He'll marry me I think now if father let his — if he won't I'll run away agin. — Yes, I'll come here with you agin if you like, but I can't have a letter if you knowed where I lives even."

A splendid strapping, healthy creature she was, many rich would give anything for such an offspring. — A bit fit for a Prince's prick, and what a lovely cunt! Yet a coster spent in it first, and will yet take his pleasure in it.

I had her once more. She quickly got at my tool and played with it as if lewed to her bum hole. — It was deliciously exciting to see her at my prick. — She grinned and admitted her young man had had her in the interval. — "No, only once — shan't tell you where. — Give me? — nothing he didn't — he never gived me nothing — never he didn't, but he says he'll marry me" — her very words. — My lech was over, her coarseness annoyed me, and I saw her no more.

[Will she marry? her sexual enjoyment was immense, her delight in handling my pego and even in showing me her naked beauties at our third meeting was delicious. Lasciviousness had set in, the delight of the secret meetings with a gentleman gave her un-disguised pleasure and she'd have let me fuck her to any extent. When I told her I could name no time to meet her again, but would some day be at the market where she talked with friends when the day's work was done, her countenance fell, and she became dull. — Did the sovereigns make her turn harlot? Or fucking and sovereigns together — or did she become a virtuous coster's wife? — And she also was fucked when sixteen, all her class are, they will be fucked. — Ladies must only frig themselves till they are married, — until five and twenty often. What a loss of pleasure!]

Vol. 11 Chapter IX

Foggy nights' street-amusements. • Cunts hairy and hairless felt. • Amusements in the house afterwards. • Little Di thirteen with sister Sarah twenty. • Flat fucking, alias "fucking Nanny." • Homage to little Di's sexual orifice. • A buxom landlady. • My friend's lodgings. • Cunt struck and cock struck. • Conversational incitements. • Opportunity on the drawing room floor. Dogs fucking. • We fucking. • Enceinte. • A travelling procuress. • The milliner's shop. • Her work women. • On the first floor front with Sophy. • Price and place arranged. • A preliminary grope. • Differences with the mil-liner. • Fifty pounds for a virgin. • An assignation not kept.

In the autumn I was at a health resort. Stopping there was an elderly friend, who for quietness had lodgings almost in the suburbs. He'd been a long time there, said the house was exceedingly comfortable, and belonged to a widow who had a little girl. She said she was not a lodging house keeper, tho for a few months in the season she let the ground floor, getting a little extra money which was useful for the education of her girl. It seemed to my friend that there was truth in what she said, as for the first floor — which she didn't use much — she asked such a price, that no one would take it. He had told her so. She'd replied that it didn't matter, for she could do very well without it. The house was her own, was newly and well furnished, she had every appearance of having means, and she'd been there two years. There was something nevertheless mysterious about her. His age and habits rendered him above suspicion of amatory affairs.

She opened the door to me when I called one day. My friend was out, I waited for him, and to my sur-prise, I found her a woman of not perhaps more than seven and thirty, stoutish, well grown, with bright dark eyes and handsome face. I got into conversation with her, which at first she seemed disinclined to.

We chatted about my friend. — "Yes, a nice quiet man," she said, if he were not she shouldn't keep him. It was said in an independent sort of way. Then, that really she needn't let the rooms, but the extra money was useful to better educate her girl. We chatted on, bit by bit I elicited that her husband had been dead four years. Her buxom fresh look stirred my lust, I had thought of her hidden charms, and with those delicate but warm suggestions, which come naturally, when voluptuous feelings run thro me, I asked why she didn't marry again, how she must miss a bedfellow, did she cuddle the pillow and so on, all tending to raise thoughts of and make her want fucking. She laughed, colored up, looked at me softly and asked questions about myself. I answered in words to imply that I was fond of women, and knew what sexual trouble a fine woman like her must have, who'd been by death deprived of her bed-fellow.

In such chance meetings when desire springs up, much depends upon the sexual state in which the man and woman may be. If both are at the moment hot, if the body is ready with its amorous fluids, each suggestive question and answer adds to the heat of cunt and ballocks. Both of us were, I think, much needing amorous delights that day. Just then my friend came in and stopped a pleasant conversation, she left and we talked about her. He said she was a lady, and further on, — "Ah, women are a mystery in sexual matters, thou-sands I'm convinced do without a male for years when left widows, whilst we wouldn't, couldn't wait a week." — His profession — from which he'd retired — made him somewhat of an authority on such a subject.

I took a fancy to the landlady, my old friend had taken a fancy to the girl — a sweet one resembling her mother who next time brought her into my friend's room at his request. The girl, who was really beautiful, my friend treated paternally, the landlady with courtesy, keeping her nevertheless well at a distance. I looked next time at her and she at me, and a voluptuous thrill ran thro my pego as I thought of her hidden beauties. She colored up and looked fully in my eyes. I have always thought

that lust is communicable between man and woman, by look or by touch, and believed she also had a voluptuous thrill. Did she see in my eyes lust for her, or did she magnetically infuse her lust into me, by her eyes?

Without previous intention, soon after I called at a time when my friend was out. She opened the door and remarked that her servant had gone out with her little girl, and she was just then without another servant. I walked into his room to wait, she remarking that I might have to wait long. Lust crept thro me then rap-idly as I eyed her, and with instinct saw chance of possessing her. I began the former conversation, how hard to be left without a bedfellow, did she cuddle the bolster? And so on. She must make the best of it for she was left comfortably off, she replied. But I kept to the loss of a bedfellow, gradually she laughed, her answers got vague, she seemed fidgety. "Take me for a lover." — "Oh — law — what would your friend say if he heard you?" — Then I chaffed her, and soon after, — "I'll take your first floor." — "Would you like to see them?" — "Yes." — We went there, she preceding me. "What a sweet little foot I see you have." — "Oh, have I?" In the room I chaffed a little more suggestively, for my prick stiffened as I saw the bed. "Oh that bed, I'll take the rooms" — I'd no idea of doing so — "but shall go up and sleep with you." — "Oh! I then shan't let them to you," — she replied laughing. — "I must have a kiss then." — She made a faint resistance but she was gratified, and I kissed her again and again. — "Meet me this evening." — "Ah, no, impossible." — I caught her round the waist, pulled her belly to mine, wriggled it there, and kissed her. — "Oh don't, my servant may come in." — "I'm dying for you," said I, and much more, my lust growing stronger, my recklessness increasing. "Let me go." — "I won't," and I jogged my belly against hers. — "Now do." — Kiss me then." — "There." — She kissed me and I let her go — her face was scarlet, her eyes humid, and instinct said to me: "She's ready for fucking."

Just then was a noise in the street, boys shouting. "What's that?" said she. Both went to the front, and saw a group of boys round a couple of dogs who were fucking. She turned away at once, her eyes met mine caressingly. "Let us do what the dogs are doing." — "Oh! Sir!" But her eyes were lustful, the sight of copulation had further stirred lust already in her. "Will you go down now?" — "No, let me look at the bedroom again." Next minute by the side of the bed I pulled out my stiff standard. "Dear Mrs. * * *, let me, I'm dying for you." — "Oh don't now, for God's sake — don't" — as I stooped and got my hands on to her thighs. — "Oh! Now don't." — But my fingers were within the lips of a fat cunt, crisp and thick was the hairy ornament around it. I titillated it. — "No — I won't — no, pray don't." — I caught her hand, placed it round my pego, and clasping her to me kissed her rapturously.

She was getting leweder, again I stooped to get my hands up her clothes, she stooped to prevent me — something cracked. "There, I've broken my stay bone." That diverted her for a second, I pushed her bum against the bed, pulled up her clothes, and again sought the notch. — Lust had vanquished her, her thighs separated, and saying, "No — no — no," my prick entered her cunt, and standing with her bum against the bed I fucked her. Clasping her handsome big buttocks our tongues met, rapidly moved up and down my prick, out shot my spunk, and a deluge came from her hot quim as in the raptures of the crisis we spent together, flooding each other's organs with mingled spendings.

Enervated, dissolving with pleasure, half dead with voluptuous delight, we remained joined, our tongues still meeting, till suddenly she pushed me off. "Oh! Let me go, I shall be with child." Out of the room she rushed, my prick flopping down, our spendings had al-most drowned my balls, so copious had it been. In a minute or two she returned. — "Oh, you wicked man, what have you made me do? — I felt I don't know what — I feared you when I first saw you." — "Never mind my dear, it won't be our last pleasure." — "It will, tho," said she quite seriously. — But I was right. — My friend didn't return for a long time, she sat with me in the quiet way a couple do after fucking, expressing her regrets and fears, saying, "Hush — hush," to the bawdy talk which I indulged in. — Such talk is delicious with a fresh woman who's not a strumpet — and I talked till my prick stiffened, I praised her buttocks, her cunt, her fucking, and all she had, produced my rigid prick again, she felt it under my promise that I'd then leave off and go — promise I'd not the slightest intention of keeping. — In a minute I was frigging that fat and well haired quim again, whilst still

she handled my pego. "No dear, on the bed this time." In a minute cock and cunt were one, and the Divine function of fucking went on. — "Increase and multiply" is the law, the Divine command, and that means fucking, therefore is fucking Divine.

Her cunt she speedily again washed, but my prick and balls retained our amatory oozings, for she'd only time to push the bed into shape, and we to get to my friend's room, before he rang the bell. She opened the door. — "Your friend, Sir, has just come," said she loudly. — "How d'ye do — I thought I should just catch you," said I to him. Directly after that the servant re-turned. I'd been there an hour and half altogether, and seduction and two fucks were done in ninety minutes. We were both randy when we met, and hence my luck, it could not have been achieved otherwise, and then the luck help of those dogs sticking rump to rump. Beast tho they were, it stimulated our lust. — Quite in my youth, I recollect my first love Charlotte and I saw two dogs doing it, and almost directly afterwards we fucked.

I called next day, my friend was out, the servant opened the door, the little girl shewed herself on the stairs. — "Are you going for a walk, my little darling?" — "Bye and bye with Mamma, when M*** has had his luncheon." — "Tell your mamma I'll wait a bit." — Servant and child disappeared, and soon after in came the lady. — "Let us." — "No — no more, never — never." — Much persuasion. — "Let me only feel it." — She refused but I did. Oh! that feel of a cunt, what effect it has at once on me — my tool was stiff, was shown. — "I can't, I mustn't, I won't — how can we now?" "We can against the wall." — She was a woman of good height, fucking her upright was not un-easy. — "Promise me then you'll not do it in me." — I promised, yet left my spunk at the very bottom of her cunt again. We'd fucked against the wall, it's some years since I've done so.

Then for some weeks I had her at intervals. She arranged from time to time to get servant and child out, I knew when my friend would be out, and he never suspected anything. She met me in London, and we spent half days in bed together naked. She owned to the age I'd guessed her. — I'd spent outside her cunt two or three times, but her courses came on, she was not enceinte, and henceforth fearlessly we fucked. She was a superb tall woman, had a very hairy motte, but her cunt full lipped and grown outside was as tight as a woman's of twenty — her thighs and buttocks were superb, her flesh white, her sexual pleasure great in my embraces. I gave her an address to write to, my real name and address she knew. We met again and her first words were. — "You've got me with child, my courses have stopped, I knew you'd do it, what shall I do?"

This was unfortunate news, but the difficulty was got over. She would never meet me again unless I solemnly promised not to spend in her.

That was a loss of pleasure, for the discharge of sperm in the cunt, when the cunt is at its tightest grip, is the sublimest moment of existence, and withdrawing neither suited her voluptuous tastes nor mine. We ceased meeting, indeed at eighty miles apart it was al-most impossible, and correspondence then dropped. Years after she was still in the same house, and used to ask after me of my old friend, who went there yearly. — One day he wrote me she was going to marry. — She had sworn by all that was holy that she'd never had a man but her husband and myself. If it hadn't been for seeing the dogs fucking perhaps I never should have had her; but who knows? She'd had three children, her belly shown signs, the little girl only was alive. In the opinion of my friend and myself she'd lived with a man who had given her the house and an annuity. — Well off for her class she certainly was, and very well behaved and much of a lady. I'm sure she'd never been harlot.

Foggy weather is propitious to amatory caprices. Harlots tell me that they usually do good business during the state of atmosphere, especially those who are regular nymphs of the pave, and who don't mind exercise in the open air. Timid men then get bold and speak to women when they otherwise would not. That is my own experience also, and recollect going along a main street on one such night, accosting nearly every one in petticoats, and felt six or eight cunts within an hour at a shilling a feel, felt till I hadn't any silver left and perforce left off thus amusing myself.

On a foggy night, a fairly sized female and a young girl whose treble laugh I heard before I saw

them, approached. — "My dear, I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt." — "All right," said she, going close to the wall to be as much as possible out of the traffic, tho there was scarcely any one about, it being latish. I fingered the hairy notch and round her thighs and bum which felt solid and asked her age. "Nineteen, why don't you have me? There's a house close by, I think I can find it." — I declined. — "Feel her cunt, she's no hair on it," said the doxy. Next minute I had one finger on a soft smooth little split. — All had not occupied five minutes, people passed, took no notice of us, in fact didn't see us, and hurried along to get home excepting the Paphians, and those who like myself were amusing themselves in verifying the sex of those in petticoats.

"Have you been fucked?" said I to the little one. "Yes," she replied laughing. — The elder repeated her invitation adding, — "We'll both be naked." — "Five shillings?" — "All right, but you'll give her something if she's naked, and if you do her." — "Certainly, five shillings for her." — In a few minutes we were in a knocking shop till then unknown to me, a poor place, price of room three shillings, but there was a bed, good fire and gas light.

They were a poor, shabbily dressed couple, as I guessed they would be from their manners and voices, yet both had cleanish chemises and stockings. — Har-lots generally manage to have those clean however in-different the rest of their toggery may be. — The elder who said she was only nineteen, had a largish cleft, a furrow with an ugly bunch of nymphae at the upper end, but was stout and firm. Examining her belly, — "You've had a child." — "Yes, two." — "Living?" — "One, God bless it." — "I'm sorry for it." — "I ain't." — Then I made the little one strip to her chemise. She was one of the smallest girls I've had, and thin, but fingering her really pretty little hairless slit, stiffened my pizzle, and she played with it knowingly enough. Then I gave them both gin which the elder had asked for, and the little pink slash pleased me more and more. — Not a sign of down even was on it.

I never know what letch will spring up in me when with women. Seeing the elder's poppy topped cunt I thought of "flat fucking" and asked her if she did it. It's strange that she didn't understand the word, or professed not, and when I explained. — "Oh! We call it — fucking Nanny," — a term I never heard before or since, laughing heartily at my question and repeating "Flat fucking, ho — ho — flat fucking, is it? Dinah and I does it to keep ourselves warm sometimes, we sleep together, don't we Di?" — "Yes," chuckled she, — "give me your handkerchief." The little animal had a beastly cold in her head — I didn't believe her and made them show me how they did it. They'd no modesty about it and posed themselves without delay, the little one laid on the elder, open knowingly her little slit, and closed it on the bunch of crimson nymphae, and clitoris of the big one as far as I could see. The little hairless cleft indeed showed unusual signs of development of nymphae, like her sister's — for sister she was. — "Do you both have pleasure?" — "I do when I want it," said she, putting herself on the bedside. I didn't keep them at their game, they separated their quims, and then I frigged the little one as she sat on my knee, till she said she should spend, — her sister looking on and feeling my cock.

"I'll fuck you," said I to the big one. — "All right, I want it," said she, putting herself on the bedside. I laid the little one beside her, making her hold her little pouting cunt lips apart, when a desire for her suddenly sprang up, poor, skinny little creature tho she was. — "I'll fuck her, is she all right?" — "Yes, she's all right, fuck me first." — "No." — "The gent wants to do me," — cried the little one sharply. Fear of clap suddenly came over me, and feeling in my pocket I produced ten shillings in silver, telling them at the same time that it was theirs, but not to let me poke if they had their courses on. I always give women that opportunity for excuse. "Give it all me, I keeps her," — said the elder anxiously and grabbing it. "We're all right, both of us, she ain't been tucked for a week, do me first and her after." They had both sat up, I pushed them back again, and inserted my swollen pego in the little one. It was a tight fit but her cunt took it all up, and leisurely I fucked her, then stopped, contemplating my prick, moving in and out under that little belly and enclosed by the little puffy lips. — "Oh? Go on — I shall do it — don't — stop," said the lass who was but thirteen, and began oscillating her buttocks vigorously, driving her cunt up to me, and I felt her avenue stiffening and gripping round my staff. The novelty of the sight and the delight at her randy

impatience fetched me directly, out bubbled my sperm, as her little cunt gave out its slippery juices to mix with mine.

Her little cunt loosened as all cunts do after a spend, but the fuck had so pleased me I suppose, that my prick kept stiffish and well up her. She lay with eyes closed in full sensuous enjoyment of our copulation, looked as if she were asleep in the luscious annihilation of her spend, young as she was. I stood contemplating her, her sister lay silently looking on and twiddling her nymphae. At length, "Do you like fucking?" — "Rather," said the little one, just like any full grown strumpet. — "She's got a hot little arse," remarked her sister getting o\$ the bed, and helping herself to more gin. — Still my prick lingered in the lubricious avenue, tho the delicate, voluptuous shrinking of the tip in the mucilage had begun. "How long have you been fucked?" — "A year, I think." — "Yes, a year," — said her sister. — "How much did you get for it?" — "Nothing, wuss luck, a bugaboo of a boy she knowed did it, and she let him like a bloody little fool," — broke in the elder, rising. I saw that she was getting tight, for I'd sent for a bottle of gin and she was drinking it rapidly. "Don't drink so much, you'll get drunk." — "It will keep out the cold and it's no good aleaving it." — "You may take it away with you." — "Oh thankee — shall we dress? — Won't yer fuck me first?"

Now that my pleasure was over their vulgarity of-fended me. — "No, I can't." — "You can in a little if you try." — "Do you want it?" — "Yes, it always make me when I sees Di fucked. I'm quite clean — do it." — I can't bear to leave a cunt unfucked when at hand, there is a glamour about the red split at all times, but specially when my scrotum's tight and full, and tho I didn't now want it, her desire for it evoked voluptuous ideas. — Piddling and then washing my pego. — "I've no more money." — "Never mind, fuck me." — "It's not stiff. You must suck it then." — "All right," said she, kneeling down and caressing the tip. Just then came a knock at the door and a voice said, — "Shall you be long, Sir?" — "We ain't been long," said the gamahucher angrily. — "I'll pay again," I shouted. — "Don't do that, gie it to me, we ain't been long." — But the brothel keeper had gone away. — "What a pity, she always tries on that game," said the girl, again putting my pego in her mouth. The juvenile who was washing her little cunt, then came and began helping herself to gin. — "You shan't have any more, you'll be drunk," said the eldest girl getting up and preventing her. — They squabbled, but she gave the little one half a glass and then resumed sucking my pego.

The little one laid on the bed again sufficiently near for me to see all, and I put my finger up her fresh washed quim. The elder at length by mouth and tongue roused my prick to stiffness, and saying, — "There," with a smile, threw herself on the bedside with open thighs. But my erection was temporary, the look of her poppy topped quim didn't please me, and it sub-sided. The little one laughed thereat and the elder resumed her gamahuching, whilst again I sat on the chair. But another whim came, and taking the little one's bum on my naked thigh, I again began frigging her. "I'll make you spend, when did you frig yourself last?" — "Yesterday morning, Sir." — "Did you?" — "She just did," said the elder, helping herself to gin again. — "I'll break that bottle if you take any more," and relinquishing the little love crack, I got up and put the bottle on the mantel piece. — She laughed, and saying, "Gin always serves me out quick," squatted on the pot. I stooped and took the cataract on my hand — that stiffened me, she laughed when she saw it. — "Fuck me now," said she, laying hold of my tool.

But I wouldn't, and resumed frigging the little one who took the masturbation in voluptuous silence, till her thighs twitched a little. "Tell me when you're coming." — She made no reply for a while, then — "It's a comin' — now, aha — aha," she sighed, almost in-audibly, and from the tremulous motion of her little bum and thighs, the general quivering, and then quietness of her whole cuntal region, I knew she'd spent, but said as for some reason I usually do when a woman's frigged herself. "You haven't spent." "I'll swear she have," said the elder who'd been watching us.

I pushed her on the bed, put my finger up the little quim and found it more lubricious than it had been five minutes before. My prick stood like iron at that, and pulling her by her thighs to the beds edge, plunged it hard up her. — "Ohoo! fuck me," cried the elder in disappointed tone. But the letch for the hairless cunt was on me, I rammed as violently as I could, longing to hit her womb portals

— my prick seemed far stiffer than before. — "Ho! you hurts," cried she. Harder than ever then I thrust, and felt my prick at each push banging hard against the bottom of her womb, I was delighted at hurting her. — "Hoo, — don't," and she drew her bum a little back, a very little, for I held her like a vice and she was helpless. Bang went my pego still. "Oho — oho," she cried out, my arsehole tightened with the ejaculating pleasure. I spent and was quiet just in time to see her sister finish frigging her-self, which she'd done, excited by the bawdy amusements. Then I left much delighted, and many a time my prick stood afterwards when I thought of that foggy evening's adventure, and the skinny, hairless cunted little whore — one of the youngest I've fucked.

In a railway carriage in London on one morning in winter, as we approached * * * *, the passengers got out leaving me alone with a short well-dressed woman looking about thirty-five years. — She had been looking at me almost continuously for a quarter of an hour, which made me look at her — for she was good looking — and directly we were alone she spoke about the weather, and very shortly told me she was a dressmaker. On that a little conversation ensued, when she remarked that it was difficult for the girls to dress and make a living out of their wages, and if good looking they wouldn't; and she smiled significantly. I also smiled, and was inclined to believe that she was making advances on her own behalf, when she asked if I knew **** Street, and replying that I did, she told me the number of her shop, asking me to call and try on her gloves. She sold gentlemen's gloves and cravats — nothing more for gentlemen — for she was a dress-maker.

At once I set her down as a procuress, and questioned her closely. — Yes, she had some pretty girls working for her, she'd have none but pretty ones. "Come and buy a cravat or gloves," — and I could see them. "What's the good of seeing and longing?" "Oh if you long, I'll see what I can do for you." — Then I heard that they were all quite respectable, but girls would be flighty, and she shielded them from trouble. At once I saw all this was mere cant, that she got pretty girls to work for her, and if she got a chance, sold the pretty girls, and perhaps this journey in a railway carriage was her mode of introducing her business. — "I suppose you have some one older than you in the business." — No, she hadn't. — "Have you got the ad-dress?" — I looked at the card on which I had written it. — "Yes." "Will you come?" "Perhaps, and listen," I put my mouth to her ear for I felt now on sure ground, "and perhaps I'll fuck you." "Oh you vulgar fellow, this is my station," — and quickly she got out, leering at me as she alighted.

The meeting with this procuress is one of the most singular events of my life. Altho I'd had my fun in talking about fucking with her, I'd not the slightest intention of going to her shop to buy gloves, yet the meeting haunted me, I couldn't help thinking about it, and the idea of fucking a handsome girl who, whilst working at dressmaking, yet on the sly got her cunt stretched and lubricated, pleased me. I might go and see her I thought, there could be not much harm in that. — Then that she was a woman capable of laying traps for men occurred to me, and I hesitated. But it ended one after-noon at nearly six oc'clock, in my going there. The shop was in a street which tho a side one, was one of fair traffic, some omnibuses even passed thro it, and the outside looked all right. It was dusk, the gas was lighted, and in a room at the back of the shop I saw thro the window young women at work, the glazed partition between it and the shop was only covered by a trans-parent gauze curtain, thro which I fancied I could distinguish the woman I'd met in the railway carriage — I entered the shop and she came out to me.

She recognized me at once, sold me a pair of gloves, then said, "Come and look at my young ladies." — We approached the gauze curtain. "That's a fine girl," said she of one standing up — A pretty little girl had taken my fancy. — "Ah, I don't know about her, but that other little girl with dark eyes and full breasts, sitting, she'll make an appointment with you. Go out of the shop to the private door, ring, and I'll open it, then you can go upstairs and I'll send her up to you in the front room, but be careful, don't let all the young ladies know that you know." — "Is there a bed?" "Oh dear no — she'll make an appointment to dine with you, or to go somewhere with you — you can't do any-thing here — and you'll give me a fiver." My eyes were opened wider still, but thought I'd do as she told me, and soon found myself in the front room in which were many dresses half made laying about. — Miss **** came up with me, cautioned me about all sorts of things, in a way which

shewed me at once that the coming girl knew all about it, tho doubtless she'd play the modest.

It was so. — "Oh, excuse me, sir, I want this dress." "Ah! how pretty you are, I want you." — She smiled. I wasn't going to play a long game with a knowing one, so said at once I wished she'd give me a kiss. — "Ah — no, leave me alone," — but she let me. — "I'd like to sleep with you." "Ah — I sleep at home with my parents." "Where?" — She named a district. — "Couldn't you meet me?" — Yes she would, and so quickly did I come to the point that her innocent manner fairly broke down. After saying that she would if I'd give her a new dress, it came to her agreeing to three sovereigns to buy the dress, but I was not to tell Miss *** whom she'd tell I was rude and she'd have nothing to do with me. The transparency of the affair made me laugh, I got her name — a Sophy something — made an appointment — and then said, "Well my dear Sophy, for to-morrow at **** 6 o'clock to a second, but now I'll give you a sovereign to feel your cunt at once." Not a loose word had I said before. "Oh," said she haughtily, "you take me for a street walker but I ain't," and she seemed very much offended. — "No my dear I don't, or I shouldn't propose to dine with you, after dinner I shall feel and see your cunt and fuck it, so let me feel it now." She burst out into a peal of laughter and it ended in my feeling her cunt, which I did up and down, and in and out, from clitoris to bum hole. She took the sovereign, went off, and soon reappeared Miss * * * *, who asked for her fee, and was told I didn't mean to pay it. — "Suppose the girl doesn't come?" "You may trust me." "Perhaps, but I don't know you, so shan't, you must think me a fool." "I thought you a gentle-man," said she angrily, "the girl shan't come." "All right, don't let her, I'm not going to be fooled," and putting on my hat I approached the door. — "Stop a minute I'll come with her then." "Then you'll wait till I've fucked her." "You're no gentleman, some of the best in the land come to me." "All right, come with her and I'll see about paying you." "I shan't, I can't tomorrow." "And I can't the next day," — which she'd named — I went down stairs. — "Stop a minute — the one you saw and liked is a virgin, give me fifty pounds and you shall have her very soon." "Can't afford it." "Well stop, if you're a gentleman." — I was then near the bottom of the stairs, but stopped. — "You won't round on me?" — a cunt term for telling what is a secret among thieves. "Certainly not, come to-morrow — we'll dine — you shall dine with us, and directly I've fucked her, you shall have exactly what I'll give her — three sovereigns." "You're a dirty cad and not a gentleman," tossing her head and turning her rump to me she went down stairs — I went out and away.

The girl was handsome, young and attractive, fresh cunt always is, and she evidently was not quite a professional harlot. — My cock erected itself when I thought about her next morning, and in the evening I went to the rendez-vous, but neither of them came, which strangely enough vexed me.

[I sought the place no more, having plenty of other fish to try then, but out of curiosity went there about fifteen months after. — The house was empty and to let.]

Vol. 11 Chapter X

Disjecta membra. • Negress di Medicis. • Black and white pictures. • "You don't fuck much." • Eight o'clock in the morning. • Two women talking in a street. • One taken and one left. • A train missed. • A cunt hit. • Three weeks without fucking. • A prisoner's wife or mistress? • An experienced har-lot of fifteen. • An ugly cunt. • Frig, fuck, bugger, and suck, seriatim. • Her erotic experiences and curious history.

At a lapunar at the extreme south of France I saw the women for selection. It was in the middle of the day and soon after luncheon — I never could account for my sudden lechtes and had one now. After seeing the ladies of the establishment dishevelled and al-most in nightgown attire, I fancied none of them. — "Is there no lady who speaks English?" "Yes, I speak leetle." — It was so little that I couldn't understand a word she said, in fact her English consisted in: "Ma conte — fuckee one

— preek — my loove — and damn." — "Have you a Negress here?" — The mistress, or undermistress, replied in French. — "Ah no, but in five minutes I fetch one, and you shall be content, well con-tent." I waited for the darkie.

What made me desire a Negress I cannot imagine, I had not before thought of having one, and when I re-quested one even had no desire for a black woman. Long ago I had said to myself "I shall never have a Negress again." My curiosity about a darkie's cunt and a darkie's fucking was satisfied. — The thought, the wish, the demand for one came instantaneously, and whilst yesterday waiting and further reflecting, I wondered at myself. — Having to wait long, so long I was about to order in the female group again, for selection, when well and handsomely dressed in lady's clothes, in came a Negress.

I accosted her, she replied in French, and soon after said, "I leetale speek me Ingles." Indeed she spoke more than a "leetal Ingles." She spoke a good deal. "Shall I street it quite." "Yes" — and she did excepting white silk stockings, natty boots, and yellow garters with large bows, which she carefully adjusted as if she thought they added immensely to her beauty.

There a black woman, who said she was twenty-two and who didn't look more, stood before -me, as perfect in form as the Venus di Medicis, but a little taller, in-deed I may say fatter and taller. — She was quite black, but there was what may be termed an undertone in her skin which relieved the black, and made her look as if made in white marble and colored afterwards. Her eyes were European in expression tho very dark, she had the prognathous jaw of her race (of the Soudan she said), large mouth and fullish lips, between which shewed a set of teeth whiter than ivory, and so regularly beautiful that they might have served for an advertizing dentist's glass case; and somehow the prognathous jaw — ugly in itself to us Europeans — was hidden and forgotten in a certain contour of head and face, and I ceased to notice this racial feature.

For the first time in my life I think, my prick erected itself at a Negress. — I may have been so with them before, but if at this minute I recollect rightly, my prick needed a deal of coaxing before it entered their cunts. I am told there are many tribes and immense varieties of face and form in the Negro race. — Then I posed her this way, that way, and saw that in every way she was perfectly beautiful in form, excepting in having longish heels and large feet.

Then between the crisp little curls of the full lips, which enclosed and formed the cleft wherein her sexuality lay hidden — and which indeed are the outward and visible sign of her sex — my middle finger entered, and when I had friggged a little modest clitoris much longer than she liked — wanting this child of the tropics to spend with me, wanting her to enjoy me — and when her big lips met mine, and tongue sought tongue with soft delicious play, she gently smoothed my prick with a soft hand, and I her cunt till both our buttocks twitched and writhed with incipient pleasure. — Then she impatiently — "Mais cheri, mettez le — fookee me donc." — I pushed my prick to the full depths of a lovely cunt, and fucked her, contemplating in the big glasses my white flesh interlacing with her black, she smoothing and praising my white skin, I her smooth black buttocks which I clasped. — Smooth and hard as ivory tho black — and then she sighed with me, her legs moved up, closed over mine, and with rapid thrusts and heaves, we fucked till the paradise of human sensation overwhelmed us, midst my gushes of sperm and her lubricious spendings. The quietude of voluptuous fatigue then came over us, and we lay in each other's arms till I recovered from my sexual faintness, then wondered at the intense enjoyment I had had in this Negress' embrace, and laid thinking of it by her side in silence.

But not so she. She turned to me and kissed me coaxingly. — Asked if she pleased me. "Lookee then, you have much foutre, I like fat foutre of Englishman, you call it sponk — ah, oui," she said. Again silent and with seeming satisfaction she put her fingers on to her cunt to feel its fullness and its overflow. — Encouraged by her, I put my finger there and felt that we had mingled love's fluids copiously. Then still without washing she lay and chatted glibly, volunteering news about her-self tho I'd not asked for it. "My farder and mudder lif with Monsieur * * * at Caire. — A Frenchman — my farder do de cook, my mudder wash de famielee." — She was Nubian, and of some tribe the

name of which I forget. — "My farder and brudder hab three scars cross en cheek, dat true tribe mark." All this was said in broken English mixed with French, but much better French than English. I got up and washed as she did, and as her ample dark thighs and bum closed on the basin and she splashed the water up her red crack, I liked the look of her and liked her pleasures, yet was still astonished at myself for my delight in fucking the Mackie. — Is there any reason for this liking which often times arises between man and woman when they copulate? — "You don't fuck much," said she, "you sponk so fat." — I told her that I had fucked as much as I could, but had been unavoidably chaste — absurd words — for some days.

Then as I began to put on my drawers, — "Fooke more, come," said she laying down on the bed again, widening her thighs and pointing to her cunt. I accepted her invitation, on we went talking about herself till we drifted into talk of fucking, and desire came to see her naked from head to foot. Off went her boots and stockings, naked as I was born I made myself, then laid upon her with our limbs interlacing. One attitude after another did we put ourselves in, I enjoying the contrasts of our colors, black thighs enclosing white haunches, white arms and hands clasping black buttocks, black breasts squeezed out by my white chest. The excitement was to me intense, seemed to be so to her as well as to me, tho to her it could have been no novelty.

Then I put her over myself and saw in the glass above her plump black back and buttocks covering me, whilst my white thighs lay between hers. And now stiff again stood out a white and red-tipped randy rod against her bum furrow. Then in sixty-nine attitude we lay side-ways, my head between her thighs, shewing in the looking glass peeping out of the surrounding blackness. And — "Aha," Darkie had taken my pego in her mouth and was enjoying it, "Lickee me conte cheri." — Lewed as I was, pleased as I was with her, I couldn't do that, could not lick that Negress' cunt, but took my head from between her thighs, my prick from out her mouth. Then both impatient for the divine junction of our genitals, in went my prick and again we fucked most bliss-fully and long, again her cunt gave up abundant libation as my prick quitted it.

Then we drank some Bordeaux, and talked a while. She didn't like the life, had only been at it four months, some one persuaded her to come. She'd not seen Paris and didn't mean to go. She would go back to Cairo, or Alexandria, and again be "Nurse to de leetle childs." — "You won't get fucked there." "Oh — yes — I fuckee dere before I come here." — Then she let me know that it was "fuckee for likee" and that tho she would be a nursemaid she should still be fucked. — She was grateful for ten francs and I departed, yet now I think of it, I wonder how I came to like this darkie's body and fucking, so much.

At eight o'clock one cold morning in November, I walked along on my way to a railway station. I was going out shooting, my gun and luggage had gone the previous day to my friend's house, and I was to meet him at ten o'clock. I was at the moment in a quiet street of semi-detached houses, not a person was visible but a policeman and a milkman, the inhabitants being, I suppose, just out of bed. — Turning a corner, I saw about a hundred feet ahead of me two women standing talking, one a stoutish well-grown woman of common class with a bonnet on, the other shorter who had something in her hand, and who had only a cap on and looked like a servant.

The taller woman had her face full towards me, and as I approached I saw that she looked about four and twenty. She had fine dark eyes and hair, was well-formed and soldily built, had very big breasts, and resembled the big country servants who come to London. She was evidently of poor class, but had good neat clothing tho not warm enough for the season. She had a parcel in her hand. — I was very fit that morning, her looks pleased me, and as I got nearer and took in at a glance all I have said, my pego thrilled and I thought she was just the build I like to fuck. A clipping cunt between heavy thighs she has, thought I.

Instintively I suppose, and certainly without any object than gazing at a fine woman, I slightly slackened my pace. As I got nearer, her eyes fastened themselves on mine, as mine did on her, and kept so till I had passed her. As I passed a sensuous thrill again came thro me, and I thought I should like to fuck her. Was our lust reciprocal at that moment? When some little distance past her I

looked round and she was also looking round after me. A few feet further this was repeated, I then took off my hat, she nodded, and the servant with a jug — as I then saw she was — went into an adjacent house. The woman then walked slowly on, again turned round, and immediately forgetting my destination I turned, and went after. She stopped and soon I was close to her. Dozens of times women and I have looked round after each other on similar chance meetings, which generally ended in such looks. But is there not in such simultaneous action, simultaneous desire? — Is there not felt tho not said, nor even at the very instant thought of, a mutual sexual attraction which formulated and expressed means. — "I'd like him to fuck me. — I'd like to fuck her." — "What a fine man!" "What a lovely woman!" expressions used millions of times and used instinctively, mean when analyzed a latent mutual desire to copulate, a Divine instinct, urging towards fucking.

Under this instinct and in obedience to this Divine law it was that she stood still and that I went after her, I seeking cunt, she seeking prick, and the pleasure of the life giving spermatic injection. I under this spell of lust and quite forgetting now my train said, "Well my dear, what are you waiting for?" "What are you coming to me for?" she replied, smiling. "To look at your handsome face, and hear why you are out so early." "Where are you going so early?" "Going shooting, where are you?" "Going to a hospital." — Her soft eyes which had been fixed caressingly on mine grew for an instant serious. — "Nonsense." "It's true."

— I laughed, not knowing what to make of it, and then she smiled again, and my prick throbbed and began erecting, as I then thought of the hair on her cunt. — As far as I can recollect, thinking of her cuntal ornament was thro noticing that she'd unusually thick eyebrows

— How strangely ideas connect. — My prick gave a final jerk and stood fully erect. "I wish I were going to bed with you instead." "Oh! indeed." She looked down, then at me, then at the ground again. "Yes, it would be warm there." "You haven't much to complain of the cold." — I'd very warm winter clothes on.

— "No, but you are not too warm." — "All I've got warm is up the spout to buy this." — Shewing the parcel. — "Let us go to bed in the warm, and I'll take your things out of the spout." "I'm damned," said she, and laughed shaking her head. Then she turned round and walked on after first looking towards the house which the other women had entered. I followed her.

A few paces and she'd neared the corner then stopped thoughtfully. "Come," said I. She looked long and strangely in my eyes without replying. — "Give me your hand." She'd no gloves on. — "What for?" laughing. "Give it me." — She did. I took it but hesitated to say what rose to my lips. "Well?" said she, looking at me, as if for explanation. My prick gave a throb. — "You want fucking." — "I'm damned," said she, again laughing, and snatching her hand away. — "I've made you want it." "You ain't, you beast." "Come, and I'll get them out of the spout." She looked up and down the street, anxiously, only a man or two looking like clerks walking quickly were visible. — "Come." "Where are you going to?" "A coffee shop, where is there one?" "I'm strange about here and know none." — So was I and for a moment hesitated, suddenly recollected my train and looked at my watch. — "The Devil! I've lost it." "Lost what?" "Never mind, I'm too late now, let's walk this way and I'll get them out of the spout." — "Oh! not past that house, my cousin lives there, she knows where I'm goin to." — I turned the other way. — "You go first, I hope it ain't far" said she, I walked on, she following me.

Soon after, "Here, hi," she cried. — I turned round. "You'll take 'em out of pawn won't yer now," said she doubtingly, and stopped. "Yes, how much?" "Its thirty-eight and six then, will you now?" "All right." — I walked on towards where I knew the main road lay, wondering at the strange turn things had taken and filled with desire to fuck her, she still following a few paces behind me. In a few minutes we were in a four wheeler. "Oh I can't go all that way, I've got to call on my brother," said she when she heard the direction given. — "I'll send you back in a cab." Next minute in the cab, my hand was up her petticoats. — "Oh no, not here, wait till we're there, you shan't." — But in a trice my fingers were on her cunt spite of her modest struggles — for modest they seemed — and so soon as I'd found her clitoris and had frigg'd it a little she was quiet — they all are.

"Put your hand under my greatcoat and feel my prick." I got it out, she looked at me hard for a minute and then she clutched it. — "Oh, ain't it warm?" — Her hand was like ice, and she'd no gloves. — "Oh, they'll see us — don't," — but she opened her thighs to let me frig, and soon, "I shall do it if you go on, oh, don't," — and she gave at that moment the convulsive grip on my pego which often women do when being friggd almost to spending point. I ceased friggd her, then stopped at an office and telegraphed to my friend that I'd missed the train. As I re-entered the cab, "Let me go, I'd rather," said she mournfully. But her fine eyes were soft, were full of lust. "Nonsense." — On we went, my hand now on her thighs only touching her motte, and putting up my pego lest I should spend, thro her handling, for I'd made her handle it again.

I tried to learn where she was going and who she was, but failed, I tried angering her. — "Ain't I married? I am tho, but my ring is popped — worse luck." Then I tried to get an admission that she'd had other men. She showed no anger, but quietly denied it. — "No, I've never had my thing felt in a cab before never — never." "Do you like it?" "No. What a curious bloke you are, you're not going to cheat me are you — have you got the money?" She seemed suddenly doubtful so I pulled out a handful. — "Oh! wouldn't all that make us happy," quoth she. "No, I haven't had it done to me for three weeks." — "Say fucked and I'll give you half a crown at once." "Give it us then." — She took it, spat upon and pocketed it. — "Say it." — "I ain't been fucked then, and shan't for some weeks more," and she burst out laughing. "Yes you will, I shall fuck you." — "Oh — ah — yes, — I means my Bob." "Whose Bob?" "My husband, and I won't tell you any thing more," and I couldn't get more then. But she kissed me, when I kissed her rapturously, and I talked my baudiest, stir-ring her lust up for I saw she was randy, saw it in her eyes, but all she said was "Oh — ah" at each baudy sentence, and smiled.

We alighted, and she followed me to a house. They were not up, and I stood ringing with this slightly clad, poor looking woman besides me. Luckily the door soon opened and a bedroom soon held us, but it had now got quite a dark London morning. The gas was shut off from the main and there was no fire. Almost in the dark we were left whilst a woman went to turn on the gas, and standing by the bed, after a struggle and, "Don't let the woman see." I ran my hand round a splendid backside and again fingered a clitoris, then put my pego in her hand which I felt she handled lustfully. Light got, "Shall I light a fire?" "Yes, in the next room, and tell us when it's ready." Off went my coat, off went her bonnet, pushing her on to her back without any resistance from her, I threw up her clothes, saw massive thighs, big white bum and belly, a well-haired cunt, and in a second my prick had struck its end. She felt its warmth and stretch, its plunge and friction, and instantly sighed much with voluptuous soft sighs. On we fucked till I paused — I often do now in my pleasure. "Oh — go on." Her cunt clipped for she was randy to her bum hole. — "Do you want fucking?" "Oho — yes — go on." She sighed impatiently and her ivory backside wriggled. "Say fuck me." "I won't — ah — aher — ah — Fuck me — aha — aher — Don't stop." — A woman saying that often brings on my discharge, and now both sighed our pleasure as my spunk inundated her. — Then soon I stood holding her thighs quietly, keeping my prick in her. How beautiful she looked to me — what a lovely cunt it felt. — "Is it true you've not been fucked for three weeks?" — "Quite true, longer, and I wouldn't have done it now but for him." "You wanted it." "I did, just when I saw you, I began to feel queer." She laughed. My instincts were true.

Knock — knock. — "I've lighted a fire, sir." Down went her petticoats, I hid my prick, and to the adjoining room we went. — "The room's quite warm, sir, a gent and a lady's been a sleeping there last night." — "I'll fuck you again." "You must be quick then but give me my money. It's a bit of luck," said she, as I gave her two sovereigns. "Let me see your cunt." She didn't seem to like that but allowed it, and the promise of ten shillings did more, she let me strip off a not too clean chemise, and stood naked, as fine a woman as I've ever embraced. — "You're not thin tho you're in such poverty." "No, my father and mother feeds me well, but they won't do nothing for him, and I've pawned nearly everything to get him things, and I works hard too. — I think I'll turn a gay the money's easy got." — And a lot more she said as I laid besides and friggd her, till again her bum wriggled, and she said on a sudden. — "Show me your thing, you've seen mine." — She was

getting lewed, demoralized, it certainly was not sham. — I showed it her, she seemed pleased, lewed, and felt it restlessly and long. She'd a lovely cunt, one fully dark-haired, but not a hair was near her arsehole. Her flesh was white, her form all that could be wanted, and whilst I looked and admired her, — "Oh, let's get into bed it's so cold, but I must go soon." She much wanted fucking. Into a bed in which perhaps a couple had been fucking all night we got. We never looked at the sheets and we both had our boots on. — "Oh ain't it nice and warm?" said she. Then we kissed lewedly, her hand sought my prick, my finger her clitoris, and under its gentle titillation soon she sighed, — "Oh! do me." "Let me frig you and I'll fuck you afterwards." She acquiesced, opened her thighs, I friggd gently. "Oho

— quicker." — Her belly heaved, her rump, jogged luickly with tremulous fucking motion, that irresistable)scillation when the spend is coming — and she spent.

— "There, you've made me, let me now go," and she let go my pego.

But now, my lust roused by the play of my finger on the slit which was moistened with its juices, my pego stood full stiff and ruby-tipped again. I threw down the clothes and shewed it her triumphant, and barely was her pleasure over than I got between her thighs and -overed her, and lay with prick buried deep in the lubricious avenue. Tho stiff I restrained myself and lay within her, talking of fucking, ever and anon moving my prick gently, now this way now that way, searching her cunt with it to keep it rigid — for I was in no hurry.. "Your cunt's quite soft with spendings. — Does my prick feel nice. — Do you like it pushed hard up?" and so on. — "Aha — yes, you'll make me do it again soon, aha — aha — yes — yes, it's nice — oh, go on, do it." — She held me to her like a vice, raising her thighs to engulf my prick, to get all up her, and let her cunt rise to my thrusts. Then clutching her solid buttocks, luickly I rammed my pego up and down, till my sperm filled her as she spent, and then we lay in soft repose.

— "What's the time? if I don't get there by twelve o'clock I can't see him." "It's not ten I'm sure." "But I must go to my brother's first." — I held her fast, my prick still in its warm lodging and asked more questions. — "Who — where — what for — when?"

— all about him and their name, their occupation. But she was as close as an oyster. — "I believe Bob's in prison." "Ho! — he ain't — get along — oh do." — Backwards she drew her bum, my prick slipped out of her buttery cunt, she jumped out of bed and put on her chemise. My remark seemed to upset her, for she kept looking at me in a queer manner.

"You've not washed your cunt." "Ah, no." She washed it and in a great hurry dressed. "You've been gay." — "Me? never." "Why is Bob so far off?" "I won't tell, it's no business of yours. — No — I won't tell you where I live, no nor my name. — No, I won't meet you again — Oh, I did say just now I'd turn gay but I didn't mean it — of course I didn't." — "You wanted fucking." — "So would you if you hadn't had it for three weeks." "You frig yourself." — "Why in course I does, who wouldn't? — Oh, leave me alone."

— I felt her cunt and thrust my finger up it, and made her feel my prick. — "Bob's in prison." She stared for a minute. "He isn't." — "He is." — "He isn't." — I persisted and she got angry so I dropped the subject Whilst feeling her quim for the last time — she was then dressed and standing up — again I said, "He's in prison." — "He's in a hospital." — "Well, but in a prison." — "Well, it isn't any business of yours if he is, and he's no right to be." — "Then he is in prison." — "He isn't now I won't answer any more." — "Kiss me."

— She did. — "Feel my prick." — "Show it us then." I produced it, she felt it eagerly all over, pulled the prepuce back, burst out laughing and went down stairs saying, "The door isn't locked, is it?" — Next instant she disappeared. I got to shooting after luncheon, and told a thundering lie as the reason for missing the train.

I've not made up my mind about this woman's status. Had she ever been a harlot, or simply fucked on the sly, as so many of the lower classes have been before marriage? Was she living with a man

or married? That the man she was going to see was in prison I am sure. — Was it money which got her, or was it lust? — She admitted that when I accosted her she wanted fucking, her struggles when I wanted to feel her cunt were not like a harlot's, nor was her talk. — It must have been money, and want of fucking together which made her yield to me. — She was a fully grown splendid woman, with white solid flesh, had an arm as big as a man's but feminine in shape, with much dark hair in her armpits. — She'd unusually thick, wide black eye-brows, and her eyes were dark and very soft in expression. — I never had a woman who enjoyed her fucking more. She said she was twenty-four, — I wrote all about her early the next morning before I went out shooting. Gold offered to women when their cunts tingle will get most of them.

[The following no doubt was reserved for a chapter on cunts.] - Met last night a little girl whom I guessed fifteen, as she was. I took her to a bawdy house, put her naked, and found she'd an extraordinary development of nymphae. She'd scarcely any hair on her crack, and the nymphae hung out from the lips nearly the entire length of them, quite an inch and a half, — I never saw such a cunt before, tho I've seen some large developments of nymphae, and notably in a harlot named Betsy with prominent eyes. This was long ago.

She was handsomely clad in black silk, was plump and well made, and I lusted for her till I saw these protuberant flappers, when desire left me. Nevertheless I determined to fuck her, and by frigging got my pego stiff, then easily up her cunt. But immediately it shrunk out when looking down, I saw it surrounded by these large red excrescences. Trial after trial I made uselessly, then asked her to suck my prick. Into her mouth she took it without hesitation, remarking that she much liked sucking pricks. I was astounded, for she wasn't much over fifteen and had only been gay a month she said, but had all the unhesitating bawdiness of a harlot forty years old, tho she complied with and did all in a girlish way.

Her big nymphae however quite upset me, and my pego refused to rise. I was sitting as she operated so tried another attitude, by laying on my back and she kneeling over me, gamahuching. But the nymphae looked that way uglier than ever, tho her nice little smooth buttocks looked most inviting. As I smoothed her bum and fingered her bum hole, my prick rose up all at once, and I said just as the whim struck me, and without thinking, without any idea of, or desire for her complying. "I'll give you another half sovereign to let me bugger you." — "Very well," — she replied at once, and nimbly got off me asking. "How will you do it?"

— "Have you ever been buggered?" said I astonished.

— "Not often, and you ought to give me a sovereign for that, for it hurts." "Why do you do it then?" — "It's nice afterwards sometimes." — I thought she must be joking or chaffing me, but she wasn't.

I hesitated, but was now under the dominion of a litch, was utterly unreflecting, and moreover was carried away now in a degree by curiosity which had arisen. I turned her towards me kneeling low and stood at her back. — "Wet it well with your spittle," said she knowingly. I did, and my pego which has revolted before on similar occasions stood stiffly, and glided easily right up her. — "Ohooo — it hurts," said she. At that my prick dwindled, and I withdrew with a feeling of disgust at myself and at her, which I really cannot describe. The doings of this girl seemed like a dream to me. I washed my pego and sat down, she after feeling her bum hole carefully did the same, and we talked, she with the seeming frankness of a child — without any sense of shame or modesty whatever — spoke about all erotic possibilities with the infinite knowledge of the oldest harlot.

What she told about herself was in its essence what is already written. — To suck, fuck, frig or bugger, she seemed to like being buggered, I gathered. — Then she told that a gentleman who'd kept her a year, had paid for rooms for her at * * * * but she had to keep herself now. Would I call at her rooms? I paid her and promised but without any such intention. — Then she piddled and in doing so let an easy sounding fart. — "Oh! That's your fault thro doing that to me." — She seemed then a little ashamed, the only sign of shame I'd seen in her.

As I sat talking, I felt annoyed that I'd had no pleasure, tho a great experience of the erotic varieties,

cap- abilities and possibilities in one so young. — "I'd like to spend," said I. — "I'll make you but you don't like me." — "Yes I do, gamahuche me." — I laid down then on the bed, she again knelt over me with her pretty bum towards my face, and while I contemplated the round orifice which I'd entered so unexpectedly and left so quickly, and felt her smooth little backside, my sperm filled her mouth. At once she got off me, got rid of the libation, and her first words were, "You've plenty of spunk, I thought you'd none." I never heard such a knowing girl before.

A week afterwards out of curiosity, as I fancied this girl must have had a strange history, I called on her. The woman who opened the door bawled out in a grumpy voice, "Miss * * *, here's a gentleman wants you." — "She's up stairs," said she to me. — "Come up," said a voice. I went up and found her in well furnished rooms — I made her strip and' again examined that singular cunt, and at last fucked it to my own astonishment — tho why astonished I don't know. — The girl spent with me — saying directly her pleasure ceased, "Oh! I do like fucking so," — in tone and manner as if said to herself or to another girl. Then she began to cry. Giving her a sovereign, "Oh, it's all right, but I wish you'd give me another, I owe rent and she'll turn me out she says next week if I don't pay, and I'm sure I can't. — A nice young man fucked me the other night and said he'd keep me and would come again yesterday, but he hasn't. — I don't think they like my cunt. Are those things very ugly? — the women say they are — what do you think? Do tell me — I don't get on, and I've lost my old friend. He said I was so young that I'd be sure to get lots of money with-out him, but I don't."

I sent for wine to loosen her tongue, and said I'd give her another sovereign if she'd answer my questions. She said she would but shewed cunning in doing so. Some unusual things she told of if she didn't lie. — She'd been fucked at eleven years of age, first by a boy, then by the man who caught the boy doing it — at that she laughed. — A gentleman, "and an old one," had kept her. — "How old?" — She supposed fifty. He'd kept her a year. "And I've done 'em all with him." — I put frig, fuck, suck, bugger, to her successively. "Oh yes, often." He'd given her mother much money and her mother knew. He had taken those lodgings and paid a month's rent, saying that she must keep herself now. She didn't know where he lived, and was frightened to go to her mother. I guess to gratify his every lech, and that he'd had every lech. — I was looking again at her ugly quim when a knock came at the door, she went out and returning, — "Oh, he's come, he said he'd keep me, I wish you'd go as quick as you can." In three minutes I was out of the house and never saw the precocious little whore again.

Vol. 11 Chapter XI

Disjecta membra continued. • A fair haired Dane. • A semi-hairless quim. • About harlots' lusts and pleasures. • The Misses P*I**s*n. • Agatha and Helen. • Masturbating predilections. • A frig in a summer house. • A frig in a grotto. • At a road-side inn. • A tipsy wife. • Lewed per saltum. • Fucking with hat on. • A scare. • Twice in twenty minutes. • Reflexions.**

[No doubt this also was set aside for a chapter on cunts.] — Place Copenhagen. A plump, blue eyed, flaxen haired, short damzel, very handsome and met at a beer garden, to whose lodgings I went. She spoke a little English mixed with German, said an English-man had kept her some months and that she been yachting with him. She was solid, square built and twenty, had big breasts, big thighs and very big bum, her thighs and bum were those of an English woman's of thirty, but her sweet youthful face told that she was about the age she said.

There was in her what I have found in many Northern whores and Scotch whores; much modesty about shewing her cunt, which I cured by swearing in anger and telling her I hated humbug. — "Oh, yah. — God damn. — Yes," — said she, laughing, and opening her thighs wide. She'd one of the fattest mottes and cunts I ever felt. It was more like a notch in some fat flesh than a crack with lips,

altho a little swelling of lips there was. She had scarcely any hair on her mons and none lower down on the lips. That on her mons was crisp, curly, very short, very shiny, and slightly darker than the hair on her head, but was so thin that the white flesh showed through it. She'd not a sign of hair in her arm-pits.

Her cunt looked pretty from behind when kneeling. Not a sign of red was visible and her bum furrow was scarcely brown. When she widened her thighs apart, a little bit of red just shewed. The nymphae were little, and ran the whole length of the cunt and round it at the bumhole end. — I noticed all closely altho I only saw her twice, for her cunt was unusual. The mouth of the avenue was quite large, inside it was easy to my fingers, but so fat, pulpy and elastic, that it fitted my prick exquisitely. I fucked her twice, the first time with belly to belly, and then from behind her. There was something about her white buttocks which excited me to slap them when fucking behind her. Some women's excite me to do that, the greatest number don't, I only rub their buttocks.

This uncommon cunt begat various latches, for each cunt has a different effect on me. I grasped her fat pad or mons with the palm of my hand, so that my fingers covered half her notch, and my middle fingers got well down and a little up her vagina. I did this standing behind her, both of us naked, my belly and breasts pressing her bum and back, my left hand round her waist, my right passed round to her cunt, and so I frigged her looking at ourselves in a little looking glass on her table, which only showed about half of us — from thighs up to waist — I did this to her the second day, just after we'd had our midday meal, frigged her till she said she was ready to spend, and then we adjourned to the bed.

Before that I'd amused myself another way. My tip was unusually red when stiff that day, and I laid it on her motte, then on her buttocks, then between her bubbies, pleased with the contrast of its crimson and her dazzlingly white flesh. She said "Englishman's has funny some tastes." — Yet she was pleased with the fun.

Next day I travelled on to where light haired, blue eyed, and sturdy limbed women are the race, and not a few light haired cunts my prick entered. [I was young and travelling alone then.]

Some say that harlots are sick of their business, and hate the erotic whims and fancies to which they minis-ter. Such is not my experience. I believe that most of them like boudy tricks, and that directly their lust is roused, — easily done by finger, tongue, or talk — they rejoice in them. Nature is the same in them as in other women who want fucking daily. If harlots are young and well fed, they want fucking twice a day, lust being always ready latent in them. Lust delights in all that cock and cunt can do, for those are agents of infinite voluptuous delight from the cradle to the grave, in both men and women.

Very intimate and friendly I've been with a few har-lots, who knew me to have no prejudices, knew my erotic philosophy, and on this subject have in times of expansion and companionship talked freely with me. One told me that every now and then when she felt lewed, that the sight of a man who took her fancy suddenly had such an effect on her, that she felt as if she could lay down in the street to let him fuck her. One night at a French woman's house — where I have furtively seen many fuck her. — I saw a splendid man tail her. When done he said he'd lost his purse. After a moments thought, "Never mind, let us kiss again," said she, and they did. She was frantic in her sexual spasm, kept him, talked to him, sucked his prick until erect, and again they fucked. I saw it all, grew weary of looking. — Afterwards I wondered at her submitting to his bilking. — "Ah yes, but what a beau garçon, what skin, what hair, what a lovely prick — didn't you admire it?" Then she went on, "I thought from his manner he'd but little money, he bragged so, mais! What a lovely kiss, I longed for him directly he was naked."

It's an illustration, and I've had many such. No, har-lots like their occupation, like all its erotic accompaniments, spending often becomes a necessity to them, as shitting daily is with us all. Spending twice a day be-comes needful for a harlot, many spend more, and with some it ends in madness. How often have I heard, — "I always spend if I'm fucked by a man I like." — Again.

— "Who can help spending if a man gamahuches you long ? It's impossible to prevent it, you think you won't and you try, but suddenly comes pleasure and you let him go on, and if a man's a long time fucking it's the same," the very words of a "Dame galante," otherwise whore, harlot, strumpet, Paphian, Cyprian, or whatever else you may call her, classical, vulgar, or poetical. The following occurred when I was twenty-three. I nearly destroyed the narrative thinking it ought not to have been written, but all the actors are gone long ago, and it now turns up among the papers set aside. The original was twice as long, the notes of two years.

My aunt had a lawn party as she called it, most of the guests kept on the lawn near the house, where there was tea, wine, and shade. Few walked about much for it was very hot. Among them were two girls whom I will call P**I**s*n, daughters of a widower recently settled in the neighbourhood, fairly well off but not mixing much with the local gentry [Country society was exclusive then.] They were well known, dark eyed and handsome. People said they were what my aunt called "adventurous" [or what would be termed now "fast"]. They were certainly free, flirty, and vulgarish in manner. Their father had done my aunt some service hence the girls being among her visitors, but she didn't like them, and said she was sure that they'd served in a shop. They were two or three and twenty years old, one named Agatha, the other Helen.

I'd known them about two years, Fred only about a year. We had driven them out and gradually had talked somewhat freely, several times I'd kissed Agatha and Fred had kissed the other. From a concert at the Town Hall we walked home with them one night their father not being with them. As we separated I kissed Agatha, and in doing so being randy, caught her round her bum with one hand and handled it gently all over, squeezing my belly against hers for a second just as I've done to servants. All she said was, "Don't now." It was dark and within sight of her father's door. Walking home, Fred said he thought that both were game. My aunt said next morning they were angling for us "forward minxes" and warned us. "I'd give fifty pounds to fuck Helen," said Fred one day. "And she's randy enough, look at her eyes." — Agatha looked equally voluptuously at times to me, and there was something about her which always made my cock stand when I saw her.

We quite agreed that both wanted fucking but had no idea of attempting it. Our meetings were not frequent, but sufficiently numerous to have got free and easy with them, and Fred's talk and mine had gradually become chaffingly but suggestively amorous when we met, and circumstances favoured it.

There was a cold collation at my aunt's, an apology for a dinner for those who liked to stop, and lots of champagne. — Some guests didn't stop, some, including the two girls, did. — Agatha took champagne freely, so did I, we strolled out with others on to the lawn and as it got cooler, we went further off and gradually to the laurel walk where was the big privy in which I'd fucked Pender. I was so lewed that my tool was on half cock. — I fancy she thought it was a summer house, — for there were two windows in it — and she'd not been in the walk before, I said, "Ah! I've had a love-making there." — "Where?" she asked. — "There," I replied laughing. — "Oh! Do tell us about it." — "I daren't. — "Oh, do." — "We made each other happy." — She looked in my eyes. — "Now, do tell me." — "Give me a kiss then." She refused but I took it, and was so lewed, so reckless, that whilst kissing I held her, took hold of her left hand with my right, and pressed it hard up against my prick which was standing up in my trowsers like a rolling pin. — "Oh, don't — some one will see us." — She submitted to kiss after kiss and didn't with-draw her hand. "I'm in love with you I think," said I, when I ceased holding her hand. Her eyes looked soft, her manner was confused, and I thought that she knew what her hand had been pressed against, and that I knew that she knew what it was.

We walked on talking about love, I getting mad for fucking, without of course having the least idea of her helping me. I'd once before spoken about her garters, — her sister then was present. — "Where do you gar-ter?" said I. — "How rude you are, I shan't tell you." — "I'll find out." — "Now don't do that — there," said she, pointing above her knee. It was coquetteishly done. — "What's it made of?" — "Silk, how rude you are." — "It isn't." — "It is." — "Let me see." — I stooped and

got my hand on to her knee." — "Oh! Don't now, now I'll leave you," she said, but in quite a low tone, not a cry escaped her and she looked anxiously round — we were then in a shrubbery. — "Let's sit down." She unhesitatingly entered with me a summer house which was in the remotest part of the grounds, no one was about, and we sat down.

There she began to lecture me about my rudeness, said she'd never expected it, nor would she walk with me again. She was excited, her face red. — "If you won't again I'll feel your garters now." — She laughed, again I stooped, in a minute, spite of some weak struggles, my hand was clasped between her thighs — she'd no drawers on. — She cried hysterically, "Oho — oho — it's shameful," and whimpered. I took my hand away, then saw that she'd shed no tears and that she looked caressingly at me. She didn't attempt to go away from me.

Frightened for a minute at my own temerity and success, the touch of her flesh so close to the hairy lipped entrance of her treasure, left me in a state of frantic, reckless randiness. I'd not had a woman for long, my prick had been stiffening on and off all day. I had drunk much champagne, so had she, and now, as whimpering she sat quite still, talking about what I'd done, instinct I suppose told me she was randy and ready, I forgot she was a lady, thought of nothing but cunt, and attempted again. She resisted but laughed in an anxious tone. "Oh, suppose you're seen now, don't," and so on. Then without any idea of fucking her, but simply from desire to show her my sex, I pulled out my stiff pego. — "Look," said I. — "Oh," said she, "what an insult." But she laughed as I attempted again to feel her garters, up she got, I caught her by the waist, kissed her, and put her hand round my prick — she'd no gloves on — and she held it murmuring. — "Don't now — let me go, — I'll tell your aunt — oh don't — someone will be coming — oh don't" — as I kept kissing. But still she kept hold of my prick, and her eyes glanced down on it and then at me. Did she quite know what she was doing?

Altho I wrote this part of the narrative one or two days afterwards, I couldn't describe all that then passed through my mind. Desire to feel her, fuck her, — fear of consequences, of her resisting, of telling my aunt or her father — wonder if she were virgin, whether she wanted fucking, and at her boldness — was it innocence, was I wrong in seducing her? — All made a mental chaos, during which I sat down, pulled her on to my knee, kissed her, pressed her hand again round my naked pego, and tried uselessly to feel her cunt. How it all came about I can scarcely tell, but it did just as narrated. She must have equally been under the influence of lust, and pleased with what I was doing, for there she sat on my knee holding my pego which began to throb, and tho it was almost imperceptibly done, her hand was moving gently up and down my prick, tho perhaps she did not know it. My sperm was boiling in my balls, the desire to spend became maddening, I clasped her hand in mine tightening hers round my prick and friggd, and in a minute almost, out shot a shower of sperm. I took away my hand from hers which still kept round my prick, and she was looking down at it when I recovered from my pleasure, as the last drop of sperm was issuing.

"You've friggd me, Agatha." — "What?" said she as if astonished at the word and letting go my tool. — "Let me feel your cunt," "Oh, for God sake don't — oh, let us go — what will they think of us at the house?" — "Let me." She didn't say no, but got away from me. "I'll never speak to you again, and for God sake don't tell your cousin Fred. Will you now? — Promise me faithfully you won't. — Oh, what have you made me do? — I'll drown myself if you don't promise. Oh, you bad man." — I promised. "Let me feel your garters." — "I won't." — We went to the house without speaking and there was Fred talking to the sister. The two girls left soon after. How Agatha's eyes looked as we shook hands. It was dusk.

When I reflected on all the occurrences next day, I felt convinced that the girl had lewdly egged me on. The same evening I was as hot as if I'd spent, and thoughts of what I had done and what I'd not done excited me so, that I friggd myself, fancying that her ittle hand was doing it, and thinking of that slight ouch of her thigh. — Then I wondered where my sperm had fallen, whether on the floor or on her dress. I never knew.

Next morning my aunt was angry with us for showing such attention to the two girls. "Nobodies —

even if their father has money — and neglecting other nice girls here." Fred and I talked about it afterwards. — "Where did you get to with Agatha?" asked he in a curious way. "Nowhere, we walked about."

I was wild to see the girl after that, but opportunities were few. I couldn't go often to the village, and they were not often to be met at people's houses. — A fortnight elapsed and then we met her with her sister in the street, we shook hands, my cousin walked ahead with Helen, Agatha walked with me and said, "You haven't told?" I swore I hadn't and never would, but wished she'd do it again. — "You're shocking, and must be wicked to speak of such a thing, to wish such a thing," and I didn't any more that day.

A month afterwards I'd been to London and left Fred there, when Agatha called on my aunt with some message from her father. Aunt was very gracious, and sent my only female cousin then at home, to show her the Farm.

Aunt was going out with my cousins, and thinking the ladies too long gone, sent me to them. They had left the farm and I found them away near a grotto — (The history of the doings in this grotto years afterwards I've told.) "Oh, I'd forgot, Mamma will be so angry, will you stop with Miss P***I**s*n while I dress, and come on to the house?" Off she went, my prick gave a throb, and in a minute I'd kissed Agatha and got her into the grotto. — "Now I'll feel your garter." — She was collected and repulsed my hand, but I was more energetic and hesitated less. She had friggged me and seen my sperm, had never cried out, and her whole behaviour been such, that without fear I thought I might even try to fuck her. — So on I went trying to get my hand up her clothes, she successfully defeating me, begging, praying, saying she'd call my cousin but never doing so, when "Hark! Hark!" she said, quite sotto voce.

I stopped, heard in the distance my cousin's voice — calling me as I heard afterwards. — The voice ceased, Agatha was in a fright. — "Oh if she's seen you — if she's heard," and so on. We were both startled and listened, and then in that quiet place I heard in the distance the wheels of a carriage and knew their sound. "Aunt's gone out driving," said I, and immediately began the attack again.

She was now in fear and didn't mean me to feel her cunt, which was now my intention. Indeed all seemed possible, the excitement had raised my lust high, we were alone and had nothing to fear but the chance of a gardener coming. She'd seen my prick once, and again I produced it balls and all now. "Look Agatha, feel it again." — I desisted from my attempts, thinking the sight of the machine would affect her and make her complaisant. — "Feel it." — "I shan't" and she laughed as I thought strangely. — "Do this," said I, friggging it. — "I shan't, your behaviour is shameful." — Then she went off into a hysterical peal of laughter.

A few more words and I closed on her, she retreated against the wall and our lascivious struggles recommenced. "I will." — "You shan't." I pulled her petticoats up to her knees, she pushed them down, spoke, she cried, but always in a low tone showing fear of surprise, which gave me courage, till my hand was on her thighs near to her cunt, when violently she dislodged it and cried loudly, — "Oh don't, you never shall — leave off — you will if you're a gentleman — oh — now — it's shameful, you take a mean advantage when there's no one to protect me." — My fingers just felt the hair of her motte, as she pushed me off and burst into tears. "Remem — ber — I'm — ah — a lady — aha," she sobbed, which touched me and I ceased.

But my prick was still out — I recollected what she'd already done and that she'd made no noise. I was wild with sexual passion, and after a second or two said, — "Feel it then." — "Will you then leave off?" — "Yes." — she took hold of it as I put it into her soft white hand, and as I felt its smoothness, and saw the ruby tip protruding from her little fist and she looking down at the implement of female pleasure, I nearly spent. But intention again came of feeling her cunt, to get my fin-gers between the soft warm lips whilst she handled my pego. Then I had conflicting sensations. — Some one might come — was she virgin? She was a lady and my action was mean, and spite of my lust I hesitated and stood motionless, she holding my prick and looking in my face.

— "Do what you did that afternoon." — "I don't know what I did." — "Do this," and I passed her hand up and down my prick. She began slowly, how my prick reciprocated, I took her round the waist and kissed her cheek, whilst gently but clumsily she frigged, and thinking of her cunt, longing to fuck her, I murmured my desires for her in the bauldiest language. "Oho! — You're dreadful," said she. Then out spurted my sperm, I clutched her hand and held it in mine whilst withdrawing my prick through hers, so that the last of my spendings fell on her fingers. — It gave me the utmost lascivious delight to know it had wetted them, as I sighed. "That ought to be — aha — in your — cunt."

She let go my prick, looked at me with wildly voluptuous eyes, then at her hand, then looked round to see if any one was near. — I'm sure from her look and manner that she was dying to be fucked, and had I been in condition perhaps might have attempted it, but my prick was shrinking. — She looked at it again, I wiped her fingers with my handkerchief, she let me do it not seeming to know what she was about, till, — "Oh — I'm so miserable — for God sake — never tell any one. — Will you now? — you brought me here for this — didn't you?" — I swore I'd never tell, and rapidly and without another word we walked to the Hall. — "Where's my aunt?" — "Gone out in the carriage Sir, a few minutes ago." — "Oh!" said Agatha, "I'm so sorry, tell her will you?" I shook hands with that hand which had had my sperm in it, and off she went. I told Aunt at dinner that we'd arrived just as she got out of sight. — "It's a pity, I'd have driven her home," was all she replied.

Agatha never again gave me a chance of being alone even to speak with her, and I was mostly in London. — One night Fred and I, smoking in my chambers, our conversation fell on these girls, and little by little we disclosed to each other. He'd kissed them both and had tried to feel Helen unsuccessfully. — "Yet she wants fucking so." — Agatha he'd also tried, and then I told him she'd frigged me. — "And so she did me at * * * * *," said he, laughing and slapping his thigh. — Agatha had frigged us both — I wonder how many other men she'd frigged.

When after my frigging we met the girls Agatha always looked enquiringly and seemed uncomfortable. Two or three years afterwards the family left the neighbourhood. I was then a poor man and rarely went to my aunt's, and Fred was abroad. [The episode occurred when I was about twenty-five, and the narrative was at one time nearly burnt.]

I had an acquaintance named * * * * *, who had a lovely creature for wife, blue eyed, very light chestnut hair, plump as a partridge and about twenty-six or -seven years old. She had given way to drinking, some said owing to domestic annoyance, but that has nothing to do with the episode.

In summer with six or eight men who had driven down to * * * * * about country business I was to dine, and joined them later at a small, simple, yet well known country inn about fourteen miles off. When I got there all were in the garden reading, smoking, and awaiting dinner. — One of them who also knew the couple said to me, laughing, "There's Mrs. * * * * * here tight as peep. She's been out driving with her brother and his wife, they've gone to * * * * * and are coming back to dine." There the conversation ended and I thought no more about the matter. Our party had washed after their long drive, I had not, went in and up stairs expecting as usual to find a chambermaid to show me a bedroom to wash in. [It was a small inn and before the days of lavatories.] Not seeing the chambermaid, and after calling out and no one answering, I opened a bedroom door, and there Mrs. * * * * * to my astonishment stood, having just risen from a night commode in which she had piddled, with her petticoats in front held up in a bunch showing both legs to above her garters, whilst in her rear her clothes were dragging having dropped and caught in the mahogany commode. No way abashed, — "Look here, oh, pull it away — do — how d'ye do — Oh, oh," said she, tugging and still keeping her clothes up in front, swaying a little and chuckling in a tipsy way.

Her face was flushed, and I saw at once that she was tight and had been lying on the bed. A rush of lust came, my prick rose stiff at the sight of the beautiful pair of legs, and instinct told me I could have her — I should have revolted at any intention had I reflected, but a standing prick has no conscience. I thought of nothing but how to fuck her, those lovely legs, those laced petticoats upset me, and in less time than it takes to write two lines of this narrative, I'd closed the door and was

assisting to free her clothes.

"Have you seen Jack?" (her brother) stammered she, chuckling. — "Oh — don't do that — let me — lie down," she mumbled, for as I disengaged her clothes with one hand, I passed my other up between a pair of fat soft thighs to her cunt, and well between its lips. — I was as wet as a mop. — "Oh don't you — oh now. — Ho — ho Jack's coming — Oh don't." — "Let us do it." — "He — he — he," — she chuckled. — "No — oho." - "Let me fuck you." — "Oh don't — now. — He he — he — leave it alone," and she sat down on the bed edge for a minute, letting me finger her quim without hindrance, and then fell back. As she fell I threw up her clothes to her navel. She chuckled still as if it was a good joke. — "I'll fuck you." — "Oh no, you mustn't," and she raised herself partly up. My stiff prick was then out. "Ho — ho — ho," said she, laying hold of it, and fell back again chuckling tipsily. Before the words were out of her mouth my prick was buried up to its balls in her cunt — a lovely looking notch — and she was lying with eyes closed enjoying the plugging. I lifted her thighs then, and fucked with the joy of a full ballocks, immediately sympathetic, reciprocal movements of her cunt and buttocks began. — She was hot there. — "Ah! Fuck," I sighed. "Yhes, fuck — I'm acom' — ahar," she murmured, opening her eyes wide and staring at me for an instant, then closing them she jerked well up her bum and spent, as I filled her cunt with my sperm. I was full that day and the fuck was a short one.

I'd scarcely spent when came a knock at the door. — it wasn't locked. — My God, we are caught, thought I, then withdrew my prick giving her a violent shake of her thighs to rouse her, just as a louder second knock came and a female voice, "Shall I bring you a cup of tea Mam?" — The fuck and the fun had a little sobered her, she looked at me as I stood by the door gesticulating — my prick still out. — "Wharte," — she said in a drunken mumble. — "Shall I bring you some tea?" — I shook my head. — "Noo," she mumbled — I heard foot steps retreating, bolted the door, and wiped my face, down which perspiration was trickling. She began feeling her head as if to arrange her hair. — "Oh, what have we done? Jack will be back." — She stared at me, and I at her, for in truth I was also bewildered, all had taken place in six or seven minutes, and it seemed a dream — and then the risk! — Without another word I helped her up, and she sat with legs uncovered to her garters on the bed side, smiling tipsily.

As I got composed, a violent desire for her again came on and I sat by her. "Oh! What have you made me do?" "I've fucked you, let me again." — "Oh, it's dreadful" she mumbled, yet she chuckled, and as I put her hand on my prick, she laughed a tipsy laugh again and greedily felt it. "Oh don't — no" — as my fingers felt her gluey quim and friggged it. She must have had a thirsty cunt, for she soon gripped my prick, and felt my titillation. — "Let's fuck dear?" — "Oh, no. Jack's coming back. — Oh, no — no." — but as she said "No," she turned her lips lovingly to mine, as if she couldn't help it. — She was under the dominion of lust, and yielding, scarcely knowing what she did, grasping my prick still which stiffened proudly, as I pushed her gently back. — "No — no — no," — she chuckled as she fell into the same position. I threw up her clothes, she at once opened her thighs wide to receive me, spunk was all over them and ran from her cunt as my prick went up it and I had one of the most delicious fucks, tho this also was soon over, fear of being caught and of losing my early stiffness, of missing the chance of spending in that divine quim made me hurry, I rammed quickly and hard as a steam engine, encouraging her and my-self by bawdy words till I sunk in Elysium on her belly, whilst the squeeze and oscillation of her cunt and bum came on at the same moment. Anxiety to get away for both out sakes, made me withdraw my prick still yielding up its balmy liquid. I made her then lay along the bed, and she instantly went off to sleep. I opened the door and got off un-observed. I'd never taken off my hat even when fucking, and must have done her twice in a quarter of an hour. When I rejoined my friends, "How hot you are," said one. I gave some mendacious reason for it.

I fucked her at half past four and an hour after, Jack, whom I knew, came, and told me his sister had been upset by the strong sun. In the evening our party drove home. Jack was departing just as we were, and unfortunately out came Mrs. * * * * *, sober. I accosted her of course as if I'd not seen her before, and never felt in greater difficulty, for I thought of her lovely chestnut fringed cunt as I

spoke. She was confused, how she looked at me. I helped her and sister in law into the carriage, and my cock stood as I saw her pretty feet and fancied I smelt her. When our party got to the west end, I alighted and followed flashy whores till I got a nice one. All the evening my cock had stood at intervals thro recollection, and I thought of nothing else as I fucked the harlot in the same attitude as I em-braced Mrs. * * * * in, I shut my eyes, used the same budy ejaculations, and fancied successfully that it was Mrs. * * * * * whom I was fucking.

[I find from subsequent memoranda, that this amour of twenty minutes filled my brain long afterwards, and that at times I shut my eyes whilst fucking and thought of Mrs. * * * *. Idealities have always helped me in sexual enjoyments. When poor and I had women for five shillings, I used to close my eyes and fancy I was enjoying females of higher class.] (I saw Mrs. * * * * for the first time about six months afterwards. She always avoided me. Nevertheless I once alluded to it, tho I knew I ought not. "Do you re-member being at * * * *," I began, naming the place. "You ought never to refer to it," said she, getting up and leaving me on some pretext. I noticed that when afterwards we met in society she was always in a furtive way looking at me. — She died two or three years after of typhoid fever.]

THE END.