

## Vol. 3 Chapter I.

**Straightened circumstances. • Promiscuous whorings. • The garden privies. • Our neighbour's daughters. • Effects of a hard turd. • Masturbation. • Bum-trumpeting. • Seeing and hearing too much. • A pock-marked strumpet. • A neighbour's servant. • Don't wet inside. • On the road home. • Cheap amusements. • Bargains. • Watching brothels. • Cunt in the open. • Clapped again. • French letters, and effects. • Income improved. • Piddle in the byestreets. • An uprighter. • My pencil-case. • A female bilker. • A savage frig. • A silk dress soiled.**

I felt such a void, that I came to the conclusion that I had fondly loved Mary, and missed greatly her kind, sympathetic association. For a long time I could think of nothing but her, even when I fucked other women, and got so miserable about her, that I rushed into indiscriminate cheap whoring again. I had still not money for the best class of women, and did not like bawdy houses; but there was no help for it, and so whoring I went, and largely in the Strand, for at that time in E . t . r and C . t . . . . a Streets there were many and nice brothels at all prices.

But I for some time abstained from women, and had wet dreams. My mind ran constantly on Mary, and when I saw a nice girl, used to wonder if her cunt was like Mary's, and this specially of two girls about nineteen and twenty years of age, daughters of one of our next-door neighbours.

The privies of the houses in our terrace were built in pairs, the garden wall divided them and partly the cess-pool which was common to the two. I used to take pleasure in watching to see these girls go to the privy, and although the idea of a female evacuating revolted me, yet used to try to get to our privy when one of the girls went to theirs, and would stand smoking just inside the passage by the back-steps of my house, tip-toeing to catch a glance of their heads, and stopping myself from bogging sometimes, so that I might get there at the same time. Directly I saw a head off I followed quietly, and if the weather was quite still we could hear footsteps in each other's gar-dens too well.

The cess-pool had at the time I write of just been emptied, the turds dropping and flopping down could be heard, it was not nice, but it did not shock me. I liked to hear the girls' piddle splashing, and used to push my prick back, and sit back on the seat, so that my piddle might drop straight, and make much noise. It pleased me to hear the joint rattle and splash we made if we pissed at the same time. I did this so constantly, that I could tell which girl was there, for the piddle of one always made twice as much splash as the other's. Up would stand my prick, and often J could not piss for its stiffness, directly I heard the girls splashing.

One day I had a hardish motion, and was randy that morning almost to pain. One of the girls was there. I strained, my cock got stiff, and began to throb violently, and shot out its spunk as I strained. I went back to the house, and just entering it saw the other daughter go towards the privy. Back I went and sitting down friggd myself as I heard her evacuations drop, so randy and charged with sperm was I.

After that I occasionally friggd myself at the privy, and used to picture to myself the girls sitting there, their clothes up round their rumps, and slightly up in front showing their limbs, and piddle squirting, but I always thought of both girls as having cunts like Mary's. After a time we knew a little of the girls, and when talking to them I used to think of the same thing. The idea used to fascinate me, and they used to say (I am told), that I was a strange man, for I always stared at them as if I had never seen a woman before. They little knew what was in my mind when I was staring.

Just after the emptying I could not only see their wax as it fell to the bottom, but the paper with which they wiped their bums, and could hear them fart. Sometimes the two came together. One day

by a sudden whim I let a fart as loud as I could, and heard a suppressed titter, they I think never knew I could hear, for usually I tried to be as silent as possible. I never coughed when there, and used to pull open my arse-hole to lessen the noise of my trumpet, and singular as it may seem did this out of a feeling of delicacy. Soon the cess-pool was half-filled, with water, and I could only indistinctly hear. Then I grew tired of the game, and again let off my sperm up cunts instead of spilling it on the privy-floor, for sorrow always came over me as I saw it on the floor. A few months after this I took a dislike to the girls through thinking of what I had seen and heard of them, it seemed to shock my sentiment of the beauty and delicacy of a woman.

A confused number of random whorings and miscellaneous fuckings took place about this time, I can-not tell to a month or two, but it began directly after Mary had gone. I tell of one or two of them.

At the back of the Lowther Arcade one night I took a poor little girl seemingly about sixteen years old to a house. She had a nice but thin form, and was as white as driven snow. When I had had her, I wanted to see her face more clearly, but she held a handkerchief to it, and half turned it away from the light, her privates she allowed to be inspected as I liked.

She was marked badly with the small-pox, and was nevertheless handsome, but with that sad expression which the pock-marks often give. Gents did not like it, she said. It was a dreadfully sloppy, snowy night. "Don't go yet", said she, "it is so warm here." So I sat a while feeling her quim and talking. "Do me again, I want it now, I did not when you did it before." So we fucked again. "Do I please you?" said the girl putting her hand to my face. "Yes my dear." "Will you see me again? — do." I was always careful about promising that, and hesitated; but at length said yes. Again I rose to go, again the girl asked me to stay, it was so warm. "Pay the woman again and say you are going to stay till ten o'clock. There was such simplicity about her that I consented. The woman put coals on the fire, and we sat by it warming our-selves.

After a time she said, "I don't think you like me." "Why?" "Because you don't feel me about." I laughed, and said I had been feeling her. Time ran on. "Won't you do it again?" "I can't dear." "Let me try to make you." "You may, but I can't." She came to me, knelt down, played funnily, but awkwardly with my cock till it stiffened, and again we fucked. "You won't see me again, though you say you will." "Why not?" asked I wondering at her sad manner. "They all say they will, but they never do, — it's the small-pox marks they can't bear, I know it is, — I'm tired of this life." Then suddenly she laughed and said she was only joking.

I never did see her again. Such a young, white-fleshed girl, and so fond of the cock, or else she had had but little of it, I have rarely met with. She said she had only been out two months. "The other girls tell me what to do with men, and the old woman where I live tells me; but I always does what a gentle-man asks me, I can't do more, can I?" said she. "Other gals say they have regular friends, I haven't." I shall never forget that poor little girl.

On a cold evening a week or two after this, I saw a shortish, dark-eyed girl going along the Strand. She walked slowly, and looked in at almost every shop. I could not make up my mind if she were gay or not. She was warmly wrapped up, her style that of a well-to-do servant. I passed and repassed her, looked her in the face; her eyes met mine and dropped, then she stopped and looked round several times after unmistakeable gay women as they passed her, then went on again. Opposite the Adelphi she paused and looked at the theatre for a long time, a gentleman spoke to her, and seemed to importune her, she took no notice of him, and he left her. After walking on for a minute quickly she loitered and looked in the shops again.

Near Exeter Hall my cock which was in want of relief giving me impudence, and liking her looks I spoke to her about the things in the windows. At first I got no reply, and she walked on. "Come with me, and I'll give you a sovereign." "You can buy it then." What it was I don't recollect. She seemed uneasy and wavering, yet made no reply. I repeated my offer (it was just then money beyond my means, but I had hot desire on me). She looked up the street in both directions, and asked, "Will it

be far?" I took her at the instant for a sly gay one. "You know I am sure, it's close bye." "It's getting late, I'm in a hurry." Looking both ways quickly and uneasily she placed her arm in mine, and hanging her head down pressed close to me. We walked quickly, and soon were in a snug room in a house at the back of Exeter Hall.

"This is not a public-house", said she looking round. "No, but you can have a drink if you like." "A little warm brandy and water then." I ordered it. "Take off your bonnet and cloak." She hesitated. "Tell me the exact time." I did, and then she took them off, sat down, and soon sipped brandy and water looking at me. Thought I, "You must be a servant after all."

I began to caress her, and got my hand on her thighs asking her to come to the bed. "I must go soon, let me go soon." "I will, but let me see your legs, and feel them." She let me pull the clothes up to her knees, then pushed away my hand but I thrust one up, and just felt the cunt. She gave me a shove, and nearly pushed me over, for I had dropped on to my knees, a favorite attitude of mine at such times. Savagely I got up. "Don't be a fool; if you mean to let me do it come to the bed." She hesitated. "Give me the money first." "Oh !" thought I, "she is a whore diseased, and a bilk, so I refused. "You really will give it to me, won't you?" "Of course, but I'm not to be done that way." Then I got her on to the bed, and threw up her clothes. She resisted. "What do you take me for?" "Why a whore", said I savagely. It was a word I rarely used of a woman, still rarer to a woman. She pushed my hand angrily away and sat up.

"I am not, and wish I had not come here, and would not, only I want money for my poor mother, I thought you a gentleman, — I'm not the sort of a woman you say, I'm a servant, I am indeed." "Well if you are, you have been fucked." "That's neither here nor there, but I'm not what you call me", — and she pouted. "Lay down dear, — let's fuck if you mean it, if not let's go, — let me feel you, and you feel me." I pulled her back on to the bed, laying down by the side of her, and put my prick into her hand. It was persuasive, for soon I was having that delicious rub, probe, and twiddle. Then I got a sight of all but the cunt itself, the inspection of that she resisted. A fine pair of limbs, a fat backside, lots of hair on her split I could feel. My friction told, she began grasping my prick like a vise, — she was going to spend.

Nice to her that, but I wanted my pleasure. Again I got savage. At length quietly, and feeling my prick all the time she said, "Promise me something." "What?" "Don't you wet inside if I let you." I promised, and turning on to her belly fucked her, and for-got my promise, even if I ever meant to keep it. We were soon near the crisis. "Don't—now, —oh !—wet." "No dear." "T—aake--care." "I'll pull it out just as it comes dear." "Don't—we--wet, oh !—ah !—wet", she gasped out as clutching her arse my prick went fiercely up her, and spent every drop against her womb-tube, my spend made doubly pleasurable, because she did not wish it in her cunt.

Said she with a long-drawn sigh, "You've done it all inside, — you should not." "I could not help it, you are so charming, I could not pull it out and make your clothes or bum wet", said I ramming on, and keeping my prick tight up her lubricated cunt, "Let me get up." "Not yet." "Oh! do, I'm in a hurry." "Lay still dear." "No, I'm in such a hurry, — what o'clock is it? —do tell me what o'clock it is, — it will make me lose my place if I'm very late."

I uncunted, told her the time, and she washed her cunt. "Let us do it again." She was wanting it. "I've such a long way to go." "Where?" She told me, and it was on my way home. "I will take you home in a cab." On the bed she got, I overcame her scruples, kissed her knees, her thighs, all the way up to her cunt. The thighs opened widely, a second's inspection of a cunt at that time of my life made me think of immediate pleasure, and after promising not to wet in her again, she reminding me of that, till she lost all care or heed in her pleasures. I spent up her as before.

We went home in a cab, and felt each other all the way, she said she was keeping her mother who was poor, she feared dying. At the end of the road she got out begging me not to follow her. I did not, and never saw her again. She had hazel eyes, spoke with a country accent, and I quite believe was a servant. Although soon after this a little better off, I had difficulty in keeping out of debt, and

the cost of amatory amusements prevented my having women as often as I otherwise should have done. I used to try the cheap women at times, and often successfully. Would walk backwards and forwards between Temple-Bar and Charing Cross for hours, looking at the women, thinking which I should like, and whether I could afford one. Sometimes I would follow the same woman, stop when she stopped if a man spoke to her, cross over, and wait till she moved off by herself, or if with the man, would follow them to a brothel, return to watch for her coming out, and wait 'till she did so. This pleased me much.

Then I began to feel women in the streets; they frequently came out of the E. t. r Street-houses, and round by the side-entrance to Exeter-Hall. That end of the street then was all but dark.

Stopping a woman. This was a frequent dialogue. "A nice night dear." "Yes." "Been taking a walk?" "Yes." "Been to piddle?" "Yes." They usually when I knew they had come out of a house, said they had been to piddle if I asked them. "A shilling to feel your cunt." "All right, give it me." With the left hand I gave the shilling with the right I fingered their quims. "Open your legs dear, — a little wider, let me feel up, — have you been fucked to-night?" "No." It was always no. I delighted in hearing them tell that lie. "Come with me." "How much?" "Give me a sovereign." "No." "Ten shillings then." "I can't afford more than five shillings." "No, not for that"; but they more often said yes. Sometimes I went with them, more frequently not. The lesson I learned was that most woman denied that they had fucked more recently than the day before, (it was always the day before), and that a little bargaining reduced the price of their pleasures.

If intending to have a poke I waited for a girl known by sight, and then often could not find her, then I saw those so dressed that I could not offer them a small sum. On other nights I went up to the girl with the fattest legs, and made advances. In this way I shagged many of all sorts and sizes, many of them poor creatures, others plump, fine, strong, healthy women, whom I was surprised took the small sum for their professional exertions. The end of this promiscuity was that again I took the clap, which laid me up some weeks, and made it again needful to open my piss-pipe by surgical tubes.

Then I was timid, used French letters, and took to carrying them in my purse again, but always hated them. Often my cock stiff as a boring-iron would shrink directly the wet gut touched it, and compelled me to frig up to near the crisis before I could insert it in the skin. Sometimes it would not stiffen completely till up the women. I used to drop my tool in a state of partial rigidity into the letter, then thumb it slowly up the lady's orifice; then the warmth, the clip, the buttocks wagging, and the look at the belly and thighs between which I was working brought it to the proper stiffness. I usually had the ladies at the side of the bed, when wearing these cundums.

Sometimes my passions overcame my prudence, and a fair lady for her favors got her price. Then I was filled with regrets, and had to content myself with a feel for some time, or wait days till I could afford the full gratification of my senses with another woman, because I had not the money. Then I fell again on my five shilling offers. About this cunt-feeling there was something very peculiar in me : unless I liked the look of the woman I did not like to feel up her cunt, and after I had been groping used to spit on my fingers, and rub them dry, and the smell off of them on to my handkerchief.

Some little time after my clap however I came into a better income through the death of a relative. It was small, but made a difference to me of great importance. I spent it all on myself, that is to say on cunt, and although some of my country relatives must have known I had come into the property, those most interested in knowing it I believe never did. I now longed for nice women whom I could talk and spend the money with. The rapid business-like fucking in the bawdy houses was not to my taste, I had scarcely gone to the Argyle Rooms, then not many years opened, for fear that my taste for nicety of manner and something more than mere cunt might lead me into an expenditure still far beyond my means.

It used to wound my pride to hear a woman jeer at my offer, or say, "What the devil do you take me

for", or walk away wagging her rump with offended dignity when she heard five shillings named, or say she would frig me for the money. Now I could offer more I was more happy in my mind; but there are a few adventures to be told before the time when an easier pocket enabled me to have better female companions.

The angle of the street named as leading out of the Strand was dark of a night and a favorite place for doxies to go to relieve their bladders. The police took no notice of such trifles, provided it was not done in the greater thoroughfares (although I have seen at night women do it openly in the gutters in the Strand), in the particular street I have seen them pissing almost in rows, yet they mostly went in twos to do that job, for a woman likes a screen, one usually standing up till the other has finished, and then taking her turn. Indeed the pissing in all bye-streets of the Strand was continuous, for although the population of London was only half what it now is, the number of gay ladies seemed double there. The theatre-side of the street from Trafalgar-Square to Temple-Bar was nightly for some hours one large flock of them, and there was not a street or court on the whole line named, and on both sides of the Strand in which there was not a bawdy house. I have been in a dozen.

I used to prowl about to see the girls pissing, and when I had cheek enough, stand and piss by the side of them. That delighted me much. One night I saw two women go up a court, one directly squatted, and I followed. When one had done I asked her to let me feel her. She did. Randy but poor that night the feel of her wet cunt made me reckless. As I gave her a shilling I remarked how I should like to have her, but that I had but five shillings to give.

"You won't have me for five shillings, but you will get some one who will, — you have lots of cheek to offer it." "I am sorry, but I can't help it if I have not more." Had I not ten shillings? No, only enough for the room. All this time I was feeling her. Then her hand went outside my trowsers, feeling at my rock. I slipped it out, she took it in her hand. "Have you not been a long time in the Strand to-night?" said she. I had, and wanted a woman, only I had so little money. I did not know the form or face of this woman, for we were in the darkest place, and the night was dark and cold, but I felt that she had a silk dress on, lots of hair on her cunt, and a large arse. "You may do it here for five shillings", said she. I had never done it in the open in such a place, but consented. Groping in my pocket I found and gave the money, and then she stepped away from me, — a bilk I thought.

It was not so. She went up to the other woman who was standing at the corner, and telling her to look out for the police, came back to me, and again placing her back up against the wall, I fucked her. "Wasn't it nice !" said she dropping her petticoats. And then we stood and talked.

"Stand a drink", said she, "you've got some silver." I did not mind, and was curious to see her. She called her friend, and all three went to a public-house, the lady with all my emission in her cunt. I found she was a full-grown woman of about thirty with dark hair, dark eyes, and with a bold expression in them. We had mulled port-wine, then something else, and stood drinking till all my money was gone. Her companion left us saying she had not gained a farthing that night, and must do so.

My woman then got pleasanter, and wanted more liquor, my money was gone, but I had a pencil-case, and asked the bar-man if he would lend me a few shillings on it. He did, and I then spent more on liquor, then we went out together again into the cold street; she pissed, saying the cold and the liquor had made her leaky. "I wish you would let me again", said I. Well she would, and up against a wall again we fucked heartily. With my spunk in her we walked together into the Strand. She said she would like to see me again, but I never did. Whilst fucking her the second time she shoved her tongue almost down my throat, and breathed so hard. I never fucked a woman in the street who did so, either before or since. A few nights after I got my pencil-case back from the beer-man.

One night a nice, strong built woman about thirty years of age seemingly, took my five shillings, and went to a house with me. She was dressed in black silk, neat but shabby. She sat down on a chair, and pulling up her clothes rearranged both her garters, showing what I expected, and what I

had engaged her for; a pair of fat legs. Then down went her clothes. I began feeling her, she pushed her bum back on the chair, but her thighs and the hairy ornaments I could feel. I was awfully randy, my prick was raging. "Let's feel you", said she. Willingly I let her grasp it, then she moved her arse forward, and I had the pleasure of just feeling a moist clitoris from which I was diverted by a painful squeeze she gave my prick. She was squeezing no doubt to see if I had any ailment. The effect of the squeeze, which made me call out, was to make me mad with randiness. "Take off your things, and let me do it." "Where is the five shillings?" I placed them in her hands, she pocketed them, and got up. Lifting her petticoats I pressed her towards the bed where she was standing when she had spoken, but she pushed down her petticoats, and moved away.

"Not likely I'm going to take off my things for five shillings", said she as the money slipped down into her pocket, "give me fifteen shillings more, and I will, — I'm a fine-built woman", — and she pulled her clothes clean up to her waist, turned round like a tetotum, and after showing both arse and belly, slowly dropped her clothes again.

"Come to the side of the bed." "No I shan't, you've had a feel for five shillings, give me fifteen shillings more, and I'll give you pleasure I know, — I'll do all you want me."

"I can't." "Then I can't." I had not a pound in my pocket, but if I had, am sure indeed I should have given it to her, but I could not. "Give me ten shillings, and I'll pay for the room then", said she. "I didn't know what house I was at, but generally they asked at those places the price of the room first.

"Just as you like", though I was dying for a fuck. "Then I will go." "I have paid you, — if you choose to bilk me I can't help it." "I don't want to bilk you, but I never let a man have me for five shillings, and I never will, — give me five shillings more."

"Let me feel you, if you won't let me poke you." "You may do that." Leaning her bum against the side of the bed, I began groping; she complaisantly moving one leg up on to a chair, so as to open her thighs well, got hold of my prick, and began frigging it. "Give me another five shillings", said she coaxingly, and under the influence of the masturbating process I gave it to her. She gave my penis the most delicate tittillation whilst I was searching in my pocket for the money, but she would not let me after she had got the five shillings. She went on frigging me, repeating that she never let any one have her unless she had a pound given her.

I was annoyed, and hated frigging. Here was a well-formed woman, a cunt at hand, and yet I was to spunk out on to the floor, was being made a fool of. Stopping I said, "You don't mean to let me, whatever I give you." "Yes I do, for a sovereign." "Frig me then." She took my tool in her hand, and frigged. "Let me spend against your cunt." "No." "Against your thighs." "No." "Oh !--ah !" Finding it was coming she left off. "Give me five shillings, and I will", said she, but I would not, began frigging myself, and spite of her pushed one hand up on to her thighs, and frigged away with the other. "Take care of my dress", said she. The savage delight of doing what she wished me not, came over me. Turning my prick I shot my sperm copiously over her silk dress, and finished by flinging from my fingers what remained of it towards her face. "You damned dirty beast, you did it on purpose." "Serve you right, you cheating whore", said I putting on my hat, and leaving her with a towel wiping off my sperm, and cursing me as she did it. I don't know when I felt so spiteful against a woman as I did against her. My discharge was quick and copious, I saw it on her waist downwards. I have been bilked before and since, but have mostly pardoned the woman, for sometimes I have thought the poor things had their courses on, or some ailment or deformity; but I still seem to hate this one.

I may add that at the time these doings took place there were but three theatres in the Strand.

## Vol. 3 Chapter II.

**Preliminary remarks. • A dress-lodger. • Lucy. • Sweet seventeen. • An impudent demand. • A row. • The bawd. • My watch requisitioned. • Exit barred. • Bill. • Funking. • Determination. • The poker and window. • Vici. • Apologies. • A cautious retreat. • My revenge. • Lucy scared away. • Brighton Bessie. • Washing by fire-light. • Friendly intimacy. • The house in B.W Street. • Lascivious evenings.**

I have read through the two volumes in print. There are typographical errors, the names of women and places are once or twice wrongly given or spelt, but the context corrects that, and it matters not. What is important is; that owing to the brevity with which some occurrences are told, they almost seem improbable; this is the result of not printing my narrative all through exactly as I wrote it. In the manuscript, items of conversation, and numerous details of the behaviour of myself and female partners in my amours, were written down just as they occurred, and showed how the climax was reached; how little by little man and woman inclined to each other, how one pressed, and the other yielded, how from modest talk and chaste kisses our chastity gradually was lost, how by touch and sighs and yielding to the swooning lust which coursed stronger and stronger through our veins, our genitals inflamed, swollen, and sweating, drove us to contact with each other, till the carnal coupling ensued, and prick and cunt revelling and wallowing in each other's juices, drowned both wants and senses in voluptuous oblivion.

These details also gave studies of character, and specially of my own character, and as I now read the narratives in print after the lapse of so many years they seem to me to be needed to explain myself, even to myself. It is too late. The manuscript is burnt, that printed in its stead must be taken as truth or not, as scepticism or faith prevails in the reader, if ever there be one but myself.

Nor can I less abbreviate even now and in the future I fear, for the full narrative would entail too much expense in printing, and prolong the time of completion. Yet what pleasure I had in the wordy veracities as I wrote them, childish, fantastic, ludicrous, as some of the doings and sayings now seem! How unlike the doings of the couples in erotic books which I since have read, books written with no other object but to stimulate the passions, — no object that of mine in writing this.

The narratives were written in the present tense, but in print have been altered to the past, which gives them an air of a studied composition, written as a man might write a novel; but the writing extended over well nigh forty years, and barely a word has been altered, excepting those due to omissions.

There are however a few remarks added here and there to explain the circumstances and connect the incidents; these are needful to explain lapses of time, and to show the continuity of the history, for all the amours were written separately; yet often I had two or three women in hand at the same period. So in arranging them chronologically a few additions and observations were needful to explain, and these are of them.

One muddy night in the Strand there was an exceedingly well-dressed and very short-petticoated (they all wore them then) girl of about seventeen years of age; her legs especially pleased me, they were so plump and neat, and her feet so well shod. After my offer had been accepted, we went to a house in a court just by Drury-Lane Theatre, and to a top-floor front-room very handsomely furnished. She lived there, and was a dress-lodger as I found afterwards. She was beautifully clean, had fine linen, and was no sham in any way; a fresh, strong, plump, well-made young girl with lovely firm breasts, and a small quantity of brown hair on her cunt. Cunt and breasts looked only

seven-teen years, backside, thighs, arms, calves looked twenty. She stripped, and with but one feel and a stretch of her pretty cunt-lips, and a moment's glance I plugged her, and recollect now my enjoyment of her. Then I dressed, and so did she. Though so young, she was a well trained whore, had much pleased me by her freedom in manner, even to the way in which she washed her cunt and pissed after her fuck. I was not with her I should say twenty minutes if so long; my lust for her had been so strong.

"What's this?" said she disdainfully as I gave her half-a-sovereign. "What I promised you." "Oh! no you did not, I expect, five pounds." I expostulated. "Look at this room, look at my dress, — do you expect me to let a man come here with me for ten shillings?" "Its all I promised, had you refused I should not have come with you." Then I put on my hat, and moved towards the door; she placed her back against it. "You don't go out of here till you give me three sovereigns." It must be added that I had paid for the room what appeared to me then a large sum.

I was in for a row, had not as much as two pounds about me, and was fearful of exposure, just then a row in a bawdy house would have injured me if known.

I gave her ten shillings more, she took it, but re-fused to let me go, she did not believe I had so little money, — I was a gentleman, let me behave as such, — no I should not go till I gave her what she asked. I tried to pull her from the door, but could not, then sat down on the chair, saying that if I must wait, why so I must.

She tried coaxing, I told her I was entitled to another fuck for my other ten shillings. Well I might if I gave her another twenty shillings. I put hands up her petticoats, and fingers up her quim, thinking she was giving way, — but no. I had forgotten my fears in my randiness which came on again by fumbling about her rump and cunt, and pulled out my prick stiff again. She bent over me, and gave it two or three frigs. That so excited me, that verily I believe I should have given her the money if I had had it, for the pleasure of having her again; but putting my hand into my trowsers, found silver only to something like a pound in value, and told her that. Then losing her gentility she said, "I'm damned if you do go, you bugger, till you have paid me properly."

Fear of exposure came over me, but I hid it, and sitting down looked at her as she stood against the door in her petticoats, her handsome limbs showing bright in their silks, and her plump breasts just squeezing the bobbies over the top of the stays. Laying hold of my tool I pulled it out. "Stand there as long as you like, you look lovely, — as you won't let me fuck you, I'll frig myself." Suiting the action to the word I began fist-fucking, not meaning however to finish so. It was but chaff, for indeed I was funky.

She stood looking till I said, "I'm coming, — I'm spending, — lift up your petticoats, and let me see your cunt." Then unlocking the door and opening it quickly she bawled out, "Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Smith, come up, here's a bilk, come up quickly."

I was now near spending as may be guessed, but buttoning up, went towards the door. She heard me, turned round, came in, shut the door, and stood with her back to it till a woman came in; and then she told her I had given her ten shillings.

The woman was incensed, was I a gent? she was sure I was, why not pay properly then? — a beautiful young girl like that, just out, — look at her shape, and her face, — she had written to a dozen gents who knew her house, and they had all come to see this beauty, — all had given her five pounds, some ten pounds, they were so delighted with her, — and much of the same talk. The girl began to whimper, saying she never had been so insulted in her life before.

I told her that I had only promised ten shillings, but had given more; that the girl was certainly beautiful, and the room elegant; but I was poor, and would not have come at all had I known the cost. I had not the money, and therefore could not pay. Then the bawd's tone changed. She was not going to have the poor girl insulted in that manner, she knew better about my means of paying, and I should not go till I paid more. We went on wrangling until the bawd said, "Well if you have not

money give us your watch and chain, we will pawn it, and give you the ticket, and you can get it out of pawn."

I had hidden my watch, — nearly always did so then when I went with whores whom I did not know, — but saw in this a threat, and was getting more funky, yet determined to resist whatever came of it; so said I had no watch, and if I had, that I would see her damned first, before I gave it up. "Oh! won't you", said she, "we will see if you won't, — we don't allow a poor girl to be robbed by chaps like you in our house, — call up Bill", said she to the girl. I saw that a bully was about to be let on me, and my heart beat hard and fast; but give up my watch I made up my mind I would not unless they murdered me. I had an undefined suspicion that they would illtreat and rob me, and prepared for the worst, — my pluck got up then.

But fear of exposure was before me. "Look", said I, "I have no watch, I have given her twenty shillings, here is every farthing I have about me", and emptied my purse (there was but a shilling or two in it) before them, and put all the money I had loose in my pocket on to the chimney-piece. There was I think about seventeen shillings in all. "Look it is every farthing I have, — you may have that you damned thieves, — take it and let me go, — see my pockets are empty", — and I turned them inside out.

"You've got more", said she, "be a gent, give her three pounds, she never has less, — look at her, poor thing!" The girl stood whimpering, she and the woman stood with their backs to the door, I with my back to the two windows of the room which looked out on to the public court; the fire-place was between us, the foot of the bed towards it; the fire was burning brightly, the room was quite light. There they stood, the clean, fresh, wholesome-looking lass, and besides her a shortish, thick, hooked-nosed, tawneycolored, evil-looking woman, — the bawd, — she looked like a bilious Jewess.

The woman kept repeating this, for a minute or two. I refused to give any more, and grew collected. "Come now, what are you going to do?" said the woman, "you are wasting all her evening." I took up half-a-crown off the mantle-shelf, and pushing the rest along it, "I must keep this", said I, "but take all the rest, I have no more, — I have no watch, let me go." The woman laughed sneeringly, and did not touch the money, turned round, opened the door, and called out "Bill, Bill, come up." "Halloh !" said a loud male voice from below.

I turned round, and with a violent pull, tore aside the red window-curtains, and throwing up the window, and putting my head out beneath the white blind, I screamed out, "Police !—police !—murder !—murder! —police !—police !"

Beneath the very window stalked a policeman: heard me he must, the whole alley must have heard me, but the policeman took no notice, and stalking on turned round the corner out of sight. Then the fear came over me that he was bribed, I feared they might be coming behind me, and turned round; the woman was close to me, the girl at her back. "What are you doing?" yelled the woman, "what are you kicking up a row for? — shut the window, — go if you want, who is keeping you? — this is a respectable house, this is."

A tumult of ideas and fears rushed through my mind, I feared Bill was close at hand, and pushing the woman back with one hand I seized the poker with the right one. "Keep back, or I will smash you", said I flourishing it, and again I shouted out, "Police I —police!" but not with my head out of the window this time.

The old woman backed and shut the door again, the young one came forwards speaking in a hurried tone, the old one dropped her voice to a whine; she did not want to keep me if I wanted to go. "Shut the window, — let her shut it,—give the poor girl two pounds then, and go." Her house was a respectable house, the police knew it, why did I come to such a house if I had no money? The girl cried, I blustered, swore, and all three were speaking at the same time for two or three minutes.

"Let me go." "Who stops you?" said the old woman, "give me the money." "Open the door, and go

out first then." "I shan't", said the woman with a snap and a look like a demon. I turned round, and with the poker made a smash at the window. The curtains had swung, the white blind was down, but I heard the glass shiver and crash, a shout of "Hulloh !" from some one in the court. I raised the poker again against the looking glass. "Get out, or I'll smash this, and you, and everything else in the room", striking a chair violently, and breaking it. I now did not care what I did, but was determined to fight Bill, or any one else, and not be robbed.

The women were cowed, they cried out, Pray drop the poker, — they meant no harm, — the girl always had three pounds at least, if I would not, — why I would not, — they never have had such a row in the house before, — to have her twice, and give her ten shillings was shameful. "A lie you bloody bawd, I have only had her once, and she has had twenty shillings." "Well, there's a good gentleman, go, and don't make a noise as you go downstairs, — look at her, poor thing, how you have frightened her, — she will let you have her again, if you like, — won't you Lucy?" — well come along then, but don't make a row, — leave the poker, — what do you want that for?" whined the woman.

I would not relinquish the poker, they should go out first. The woman went, the girl waited behind to put on her frock. As she did so the little bitch lifted her petticoats to her thighs, showed her cunt, jerked her belly, winked and nodded her head in the direction of the old woman. I did not know nor heed what she meant by her nod and wink. "Get out, — get on, — get out, — I won't have you behind me." She made a farting noise with her mouth, and dropping her clothes went out. I followed her, looked at the doors on each landing as I passed, fearing some one might come out behind me, and edged downstairs sideways, looking both up and down. One door slightly opened and closed again; at the street-door the old woman said she was so sorry, it was all a mistake, and hoped to see me again. My blood was roused, I would have smashed woman or man who stood in my way, and eyeing the girl said, "Look at me well, if you meet me in the Strand again, cut away at once, get out of my sight, or I'll give you in charge for annoying me, or robbing me, you bloody bitch, look out for yourself." Then dropping the poker on the mat I went out, glad enough to be away from the den.

About a fortnight afterwards I saw the girl in the Strand, followed her for a quarter of an hour, saw her speak to various men, saw that an old, common, low servant followed her at a distance, occasionally stopping to speak with her, and turning up a street for that purpose. There was a fascination about looking at the girl; she was showily but handsomely dressed, her legs looked lovely. I longed to fuck her again, but without any intention of gratifying my lust, for I loathed her whilst lusting for her. She turned up C. t... a Street, stood over the gutter and pissed standing, the old woman talking to her and partly hiding her whilst she emptied her bladder. I waited till she had done. It was only about half-past nine o'clock.

She came towards me thinking I wanted her. I moved back close to a lamp, and raised my hat. "Look at me you damned whore, you attempted to rob me the other night, go out of the Strand, or I'll tell the next policeman you have picked my pocket." She turned on her heels and bolted without uttering a word, the old woman after her, cursing.

A month or two afterwards I saw her again, she was speaking to a group of gay women. Said I, "That bitch attempted to rob me the other night at Court." "It's a lie", said she, but again turned round, and ran up a side-street as fast as she could. I don't recollect seeing her afterwards.

I often used to go and look at the house when that way, it was such a needy-looking house outside with a narrow steep staircase starting close to the street- door. No one would have imagined it was so handsomely furnished inside (although I only saw the top-room). Two or three years afterwards there was a row there, a man tumbled down the stairs (or was pitched down), and was picked up dead. The owner of the house was transported. I don't know if it was the same man who was called Bill, but suspect it was, and that many a visitor had been bullied out of his money in that house.

One night about this time I saw a well-grown, stout woman who looked four-and-twenty. "What a thigh she must have", thought I, "can I afford her?" and I felt in my pocket. Ten shillings with the

room besides was too much for me that night. I passed her again looking her in the face, and longing for her, until she knew me and smiled. She had a bright laughing eye. Summoning courage I gave her a signal, and she followed me up a bye-street.

"I have only five shillings." "Lord ! you do want it cheap, — make it ten shillings." "I can't." "Well I can't." "Three half-crowns, and then with the room I shan't have a shilling in my pocket." I used to speak in that frank way to them. She laughed. "You are an odd sort of chap, — well come along, — what house are you going to take me to?" "Where you like, — I don't know them." "Oh! yes you do", said she, "you know well enough with that eye of yours." We turned into a house which we both knew, not one of the most expensive.

I was exceedingly pleased with her manner, and in her house still more pleased with her face. Her eye was one of the merriest, she was bright, and fresh-colored, yet the general color of her flesh was slightly brown. Her plumpness made me so randy I could scarcely wait to feel or look at her, I wanted to push on to the fullest pleasures at once.

She eyed me pleasantly, and made some remark about the smallness of the sum, which made me uncomfortable. She saw it, and laughing showed a set of beautiful small white teeth. I gave her her money at once, and then began preliminaries. The room I re-collect well. There was a large four-post bed, a large wire screen three feet high all round the fire-place, like those in nurseries. The house-woman flattened the fire down, and took away the poker, — to prevent the fire being stirred I suppose. There was but one candle, and the room was dark, there was scarcely gas in any of the houses in those days.

I drew her to me, my hand roved about her bum, belly, and notch, I asked her to undress, desire increasing by the feel of her thighs made me inquisitive. She would not undress, was in a hurry, some other night perhaps, not now. Impatient so that I might begin, I placed her on the edge of the bed, putting a chair for one of her feet. She lifted up her clothes freely, and I saw her cunt.

It was surrounded, though not in great quantity, with fine chestnut brown, soft, thick hair, her thighs were large, round, fat, and firm, the split looked small, was small outside, and I found it to be small inside as well. A large bum squeezed together by the position in which she was lying closed up almost the cuntal opening, so that just where the prick must intrude itself, the hole could scarcely be seen, her flesh had the slightly brown tint of her face. How is it that at a glance all this was seen, and remembered ever since? What fascination a cunt has! Strange that a mere gap close to an arse-hole should have such power.

In admiration of her cunt and its surroundings I held a candle for a moment between her thighs. "Hold your quim open, — do, — do." Her hand came down, the fore and middle-finger went on either side of the split, and distended the lips, showed the red lining, a clitoris, small, and nice-looking, and small nymphae sloping down to the narrow carmine darkness, closing up gradually and tightly between her bum-cheeks, squeezed up and closed by the weight of her body pressing up her bum the bed.

"I can bear being looked at", said she. "Then open your legs wider, — wider dear." Wider they went. Candle in one hand I pushed the finger of the other up her cunt. Then all delight of the eye was merged in the maddening desire to fuck. Putting the candle somewhere it fell down, and was extinguished; at the same moment slipping my prick to the opening, with a smooth glide up it went. Before I had moved my prick half a minute I was spending, before I had had a wriggle in her, before I had well clasped her buttocks, I was leaning over her sighing, and had finished before I had well began. I now think I feel my sensation up her as I write this, of the rapturous smoothing of her buttocks as I finished. Some women make me recollect them thus.

"What a bore", said I squeezing my belly dose up to hers, "I hate to be quick." I heard her laugh, but could not see her face. She did not hurry me out of her, but at length nature caused me to withdraw, and we got the candle lighted. Washing herself whilst I stood talking and regretting my haste, holding my unwashed prick in front of her, she laughing and saying I must take my time an-other

day, emptied the basin, and turning round asked if she should wash me. Years had elapsed I think since a woman had done so to me, then it was by a French woman. The offer comes to me now as having been an unusual one. Delighted I let her. Delicately handling my doodle she soaped and washed it, making complimentary remarks about it as she did so.

The operation excited me, I stiffened. "Oh ! I do so want you again, — let me." "No its late, — if I don't make money before twelve I never do afterwards, — see me another night, — besides you can't do it again yet." "Let me feel you then only for a minute." She approached me, one hand I put to her cunt, the other thrusting between her fat bum-cheeks met the tip of the fingers on the other hand. "My prick's standing so." "It's not." "Feel it." She put her hand down and felt, I stiff to the utmost kept asking her to let me again. "Well get on the bed then", said she after feeling me quietly for a minute, — "see the candle has burnt down, it won't last long." By the time she had said this she was lying down with her clothes up above her navel.

We were fucking with intensity, the candle went out, I felt her kisses. "Oh ! what a lovely cunt you have." "You've a nice prick, — who taught you to poke so nicely?" Our tongues met, — silence, sighs, short shoves, spunk, — and all was over. "Let me wash your cunt." "Very well." "You wash my prick." "Yes." The mutual washing over we separated, I promising to see her again. We had washed by the fire-light alone. Next night at the same time we fucked again. I stripped her, and was enamoured of her body if not of herself. She made no sign of wanting to leave me, but rather wanted to keep me. I had not since I lost Mary tasted a woman's mouth, with this woman I was delighted in doing so, though with the ordinary gay women I could not bear their tongues. Whilst we were fucking they knocked at the door saying they wanted the room. Bessie swore, "Damn her", said she, "for interrupting us, — and the money I have brought her." This increased my pleasure, and Bessie participated in it. After fucking her twice we sat by the fire and talked, she warming her bum, her petticoats up to her knees, my hand on her quim, and airing my balls. "If you want me another night, and can't see me, ask the woman about, — ask for Brighton Bessie, — there are two Bessies, so mind, — Brighton Bessie", said she as we parted.

I found I could talk to this woman. Whilst doing so she would sit on my knees and feel my prick, and I feel her privates. I had long wanted such a free-and-easy acquaintance, for nothing annoyed me like the sham modesty of doxies, their shuffling out of showing me their cunts, their hurry to get me up them, and away afterwards. Bessie had none of this. Like Camille, Mary, and all women I ever kept to long, she let me do absolutely as I pleased, and without hurry would copulate, then sit and talk till we were ready again for the exercise. But they did not at the house in Street fancy our staying so long at their busy time; so she arranged to meet me at B. w Street one night, and took me to a house there which was dearer, but where she said they rarely interrupted couples. It was nearly opposite to the Opera-House, since built. It had a very large frontage, six or seven windows of a row I think, a dingy-looking building that most people would have passed without noticing, or would have thought it a dwelling-house of poorish people. The knowing ones would have guessed that it meant something hidden and convenient. There was no light outside, but if you pushed the door by night or by day, it opened into a darkish lobby, then passing through a glass door with a glimmer of light at the back, a woman met you, and conducted you to a chamber, big or small, handsomely or poorly furnished according to price. In it there must have been twenty rooms, and there was more bum-wagging, more seed spent, more sighs of pleasure in that house nightly, than in any other house in London I should think.

It was dearer; but if you stayed for hours no one ever interrupted you. There were in Winter good large fires, the rooms were a good size, there was no gas, two candles were given, if you wanted more you paid extra. Wine and liquor of fair quality was got for you. The furniture was somewhat dingy, but all the rooms had sofas on which two could lie, and beds large enough for three with clean linen always. It was one of the most quiet, comfortable accommodation-shops I ever was in, and with Brighton Bessie, I passed there many voluptuous evenings.

I took a bottle of champagne with me there one night, the first time I ever did so to a bawdy house

when I met a gay woman; but I wanted that night a long, quiet evening with a free woman, and had one with her quite after my own fashion.

I had Bessie often for about two years, and at intervals for two or three years after that, the last was about ten years after I had first met her. I never had a passion for her, nor did I keep only to her; but through the Winter of this year, as nearly as I can recollect, I had few but her. After next hot weather my lust ran riot, I got also better oft, and treated my pego to variety, but we then frequently met at B . w Street. Poor Bessie fell in love with me, and was fond of liquor as I shall tell, now will only tell of the way our evenings, and at times afternoons were passed together.

If warm enough we used to strip, and lay outside the bed; if not got into bed. As she was beautifully shaped I first took my delight in contemplating her, then I laid along the bed, my head near her knees, she the reverse way, and again I inspected. Some-times she twiddled my cock, and I her clitoris, but generally the time was spent in putting her in every voluptuous posture, and fucking in all sorts of positions. She liked it. "It's all my eye", she used to re-mark when we talked on the subject saying, "I don't like it, — I like fucking and baudiness, it's the best thing in life, — a short life and lots of fucking is my motto, —women who say they never spend with men are liars, —they all like it as much as I do." She was but twenty-one years old, although her stoutness made her look older. And now I leave her for a time.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter III.**

**A change in taste. • A small cunt longed for. • Hunting in the Strand. • Yellow-haired Kitty. • Her little companion. • Oh! you foule. • The house in E...t.r Street. • Double fees. • Kitty's pleasure. • Objections to washing. • Have the other gal. • Cleanliness. • Home occupations. • I ain't gay. • Kitty's males.**

I don't know why my erotic fancies took the desire for a young- lass, but they did. My taste had for the most part run upon the big, fleshy, fat-cunted, and large-arsed; now perhaps for contrast, perhaps from sheer curiosity, the letch took possession of me. A small cunt, tight and hairless perhaps, — I wondered how it looked, felt, and if pleasure would be increased by it, and though my prick swelled when spending until I have groaned under the grip, even of a large cunt, I longed for quite a little one. I had never had a very young girl, — excepting the little child, — Nelly and Sophy had both a little hair on their mottes, so I would try for a youthful quim and one if possible with no hair on it.

I was not versed in the walks and ways of little ones, and looking about at night saw none. Talking about it at my Club, I heard they were to be seen mostly in the day-time, so I looked out in the Strand for what I wanted, and during day-light.

On a blazing hot afternoon in June I walked about a long time thinking of youthful harlots, but saw none, or if I did could not distinguish them. At length I saw two young girls idling about, looking in at the shop windows on the other side of the way. One was dressed all in black, and was taller and stouter than the other. They were not got up in any showy way, but looked like the children of decent mechanics.

They took no notice of any one, nor any one of them, they stopped at a shop, and I noticed that the biggest had the largest legs. A plump form had as said attractions to me almost superior to face. Crossing to the other side of the way I passed them, looking them full in the face. The taller one was good-looking, white-faced, and had goldenish hair, a colour I could not bear. They looked at me, but there was nothing to indicate fastness. Returning I met them again, the same stare, the same indifference. Thinking of their little cunts, and getting randy and reckless I determined to try. They

stopped at a sweetmeat-shop; going to the side of them, and looking into the shop, not at them, so as to prevent my being noticed, "I'll buy you whatever you want if you will come with me", I said. The bigger of the two edged away from me, after looking up in my face, whispered something to her companion, and they both moved along the street without noticing me further.

I was disconcerted, and went over to the opposite side of the way again watching them, they went to a print-shop, and looked in; the big one looked in the direction of a lolly-pop shop, and up and down the street. She was looking after me evidently, so I crossed over, met them full-face, and as I passed said without stopping, "Come with me, and I'll give you money."

I turned a corner, and looked, they were at another shop, the bigger girl with her arm round the smaller one's neck. I again passed them, going back to do so, and saying, "I'll give you three and sixpence." That was the exact sum, and then turned up a street which led to bawdy houses, and waited at the turning into the street.

The two girls turned the corner, stopped, and talked, the bigger laid hold of, and slightly pulled the smaller, and seemed to be persuading her. Failing apparently she left her, but turned back, spoke to her again, and both came on together. Then I turned into the back-street, the two girls appeared at the corner of that, and then stopped and talked for a minute. Tired of waiting I thought I had made a mistake, and going slowly back heard the bigger one say, "You are a foule." "Oh ! you foule." "Come he wants us." "You foule."

"I don't want her", said I, "but you. — come", — and returning entered a bawdy house, the outer-door of which stood open, thinking the bigger one would follow, and sure now that she was a harlot. I then passed through the inner door which as usual then had a glass window covered with a red curtain.

A minute elapsed, the bawdy house-keeper had been spoken to, but the girl not coming, I opened the door to look out. The bigger girl was just inside the outer door, and was pulling in the other one. "Come you foule, — you said you would, — he'll give you money as well as me, and I'll give you some of mine too, — well you are a foule", quite bawling it out. There was not much secrecy needed in such things at those times, in those streets.

"I don't want her", said I hurriedly, it's you, — come in, or I won't wait." She came in, the other girl disappeared, and we were soon in a bed-room together.

It was the first house at that end of the street, had been newly opened, and was furnished in a style not like a bawdy house; no show, neat and clean, but cheaply; no bed-hangings (and in those days most bawdy houses had bed-hangings), the blinds were new and white, the beds quite clean. The top-floor room where I went for economy was two shillings and sixpence. The woman of the house was tall, comely, and middle-aged. As I paid her I noticed she had fat red cheeks. How curious that I should recollect those red cheeks. She had a white apron on, and was a civil sort of creature.

The girl stood still staring at me. Sitting on the edge of the bed I stared at her, filled with bawdy curiosity and the appreciation of novelty. "Why won't you have the other gal?", said she. "I don't want her, nor want two, — and she is a dirty little imp." "No she ain't dirty, she washes herself like me, — let her come up." "No, — come you here." "She is quite clean,-I wash her myself sometimes." "No, come here I tell you."

The girl came to me dawling. I put my hands up her clothes. A fleshy little bum met my hand, then in the front a smooth belly, a motte almost hairless as it seemed. She said not a word, but gave a sort of jerk of her body, and as my hand touched her bum it jutted forwards, and as I drew my hand round to her belly she drew her belly back. It did not seem like shame. She did not utter a word. "Take off your things", said I.

She drew away from me, and took off her bonnet, then stood still. "Off with your things", I said throwing off some of mine. "I can't take them off, — if I do I can't fasten them again, they are in a knot." "Take them off." "If I do you will have to fasten me." "So I will." Slowly she stripped to her

chemise. "Take that off." "I won't." "Come here then." She came. Laying hold of her I lifted her bodily, and threw her with her back on the bed, throwing up her chemise and stretching open her legs quickly. She gave a sup-pressed "hoh !" put her hand down to her cunt, and felt her mons nervously.

Take away your hand dear." She took it away, then I pulled open her little thing. Such a delicious little gap it was, with the smallest possible quantity of golden hair just showing on it; such a smooth white belly and thighs, and all so plump, that I was wonder-struck at a young girl being so round and fine. I had not expected under that shabby black clothing anything so nice. I was charmed with her head also; in a big black and shabby bonnet I had seen nothing but a white face and large blue eyes. Her hair was golden in tone, bright and flowing.

Whilst pulling off my trowsers she sat up and asked, "Is it big?" For the instant I did not quite know what she meant. "What's big?" "Your thing, — measure it." I went up to her pulling out my pego. "It is big", said she. "It's little", said I. "It ain't,-it's big." "No." "Yes, — don't push hard sir, — will you now?" "No my dear I won't, — Is it bigger than other men's pricks ?" "I shan't tell you." "Well lay down and open your thighs", — again I lifted her on to the bed. "Don't you do it hard", said she getting up again, "or I won't let you." "Then I won't pay you." Back she fell, I wetted my prick, put it to the notch, and with a shove or two was well up her. She gave a "oh, — oohh !" and then laid quiet. Grasping her fat little bum I fucked, then stopping pulled out my prick, and looked at her cunt. "What are you a going to do?" said she in an astonished way.

"Get quite on to the bed dear." Slow at obeying I helped her into the posture, and got on to her, and brought my pleasure to an end, lying on the top of the pretty little girl.

I lay on her long afterwards, and tried by the muscular contraction of my arse-cheeks and ballock-roots to stiffen my pego again. She laid quiet all the time with my prick up her, but I could not manage it, my prick shrunk.

A second erection without uncunting being impossible, I got into a kneeling posture between her open legs, and checked a slight movement on her part saying, "Now lie quiet, — don't move." There was I kneeling between her thighs; looking down I saw her half-opened cunt with the gruelly tide issuing from it, took my prick in hand half its potential size, flabby and wet, pulled back the skin, and out rolled a large drop of sperm on to her thigh. She lay quite quiet, looking at me, her yellow hair falling all around her head as it lay on the pillow. Now I was astonished at her beauty, I had not noticed it fully before.

"You are very handsome, — how old are you?" "Fifteen and a little." "You must be more." "I don't know, but mother says so." I looked at her cunt, the hair on it was not an eighth of an inch long,, scarcely any of it, and of course showing no intention of curling, but her form was so round that I could not believe she was so young. "Fifteen and a little", she repeated, her aunt and her mother had been disputing the day of her birth; her mother was out of her mind when she gave birth to her. "Aunt says I ain't fifteen."

"Give the other gal a shilling, — do", she broke in whilst I was questioning her about age, and kneeling between her thighs. "What are you so anxious about the other girl for?" "She lives over us, and is my friend, — will you give her a shilling? — do." "Why?" "Do, — if you don't I shall give her a shilling of mine, and give her some of mine anyhow, — you said you'd give me three and sixpence, didn't you?"

Curiously amused I laughed. "I'll give you a shilling for her, if you let me do it to you again." "Oh! do", said she.

It was hot, I had not reposed after my pleasure, so quitting my kneeling position I laid down besides her, and began feeling her breasts. She turned her head towards me. "You have not washed yourself", said I after a minute's amusement with her bubbies. "It ain't no good if yer ar going to make a mess in it agin, — when you've done it I'll wash it all out together." I thought from that

speech she was not an old one at the game, yet after all she only behaved as every young girl I have had usually behaved, they have mostly objected to washing their cunts directly after a poke, I think they rarely wash it until requested. There must be some sweet tranquillizing pleasure which a man's sperm gives to a woman's cunt, and makes her undesirous of washing it out. It is only when a woman knows it is good for her health if she be gay, that she ever does it. No married woman washes the sperm out of her cunt, yet in the morning after a night's fucking you never find the sperm if you feel in the cunt for it, — where does it go? — it is absorbed I sup-pose.

We lay thus and talked. "How old are you really?" "Fifteen and two months, as I told yer, — I always was fat, but ain't so fat as I was though, — father used to say I should get fat on gruel." I should have guessed her full sixteen had it not been for the little hair there was on her motte, and the delicate pink small cut, and tight prick-hole. "How long have you been gay?" "I ain't gay", said she astonished. "Yes you are." "No I ain't." "You let men fuck you, don't you?" "Yes, but I ain't gay." "What do you call gay?" "Why the gals who come out regular of a night dressed up, and gets their livings by it." I was amused.

"Don't you?" "No, mother keeps me." "What is your father?" "Got none, he's dead three months back, —mother works, and keeps us. — she is a charwoman, and goes out on odd jobs." "Don't you work?" "Not now", said she in a confused way", "mother does not want me to, I takes care of the others." "What others?" "The young ones." "How many?" "Two, —one's a boy, and one's a gal." "How old?" "Sister's about six, and brother's nearly eight, — but what do you ask me all this for?" "Only for amusement, — then you are in mourning for your father?" "Yes, it's shabby, ain't it? — I wish I could have nice clothes, I've got nice boots, — ain't they?" — cocking up one leg, "a lady gived em me when father died, — they are my best."

"Are you often in the Strand?" "When I gets out I likes walking in it, and looking at the shops, — I do if mother's out for the day." "Does she know you are out?" The girl who had been lying on her back with her head full towards me, turned on her side, and giggling said in a sort of confidential way, "Bless you no, — she'd beat me if she knew, — when she be out I locks them up, and takes the key, and then I goes back to them, — I've got the key in my pocket, and shall be home before mother, — she is out for the whole day."

"Do the children know you're out?" "No, I says to them, 'You be quiet now, I'm going to the yard.' " "What's the yard?" said I not reflecting. The girl thought a minute, chuckled, turned her head, and was silent, she was actually blushing. "What's the yard?" Suddenly it struck me, "Going to the privy?" She burst out laughing. "Yes that's it, I say I'm going to the privy, and then I comes out with her, and they can't get out, so they are all right, and we go back together if she's with me; if she ain't I go back by myself, — there", — and she stopped satisfied with her explanation. "They may set fire to themselves", said I. "There ain't no fire after we have had breakfast, I puts it out, and lights it at night if mother wants hot water."

"What do you do with yourself all day?" "I washed both of them, I gives them food if we've got any, then washes the floor and everything, and then washes myself, then I looks out of the winer." "Wash your-self." "Yes I washes from head to foot allus." "Have you a tub?" "No we've only got a pail and a bowl, but I'm beautiful clean, — mother tells every one I'm the beautifulest clean gal a mother ever had, — I wash everything, mother's too tired. Sometimes we all go out and walk, but that's at night; sometime I lays abed nearly all day." She was beautifully clean in her flesh, her linen was clean, its color awful; but what could be expected from a pail, a bowl, and one room to dry things in. "You can't always be washing." "No, I do all the mending and making, — look how my finger is pricked", said she showing it.

I had been smoothing and feeling her all over, her unwashed cunt had come in for its share of my attentions, I had been twiddling it till outside it was dry. Recurring to the never-failing, and always charming theme, I got close to her, kissed her, my fingers sought the innermost recesses of her tight little orifice. "Don't you like fucking? — does it give you pleasure?" "It never gived me much pleasure that I know on", she replied. "But you don't dislike it?" "Not if they don't hurt me." "Do

they ever?" "One or two have, if they push hard, — but I shan't say no more, — there."

There was a frankness, openness, and freshness about this girl which delighted me. Question after question I put, and would be answered; if evaded I put it in another shape, but she seemed willing mostly to reply. I put into her little head things she had never dreamed of, and all the time kept rubbing her clitoris, probing her little quim, distending it, tickling it, and exciting her till she wriggled her little fat bum.

"Do I hurt you?" "Oh! no," — "let me then," — "oh! don't sir, — I wish you would not." "Did you never enjoy the prick up you? — never enjoy a fuck! — you shall enjoy it with me." "Don't now", said she turning herself round as I friggged on. "Feel my prick dear." She did not need a second invitation. "Is it not stiff?" "Yes, and big." "Yes, — yes, — but oh ! don't sir, — take away your hand, — ah !" I talked on, frig- ging and tickling, my prick throbbing, but restraining myself, for instinct told me she was about to enjoy a pleasure she had never enjoyed yet. All at once she relinquished my prick, a slight heaving of her belly, and her eyes closed, then I knew she was ready to discharge.

I ceased to frig, her eyes opened, her thighs which had closed opened again. I joined my body to hers, and we were one, I fucked, — we fucked now, for the little lass in a minute or two was dissolving in pleasure whilst I was pissing my sperm up her, groaning as the tightness of her little cunt squeezed my sensitive prick. If Kitty was not a harlot before, she was from that minute she had her spend with me.

She laid quite quiet till nature dissolved our fleshy union by uncunting me, then I laid by her side, she on her back, her thighs wide open, her eyes closed.

"Don't it give you pleasure?" After repeating that half-a-dozen times she said, "I don't know." "Yes you do, — did you spend?" "I don't know what a girl's spending is", said she. "Did my prick give you pleasure, — tell me Kitty?" At length she said yes, and she had never had pleasure with men before. (Two years afterwards she repeated that the first pleasure she ever had with a man was with me.) "Wash yourself." "I'll wash when I go home." "Wash now you little beast." "What does it matter to you?" "Wash you little devil." She washed carefully, and whilst doing so, "Piddle", said I. "I can't abear to piddle before a man, what a funny man you are." "Piddle my dear", and the little dear piddled.

Wiping herself dry she stopped in the middle of the operation and asked, "Why wouldn't you have the other gal?" "What do you want me to have her for?" "She's very poor." "What do you do with your money?" "Buy things to eat, — mother's very poor, we often ain't got enough to eat." "Then you get a little money by being gay." "I ain't gay I tell you." "Well your friend is I suppose, and gets money." "No she doesn't, — she isn't gay either, — no man ain't ever done it to her, she's such a foule, — but she would a come in to-day with you, she said she would, and she were just a comin when you sent her off, — she promised me, she'd let yer if you wanted, but she is a foule though."

"I don't believe that." "It's God's truth though, she ain't, she says she ain't; she knows what men want gals for, but she's never let any one, — I know she ain't, she is frightened." "Have you looked at her cunt?" "Often", said Kitty. "And she's looked at yours?" "Of course she has, — she lives over us I tell you, I go up to her, and she comes down to me when mother's out, — I wash her." "You seem fend of washing." "I likes things clean." I thought for an instant, "It may be true, I should like to see her cunt if she's never been poked, — what object has this little lass in pressing this so?" Then said I, "Tell me the truth, and I'll give you another shilling, — don't lie, — I shall soon tell whether you're lying or not, and getting up", "here is three and six (I had it on the mantle-piece), here's a shilling for her, and there is another. If you answer truly, I'll see you again; but I'll never see you again if I find you are making up lies,—come here." And I sat down.

She came forward, I pulled her between my naked legs, her naked thighs met mine, her little cunt was close to my prick, I put my hand round her fat little bum, and looked her in the face, pressing her belly close to mine."

"What do you want me to have her for?" "Only cos she's so poor, — why she only gets sixpence a day, —she works at sack-making, — oh ! isn't it hard !—and her hands if you seed em, are hard and brown, stained with the string, and what the works with, — mother wants me to work at them at home, but I won't—I tells her I'd run away first, — she is so little she can't carry the sacks home as other gals do; so a strong young woman who works at sacks carries them home for her, and charges her twopence for it, — they carries them home on the top of their heads; but she is too little, she is." (At that time women worked at sack-making, and carried them home on their heads.)

"Can she put her finger up her cunt?" "I shan't tell you all that", said she turning nasty. "Is her cunt as open as yours?" "No it ain't." "Then she can't get her finger up." "Oh ! you are a rum cove, you are", said she breaking away from me, "I never seed the like of you. I must go, — tell me what time it is." "Half-past four." "I'll go, — I give the children some-thing to eat about this time." "Come here, or I won't give you the shillings." We resumed our positions. "Are you sure she has never had a man?" "Never, she's such a foule, — she says she'd like to, and she'd like the money, and yet she won't, — she is such a foule." "How long have you done it?" "Only since we have lived this side of the water, after father died." "How many men have you had?" "I shan't say, — I don't recollect, — it arn't no business of yourn, —you don't like me." "Yes I like you, but I won't tell, — no it isn't a dozen, — I shan't say who first did it, — I shan't then, — it isn't a dozen, — yes I am quite sure, I don't think it's ten, but it may be about that, I think it's eight, — they didn't all do it to me, no they didn't, — one on em only put his hands up my clothes, and went off in a minute; another pulled up my clothes, and looked at me, and then he—" She stopped, and I could not get her to say what, so promised her another shilling. "I don't know what he did." "Frig himself?" "I don't know what you call it, — yes he did that", said the girl bursting into a roar of laughter when I showed her the operation. "I looked at him, and he went away without speaking, — he only gave me half-a-crown; but an old gentleman one day gave me a gold bit of ten shillings." She began counting on her fingers. I thought she was reckoning her gains, she was a long time at it, doing it over and over again; at length, "It's seven", said she. "What?" "Gentlemen, — you make eight."

"Your little friend is too young", said I. "She is fourteen, but shorter than me." "Has she any hair on her cunt?" "You can just see some coming, and it's black." "She is dirty." "No she ain't, but she was till she knew me, — she can't help her clothes being dirty, but she mends em, — how I wish I had nice clothes like the gals about at night, and like gentle-folks!" said Kitty in a sort of ecstasy, and then tossed up half-a-crown, and caught it.

I began to long for the other girl, and told her she might bring her the next day, that she should have three and sixpence, and her friend the same, and more if I did it. Kitty went off agreeing to meet me with her if their mothers were out, but if not, the day after, all depended on their mothers' absence. She would listen to the church-clock, and as it struck three she would leave; it was only by listening that she knew the time. She would put by a penny for the bridge-toll; generally she went round by Westminster bridge to avoid paying the penny. Then we left. Her little friend I found was loitering close by. They went into a pastry-cook's, and I watched them both eating to-gether as they went along towards Waterloo bridge, Kitt and Pol.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter IV.**

**Little Pol consents. • Arsy-versy. • Broached, and howling. • Kitty's vocalization. • A cheap virginity. • Two hours after. • Love's money lost. • The street-gully. • Kitty pleases. • Pol tires. • Kitty's habits. • Friendliness and frankness. • Sausage rolls. • Confessions of lust.**

On the appointed day I saw Kitty but alone, she followed me to the house, and soon by my pego her sweet little cunt was distended. I had her all the after-noon, and tailed her to the extent of my

powers. The girl was delighted, her eyes sparkled with lewdness. Was fucking nice? "Oh! yes, yes", she replied, it was nicer than she thought, nicer than gals told her it would be. This was after I had called her at our meeting a little humbug, for not bringing her friend. The excuse was that Pol's mother was at home. I did not believe it, but was so content with her sweet little form, the ease with which I handled her, the enticing look of the cunt, its tightness, and her pleasant, frank manners, that I forgot all about the other little one, till going away, then said, "Mind you bring your friend, and I'll give you five shillings, but you know you won't, you little storyteller." "I will, — I shall, — I'll make her come, — she 'wants, but she is such a foule, — and she's frightened of her mother."

Another blazing hot day. The two were looking in at the pastry-cook's, the taller with her arm round the neck of the other. I watched them for a minute, Kit often looked around anxiously, and seeing me, moved off quickly towards the street. I followed on the opposite side of the way, then stopped. The small one stood with her back against a wall, Kitty was gesticulating. I went on passing without noticing them. As I passed I heard, "You are a foule, you're a liar, — you said you would." "I shan't then." Turning the corner I looked back. There they still were standing as on the first day I saw them. Thought I, "She can't persuade the little one", so walked on to W. . . . n Street, to the Lyceum portico, and back again in a fever of expectancy. As I got near the house they both turned the corner, so in I went and waited till both girls appeared, and soon heard two pairs of feet after me on the same staircase, two young voices whispering, the Mistress following us all.

"Why five shillings?" "You have two young ladies to-day, double price you know sir." I did not know, for it was the first time I had had two women together in a house. Excited and anxious I had got to fucking-heat in anticipation of a small unprobed cunt, paid the money, and there was I with the two little ones face to face, two young cunts at my disposal, a novelty, and a charming one. The woman closed the door, casting a queer look at the girls and me. I locked it.

I put my hand up Kitty's clothes, the other girl, an ugly little imp in a bonnet as big as a coal-scuttle, and with boots which looked as if they were her mother's, stood and stared with eyes wide open, — they were dark, and her hair nearly black. "Come here my dear." "Come to him", said Kitty. The girl drew near, I took her on my knee. "So you are the friend of Kitty, and we are going to play with each other naked, aren't we? — I'm going to look at your cunt, and you are going to feel my cock." She made no reply. "I'm going to look where your piddle comes out, aren't I?" "No" said the girl sullenly after reflecting a minute, and hanging her head on one side, "I shan't."

"Yes he is you foule, — oh I you are a foule", burst out Kitty, "I wish I didn't know you, you are such a foule, — she said she would sir, she knows all about it, she does, she knows what she has corned for, she does, — now don't be a foule (in a threatening manner), I won't speak to you agin, nor gi yer nothink (Kitty's English was awful), — you may get yer belly filled, I won't help fill it." All this over and over again, in anger.

The girl looked at Kitty humbly. "Well I will then." I put my hands up her petticoats on to a lean pair of thighs. "Take off your things." "Yes take them off", said Kitty helping her off with her bonnet, and to undress. "Are you going to take off yours Kitty?" said she. "Yes when you have", and without more ado she stripped the girl to her chemise, and herself likewise. I took off all but my shirt and socks. It was a sweating hot day.

The girl was not very inviting, was heavy and lubberly, and looked as if she had not enough to eat; but there was in her a virgin cunt, so I was told, al-though even then a little sceptical about what a female told me on that point. My tooleywag was standing at the idea, I shook it before them, and calling both to me held them round their naked bums, and made them feel me. The pair of little fists anxiously feeling from the root of my balls to the tip of the piercer soon rendered me impatient for action. I was near the side of the bed facing the windows, and through the white blinds came the strong light of a summer's afternoon. Lifting the fresh one from my knee I put her on her back on the bed, and lifted her scanty chemise. Close went her legs together, I opened them, she resisted, I grew angry, Kitty called her a foule. Coaxed and bullied at the same time she yielded, I pulled the legs wide open, and kneeling threw one over my shoulder, the other I pressed outwards, and with

my other hand opened her cunt-lips wide; then she kicked her legs over me, and turning arse upwards got up. A little row, again she yielded, again served me the same trick. I damned her for a bitch, and Kitty reviled her. "She is a fool Kitty, — show her what I want." Kitty hesitated a moment, then throwing herself on to the bed opened her thighs, and pulled her cunt-lips apart. The young one gradually persuaded let me do for her what Kitty did for herself, after she had carefully studied Kitty's quim for a minute.

I saw with speechless excitement the girl's cunt, which seemed at first glance as if a prick had entered it; but looking more closely saw that the perforation was too small. I thrust gently my finger up it, — a cry, — a howl. "Don't, — you're hurting", and again the little devil was arse upwards on the bed. Again I coaxed, promised, lied, and Kitty bullied; again I saw the cunt, that it was not like cunts that had been fucked: the hairless lips, a little black tint just above the notch, a little hole. My eyesight failed me, the demon of desire said, "It's fresh, it's virgin, — bore it, — bung it, — plug it; stretch it, — split it, — spunk in it", and I laid hold of her thin backside mad with lust, kissing and sniffing at her cunt. "Let's lay on the bed, and all strip quite naked, — it's so hot." "Yes do", said Kitty. She stripped the girl of her pea-soup coloured rag, and we both stripped. There we were in a minute all three naked, close together, with but little room, the girl in the middle. I pressed to her, put her hand round my prick, talked bawdy. Kitty said, "Now let him." The girl said no. I put one leg over, and worked myself between her little thighs, partly holding myself up on my elbow and pattering bawdy which Kitty kept repeating. "It won't hurt dear." "No it won't hurt", said Kitty. "Just let me touch it with his prick." Kitty in her anxiety slipped right off the bed, and getting herself up stood by the bedside repeating the bawdy words I uttered.

The girl lay quiet, Kitty telling her not to be a fool; but I was a fool, for the notch being small I did not hit it well. Putting my prick down to where my fingers underlied the split, I pushed towards the goal, not pressing her with my body, but keeping my weight off by leaning on my right elbow, for it seemed that if I laid on her I should crush and frighten her, the girl seemed so slim. My tool struck hard at the orifice, she howled. Fearing to miss my game I then fell with the full weight of my body on her, grasping her thin buttocks, and nearly stifling her on that hot afternoon, determined to have her if I killed her. The girl gave howl after howl, and I rammed with all my might the more. "Hish ! —hold your tongue you foule", said Kitty. As the girl wriggled violently, and cried.

"Damn you, if you are not quiet I'll rip your dress into ribbons, and you may go home, and tell your mother what you like, — damn you I'll murder you,- I'll give you ten shillings." "You fool he'll give you ten shillings." I heard no more, oscillating my arse, and driving with all my force between her legs, I knew not how, I knew not where. Still the girl howled, and Kitty kept hushing.

"The woman will turn us out of the house you foule, — she won't let me come in again, — oh ! you foule", said Kitty. In my blind battering I at last lodged the tip well between the lips. The next instant with a cunt-splitting thrust I was up the howling little bitch who wriggled like an eel; but I held her skinny arse up to me like a vice, kept my peg fixed and unmoveably up her in spite of her. Her wriggles alone would have kept it stiff enough, and fetched me. "Be quiet, — I am up you, — I can't h—hurt—you--now, — ah !" — and my spunk was up the virgin quim of the ugly little devil.

She laid quiet, but whinnying, "Oh ! you said you would not hurt me, — ho !—hho !", she sobbed, then laid quite still with my prick up her, snottily whimpering, "o—oho !" — and all was tranquil, I nearly asleep.

"Is it in her?" said Kitty in a whisper, "is it in yer Pol?" Having got no answer from me. "Oh ! what a foule you are." "I've done it", said I. "Let her get up", said Kit. I don't recollect having been up such a tight cunt, not that it gave me pleasure, but the extreme tightness was such a novelty. "I will do it again." "Have you done it really?" said Kitty. "Put your hand and feel", said I opening my legs a little to let Kitty feel under my testicles, "my prick's right up her cunt now, — feel."

"Have you done it really?" "Yes, — feel." "Ri—tol —lural—li—do !" said Kitty setting off in a happy dance all round the room. I went on fucking, keeping the girl quiet, I could pull her little

form up to me as tight as wax, and coaxing and promising all sorts of things I fucked her again without uncunting.

"Have you really done it?" said Kitty again. "Yes twice, — put your hand up under my balls and feel." Kitty thinking better of the suggestion this time did so, and satisfying herself that my prick was out of her touch, set off dancing again with a "ri—too—ralooral —ledo !" I got off the girl, the hair of my prick saturated with blood and spunk. "She is bleeding." The girl began snivelling worse than ever when she heard that, and began feeling her cunt.

"What are you crying for you foule? — did he hurt you much? — let's look at it", — and Kitty looked at the little quim bunged up with sperm mixed with blood. "Oh ! ain't he done it !— ritollooralado, ritollooralado", and she capered again. "What are you dancing and singing for?" I asked. "She's had it done, — oh ! look what a mess is on the bed, the woman will kick up a row."

"Get up and wash it you fool, and don't cry." "It hurts." "Wash it." "It will hurt." "No it won't you foule." Here Kitty put a basin on the floor, pushed the girl towards it, and made her wash. Then we got her on to the bed, and both of us took a long, long look at her split. It was bleeding freely, I saw the ragged edge my intrusion had made, and not feeling inclined for more fucking gave the girl half-a-sovereign in gold, Kitty five shillings, and went off leaving them still naked, Kitty from time to time looking at her friend's wounded orifice, and saying it would soon be all right, that her thing had bled also. I had fear that I might be in trouble through my voluptuousness, al-though a girl of twelve years is competent to judge of her own fitness for fucking, and many not a month over that age are plugged daily in London.

I had to go to the Temple that afternoon, returning along the Strand an hour afterwards, not thinking of my afternoon's amusement, for I had had a disagreeable interview with solicitors, when just at the end of C... Street was a slight crowd, in the middle of it the two girls, and the one I had fucked an hour before crying. Some man gave her money. "Oh ! Lord", thought I, "here is a row about what I have been doing", so got into a cab, and drove off. When a mile away I began to reflect, and felt more comfort-able, but still uneasy, and determined not to meet them the next day as I had promised. The day after I saw Kitty walking by herself, that funk'd me again, so I cut away without her seeing me. Thought I, "There will be a row about that ugly little lump having been pierced, I will go no more." But the litch was so strong that I could not resist, and on the third day driving past in a cab I saw the two girls as usual looking in at shops. Alighting I winked as I passed, heard one say, "Here he is", and three minutes afterwards we were all in the house again.

To strip the two, and examine their cunts was an affair of five minutes, then laying the little one open-legged I looked at hers tranquilly, and saw how the slit was completed. The girl whose name I forget, but will call Poi, put her finger down, and indicated where she felt a difference had been made in the shape. I fucked the lass at the side of the bed, propping up her skinny rump with pillows, Kitty with her face about a foot off admiring the prick as it shoved in and out the little red orifice. It was a novelty to her to see it done.

Kitty was an odd girl. "Don't hurt her now", she kept saying. The little one had objected to my probing her again with my prick, but saying I should otherwise not give her a farthing she consented. My delight was increased by the power I found I had of making her howl whenever I shoved vigorously, and I nearly knocked my prick through into her womb I imagine. The more she howled the more I banged my prick up her, the more I enjoyed her.

When it was over I asked how she had spent her money. Out burst the little animal into tears. "She made me drop it, I didn't spend any of it sir, I lost it." "You dropped it yourself", said Kitty. "You lie." "I don't." "She does", -and so on, and I got at the facts when Kitty had vigorously slapped the face of her friend, and called her fifty times a foule.

Going into the Strand the girl had the money in her hand, Kitty told her to put it into her pocket. She re-fused. Kitty said she would lose it, and just then she dropped it close by a sewer-grating, down which the half-sovereign went. The girl cried, the two quarrelled, and there was soon a crowd round

them. Kitty said that the girl's mother had given her a half-sovereign to buy some bread with, and she had lost it. Some one gave the girl sixpence, the crowd dispersed, and Pol lost the fruits of her first fucking. Never was lost a virginity so poorly rewarded. I did not make up her loss, but gave her half-a-crown with which she was well contented. I certainly was in luck to get all this fun for such trifling sums, I being still in poorish circumstances. Five years before I would have given thirty pounds for the same, and had paid two hundred for Louise.

Giving Kitty three and six, and beginning to put on my drawers she said, "Oh I do it to me, you have done it to her." "Do you want it?" "Yes." "Feel my cock." Kitty grasped it eagerly, we got on to the bed, Pol watched now the graceful manipulation, insertion, and wriggles of pleasure of her friend, for Kitty was fast learning fucking, though quite innocent of the art of frigging. I never knew such a bungler as she was at her first attempt at that.

I grew tired of ugly little Pol when I had bored her a few times, and would not have her again. Kitty I continued to see, she was a most amusing girl. Too young on the town to have learnt the tricks and cunning of a harlot, naturally frank and truthful, with some liking for me (for she looked forward to our voluptuous dallings), she gave me for a long time much amusement, and I heard the incidents of her short life. She would jabber like a magpie about them when she knew me well, which she soon did, and began to look to me regularly for her supply of money.

She used directly she caught sight of me, to walk as fast as possible towards the house, and get in before me. She was in the room waiting and grinning when I got there. "Shall I take off my things ?" "Yes." Off they went, and on to the bed the plump white-skinned little girl rolled whilst I undressed at leisure. "Open your legs Kit, and let's see your cunt." How she clutched my prick the moment I was by the side of her. It really was very nice.

She said, "I buy things to eat, I can't eat what mother gives us, she is poor, and works very hard, she'd give us more, but she can't; so I buys food, and gives the others what mother gives me, they don't know better, — if mother's there I eat some, sometimes we have only gruel and salt; if we have a fire we toast the bread, but I can't eat it if I am not dreadful hungry." "What do you like?" "Pies and sausage-rolls", said the girl smacking her lips and laughing, "oh! my eye ain't they prime, — oh !" "That's what you went gay for?" "I'm not gay", said she sulkily. "Well what you let men fuck you for." "Yes." "Sausage-rolls?" "Yes, meat-pies and pastry too."

"What did you let the first man do it to you for?" "I don't know, he came up to me and told me he'd give me some money, if I would go to a house with him, — he only wanted to talk with me, and I was then so hungry. He took me to No. 4, just opposite here, and did it to me." "What did he give you?" "Five shillings." "You had never had it before?" "Never." "I don't believe you." "I never had, I'm only fifteen and a little, — he met me in the Strand near where you did", she cried indignantly. "Did he but you?" "Yes, and made me bleed, — I was upset, and didn't think much about it till I got home and found my shemmy bloody. I washed it, and put it on again quite wet, so that mother mightn't know."

As she talked she would feel my cock, every now and then raise her head to look at it, fall back again as if satisfied, and go on feeling it and talking.

She was intensely curious about my prick, would lay and examine it for half-an-hour at a time silently. One day after feeling it she asked if she might do what she liked with it. Certainly. She moved on to her knees (we were both stark naked on the bed, and had fucked not long before), and began feeling it, skinning, then covering the tip, looking under the balls and smelling it. "How smooth and red it is", said she, — "Does that hurt?" and she rubbed her finger over the tip orifice. "A little, — wet your finger," She did. "Shall I wet it with my tongue?" "Do." She licked it, and bit by bit put it into her mouth, asking me occasionally if she hurt me. I laid amused with the sexual promptings of her nature. She took it out of her mouth, put it in again, then it got stiff, then she laughed. "Isn't it funny?" said she, "how smooth and red it is, — first it's flabby, then it's stiff", — and she relinquished it, laying down across me, and contemplating it quite silently.

"Did you do that to the other gentleman?" I asked. "Oh ! no, never, — I didn't think about it, — only one on em stopped long", — and she told me about all of their doings. She could never make out but seven, though she always asserted there were eight who had had her before me.

I did not like either cock-sucking or cunt-licking at that epoch, and stopped Kitty who was bent on stiffening it with her mouth. She had no idea however of giving me a pleasure that way, it was simply curiosity and novelty. Often she did the same thing, indeed always had a quarter of an hour at it.

I saw her about twice a week, sometimes more, it was all she could manage "in dodging her mother." ! gave her three and sixpence each time, which made her quite happy and contented, and it was a very economical pleasure to me. She learnt much from me, in six weeks blushed at nothing, and was impatient to be fucked. "Do that afterwards", would she say if I dallied long in the preliminaries, then quietly, "Oh I ain't it pleasure !" she added in an artless satisfied way.

Then somehow she persuaded her mother that she might go out if fine for a little time in the afternoon, and she was let out occasionally when the mother was at home, but which rarely was the case; and then I saw the pretty lass almost daily, but always in the afternoon; and her impatience to have the pleasure of fucking became almost comical.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter V.**

**Kitty's antecedents. • The fishmonger's. • Jim the shopman. • Betty the maid. • Females in bed. • Mutual curiosity. • Letchery and frigging. • Educated in coition. • Against the kitchen-wall. • Jim in bed. • Betty's cunt washed out. • A look in the basin. • Cousin Grace, and cousin Bob. • Bob on the spree. • A scuffle. • Topsy-turvy. • Arsyversy. • Bob's semen. • A masturbating duet. • Caught in the act • Kicked out.**

I questioned her many a time, and put together here consecutively what she said. She was as much pleased to gossip about it as I was.

She was the daughter of a carpenter, had been kept at home to help her mother, till six months previously to my meeting her, when growing restive, and I dare say her animal vigor inciting her to go forth into the world, she went into a situation at a fishmonger's who wanted some girl to nurse a little child, his wife being ill.

I believed she had told me most things about her-self from the time the doodle had first penetrated her: yet why had not such a big girl been put to earn her living? she said that her mother was always in the family way, or a child was ill, so she being the biggest helped at home.

But she had been in service, about all of which she told me one hot afternoon. Ice was then a luxury, they charged two pence extra for a bottle of gingerbeer iced. She was fond of gingerbeer, we had some iced with sherry, and lay on the bed drinking it as she told me her story bit by bit. This is an account of my doings, and not of tales told me by others, but I must tell her tale, for I believed every bit of it, and it is almost part of my own, and this is how it came out.

"If you never spent with a man till you did with me, you had frigged yourself." "I never did till the gal at the fishmonger's did it to me, — we slept to-gether." "Then you had been in service?" "Only two months, I went to mind a little child."

The fishmonger was a little struggling tradesman, in a house with a shop on the ground-floor, and a little back-parlour, and kitchens, and a cellar below where they kept fish-baskets.

Over the shop were two rooms, one was the fish-monger's bed-room, and two bed-rooms above.

The wife was confined to her bed, and her husband slept alone in the back-room which was usually the female servant's; so the servant was put into a bed on the top-floor. This maid cooked, cleaned, did everything, and had an eye as well to the shop if her Mistress was ill, and when Master and his man were out; but she could not mind the child as well. The fishmonger asked the carpenter if he knew of a strong steady lass, the carpenter named his own girl, and Kitty went for grub, lodging, and one and six a week. She was to sleep with the maid on the top-floor over the rooms where Master and Mistress slept. The servant's name was Betty.

The fishmonger drank. A young man named Jim went with him to market, and sometimes without him if he had been very drunk over night. Jim opened the shop, harnessed the horse and cart, and every night when the Master went to bed, Jim went to the under-ground kitchen, opened a cupboard, pulled down some-thing called a bed, and slept there.

Jim was up first, and to bed but last, could not go to bed till the maid-of-all-work was out of the kitchen. Jim pissed in the sink, and made his own bed every morning as soon as he got up, which was done by turning it up somehow into the cupboard, and then he called up his Master and the maid. The privy was in the yard.

Kitty took charge of the child, and the first night as she was going to bed and took her things off Betty said, "Where is your night-gown?" "I ain't got none", said Kitty, "I sleep in my shemmy." Betty tossed up her head. Kitty cried. "Father's a poor man", said she, "but he's respectable, and though I sleeps in my shemmy I am very clean, I washes all over every day, —look at my legs and my neck, — but with my first week's wages I'll buy a night-gown."

"Never mind", said Betty, "you are clean, and you're fat, — your dad gives you lots of grub, — don't cry, I only said, 'where's your night-gown?'--Lord you are fat for your age !—how old did you say you were ? — why what a big bum you've got for your age!"

Kitty had been staring at Betty, and the hair on the bottom of her belly. "She was so hairy", said Kitty to me, "I had never seen a woman naked before, and the hair on her belly made me look." Say on her cunt Kitty." "Well on her cunt, — such lots, and so black, —I had seen gals' things, my cousins used to show me theirs, and I showed them mine to see how our hair was coming; but I did not think a woman could grow such a lot there."

It was a cold night, the girl and the woman were in bed. "Come closer, we will be warmer." Kitty got closer, then Bet began feeling Kitty. How smooth, how soft she was, how plump, and not quite fifteen? —what a bum, — why her thighs were quite large. "Oh ! don't mind I want to warm my hand, between your thighs, put your hand between mine, — there,-you've just a little hair coming on your thing, — feel mine, it's like the hair on your head, isn't it? — I am only twenty-five, — but when you are twenty you will have as much Kitty. Your hand is cold, put it between my thighs, we will warm each other there. What a nice little thing your cunt is", said Betty feeling the little one's.

Soon the very first night they felt each other's flesh, Kitty wondering at the cunt and hair of the grown woman, Betty thinking perhaps of what I can only guess at. Kitty went to sleep with one hand between Betty's thighs, and awaking in the night felt Betty again who was asleep and snoring. She was a stout, big-built, fat-arsed, black-bristle-cunted woman (that is from Kitty's description), but she must have been older than she said, for the hair was thick and black in her armpits, and she had slight hair on her lips besides.

Betty got more free next night. "You've a sweet-heart, and you let him feel this little thing, — the men call it cunt." Kitty said she had not, and had not been felt. "I know better, you let him put his cock up it." Kitty did not. "What never been fucked? — that is what men call it, — let me feel." "No." Betty felt Kitty's cunt, and hurt her. "Well I don't believe you have, — you are a stupid, — it's half the pleasure of life, — feel my cunt, — give me your hand, — there your fingers are on it, — oh ! it don't hurt, you may feel right up."

Kitty was overwhelmed and ashamed. "I did not like it, but yet I felt so curious that I let my fingers

go where she placed them, and I felt all about her thing." "Cunt Kitty." "Well about her cunt."

So gradually at night the elder led on the younger, by talking, feeling, and telling the little one all she knew, explaining the pleasures of fucking, the male mysteries, and male tastes and habits, although she was what was called respectable, and worked hard for her living as maid-of-all-work.

Betty pushed matters further. "I don't quite believe you are a maid, — let me look, — would you not like to look at me? — show me yours, I'll show you mine." Curiosity to see the cunt of a full-grown woman took possession of Kit.

On Sunday Jim had a holiday, the shop was shut, Allwork cooked the dinner, then the fishmonger had grog, and went to lie down, Betty went up to clean herself, Kitty and the child went up with her then Kitty showed her cunt, and Betty showed hers. "It was big, and such lots of hair, — I'd never seen one before", said Kitty, "she pulled it open wide, after-wards she pulled mine open, and we looked at each other over and over again. I'd seen my little sister's and cousin's, and two or three other gals' things, but they were all young; I'd never seen a big woman's."

Kitty getting bolder asked if she had ever let a man do it to her. Yes, she had been married, and knew all about it. "You never had a child?" "Never you little fool, there are lots of ways of stopping that, —oh! I love it, I wish I had a nice young man with a big prick here. — I wish you were a man." She took Kitty in her arms, and put her on the bed. "There, lay still on your back, open your legs, and I'll show you how a man gets on." Kitty did. Then she pulled Kitty on to her, and made her play the man. "There, move, — push your cunt up against mine, — up and down, — quick,—there, that's how the man moves when he is fucking till he spends, — then Lord' ain't he quiet !"

Within a week the experienced woman talking to the girl about fucking, had described its pleasures, explained its mysteries, acted and the mode and manner of the doing, until Kitty felt wild to see, feel, and act it for herself.

"Don't you ever frig yourself?" said Bet. "No." "You know what it is?" "Yes." Betty told of the pleasure a finger could bring her, but Kitty was not forward in sexual wants, and she had not friggd her-self or known sexual pleasure in her cunt up to that time, though she had fingered herself.

"I'll frig you", said she. Kitty objected, but the talk of prick, of the delight of the male and female in feeling and rubbing each other upset Kitty, who was growing older, and whose animalism was perhaps rampant that night. She left a lovely sensation all over her as Bet rubbed her cunt, and she spent. Betty then took Kit's fingers, and rubbed her own cunt. "What with your fingers?" "Yes Kitty's fingers, and rubbed them on her clitoris, and friggd herself with them, Kit supposed. That same night alying sleepless under the excitement of the novel pleasure whilst Allwork snored, Kitty friggd herself. The next night they friggd to-gether. Betty said, "It's poor pleasure, — I likes a man, and you'll like a chap, — some one will fancy you soon, —you let him do it. When you have a great stiff cock up your cunt poking and poking, and poking away, — oh ! it's delicious, and you won't like friggng after that."

One night the fishmonger was out, Kitty put the child to bed (he had the child to sleep in his bed usually). Bet and Kit were in the shop-parlour, and Jim in the shop. Betty went down to the kitchen, Jim soon afterwards told Kit to give an eye to the shop, and call him if wanted, and down he went. Kitty who had been sharpened in three weeks, who had seen Jim kissing Betty, and giving her funny pokes when he thought no one was looking, went to the kitchen-stairs, and going down a few steps slowly and peeping; saw Betty with her back up against the wall, Jim close up to her and his hands round her, and his bum moving in a funny way. She knew they were fucking, and fearful of being detected came softly into the shop again; but she made a noise. Up came Betty, the Master came home, and told Betty to go to bed, and Jim to shut up. Soon after Betty washed her cunt. That seems to have been an operation that Kitty never had seen her perform excepting on Sundays. Kitty then felt sure that she had caught Bet at the pleasant exercise, for she had heard how something thick and white came out of the man's cock, and how it was wise to wash the cunt out afterwards.

Betty seems to have been suspicious, for she began asking why she had come down the stairs. To call Jim, a customer having come—but he had gone away she replied. Betty was too clever to take that in. Did she see her, she asked. Kitty had seen her and Jim standing close up in front of her, "and he was moving about, and I told her", said Kitty.

Kitty on being pressed said she thought they were doing what Betty had said men and women did. "Fucking me?" "Yes." He was doing nothing of the sort, that she would swear; but they did it sometimes, for he was going to marry her soon, and after making Kitty promise not to tell, they went to sleep. "If you tell", said the knowing older one, "you will lose your place."

Next night Betty said, "You be quiet, Jim is going to marry me soon, only he don't wish it known, he is coming up when Master's asleep, and going to lay down by the side of me, — you sham to be asleep." Kitty remarked, "He can't lay here all night." No, when he had had his pleasure he would go. Kitty had fear come over her, but promised, then fell asleep, but awakened, and heard Jim say in a whisper, "She sleeps like a top." Then was a rustling and rumpling about, and Jim cried, "Oh! cunt," Betty said, "hush !" they kissed, sighed, and Jim crept softly away, Betty got out and washed her cunt in the dark, and found Kit was awake.

This went on for several nights, Betty had oiled the lock and hinges of the door, and when she heard the Master go up to bed, would softly open the door, and leave it ajar. When Jim had emptied his ballocks he would leave and close the door gently, Bet would light the candle, and wash her cunt. One night she said to Kitty, "Come and see the stuff that comes out of a man's prick." Kitty jumped out of bed, saw the seminal sediment that Betty had washed out of her, and stood looking at Jim's spendings at the bottom of the wash-stand basin. "Look how thick it is", said Bet. "We have no thick stuff, have we?" Then she felt it. "You are a beast", said Kit. "Wait till you have a sweetheart", said Bet.

"Why", said I to Kit, "I asked you before if you had seen any one frig, and you said only your cousin." "Yes", replied she, "my cousin Grace, you didn't ask me about any one else, but I did see a young man once do it to himself", added Kitty, "it was my cousin Bob."

I made her tell me all about that. She had cousins male and female, one named Grace her friend, and a cousin Bob, who used to go and see them; he was a favorite of Kitty's mother, a lad of sixteen, a carpenter. Grace must have been about a year older than Kitty.

Kitty's parents lived in two rooms, and had the right to use a wash-house. I am sure from all she said they were steady working-people. The mother went out sometimes charring, leaving Kitty at home to mind the children. She was useful at home, mended and made their linen. Grace often used to help her at needle-work.

Before Kit went to the fishmonger's she was at home one day mending, and Grace with her. Grace was always talking about what she knew, and had frigg'd herself before Kit. Kit had tried to frig, but got nothing but a pleasant sort of feeling, nothing approaching the luscious crisis that she felt when Betty tried her middle-finger on her clitoris. A knock at the door. "Who is there?" "Bob." Kitty had been forbidden under pain of having her ears boxed, to let Bob or any one else in when her parents were out. "You can't come in", she cried. "Let's in for a minute, I've got something to tell you." "Tell me through the door." "No they will hear upstairs." "No." Bob began rapping a tune with his fists on the door. Grace said, "The lodgers will tell your mother." Bob who seems to have been a little fresh said, "Oh ! won't you be sorry", and tramped downstairs.

A noise outside. "Why there he is again." "Is that you Bob?" No reply. "See if it's some one else." There was a shuffling outside. Grace got up and cautiously opened the door peeping. A big foot was thrust in, and she couldn't close it, then pushing the door wide open, and himself into the room comes Bob. Probably with the instinct of what might follow Kit had thrust the two children into the bed-room. Fe-males are strange and cunning animals; even at an early age, cunt is always ready, always inciting, and preparing them for cock; knowing or unknowingly, whether for intrigue, or objectless, or for the delight of doing what is forbidden; cunt is always inciting the female to help

the male, for "cock and cunt must come together", as poor Fred said.

Bob was making a half-holiday, had had enough beer to elevate him, and was of an age at which a prick has a habit of getting inconveniently stiff. If you can't afford to pay for cunt, or don't know a cunt which will take you up it for love, your prick is a restless article, which will insist on the buttocks pushing it somewhere or somehow, till the stiffness is taken out of it. A frisky youth with restless cods was in the room with two girls, one of whom was also frisky, and the younger inquisitive. They got joking, he kissed them, they tickled him, till he threw himself on the floor, and rolled about as the girls tormented him, and thought they were getting the best of him. He suddenly caught hold of them both, pulled them on to the floor in a heap, one on the top of him one by his side, and holding one one way, and the second another way, managed to put his hand on to one's cunt, turned the other over, and lifting up her clothes slapped her naked backside; they struggling and crying out at the attack on their sacred privates, he fighting, overturning, and exposing the limbs of the lasses, until, as Kitty said, "he's seed all we'd got to be seen over and over again."

This quieted Kitty and Grace. When released they called him a blackguard, and told him to go out of their room. "I'll tell my mother", said Kitty. "Tell her", said Bob, "tell her you saw this", pulling out a stiff prick, "as stiff as yours", said Kitty, who was laying at the side of the bed feeling my cock about whilst telling me.

"We turned away, then turned round, it was still out, he had got it in his hand, and was grinning. Grace said, 'Let's go to the children', and burst out laughing, so did I, because she did." Kitty stopped her, saying, "Don't let the children see him, they may tell mother." After a time they turned round again, the fascination of the prick was on them, both wanted to see it. Grace winked at Kitty. "Go away Bob", said Grace, "you'll get Kitty's ears boxed if it's known you have come in." "Don't care", said Bob, "show me your cunts, and I will. Cocky, cunt, cocky, cunt", he sang out, "look here, — come and feel it."

"I don't know what you mean", said Grace turning round again. (Kitty said that Grace told her afterwards she wanted to see as much of his thing as she could.) "Show us the crack between your thighs." "You beast, I've a good mind to hit you", said Grace. "Come on", said he. "You go." "Feel my prick first." "I won't." "You Kitty." "I won't you beast." "But", said she, "I was curious like to feel it for all I said 'no' to him, and so was Grace."

Bob ran at Grace, and catching her, pulled up her clothes, and felt her; then running after Kit, he did the same, the whole three were yelling, Bob with his prick out promising to go if they felt him, they frightened of the mother coming home.

They were much agitated now, the children in the bed-room were crying at the row, and both girls threatening to call the lodger upstairs. "Let me", said he, "let me put my cock just on your naked thighs, — do, — do, — do, — only for a minute." "Shan't you beast." "Oh! I must do it", said Bob, "I must, -h000", and then sitting down on a chair, Bob closed his eyes, frigged away, and saying, "Oh! it ought to be in your ck—ck---cunt", spent, the two girls looking at him and at the sperm jetting out on to the floor.

They stood looking, never uttered a word, and fear came over them lest Kitty's mother should come home, and catch him there with his cock out, and his sperm on the floor. "Go, there is a good young man, --mother will be home directly, — oh ! that's her footstep, — run upstairs, and wait till she's in." Bob whose nervous system was I dare say a little shaken by his frig, but-toned up his trowsers, and ran out of the room. The girls locked the door and listened, — it was not the mother, then they began to talk.

"That's it on the floor, — that's what comes out of a man's cock when he puts it up a woman's thing", said Grace, — it's that which gets a woman in the family way, — it's that which gives them both pleasure when they do it together, when his thing is 'up her thing."

Grace told all she knew, that when her mother was "lying in", she once peeped through a key-hole,

and saw her father frig himself. They talked of the pleasure they had heard it gave the woman to have that warm injection up her. Grace friggd herself, Kitty tried but got no pleasure, they sat opposite each other on chairs, Bob's spunk still on the floor. That was the only time she had ever seen spunk till she saw Jim's in the wash-hand basin. "Should you like to see mine Kitty?" "Shouldn't I!" said she. "You shall some day", — and one day she friggd me.

Kitty was quite artless when she told me this, she had taken a liking to me, though I did not then know it, and was delighted to tell me all, it seemed quite a relief to her to do so. She had never spoken to any one else about it. To a man? she should think not, — it was not likely, and though I asked her often and often about it at times she never varied the account. I believed it implicitly, and that is why I narrate it here.

Several nights Jim served Betty so, till one night Kitty sneezed. "The girl's awake", said Jim. "Who is that?" said Kitty shamming, though she knew full well. "It's Jim, — you won't tell, will you?" said Betty. "I have told her you are going to marry me, — have I not Kit?" Jim went on tailing his mistress, but now that he knew Kit was awake he put out his hand and felt Kitty's bum whilst fucking. "Did you tell Betty that?" said I. "No", said Kit laughing.

Next night Betty who seems to have taken delight in debauching Kit, made her feel Jim's prick, she pulled her hand to it. "I thought I liked to feel, but I shammed that I did not." "Was it big?" "It seemed bigger than yours, but I didn't see it."

This went on for a fortnight or so, Kitty feeling always afraid that they would be found out, and so it came to pass. Illicit fucking in a house not your own is sure to bring trouble.

The Mistress' sister came to nurse her, and slept in her room. Betty said the sister gave a lot of trouble, and was always poking her nose where she had not business to poke it. Jim did not come up for one or two nights, he had heard some one moving either in the Master's, or in the sick woman's room. Kitty was glad of it. Jim I suppose at last randied out of his prudence one night, and Betty reckless for want of fucking, told him to come, and up he came. Then a violent knock at the door came just as he was fucking Betty.

"Who is that?" "Me." "Wait a minute sir." "Open it, or I will break the door open." "Wait sir, I'm not dressed." In came the door with a crash. Jim was just by the bed, Kitty standing by Betty, for both got up. At the door was the Master and his sister-in-law. "You damned whoring bitch", said the Master to Betty, "at day-light out you go from my house."

The sister-in-law turned down the bed, looked at it, and then at Kitty. "Please Maam it's no fault of mine", said Kit. "You dirty little hussy, why did you not tell what was going on, — your father shall hear of this." "Dress yourself", said the fishmonger to Betty. "Leave them alone till the morning", said the sister-in-law", — and both left the room. Jim half-dressed, without speaking a word, had crept down-stairs whilst the talk was going on. The Master did not speak to him at all.

"They will sack us both", said Betty. Kitty began to cry. "You are a fool, there are lots of places. I hope old Vinegar-Chops liked the look of it", said Betty lifting up the towel (there were the drippings from Betty's cunt on it), — I dare say the sour-faced beast knows what it is, — don't you cry, you will get a living if your father does turn you out, any girl can so long as she has a good face, and something warm between her thighs." That was Betty's comfort to Kitty.

After breakfast the Master put Betty outside the door, Kitty's mother was sent for, who boxed her ears all the way home, and the father knocked her down when he came home. "If I thought you'd turn a whore", said he, "I'd murder you." She told her mother the truth entirely, but only got her ears boxed still more, — she should have told her Master, the mother said. After this she was again kept at home, a short time after her father died, her mother changed her quarters, keeping her indoors to take care of the children, and had no idea that her daughter was getting fucked to enable her to buy sausage-rolls, as well as for the pleasure of having a male.

## Vol. 3 Chapter VI.

**Sausage-rolls, and consequences. • Kitty's home. • The little ones. • A saucy cabman. • Catamenia. • Fucking economies. • Changing money. • Pol and the bargee. • Kit implicated. • A black eye and bruised rump. • A little boy's cock. • Preparation for travel. • Kit's regret. • Bessie in tears. • Amusements abroad. • Home again. • Kitty a strumpet. • An evening at B.w Street. • Kitty's eight months doings.**

One day I took some sausage-rolls to the bawdy house, she clawed hold of one directly. "Ain't they prime !" said she, and never ceased till she had finished them all—such a lot, — then she turned pale. "I must go home", she said. "Why?" She began putting on her things. "What is your hurry?" "I can't wait." "Are you ill?" "Yes, — yes, — I must go." "Then I won't pay you." "I'm not well." "How,-you want to go to the privy!" "I do", said the girl hanging her head. I rang the bell, told the woman to show the lass where to ease herself. When she came back I could not get her to look me in the face, and thinking of her operation gave me a distaste for her that day, so I let her go without doing anything. Ridiculous that of course, but I tell things just as they occurred.

When it rained, and she could not meet me, how angry she was. "If I buy an umbrella mother will wonder where I got it." Once she nearly got wet through, and I did not see her that time, because I did not expect her to be out.

She told me where she lived, and I arranged that if it rained I would go to the front of the house in a cab. I did that once only, and the cabman insolently demanded about five times his fare when I got down at E.... r Street, saying I had enticed a young girl into the cab. "Yer haught to be glad to be let orf with ten bob", said cabby, "think yerself lucky a peeler don't drop on you for taking a young gal like that, — yah ! you're a swell, ain't yer ? — yah !—yah !—poop !" —and off he drove.

She began to deplore her poor dress, bought a pair of white stockings, and I kept them for her, because she was afraid of taking them home. "Oh ! ain't I kept under", said she, "I hate it, — I have a good mind to bolt." "Then you will turn gay." "Well I would like to dress nice, and do as I like, instead of minding children and working." I persuaded her not.

"Have you had no other man but me for the last two months?" "Only one, she said, "but I'm never out if it rains, and I can't get out of nights cause of mother, and I wash and mend, — so how can I?" "I'll go and ask for some one else at your room, to see if you're in or not." "Do, — if I don't open the door, mother will, on Monday I'll take the brats into the Waterloo road for a walk." She did, and I saw he How short her clothes were! a carman as he passed stooped down, and gave her legs a pinch. Her mother was at home.

The girl grew fast, each week she seemed bigger than the week previously, the sausage-rolls agreed with her, the hair on her cunt lengthened, — she was so pleased when I remarked it, — her desire was to have as much hair on her quim as Betty had. Then she began to get heavy, dull, and drooping. One day I had her on the side of the bed, just for variety sake, for sometimes I found it delightful to see my prick up to its roots in her, and the next instant its tip. Her cunt felt very wet, looking at my half-uncunted prick it was covered with blood. I pulled it out, a red stream followed running all over her chemise. I had never seen such a sight before when fucking, and only once I think since, though I have poked women in that state.

"What is the matter?" said I startled for the moment, "you're poorly?"

"Oh !" cried out the girl, "I must go to mother, — oh! let me go." I tried to comfort her, she took no notice of me, but dressed and ran out of the house quickly, white with terror and without her money.

That night I had Brighton Bessie, and told her about it. Bessie said the dirty little bitch ought to be flogged by the hangman; if she had her way all such young bitches should be sent to prison, and the men who had them ought to be punished as well.

Kit's first poorliness had come on, that accounted for her dullness, she had no idea of what was taking place in her, her mother had not warned her. Of course, the girl knew of the ailment common to her sex, but her monthlies had taken her by surprise. I never knew a girl more unaffectedly modest than Kitty was the next time she met me after her accident, as we called it.

Said she one day, "Give me a sovereign for this silver (savings out of the money I had given her), I don't know where to put it, it jingles in my pocket, I am afraid of dropping it, and mother finding it out." She had put it in a crack between the skirting and the inside of a cupboard lining as near as I could make out, until it was a pound's worth. "What a pity I can't buy some nice clothes, is it not?" said she. Poor Kitty was amusing, but I saw she was brewing mischief after she had had her monthlies, or was what she called "a full woman." Several times as she took my money she said it was no good to her, as she could only buy things to eat. She was getting restless. When I told her I should be in the Strand one day, if it were not wet. "Oh ! do come, if it's wet or not, — I will meet you." "But your mother?" "Don't care,-if she says anything I'll tell her I'll run away."

Said she one day, "Hasn't Pol got it? her mother has nearly murdered her, — oh ! Lor she is bruised all over." Then she told me that the little dark girl I had had was caught in the privy with a man, — oh ! such a big un, he is much taller than you, — she was standing on the privy-seat with her legs wide open, and he was trying to do it to her." The mother had suspected, had the little imp watched, and caught the man in the act. "How he could do it I don't know", said Kit, "but he is a bargeman, — such a big man I—and the little beast stood on the privy-seat too." Kitty was scandalized at that.

It was some days before I saw her again, then she was slovenly and had a black eye, and began to cry. "It's mother", she sobbed, "look here." She pulled off her things, and showed me wales and bruises. "Mother did it", said she sobbing, "my bottom's bruised, — she held me down, and hit me with a brush, —look", said Kitty turning up her lily-white arse for me to see. Her young friend who had not long before had my prick up her cunt, and then the bargeman's, had sought to excuse herself by saying Kitty was as bad. Mother told mother, Kitty was battered by her mother, and had been locked up, there had been row after row, till Kitty would not eat, nor wash, nor mend, — she fought her mother, she threatened to run away, and to turn gay. Said the mother, "Your father always said you would, he would turn round in his grave if he knew what you are saying.

"I made my brother's cock stiff", said she one day as she was playing what we called cherry-bob with my prick. i.e. taking the tip in her mouth when it was limp, and shooting it out again, just as you see children do with cherries. "Your little brother?" "Yes, — I washed him, pulled it backwards and forwards, as if I were washing him, so that he should not know what I was about." "Did it get stiff?" "Quite, and he seemed to like it", said she, "he asked me to go on doing it."

During all this time I had occasionally seen Bessie, for a youthful cunt never did give me full physical enjoyment, nor fetch me like a full-grown one, al-though as an occasional letch it was delicious. After her monthlies had arranged themselves I fancied Kitty was more luscious, and her discharge more copious, yet I often used to think of the spanking posteriors and full crisp-haired cunt of Bessie whilst operating on Kit. A light-haired quim I also never liked, it was the artlessness, frankness, and freshness of Kitty which kept me to her so long.

I was going abroad. When I told Kitty this she broke into tears. "Oh I what shall I do !—don't go", said she. The little lass was fond of me; a thing I never had dreamed of. She promised me to go to service, and leave off fucking; but she never did.

Then I told Bessie, and she began to cry, and said, "It's always the way, — directly I like a man I lose him." I thought she was shamming, but the last night I had her, she would take no money, said if I gave it to her, she would throw it into the streets.

Glad to be from England, alone, — alone, I hoped to be sent to but got no further than There I had women enough. All women there were examined by medical men weekly, just as they are at

and many a fine Spanish woman, and coarse but well-built English woman I had for half-a-crown a piece. I was recalled after seven months, and within a few days was in the Strand, but saw no Kitty until one night in early Summer. "Oh ! it's you, — I'm so glad", said a female. It was Kitty, delighted. I did not know her for the instant, but in ten minutes we were fucking. How glad she was to see me; she was a well grown young woman, and lovely, her breasts were well developed, her calves and bum as well, al-though she was not seventeen.

She had quarrelled with her mother, left, and set up as harlot. It was wonderful what harlotry had done in giving her taste in dress, deportment, style of walking, and even in language. She had learned the value of her cunt, it was no longer three and six, but twenty shillings. "I don't want your money", said she, "let's talk of old times." We spent several evenings together. One man almost kept her, she thought he was going to keep her altogether, and hoped so.

I had taken her to the house in B . w Street, quietly there we talked all things over; we laughed over the affair of Pol and the coal-heaver, the sausage-rolls, the lost ten shillings, the afternoon her poorliness came on. "So you are gay, — do you like the life?" She really did, got lots of money, and now kept her mother who had been disabled by rheumatic fever. I saw her daily for a week or two afterwards, and we fucked to our hearts' content. Her motte was delicately hairy now, and of dark golden colour, slightly brownish. Then I went to the sea-side. When I came back to London, looking for her everywhere, I could not find her, and though I longed for her very much, was obliged to render myself happy with others.

To complete her history I must go forward two or three years when I had been madly in love with a gay woman as I shall tell, but had quarrelled with her for presuming on my love, and resolutely abstained from seeing her, doing however great violence to my affection and inclination. I used to go to the bawdy house in J . . s Street (not yet mentioned), and cry to its Mistress who would ask me to let her send to the lady of my affection (Miss M . . \$), — but of this more presently.

After reading over this part of my narrative relating to Kitty written full thirty years ago, I add these few words.

My secret life was written for my own pleasure, and to be a narrative of what I myself saw and did, and nothing else. I have pretty well adhered to that, but my fun with Kitty took place within a few years after I began to write, and describe the amatory episodes as leisure inclined me, and as they seemed to me unusually amusing or illustrative. I arranged them in order afterwards. Nothing at that time had been so piquant in my acquaintance with harlots as Kitty's had been. I had not then had much to do with lasses as young as she was, the novelty therefore I suppose made me write out her narrative intermixed with my own, at the length it has reached.

Besides Kitty was really quite original, her freshness, frankness, and truthfulness impressed me much, and after much experience since in the ways of frail ones, I believe now that what she told me was mainly true, and am sure she was delighted to get a confidant in me, to whom she could unbosom herself unreservedly.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter VII.**

**Brighton Bessie. • Change irresistible. • Bessie in quod. • Lewd effects. • Spooning. • Her home. • Her cabman. • Reflexions. • Two years after. • Five years later on. • The mouse's promenade. • Bessie disappears.**

I met in the Strand one night Bessie, who put her arms round me. I repulsed her, she saw her

mistake, and followed me to a bawdy house. Inside she began kissing me excitedly, and said she was so glad to see me back, that she did not know what she was about. It was not our usual house, I was in a hurry, so after I had fucked her was going away. "What one fuck only!—you have not had me for a year nearly, — I'm damned if you go till you have given me another, — that dear old prick, I've thought of it fifty times when I have been poked." So I fucked her again, and after-wards resumed seeing her, for she was much to my taste sexually. I had many voluptuous amusements with her which she liked and invited, although I have no recollection of playing any of those curious erotic tricks which gratified me later on in life, nice attitudes being then for the most part enough for me. My balls were running over with sperm in those days, and if I could control myself for a few minutes when my prick was stiff, it was as much as I could do. Bessie was full-blooded, and loved to take her fucking with me, kissing me furiously as her pleasure came on. We used again to pass hours at the house in B. w Street, reading, drinking, talking, and copulating at intervals.

Yet I went after other women for all that, for fresh cunt was irresistible. Once when I had been away I missed her for a few days, then I saw her coming out of a public-house. "Oh! I'm so glad, — I've been locked up, — it's a damned shame", she cried out, "I was marched off without having said a word by a policeman, — blast him !—and all because I would not let the bugger fuck me one night up in Street, — I'd never let a policeman touch me, — damn them all." She spoke loud to a man and two or three sympathizing women, a mob began to gather round her, so noisy was she.

I turned as quickly as I could up a side-street, she following me. "Oh ! come my dear, come, — how glad I am to see you, — I did nothing but think of you whilst I was locked up, — oh ! God I'm dying for a fuck, — a whole fortnight I've not had it, and I did nothing but think of you when I frigged myself." There was a roar of laughter from half-a-dozen women who had followed her. "Shut up", said some one. "Ain't she a letting out!" said another. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" said a third. "It's one of her men", said another. "She is a nice woman", said some one else. "It was a damned shame", said another. "I know him", said a voice, "he wants every woman in the Strand, and if he don't get them he walks them off." "Yes the bugger." "She is just out." "Yes, and he quodded Mary Summers last night." "And he is a married man with a large family", — and so on. I felt overwhelmed, and inclined to run away. She turned into the first house which had a door open, and I was glad when the friendly red-curtained door closed behind me, she galloping upstairs in front of me, showing her fat calves. I followed Bessie into a bed-room.

"Five shillings", said the woman to me. "It's all right, you go, — he's an old friend of mine, — don't bother", said Bessie pushing the servant out of the room, and slamming the door, then throwing her bon-net on a chair she caught hold of me, gluing her lips to mine, feeling at my trowsers front she cried out, "Let's fuck, — come and fuck me, — I'm dying for you, — a fuck from you, — oh! put your prick up." She had got it out, threw herself on the bed opening her thighs wide, and showing her cuntal beauties, calling on me to fuck her. I mounted her immediately, it was impossible to withstand her randy impetuosity; contagious lewdness coursed through my veins.

"Oh! my God", said she as my prick drove home, "I'm coming, — oh ! my God, — fuck, — fuck, — oh ! I'm spending, — oh ! my darling, — fuck, — spend, — oh !—oooh !" I never had a woman in a higher state of randiness, she would not let me go till I had fully eased her passions, she lavished expressions of love and tenderness on me. "Don't pull it out, — there dear, there, — lay still on me, I'll keep it up, it will be stiff again, — there it's stiff now." I stopped with her some hours. A policeman on the beat she said, had taken a fancy to her, had asked her to let him do it to her up against the dark wall at the back of E. . . r H. .l. She would not, he threatened, still she refused, so he took her to the station one night on the plea of her annoying gentlemen, and the magistrate gave her a fortnight in prison. She had come out that very day, and was rather tight. In a few weeks Bessie got more and more friendly. I was the first to leave, and she to ask what was my hurry. When I thought I had been detaining her too long for my moderate compliment, she would say, "Oh! never mind, I'll make ten shillings do, — I'm not in debt, — before the theatres are over I dare say I'll get engaged." It was impossible to avoid seeing she was getting affectionate. She would sit or lay talking, feeling, or kissing me for hours, whilst her expressions of pleasure when I was

stirring up her vitals equalled those of any woman who has ever loved me or enjoyed my embraces.

One night I was charged twice for the room, for stopping long, and said something about not being able to afford it. That brought forth a proposition, one of the most curious I ever had in my life.

Said she, "It's a lot of money to spend on the rooms, — come to my rooms; they would be too humble for you, but they are clean and nice, — drop me a line, and I will always be at home, — and you would be more comfortable than at these houses, and have no-thing to pay." Then after hesitation, and as if reflecting, she said she lived in the New North road where she had either a small house or rooms in one, I don't quite recollect which. "It's paid for by a friend of mine, he gives me ten shillings a week. Now don't think little of me because I tell you this, — he is only a cabman, he sleeps with me nearly always, he's a nice clean, steady man, and behaves well to me; but I don't like him since I've known you. You can come when you like, and sleep with me when you like, — I'll give him up, he shall never come near me again, and I'll always be there for you, — you will see what a large comfortable bed I've got, — but you must pay for the rooms, I must feel sure of a roof over me, — I don't care about anything else, — then you can see me when you like, give me what you like, — nothing if you have not got it, — I don't want your money, I'll get that as I now do."

She said all this in a humble way looking at me, tears half filled her eyes, her tone was sad; it was in its way a clear but simple declaration of affection for me. I saw it, felt it, but shunned it; for a strange dislike to a gay woman loving me came over me, some sort of undefined idea that I should be a species of fancy-man, a man whom I always thought at that time was a bawdy house bully; and the offer of Bessie oppressed me.

I told her she was very kind, that I appreciated it, but it was a long way off, — I would not think of it, — I did not wish her to give up a friend for me, — that there were obstacles to my accepting which I could not tell her of, and so on. I scarcely knew what to say in refusing without wounding her feelings.

"I am sorry I told you, for you won't think as much of me as you did, it's the simple truth, — you don't believe me? — only come up and see me." But I could not then think of displacing a cabman, I did not even like to think of my prick having taken its pleasure in the cunt which had wriggled the prick of a cabman. My experience in life might have told me, had I thought about it, that the possibility was that my prick might have rubbed up the same channel that a burglar's had. I only saw that I was asked to displace a common man in the affection of a street-doxy, I appreciated the affection which prompted the offer of exchange, felt gratified and sorry at the same time, especially when I saw tears in the poor woman's eyes.

I again said I would if it were not such a long way off, but perhaps I would, and so on. I never did go to her house, but saw her from time to time, until I fell madly in love with a lady of pleasure and would have given almost my life for her to have loved me. So Bessie was avenged, for I had fallen in love with a doxy after all.

When this infatuation occurred I ceased seeing Bessie. Then in my trouble a year or two afterwards I sought her again, and told her my trouble. "Ah! you would not love me when I was fond of you, but you love her, and she plays on it, — don't you let her fool you", said Bessie, "she has got a man, — all you give her he will get, I know it from what you tell me." Bessie was right, but Sarah after a time as I shall tell, did not deceive me about the matter.

Then I missed Bessie for a year or two, then found her again in the Strand, she was much altered. "I don't think I ever liked a man to fuck me as I do you", said she one night as she enjoyed me, "if you had but come up to my little home you would have saved me a lot of trouble." But I could not get out of her what she meant by that.

Full five years afterwards, when roaming about not far from the Haymarket one night I met her, and scarcely knew her. She stopped short, "You Bessie!" "Ah ! yes it's Brighton Bessie, but I'm sadly

altered, sure enough." "And you knew me?" "Know you !—I should know you by your eyes, if I saw nothing more of your face but your eyes, — I should know you to the last day of your life", said she. She was always talking about my eyes. She had seen me several times, but had not dared to accost me she said. I told her she always might.

I took her to what had become my favorite bawdy house. It was a hot night, and we fucked on the sofa. She had become flabby, and said she had ill health, but I could glean nothing from her about her career, excepting that for some years she had not been gay. We stripped naked, and had just finished fucking her on the sofa when I felt something running over my legs, bum and back over my shoulder, on to hers. It was instantaneous. Then I saw a mouse which had run over us, and went fast up the wall into some red curtains where it was lost, — it made her shudder, and me too. That is one of the odd events by which I shall always recollect the last time I had Brighton Bessie. "You won't see me again I dare say", said she in a plaintive tone, and a tear in her eye as we parted. I said I dare say I should. "No you won't, — good bye dear." With a sigh the poor woman left me, and I never saw her again.

It was whilst I was frequenting Bessie, and occasion-ally other doxies that the following adventure occurred.

I was frequently now at my mother's house, my brother was away, and both my sisters married. I used to stop with her for days together, finding that a re-lief from home misery, and also agreeable company to her, who was now so much alone. I also at times stopped with one of my sisters whose husband I liked; the other lived some distance from London.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter VIII.**

**Washerwomen. • Matilda and Esther. • A peep over a wall. • Eaves dropping. • A girl's wants. • Shaking a tooleywag. • A promenade by a barrow. • Disclosures. • A snatch and a scuffle. • An assignation.**

I went to see my mother one day in Summer, and after luncheon walked to the end of the garden often mentioned. At one side of it was a road which gave access to a gentleman's house, and on the other to my mother's. There the carriage-road stopped, and a foot-path began. At the junction was a mews wide enough for a cart, which ran at the end of our garden and those adjoining. Our entrance to it had been disused, we having one in the side-wall opening on to the road, and the neighbours rarely used their back-entrances. The mews was grass-grown. On the opposite side to our garden-walls was the wall of very large grounds. A gate not locked, formed of open bar& was at the end of the mews next to the road.

The footpath mentioned passed between walls of large gardens, and the between fields, until it joined a road on the other side of which was the village church-yard, through which the footway passage continued till again a high-road intervened. This continuous footway formed a short cut to a distant part of the parish. It was not much used excepting on Sundays, and by lovers who walked there on summer nights. I had found out years before that the mews at the back of our house was an occasional pissing-place, it being round the corner, and out of sight. I used to peep over the wall in hopes of seeing a female at that operation, mounting to do so by the gardener's ladder. When I saw a woman piddle it was great delight to me, but I more frequently saw men whose cocks had no attraction for me. On Sunday nights after church, the splash and rustle of petticoats could be heard, but not seen; the sight was however rare at any time, for few people had the boldness to push open the gate, and enter the mews.

I never saw copulation, the greatest fun I had was once seeing a female bogging, who turned round and gathered two or three of the largest leaves from the lime-trees in our gardens which overhung

the wall, wiped her arse with them, and left them sticking on the top of her turds; but she never noticed a youth peeping just over her head. One reason why I was never detected watching was that women always turned their bums to our wall, and so I was at the back of them. Charlotte and I have both looked over the wall.

The wall was mostly covered with our ivy, which fell down in thick masses on the mews side; lime-trees at intervals completed the screen. Any one peeping down from above could be sufficiently hidden if he put his head carefully above the wall at places, and pushed aside the boughs. On the day I speak of, I walked round the garden thinking of old times, of how Charlotte and I used to see if the cook was talking to the gardener before we began our amorous play, of the pranks Fred and others played there, and all the occurrences of my youth, which had taken place in the house and garden.

The gardener was away. I thought I would look over the wall; so placing the ladder got up, and looking down saw two girls sitting on the handles of a barrow on which were baskets filled with linen. One looked about sixteen, the other a little older. It was a dreadfully hot day, the barrow was at the angle of the mews. They were talking, and I moved the ladder to get a place nearer to them and not to be seen; for to watch and hear women who thought themselves unobserved and unheard, was always a delight to me. If you ever hear two women talking on amorous subjects, their disclosures you will find are always charming to a man.

At the angle of our garden, and just where the road joined the mews, a large notice-board had been put up for some purpose since I had lived there; it was just outside and higher than our wall. Between the back of it and the wall was a space of a few inches. Our ivy had grown up it at places, and filled up most of the space, but enough was left at the angle to let me look down on the barrow which was just outside the mews-gate, out of the way of what small traffic there was, the gate of the mews being wide open. Then of all my eaves dropping I have never yet heard anything so amusing as I did then. The air was solemnly quiet in the hot summer's afternoon and though the girls spoke quite softly, I heard them well.

"I should like to feel what it is like", said the youngest whose face was towards me. There was a mixture of fun, audacity, curiosity and lewdness on that girl's face. "Hish I some one will hear you", and something else I could not hear, said the other. "Fuck—there then", said the young one saucily and laughing. The older gave her a slap. "Now you may take the things home alone, — I won't help." "If you don't I'll tell mother." "Don't care." "Yes you do,-what did you say it for?" "Didn't you say it?" "I didn't bawl it out you fool." "Fuck, — there, — there", said the younger going off. "There it may stay then", said the older angrily, and she moved also off round the corner. They were both out of sight in a second, but I heard their voices quarrelling, the barrow and clothes-baskets were unattended just outside the mews-gate.

A labouring man came along in the opposite direction. Seeing the barrow he stood and looked round in all directions, turned into the mews, and I think he was going to steal, but thought better of it. I had peeped quite round the board, but had dropped into the old place again, the man turned to the wall, and pissed just under me, his head turned, and looking at the clothes-baskets all the time, then he drew the fore-skin fackwards and forwards when he had finished, till his prick was standing, an article any man might have been proud of; he played with it, and might have been going to frig himself had he not been interrupted.

The girls came back round the corner just then still wrangling, they stopped as they came on the man, who turning round shook his tooleywag at them, and moved out of sight, but not out of my hearing. "This is the sort of thing that would please you", said he wagging it. "Go along you beast, I'll call a policeman." "You wouldn't call out if it was up your cunt", — and he walked off laughing. The girls were quiet for an instant, and then laughed. "Hish !" said one, "he is not gone." The other looked round the corner, and said he had; then they laughed loudly.

"Was it not big!" "Did you see it?" "Yes, and stiff, — ha—ha—ha." "He—he—he." "It looked as if

it would split any one", said the little one who sat down on the barrow-handle again. "Sarah says the bigger it is the better it is", said the other, and then they laughed. "Hush !" said the bigger one, "some one may hear us." Turning her rump to the wall she pissed just where the man had. The little one did the same, then off they went, one trundling, the other holding the baskets steady. They took the heavy work in turns I found.

I rushed to the house, then out, and followed the girls, a desire to show them my prick was on me. As I followed my intentions cooled, fearing they might tell a policeman. I had not the experience then that I now have, or should have feared nothing of the sort, for girls tell no one but each other if they see a man's prick. I overtook them in the church-yard (they were resting again on the barrow-handles), and entered into conversation with them, delighted at their demure faces, knowing that they had just seen a prick, that one had said "fuck", and that I had seen both piss. A notion of getting the younger one by herself restrained me from blurting out what was in my mind, but my delight really was in looking at, and talking with them, thinking that fucking might and probably was in their mind at the moment I accosted them.

They were coarse, middle-sized, well-fed, sturdy-limbed, dark-eyed wenches, unmistakeably sisters. Excepting for one being shorter than the other you would scarcely have known there was a difference in their ages; both had bare arms, one had her frock well pinned up behind over her petticoats, both had short petticoats, thick ankles and strong boots, a washer-woman was then not ashamed of showing what she was, and they always wore dazzling white stockings, —and these girls did. I asked where they lived, they answered readily. I knew the lane well, all the washer-women in the village were there.

In my lewdness I forgot everything but the pleasure of speaking to the girls. A middle-aged lady passed us accompanied by two or three very young women, who stared hard at me. The barrow-girls stood up and curtsied as they passed, and naming them. I knew them, and a few years before had romped and played with the young ladies, then children. The last time I had seen them there was not a hair on any one of their cunts; I expect that now their cunts were full-wigged, and well frigged into the bargain. They had recognized me, as I heard from my mother afterwards, I did not recognize them, they having grown from children to women. I was seated on the barrow-handle as they passed.

"So you wash?" "No, their mother did, they ironed, took home, and fetched the things. What was their name? — would they meet me? and so on. They would perhaps, — where did I live ? — they did not know me. Getting friendlier and friendlier I learned all about them, it was done in a joking, chaffing way. I told them I lived far off, and was only on a visit at a house dose by.

They must go on really, — would I get up? No, unless they gave me a kiss. I chivied one after the other, and caught and kissed both, they were not difficult to catch. Then they trundled on the barrow, I walking with them, the people we met (very few) staring at a dandy walking by the side of two washgirls; but I took no heed then of any one who passed us, nor cared.

We crossed the high-road into another part of the lane, and again we stopped; more and more randy got I. "What do you thing of, when you iron the tail of a man's shirt?" "Nothing." "You know it wraps round something different from that which a chemise does." "Does it?" said the little one who had twice the cheek of the elder. "Yes, — it makes you think when you iron them." No it did not, — what did I mean? — they did not know in the least.

(What delight some girls have in their randiness in declaring they don't understand a man's baudy chaff, the "What do you mean?" "I don't understand" are only incitements to the man to declare his meaning in broad, strong, baudy words; and then it's, "Oh ! oh ! the beast!" but their cunts tighten with a squeeze of lust, they go off and think of it all, and perhaps frig themselves under the recollection. But this is a reflection the result of matured experience, and was not written at the time this part of my narrative was.)

They turned up the high-road, and at their earnest request I fell behind, they left the linen at a house,

and brought back other baskets, then I recommenced chaffing. When we were in the lane bounded on one side by a wall, on the other by a ditch and corn-field. They stopped and begged me to go, for so many people knew them on the road. Prudence told me we had better separate, but my mind full of the idea of getting the younger girl, I asked them to have a drink. "No, — they would be seen. Would they meet me? Yes. When? They could not say, — but I had their address.

I am not clear why, but up till then I had not said what I had heard and seen, but I kept it to myself, although dying to let it out. I again sat at the edge of the barrow, and refused to get up till they both kissed me. They could not go without the barrow, and after a little sham I kissed them both. Then the devil took all control off of me, and as I kissed one I felt outside her till she wriggled away from me. This in the open lane.

"Now", said she, "Mr. Impudence, I've a good mind to slap your head for doing of that." "I'm sure you liked it", — and I went towards her. She ran ahead, and took up a stone. "I'll heave this at you", said she looking as if she meant it. I desisted, and went back to the barrow, "What's he done?" said the sister who had been standing a little distance off. "I'll tell you bye and bye, — come on. The younger began to handle the barrow, but I sat down on a handle, some one came along. "You will do us harm", said one of the girls.

"Tell your sister what I did." "Shan't, — get up." I then, forgetful of my intention, blurted all out, imitating their voice and manner. "Fuck, hish ! some one will hear", — a slap. "Fuck, — there then."

The younger stood like a statue, her mouth opened wide, her lower jaw almost seemed dropping off; the elder stared at me, her eyes nearly out of her head. "Sarah says the bigger it is the better she likes it." Their faces got blood-red, they stared at each other, then one said, "I wish you'd get up, and let me have my barrow."

"I saw you both piddle", then I looked up and down the lane in both directions, I was bursting. "Look", said I pulling out my prick, "it's as thick and stiff as his, isn't it?" No one was in sight still.

"I wish there was a policeman", said the elder, "oh! you beast,—we'll tell the police." One appeared just then in the lane, but the girls appeared to be in no hurry to tell him, but I rose, they wheeled off the barrow as fast as they could, I walking with them. I was a little afraid of the policeman.

We had got to a spot where the lane was crossed by a village-road in which were many good houses. "Oh ! pray leave us, we go down here, we have customers in the road." "Will you meet me?" "Yes, — but don't follow us." I did not want to be seen, so we parted, after some arrangements about meeting.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter IX.**

**Returning home. • In the church-yard. • Two female laborers. • Among the tombs. • A sudden piss. An arse on the weeds. • Torn trowsers, and a turd. • In front of the public-house.**

They went off, I crossed the road into the church-yard, through its posts at the entrance to prevent cattle passing, and over which with difficulty the girls had got their barrow and baskets. It was a huge church-yard, half of it mere field; at one end the rich were buried, and there were rows of tombs and monuments, the rest was only partially filled with tomb-stones of all sizes. As I entered it two women passed me; they were tall, stout, and dusty, had very short petticoats, and thick hob-nailed boots, dark-blue dresses hung over big haunches, little black shawls no larger than handkerchiefs over their backs. They had big black bonnets cocked right upon the tops of their heads, and seemed women who worked out of doors, agricultural laborers perhaps, or perhaps the

wives of bargemen, for there was a canal through the village. They had the strong steady walk, and the body well balanced from the hips that you see in woman engaged in out-door occupations; perhaps they carried strawberries to the London markets in large baskets on their heads, and they walked as firmly as soldiers.

They went past me towards the monuments, both looked at me, and they quickened their pace as they went off. I was dying with want of a fuck. "They are going to piss", I thought. I knew the spot. We when boys, and I when a youth years before, had laid in wait to see nursemaids and their little charges turn up among the tombs to ease themselves, so I stopped and looked after them.

They heard my footsteps cease, turned round, looked at me, and walked on again. I followed slowly, they walked slower, so did I; they stopped, so did I; one turned round. "Well young man, what do you want following us?" This abashed me for the instant, but my prick standing gave me confidence.

"You are going to piddle, and so am I." They burst out laughing, then checked themselves, and one said, "Well I'm blessed if you ain't well cheeked young man." "Arn't you?" "It's no business of yourn what we're a going to do, — go your way, and we'll go ours." "I'll piddle by the side of you, — I like doing it where a woman does it", I replied. I was bawdily reckless now.

"I'm damned !—did you ever hear such cheek I—go on young man, — or let us." On they went, I followed; they stopped, so did I; they muttered together half-laughing, and turning their heads round every minute, — and I went on chaffing about piddling.

They had got to a spot where there was a break in the row of tombs, and a length of turf with grass a foot high, burnt up, and almost made hay in the summer sun. "I'd give each of you a shilling to piss before me", said I. They had turned into this cross-passage between the tombs, and one could see them from the footpath through the church-yard.

"Oh ! Lord", said one before I had got the words out of my mouth, "I can't wait", — and squatting she began pissing whilst I made my offer, and laughing said, "Well if ever I heard the like, — well young man, give it, — I'll never be paid again for getting rid of my water, I'll bet, — you do it Sarah." Sarah said, "I shan't." "Don't be a fool, take his bob." The other looked at me, the splash of the other woman's piddle fell on her ear. When any one wants to piss, and hears another doing it, the desire to piss becomes strong. Down Sarah squatted laughing, and her splash began, before the other had finished pissing.

I wanted to piss, but the rigidity of my prick pre-vented me; it wanted to evacuate its sperm before it got rid of the thinner liquid. I pulled it out in front of their faces as they squatted side by side, stiff and red-tipped; it throbbed, and knocked up and down in its randiness under every effort I made to turn on the water. One said I was a blackguard. "I want a fuck so bad, — let me have you, — I'll give you five shillings." To which of the two I don't know, for I had no choice, one cunt was as good as another to me at that moment, and I pushed my prick towards one of them, who laughing put it aside with her hand.

"There is a chance for you", said one to the other (they were both up then). "What do you take me for young man?" said the other, "if my man were here he'd knock your bloody head off." But both stood looking at my prick and me. I kept on asking, and offering the money, — no one would see us, — one could watch, — and so on.

"Do you live about here?" said one. "No, I am going to see a friend at ...." (naming a place about two miles off.) "Weren't you never up here before?" "Never in my life, — here is your shilling", — and I gave it her. "Here is yours." She would not take it. "Take it Molly." She took it. "Oh! let me have you", said I selecting that one now for my addresses.

"This is a bloody lark", said she, "what do you take us for young man?" "Let me fuck you." Both stood still looking at me and my prick. "Some one will catch us", said one moving out from the tombs, and looking up and down the pathway to see if any one was near, and then came back. I had

got close to the other. "Now Molly", said one anxiously, "what are you about?" "Oh! he's made me all overish." "Well if you'd been three months away from your old man as I have, there would be some excuse." "Never mind, — you won't blab, — you stand there, and call if you see any one." "The grave-digger will catch you." "No I saw him right over by the church." "Come away." "No, — you go and watch." And so we talked for a few seconds, but I never put my prick out of sight.

"Well", said the other moving out of sight into the narrow path between the monuments, "you'll get into a mess." "No I shan't, — I'll let him for the lark of the thing."

The instant she had gone round the corner the selected one laid hold of my prick. "Do it quick, — some one may come", said she as she grasped it. "Lie down". "No I won't, — it's ditry." "No it's dry, — the grass is quite hay." I stripped off my coat, made it in-to a bundle, and placed it for her head. "There, — there", I said, and pulled her down. She made no resistance. I saw white thighs and belly, black hair on her cunt; and the next minute I was spending up her.

"Shove on", said she, "I was just coming", — and she was wriggling and heaving, "go on." I could always go on pushing after a spend in those days, my prick would not lose its stiffness for minutes afterwards; so I pushed till I thought of doing her a second time; but her pleasure came on, her cunt contracted, and with the usual wriggle and sigh she was over, and there were we laying in copulation, with the dead all around us; another living creature might that moment have been begotten, in its turn to eat, drink, fuck, die, be buried and rot. Suddenly she jerked up her arse, and pushed me.

"Oh !" said she uncunting me, "there is some one", —and up she jumped. There stood the other woman. "How you frightened me", said she. "There was no one coming, — well it's a rum afternoon's job this", said she. "Don't you blab." "Not I."

I had hidden my prick, but now my bladder insisted on its requirements being attended to, and I went to the spot which the two ladies had moistened, and pissed on it. The woman who had watched us fucking had dark eyes, she had looked at me without ceasing from the time I had got off from the other, and began pissing. My prick nearly at fucking size still, was pouring forth a copious stream whilst I was feeling its stem which the moisture from the other's cunt had saturated. Seeing her looking I pulled out balls and all, and finished by shaking my tooleywag. She laughed a low laugh. "I feel all overish myself now." Her eyes looked like fire at me, fierce, lewd. "I'll give you five shillings, — let me fuck you too, — she will wait and watch for us."

"Oh !—o !" said the one whom I just had fucked, twitching about, and suddenly pulling up her petticoats, and looking up them, "there is something crawling up me." She felt up her petticoats, shaking them, and flourishing them about. "Oh !—oh !—just lift them up, and look Sarah."

Her companion lifted her clothes. "Go away young man, you've had your game I think." "Oh ! not there, —oh! it's biting." "Don't make that noise." "Oh ! it's here, — there, — just there." Slowly the companion lifted the petticoats, first one side, then the other, showing thighs and rump, and a great ugly crawling black thing dropped; it had crawled up her petticoats whilst she was lying on the ground. I had drawn near, and was gloating over the display of charms. "Ain't he had a treat Molly!" said she.

This sight finished me by making me as stiff as I had been five minutes before; the other one still kept looking at me. "I'll give you five shillings", said I. "I've a good mind" said she. "Lor let him, — who'll know?" "How stiff it is!" "Let him." "Feel it", said I. The woman put her hand on it. "I'll go and watch", said the other moving away. "I shan't." "Don't be a fool", — and she moved out of sight, leaving us two alone.

Not a word more was said, I pushed her up against the upright railings enclosing a monument; a slight stone-lodge going all round the monument put her about an inch above me, I lifted her clothes, for an instant only saw another dark-haired cunt, and drove my prick up it. She felt pleasure the very first shove that I gave her. "Oh !—oh I—did she do it with you?" —did she spend?" she

gasped in whispers, looking me full in the face. "Yes she spent."

That fetched her. "Oh ! I'm coming, — oh ! it's a coming", she gasped, and laid her head over my shoulder. I felt her bum and belly wagging, and a perfect torrent of cunt-liquor ran down on to my balls. I had not long began my fuck, so was slower than with the first woman, and had fetched her a second time before I had finished her standing up against the railings. Then we stood, pressing our bellies together, keeping our genitals coupled, and looking in each other's faces without speaking, one or two minutes.

"You don't know these parts?" said she whilst we still were coupled. "I've never been here in my life before", I replied. "How hard your bum is, — are you married?" "Yes." "Is she?" "No,-let me go, she is coming." Down flopped my tool, and down fell her petticoats.

The first-fucked came round the corner, then we talked. I had given the first woman her five shillings directly after I had done her, and before she found the reptile in her petticoats; I forgot to pay the other. "Well young man, you've made a pair of us go crooked", said one. "Aye that he have; we've played high jinks." "Give us a kiss", said one. I kissed them both, and off they walked. "Hulloh !" said I, "I for-got the five shillings." "Lord so had I", said my creditor, — and I gave it her.

"Don't come our way, the grave-digger knows us, — go straight across there, and round the church." I watched them going along with their steady step; who could have known from their look and manner, that both had just been fucked ! Who can tell the state of any woman's cunt, whom you may meet anywhere !

I went to my mother's, the hair on my prick was gummed flat on my belly and balls, I found I had torn a hole in the knee of my trowsers, and a lump of turd was sticking to my coat, that I had made her a pillow with, the ground must have been hard and flinty, and some one had shit in the high grass.

What were the women ? — certainly not gay. Did they fuck with me for fun, for leech, or for money? I often have thought of it, and came to the conclusion that both were lewd, that my bawdy suggestions made them worse, my prick upset them, and the money finished it; but that wanting a fuck was the main cause; that one whose old man had been away three months, how she looked at me and at my doodle, after I had fucked the first one !

Towards dusk I went to meet my washerwomen. Near the corner of the lane in which they lived was an old-fashioned public-house well back from the road, in front of it were two large elm-trees, beneath them seats where poor people sat drinking and enjoying themselves in Summer. I stopped and looked. Quite at the back sat the two women whom I had fucked; they had pewter pots in front of them, and recognized me at once. Both got up, and rushed inside the public-house rapidly. Funk was on their faces, they seemed to struggle who should get inside the door first. I never saw them afterwards, but at the sight of them my cock stood rigidly, and I would have had them again had it been possible. Many a time since I have been to that churchyard to look at the place among the tombs where we three had our pleasures, and my prick always stiffened when I was there. Such impromptu copulations have a wonderful charm.

## Vol. 3 Chapter X.

**The washerwoman's lane. • An intention frustrated. • A slap in the face. • Choice language and temper. • A dinner in the Haymarket. • The rockingchair. • A lucky shove. • Up, and out in a second. • A quarrel, and flight • An enticing laugh. • The house in O...d. Street.**

Down the lane was the washerwoman's cottage, it had a little garden in front of it. Through the window I saw the girls ironing by candle-light, I walked about till quite dark, then knocked at the door. The short one opened it, and seeing me shut the door saying, "Oh ! you musn't call." So I went away.

Then I wrote asking them to meet me, and got no reply; but I persevered. I was constantly thinking of the girls' bawdy talk when sitting on the barrow. I went to the house again, after writing to say when I would be at the end of the lane, and found them standing there, — by accident they said, they declared they had not had my letter. That was a lie I knew. I began smutty talk, which they cut short by both going to their cottage.

I wrote letters to the short one again, asking her to meet me, but nothing came of that. At the end of their lane were market-gardens, I saw Esther one evening at that end which joined the high-road, and was close to the public-house where I had seen the women sitting whom I had poked in the village church-yard. It was dark. I asked her to come for a walk, she promised in a few minutes to come to me by the market-garden. "If I don't", said she, it will be because mother is at the door." But she came.

I swore I was in love with her, which was true to the extent of her cunt, and wanted her to meet me elsewhere, — we would dine, and go to the theatre together. No she could not be out late without a row. I kissed her, which she took to in the darkness kindly enough. I whispered, "I should like to fuck." "If you say that again", said she, "I'll slap your chops." I did, and she gave me a slap in the face, and ran off. I was hurt, and so annoyed, that I did not follow her, but bawled out, 'You'll split your cunt into your arse-hole if you run like that.' Directly afterwards a voice like as of an oldish female in the darkness said, "Get along you drunken blackguard, the likes of you ought to be locked up. Insulting the girl by foul-mouthed remarks had not improved I feared my chance of broaching her, and for a while I desisted.

But the litch was strong on me, I went to stay with my mother to be nearer my game, and passed my time in playing billiards at the public-house, and nightly I hunted the girl; so that at length under promise to take her to Vauxhall she agreed to come and dine with me, or as she said, have supper at eight o'clock with me. I usually then went to Vauxhall at ten o'clock.

I went to a French restaurant in the Haymarket, ordered a sitting and bed-room, and a good supper. Thought I, "With a feast and champagne with you by myself for a couple of hours, my cock and your cunt will make acquaintance.

To my annoyance she came with her sister. "I could not stop out late without her", said she. I made the best of it, though very angry on the quiet at seeing my game balked.

"I'll kiss you at once because you have brought your sister unasked, and you Matilda because you came unasked", — and I kissed both to my heart's content. They liked it. They were dressed in the vulgarest style of their class, and I felt ashamed of going to Vauxhall with them, — and did not they gorge ! Champagne they had never tasted before and they lapped it up like milk. "It gets into your head, don't it?" said one. "No my dear, champagne gets into your tail, —you'll want to piddle soon." "Oh! for shame!" "Never mind there are plenty of chamber-pots in the bed-room." "If you talk that way we'll go", said they laughing, but we went on talking and drinking.

Supper over, the waiter out of the room, both girls half-screwed, half-screwed myself and wholly

lewd, they both came and sat by me on the sofa. Sisters again, — what fatality!

The conversation was soon suggestive. Which did they like best, washing a shirt or a chemise? They !et out, checked themselves, checked each other. "Lord Esther what are you saying?" "Well Matilda I'm ashamed of you." "Well that's pretty conversation for a gentleman, — let's go, — promise you won't say anything like it again." "I won't, — but tell me one thing, — how did you feel Esther, when you sat on the barrow and said, 'fuck'?" "You're a blackguard, I never said anything of the sort, — did I Matilda?" "We'll go if you keep on so."

Matilda got jealous. "It's my turn now", said she after I had been kissing Esther. The wine got more into all our heads, and we laughed and shouted. "Why did you come Matilda?" "Mother don't let Esther out alone, — besides I didn't know what you two might be up to alone." "What did you think we might be up to?" "Oh ! that's tellings." This talk went on for a time, gradually getting warmer and more suggestive; all were thinking about fucking, though no one said so.

By the sofa was an American rocking-chair, the first I ever recollect having seen. Matilda began rocking herself in it, I rocked the chair violently for her and then as far as it would go, back and held it there, then rapidly I pushed one hand up her petticoats. Her legs were distended somewhat as legs usually are when people are rocking, and my fingers went on to her cunt. She lay back for the moment, helpless, then man-aged to close her legs, but being almost on her back she could not get free; she struggled to get up, and yelled out, "Oh! pull him off Esther, — don't you beast."

Esther was on the sofa. She got up, pulled me back, and the chair came forwards, but not till I had lifted Matilda's clothes far above her knees. She sulked, my blood was up, and pulling Esther down on the sofa kissing her, I pushed my hand up her clothes, and on to her cunt. She screeched, then Matilda pulled me away. There had been much laughing and yelling, but now they sulked. "We will go", said they. "I've felt both your cunts", said I.

Their bonnets were in the bed-room, and I would not let them get them, put both fingers to my mouth, and kissed them saying, "That's touched your cunt Matilda, that's touched yours Esther." Then I pulled out my prick, and putting both fingers on it's tip said,. "That's nearly the same as if my prick had touched your cunts.

"Call the waiter Esther", said Matilda angrily. I had gone too far, so I desisted, begged pardon, promised never to do it again, to give them both new bon-nets, and I dare say anything else, and they sat down, but for a long time sulking, and almost silent.

But my humility and regrets overcame them, there was more chatting, more laughing, more champagne. I got smutty again and now, they laughed at it. "What nice legs, and what beautiful white linen you have Matilda." "Mine is as white", said Esther. "Your legs are not as plump." "Yes they are." I pinched their arms, then their legs, we all kissed, they were both as randy as the devil, and incited me to smutty talk, though affecting not to understand me. Then the champagne overcame us all.

"You want to piddle?" "Ooh !—oh ! no." "Really? then you want to see if your bonnets are all right, that's all, — I want to piddle though." Saying that I went into the bed-room, pissed, and came back, taking the key out of the door. Laughing the girls then went into the bed-room, and closed the door. They were very noisy, and groggy, the eldest worse than the other.

I listened at the door. "Lock the door Ess." "There's no key." "Stand there, and hold it, — I'm bursting." "Don't he go on !—make haste, or I'll pee myself." I pushed open the door suddenly, one was pushing her clothes against her quim to dry it, the other on the pot, she let a loud fart just as I opened the door. "Oh !" said she rising with difficulty. "I'll wait till the music is over", said I going out, — but I returned the next minute, and pulled out my prick again. "I'll fuck you both", said I, and tried to put my hands up their clothes; when I got one the other pulled me off, then I turned to her, and so on. We upset chairs, we shrieked with laughter, it was Bed-lam broke loose. I caught Matilda, and threw her on her back on the bed. "Leave off now, — pull him away Essie, — you're a

going on too far, — oh ! don't tickle, —oh! I can't bear tickling." But I kept on.

The tickling made her screech. I threw up her clothes, for she was still on her back on the bed, I didn't see her cunt, for I was between her legs, and bent over her, lifted her legs, and pressed hard down on her belly, her clothes on it which met mine, I gave a shove, having no thought of doing anything but lewd mimicry of the act of copulation, whilst Esther was tugging at my coat. Matilda shrieked, for my prick went up her cunt, and out again before I knew where it was, — another furious shriek. Frightened I had let go of her, she rolled off the bed, and sat on the chair maudlin, and crying.

"What's the matter?" said Esther, "what's he done?" "Oh !" sobbed Matilda, "where's my bonnet? — let's go, — I will go." "Stay, — be quiet." "I won't, —I will go." The waiter just then came into the room begging us not to make so much noise, as people were noticing it. Matilda crying and angry, Esther questioning, Matilda telling Esther to put on her things, or she would go without her, whilst there stood the French waiter and a chamber-maid, wondering what the row was all about, — if they had not heard, and did not guess it. The girls were frightened, and I could not stop them. They had their things on, and were out of the house in a few minutes, I went down with them saying we would go to Vauxhall. The landlord stopped me. "Your bill sir." I paid it, and when I got out could see the two girls nowhere. I took a cab, drove here, there, and everywhere, but they were gone.

I came back towards the Haymarket, took the first woman I met, and went to a house in C. . . d . n Street. Half-an-hour afterwards I went with another; whilst with her I heard a merry-voiced woman in an adjoining room, and without seeing her took a fancy to her. I dismissed my second woman after fucking her, and enquired of the servant how long the lady who was laughing had been in the adjoining room. She knew nothing, so I waited door ajar, till I saw the woman leave, followed, and brought her back, fucked her, and had not enough money to pay for riding home.

The more I think of that adventure the more extra-ordinary it seems; from the time I threw Matilda on to the bed, till my prick had entered her cunt, and got out again, I don't believe it could have occupied more than a few seconds. She was heavy, I only just could lift her, and her petticoats seemed but half-way up. She laughed loudly as I did so, and when I leant over her with my prick out, I had not the remotest idea of broaching her, nor that my prick might touch even her thighs; but she must have been in the exact position, and her struggles brought her notch down to the level, and my prick by mere chance drove a little way up the hole; then her bum-wriggle threw me out instantly, and her yell frightened me. Whether she was a virgin or not, or whether I hurt her or not, I cannot say; could not even swear that my prick had entered her cunt, but it felt like it; and why did she yell, then sulk, and go away in a temper, if I had not somehow touched that slippery orifice?

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XI.**

**Esther meets me. • Vauxhall. • Ex-harlot Sarah. Esther succumbs. • Big-arsed and bandy-legged. • Periodic fucking. • Matilda invincible. • I part with Esther. • Her fortune.**

I wrote to Esther, who met me in the lane, she was in her airs. I had quite forgotten myself she said, and had made them both drunk purposely, — it was not like a gentleman, — I had acted very improper; she would not recollect where my hand had been did not believe I had felt her thighs, she was tipsy. That was the line the cunning jade took in a dark lane. "Now don't be foolish, and run away when I tell you." "Well I won't." Then I said something suggestive, and she got cosy with me. "What was it you really did to Tilda?" "Nothing." "You did." "Ask her," "She won't tell me, and she will never speak with you again." Truthfully or not Esther declared she did not know what I had done to make her sister hollow out so.

"I'll give you a bonnet, and we will go to Vauxhall, —don't let your sister know." I gave her the money, she agreed to meet me again, and did, and again asked me what I had done to her sister. I would tell some night when I slept with her. Then she would never know, for she would never be in bed with me, or any one else, till she was married.

I progressed in the usual way, praised her big bum, guessed she had fat thighs, etc. "You know I did feel them." No, she did not recollect. After talking thus one night my prick was in stiffish form, and I put her hand round it. She laid hold of it innocently, then snatched her hand away violently. Then I did the old, old trick, promised a pair of garters, if she would let me put them on, — in the dark of course. "No, — no." "So help me God, I won't do more than put them on." Two minutes after that my finger was on her split. This was all in the dark lane.

I wonder what a girl of that class thinks of, hopes, expects when she meets a gentleman on the sly. Does she expect he will fall in love, and marry her? — does she know that he wants to fuck her? — does she like to meet a man who has that intention, and long to hear smutty suggestions, and bawdy talk? — does she like the lustful feeling creeping over her, as she stands by a randy man who is making lewd remarks? I imagine that like the man, she is randy and wants to hear his bawdy talk, to feel his lips on hers, to hug him, to feel his hand wandering about her hidden parts, that she meets him really for that purpose, just as much as he meets her for the purpose. But they differ in this: he means to get her if possible; she has made up her mind that whatever she may permit, he shan't fuck her, — but she generally makes a mistake in that.

We went to Vauxhall, she told her mother she was going to the theatre with Sarah and her husband (the woman who had said the bigger it was the nicer it was), I was to take her to Sarah's when Vauxhall was over. I gave her a lobster and champagne supper, she got spoony, I talked bawdy, she said it was abominable, this was all the Gardens. At length her modesty broke. "Don't you want to piddle?" "I really do bad", said she without hesitation. I took her to the ladies' place, and soon we left. There were nice little houses not far from Vauxhall. I had been in the after-noon, and paid for a room for the night to be sure of it, and took her there. She would not go in till I said it was only to have another glass of wine; but I believe she guessed what she was going in for. Then I persuaded her to stop all night, the woman of the house was to call us at six o'clock, so that she might get home early. She had made up her mind to consent, and had no sham about it. I undressed her, tore my own things off, threw myself on her, and with the first shove or two had finished her virginity, — my prick went up with little difficulty.

We fucked all night, I revelled in her cunt. She was healthy, full-blooded, randy-arsed, and spent like fun; we did it several times before sleeping, then in the night, and awakened about eleven o'clock next day. "Oh! my God", said she, "what will mother say, — I'm ruined." "Well it's no use crying, you are in for it." A few tears, then a fuck, a piddle, a wash, — and then refreshed we go through the ceremony, of inspecting privates, and so fucking, looking, smelling, frigging, and finger-stinking we lay till devilish hungry. Then we got up, and after going to a chop-house and having food, I put her into a cab to go home. I enjoyed myself much that night, a fresh cunt is always charming, and there is such delight in killing modesty in a woman who has never been fucked before; the struggle to get her to open her thighs to let you see her cunt is in itself a delicious treat.

On the bed spunk lay in all directions, and over her chemise as well, and there was the least smear of blood. I had pushed through something tight to get into her, but it was an easy business, so easy that I thought she had had cock before; but she was large cunted, the very jagged, ragged tear was full size; her cunt-hair was dark, her bum was one of the biggest for her height I have seen, it was out of proportion. Her privates did not fascinate me, and when I had had her two or three dozen times I grew tired of her. She was also bandy-legged, a thing I never could bear in a woman.

She went to Sarah's that day, and remained there, her mother sent to know why. Sarah said that Esther had had bowel attack after they came home from the theatre, and her mother then went to see her. A girl always looks ill after her first poking, and Esther had been fucked out, so her mother was

taken in. Her sister Matilda said she did not believe it.

Sarah I found had been gay, and said she now was married; they did not believe that, though they kept their disbelief to themselves, and only Esther knew she had been gay, although all knew she had run away from home. Sarah got her living by washing for Esther's mother. I heard some funny things about her afterwards.

I could not get Esther to stop out again all night, but she met me often enough, and became a bawdy little bitch whose cunt much wanted feeding. She told me the awful state of mind she and her sister were in at my first overhearing them with the barrow; they had been talking of fucking all that day, Sarah had begun it. Taking hold of some linen, "Oh ! my", she said, "look here, ain't they been a doing it !—here is waste." There was spunk on the linen. I heard a good deal of choice washerwoman's talk from Esther after-wards, and found that it was not an unusual thing for laundresses to joke about the semen they found on the linen of their customers, and that if they found suspicious signs on the man's linen, to give the lady of the house a hint to look after her husband. Many a husband has I am sure been discovered to have had illicit pleasure, or to have the ladies' favor through the hints of an officious laundress.

I made Esther liberal presents, but didn't take her much to Vauxhall or theatres, although she was constantly asking me to do so. I had taken her to Vauxhall one night after I had first had her, and saw some one there whom I should have been sorry to have seen me with Esther. We went to the little snug, quiet accommodation house which had been the scene of the slaughter of her virginity, and there fucked; some-times we walked instead of riding home, and when near the village, turning down a secluded street, or lane, I set her back up against a fence, and had her; then with her cunt buttered home she went alone. I took her once or twice to the theatre, and for fear of being seen had a box; but I could not afford those extravagances. Although not a bad-looking girl, and one who would stir up sensations in a man's ballocks when he looked at her, she was vulgar in appearance; and neither bonnets nor dress made any improvement in her, — she was a washerwoman all over.

After she was well acquainted with two or three bawdy houses I grew tired of her, and quarrelled with her. One night I went to my mother's who was ill; and as I passed the end of the lane where Esther lived saw one or two young men and women larking. She and her sister sometimes came to the end of the lane when their work was done, to see the people going along the high-road, and to chat there with neighbours. The men were chivying the girls, and Esther was one of them. I watched them from a safe distance, heard laughing and screeching, and every now and then one of the girls chased by a man darted down the dark lane, and I heard a shriek. There was no light in the lane, and not much even in the high-road from the feeble oil-lamps. I thought also that I saw Esther kissed, she yelled and got away, but it seemed to me she much liked it. For some reason all the wenches suddenly disappeared, and the men, who were of the laboring class, leaned against the railings of the public-house, and talked. I walked slowly by them, and heard one say, "I felt her cunt the other night, so help me Gor." I did not know who he spoke of, but I made up my mind it was Esther.

I wrote Esther to meet me, and then told her she had let a man feel her cunt, and what I had seen and heard. She denied all cheekily, but got confused when I told her what the man said. "I was in the lane", said I afterwards, "and quite towards that end where I have felt you often, — I hid, and I know he was feeling you there." It was a bare-faced lie of mine, be-cause I had gone away; but it was a hit. "He didn't", said she, "though he tried." "I heard him say you felt his prick", said I lying away again, "he went up the lane, and told that tall young man that, 'so help his God', you had." "He wanted to make me, but I didn't, —he is the greatest liar in the place. It was sneaking of you to be hiding like that, and watching me", said she. I wanted to fuck her, but she would not let me. She slanged me, said I had deceived her, had said I would keep her, and lots of other things, — and off she went. I took no notice for a fortnight, then went to the lodgings of Sarah, and had a talk with her. Sarah said that Esther was mad with me for not writing nor going to see her, and blamed me for not "behaving hand-some". "No other man has ever touched Esther", said she, "you don't seem to care about her, — but there's plenty who do, — there are two or three gents about who would be

glad to be in your place."

I had her again, then had a desire to get into her sister, and tried several times to see Matilda, caught her standing with Esther in the lane once or twice, but she bolted off directly I went up to her. Once she opened the door to me at her cottage, and slammed it in my face. I had not told Esther what had made Matilda cry out till that day, and then I did. "It's a lie", said she, "you went up my sister Matilda ? — what a crammer!" "She might tell her sister", and she did. Matilda said I was a liar, and that what I had done was to shove my finger violently up her, and hurt her very much. Esther believed her sister. Matilda was going to be married to the potman at the public-house close by, I then heard.

After that Esther met me a few times, and her sister seemed much on her mind; for she unvariably after she had felt my prick for a minute would say, "And you mean to tell me it went right into Tilda?" "Yes right in." "Oh! what a story, — it could not have been." I grew tired of her, and she of me, — probably some other man had taken a fancy to her, so I gave her ten pounds one night, told her I was going abroad, and would see her on my return, but I never did. I saw her near my mother's house two years afterwards with quite a genteel well-dressed young man, she looking nice and fresh, but very vulgar. She saw me. Her eyes had a painful expression in them, partly like fear, partly as if she were going to cry; and then she dropped them. They passed me, I of course not taking the slightest notice, but had a cock-stand, and felt jealous, —such a funny thing is male nature. I never saw her afterwards, but saw Sarah the washerwoman and ex-harlot, and gave her five shillings for a chat about the two girls. Esther had gone off with a gent, Matilda had married the potman, who had taken to drink, and used to "whop her." And that is the end of my acquaintance with the two girls.

I had great difficulty in keeping Esther from knowing too much about me, and used a false name, had letters sent to a post-office, and had to do much lying. The oddest thing was that though so near my mother's house, and though I passed her one day when walking with one of my married sisters, she did not know I was often living there, and close by her home; but she found it out just before I parted with her. She knew quite well that the conversation when sitting on the barrow could only have been heard from one of the garden-walls close by the barrow; but I would not at first tell her which. My real name I don't think she ever knew, though I am not sure of that. .

Curiosity made me call on ex-harlot Sarah, who lived in one room, and whilst talking I put my hand up her petticoats, on to her cunt. She laughed, opened her thighs wide, and said, "I knowed yer would", and she looked as if a fuck would have gratified her, — but I did not attempt it.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XII.**

**Preliminary. • My taste for beauty of form. • Sarah Mavis. • Midday in the Quadrant. • No. 13 J...s Street. • A bargain in the hall. • A woman with a will. • Fears about my size. • Muck. • Cold-blooded. • Tyranny. • My temper. • Submission. • A revolt. • A half-gay lady. • Sarah watches me. • A quarrel. • Reconcillation.**

I must go back a year or more before the night when I last had Kitty with the yellow hair and yellow motte, to tell the story of my acquaintance with a woman of whom I have little to tell, considering that she more or less is included in the history of my amours for nearly four years, and who will appear more than once some years after that. A word about my sensuous temperament first.

I had early a taste for beauty of female form. Face had for me of course the usual attraction, for beauty of expression always speaks to the soul of a man first. A woman's eyes speak to him before she opens her mouth, and instinctively (for actual knowledge only comes to him in his maturer

years) he reads in them liking, dislike, indifference, voluptuousness, desire, sensuous abandonment, or fierce reckless lust.

All these feelings can be seen in a woman's eyes alone, for they express and move with every feeling, every passion, pure or sensual. They can beget in the male pure love as it is called, which is believed to be so till experience teaches that however pure it may be, it cannot exist without the occasional help of a burning throbbing, stiff prick, up a hot, wide-stretched cunt, and a simultaneous discharge of spermatic juices from both organs. The rest of a woman's body, the breasts and limbs, can move lust unaccompanied by love, and if once admiration of them begins lust follows instantly. A small foot, a round, plump leg and thigh, and a fat backside speak to the prick straight. Form is in fact to most, more enticing, and creates a more enduring attachment in men of mature years, than the sweetest face. A plain woman with fine limbs and bum, and firm, full breasts will (unless her cunt be an ugly gash) draw a man to her where the prettiest-faced Miss will fail. Few men, unless their bellies be very big, or they be very old, will keep long to a bony lady whose skinny buttocks can be held in one hand. I early had a taste for female form, it was born with me. Even when a boy I selected partners for dancing because they were what I called crummy, and admired even at one time a fat-arsed middle-aged woman who sold us bull's eyes, because I had caught her exhibiting large legs when squatting down to piss.

For years I had had at the period named, two friends, one of whom was a sculptor, who alas! drank himself to death; and one a painter still living as I write this. I had been in their studios, seen their naked models, heard their opinions on both male and female beauty, and had the various points of female perfection shown me on the lady-sitters. I had them explained in two instances by the ladies themselves, in private sittings, and with them I had sexual pleasures' which they said the artists had neither got out of them nor given them. I had myself sketched from the nude, and was thought a not bad hand at it, and had therefore by training, instinct, and a most voluptuous temperament become a good judge of beauty of female form.

I did not write the above paragraphs, when I wrote what follows about Sarah Mavis, they are added now many years afterwards, when I am wondering at what I did in those early days, marvelling at my judgment in selection, and seeking the reasons which guided me then in getting for my sexual embraces, as many modes of female beauty of form, as perhaps any one Englishman ever had, — short of a prince.

One Summer's morning about midday, I was in the Quadrant. It had been raining, and the streets were dirty. In front of me I saw a well-grown woman walking with that steady, solid, well-balanced step which I even then knew indicated fleshy limbs, and a fat back-side. She was holding her petticoats well up out of the dirt, the common habit of even respectable women then. With gay ladies the habit was to hold them up just a little higher. I saw a pair of feet in lovely boots which seemed perfection, and calves which were exquisite. I fired directly. Just by Beak Street she stopped, and looked into a shop. "Is she gay?" I thought. "No." I followed on, passed her, then turned round, and met her eye. She looked at me, but the look was so steady, indifferent, and with so little of the gay woman in her expression, that I could not make up my mind as to whether she was accessible or not.

She turned back and went on without looking round. Crossing Tichborne Street she raised her petticoats higher, it was very muddy there. I then saw more of both legs, my prick stood at the sight of her limbs, and settled me. I followed quickly, saying as I came close, "Will you come with me?" She made no reply, and I fell behind. Soon she stopped again at a shop, and looked in, and again I said, "May I go with you?" "Yes, — where to?" "Where you like, — I will follow you." Without replying a word, and without looking at me, without hurrying, she walked steadily on till she entered the house No. 13 J. . . s Street, which I entered that day for the first time, but many hundreds of times since. Her composure, and the way she stopped from time to time to look at the shops as she went along astonished me: she seemed in no hurry, nor indeed conscious that I was close at her heels, though she knew it.

Inside the house she stopped at the foot of the staircase, and turning round said in a low tone, "What are you going to give me?" "Ten shillings." "I won't go upstairs then, so tell you at once." "What do you want?" "I won't let any one come with me unless they give me a sovereign at least." "I will give you that." Then she mounted, nothing more being said. Asking me the question at the foot of the stairs astonished me, I had been asked it in a room often before, and in the street; but at the foot of a staircase, — never.

We entered a handsome bed-room. Turning round after paying for it, and locking the door, I saw her standing with her back to the light (the curtains were down, but the room was nevertheless light), one arm resting on the mantle-piece. She looked at me fixedly, and I did at her. Then I recollect noticing that her mouth was slightly open, and that she looked seemingly vacantly at me (it always was so), that she had a black silk dress on, and a dark-colored bonnet. Then desire impelled; I went close to her, and began to lift her clothes. She pushed them down in a commanding way saying, "Now none of that."

"Oh! here is your money", said I putting down a sovereign on the mantle-piece. She broke into a quiet laugh. "I did not mean that", she remarked. "Let me feel you." "Get away", said she impatiently, and turning she took off her bonnet. I then saw she had thick and nearly if not quite black hair, and recollect that I noticed these points just in the order I have narrated them. Then she leaned her arm on the mantle-piece again, and looked at me quietly, her mouth slightly open, and I stood looking at her without speaking, my sperm fermenting in my balls; but I was slightly bothered, almost intimidated by her cold manner, — a manner so unlike what I usually met with in strumpets.

"You have beautiful legs." "So they say." "Let me see them." She laid down on the sofa, her back to the light, without uttering a word. I threw off coat and waistcoat, and sitting at the foot of the sofa threw up her dress to her knees; higher I tried, but she resisted. Then my fingers felt her cunt, and the delight of the feel and sight of her beautiful limbs overwhelmed me. "Take off your things, — let me see you undressed, — you must be exquisite." My hands roved all about her bum, belly and thighs, and just seeing the flesh above her garters I fell to kissing it, and kissed upwards till the aroma of her cunt met my nostrils, and its thicket met my lips and mingled with my moustache, which I then wore, though so few men then did. I fell on my knees by the side of her, kissing, feeling, and smelling; but she kept her thighs close together, and pushed her petticoats over my head whilst I kissed, so that I saw but little of her beauties. Then excited almost to madness by my amusement I rose up. "Oh ! come to the bed, — come." She lay quite still.

"No, — do it here, — leave me alone, — I won't have my clothes pulled up, — I won't be pulled about, — if you want it have me, and have done." "Well get on to the bed." "I shan't." "I can't do it on the sofa." "Well I'm going then." "You shan't till I have had you, — only let me see your thighs." "There then", — and up went her clothes half-way. "Higher," "I shan't." Now my prick was out. "Get on the bed, — I won't do it here, — take your things off." "I shan't." "You shall." All was said by her in a determined way, but without signs of temper.

She rose without saying another word, I think I see now as I write, her exquisite legs in beautiful silk stockings as they showed when getting off the sofa, and getting on to the bed. "But I want your clothes off." "I won't take them off, I'm in a hurry, — I never do." "Oh I you must." "I won't, -now come and do what you want to do, — I'm in a hurry." She lifted her clothes just high enough to show the fringe of her cunt, and opened her thighs a little. I thrilled with lewd delight as I saw them, and mounted her, laid between them, and inserted my prick. Ah ! at my first shove almost I was spending in her.

"Oh ! lay quiet dear, I've only been up you a second." "No, — get off, and let me wash." I resisted, but she uncunted me, and got off the bed quickly. "Now don't come near while I wash, — I can't bear a man looking at me washing myself." I insisted, for I was longing to see the form I had scarcely yet had a glimpse of. Putting down the basin she pulled the bed-curtains round her to hide her whilst she slopped her quim. I would not be rude, and saw nothing. Then on went her bonnet.

"Are you going first, or I?" said she. "I shall wait as long as you will." "Then I will go first", — and she was going away when I stopped her.

"When will you again meet me?" "Oh ! when out at all, I am up to one o'clock in Regent Street." "Where do you live?" "I shan't say, — good bye." "No, — wait, — come to me this afternoon." "I can't." "This evening." She hesitated. "I can't stay long if I do." "Well an hour and a half." "Perhaps." "Will you take off your clothes then?" "No, — good bye, I am in a hurry." "Meet me at seven o'clock to-night. —do." "No." "At eight then." "Well I will be here expecting you, — but I shan't stop long." "Will you let me see your form up to your waist?" "Oh! I hate being looked at", — and off she went, leaving me in the room.

I dined at my Club, and was in a fever of lust all day. "Will she come?" for she had only half promised. Half-an-hour before the time I was at the house, and had the same room again. It was handsome throughout, had a big four-post bed with handsome hangings (this was thirty years ago mind) on one side of the room on another side by a partition was a wash-hand stand of marble, against the wall on the opposite side a large glass just at the level of the bed; at the foot of the bed a large sofa opposite to the fire; over the chimney-piece a big glass sloping forwards, so that those sitting or lying on the sofa could see themselves reflected in it; in the angle of the room by the windows a big cheval-glass which could be turned in any direction, two easy-chairs and a bidet, the hangings were of red damask, two large gas-burners were over the chimney-piece angles. It was the most compact, comfortable bawdy house bed-room I have perhaps ever been in, although by no means a large room. They charged seven and six for its use, and twenty shillings for the night. Scores of times I have paid both fees.

I noticed all this, and that a couple could see their amatory amusements on the bed, on the sofa, or any-how in fact, by aid of the cheval and other glasses. I was delighted with the room, but in a fever of anxiety lest the lady should not come. I walked about with my prick out, seeing how I looked in the glasses, laid on the bed, and noticed how it looked in the side-glass, squatted on the sofa, glorying in the sight of my balls and stiff-stander. Then I had a sudden fear that she would think my prick small; what put it into my head I never could exactly say, I used when at school to fancy mine was smaller than that of other boys, and some remark of a gay woman about its size made me most sensitive on the topic. I was constantly asking the women if my prick was not smaller than other men's. When they said it was a very good size, — as big as most, — I did not believe them, and I used when I pulled it out, to say in an apologetic tone, "Let's put it up, there's not much of it." "Oh! it's quite big enough", one would say. "I've seen plenty smaller", would say another. But still the idea clung to me, that it was not a prick to be in any way proud of, — which was a great error. But I have told of this weakness more than once before, I think.

I recollect well that night fearing she would think my prick contemptible, and it pained me much, for I :4Y SECRET LIFE was hooked, although I did not know it. I brushed my hair, and made myself inviting with a desire to please her, without thinking that I was taking the trouble to do so for a woman who was going to be fucked for twenty shillings, and whom I now know did not then care how I looked, or who I was, long as she got her money as soon as she could, and got rid of me to make way for another man, or to go and spend what she had earned.

She did not keep her time. I kept listening, and peeping out as I heard footsteps and saw couples bent on sexual pleasure going up the stairs, and heard them overhead walking about. This and the excitement at the recollection of my instantaneous spend between her magnificent thighs, my pulling about my prick and contemplating it in the glass, the moving about of the various couples made me in such a state of randiness that I could scarcely keep from frigging. A servant who had noticed my peeping came in, and begged I would not look out, for customers did not like it. Did they know where my lady lived? and would they send for her? They did not. Then the servant came to say I had been an hour in the room, — did I mean to wait any longer? I knew what that meant, and was about to say I would pay for the room twice, when I heard a heavy, slow tread, and the lady's face appeared.

I grumbled at her delay, she took my complaints quietly, she could not come earlier, was all she said. She pulled off her bonnet, put it on the chair, turned round, leaned her arm on the mantle-piece, and stared at me again in a half-vacant way with her mouth slightly open, just as in the morning. I gave her very little time to stare, for I had my hand on her cunt in no time, and nearly spent in my trousers as I touched it. She tried the same game, — she would not be pulled about, — she would not let her cunt be looked at, — if I meant to do it, do it, and have done with it. My blood rose. "I'd be damned if I would, — nor pay, nor anything else unless she took her gown off. So she took it off laughing, and laid down on the sofa. Not on the bed. No she would not. Then damned if I would do it (though I was nearly bursting). Again she laughed, and then got on to the bed. I saw breasts of spotless purity, and exquisite shape, bursting out over the corset, threw up the petticoats, saw the dark hair at the bottom of the belly, and the next instant a thrust, a moment's heaving, — quietness, — another thrust, — a sigh, — a gush of sperm, — and again I had finished with but a minute's complete sexual enjoyment only.

"Get up." "I won't." "Let me wash the muck out." "No." — and I pinned her down, squeezed to her belly, grasped her haunches. "I've not done spending." "Yes you have." A wriggle and a jerk, and I was uncunted and swearing. She sat down on the basin, I stooped down, tore aside the curtains, and put my hand on to her gaping cunt. She tried to rise, and pushed me, — I pushed her. She tilted on one side, her bum caught the edge of the basin, and upset the water.

"Damn you", said she, — then she laughed and got up. I pushed her against the side of the bed, and again got my fingers on the cunt, — slippery enough it was. "You're one of those beasts, are you?" said she.

"I've never felt your cunt properly, and I will." "Well let me wash it, and you shall." She did so, I felt it, and then begged for another fuck. "You are not in a hurry." "Yes I am." "You said you would give me an hour and a half." "Yes, but you have done me, and what is the good of keeping me?" "I mean to do it again." "Double journey double pay." "Nonsense, — you so excited me, that I've never had a proper poke yet." "Well that is no fault of mine." She laughed, and turned questioner. "Do you often have the women from Regent Street?" "Yes." "Do you know many?" "Yes, I vary so." "Ah ! you are fond of change, — I thought so", — and she got talkative after that. I had thought her almost a dummy.

Meanwhile I was gloating over her charms, her beautiful arms, the lovely breasts I now played with, the lovely limbs I saw, for she had sat down in the most enticing position with the ankle of one foot resting on the knee of the other leg. I wanted to pull the clothes higher up the thighs, she resisted, but I saw the beautiful ankles, the tiny boots and feet, the creamy flesh of the thigh just above the garter, thighs thickening, folding over, squeezing together, and hiding her cunt from view when I tried to look up.

I had hid my prick, the fear had come over me of her thinking it small, and that prevented it standing again. An hour ran away. "I'm going", said she rising. My prick stood at the instant. "Let me." "Make haste then." As she stood up I put my hand up her petticoats. She put her hand down, and gave my prick a hard squeeze. I hollowed,--she laughed.

"I've a good mind not to let you, — you've been so long, — but you may do it." She got on to the bedside. "Oh ! for God's sake don't move, — that attitude is exquisite." One leg was well on the bed, the petticoats were squeezed up, and the leg on the ground from the boot-heel to about four inches above her garter was visible. She was half turning round, her lovely breasts, or rather one of them showed half-front, and with her head looking round at me as she was moving, it alto-gether made a ravishingly luscious picture. I put my hands up from behind between her thighs. That broke the spell, she moved on to the bed directly, — I on to her.

"Oh ! God you are heavenly, lovely, — oh ! God my darling, — oh !" I was spending and kissing her too quickly again; lust almost deprived me of my pleasure. In a dozen shoves I was empty. It was all over.

"How quietly you stood in that attitude", said I. "I can stand in an attitude nearly five minutes without moving, almost without showing that I am breathing, without winking an eye." ..I thought nothing of this at the time, excepting that it was brag.

"Give me five shillings, for I have been a long time with you, — I've a reason, — I won't ask you again." I gave it her. "Shall you be in Regent Street to-morrow morning?" "Yes."

I was in Regent Street, met her, and had her you may be sure, and repeated these meetings for a week daily, and sometimes twice a day; but got no more than the shortest time with her, the quickest fuck, a rapid uncunting. She did not spend with me, and showed no signs of pleasure, scarcely took the trouble to move her bum, would not undress, would not let me look at her cunt. I submitted to it, for I was caught, but did not know that then, — she did. That is she knew that I was damnably lewd upon her, and used that knowledge to suit her convenience. I had no right to grumble at it. I need not have had her, had I not liked upon those terms. But I did. At length I grumbled, and at last almost had a quarrel. "I won't see you again", said I. "No one asks you", said she.

As my means were not large, and my purse grew rather empty, I was glad to keep away a few days. Then again I saw her in Regent Street; and after giving her the wink followed her. She walked on, but instead of going to the house, passed the end of the street. On she went, I went close to her, it was the second time I had spoken to her in the street. "Oh! I did not understand you", she said, "besides I'm in a hurry." "Oh ! do come." "Well I can't stop five minutes." "Nonsense." "Well then I can't",-and she went on walking. My prick got the better of my temper. "Well come back." She turned round, and bent her way to J... s Street, saying, "Don't let us go in to-gether."

When in the house she got on to the bed without a moment's delay. I had her, and she was out of the house again in less than ten minutes, leaving me in a very angry state of mind; but she promised to meet me the following night if she could, and to stay longer with me.

She came an hour late, and found me fretting and fuming in the bed-room. They did not hurry me now at that house, I being already known there, and gave me whenever they could the same chamber. "I'm in a great hurry", were the first words Sarah said. "Why you told me you would stay longer." "Yes, — I am sorry, but I can't." "You never can, — but take off your gown." "I really can't, — have me at the side of the bed, — you wanted it so the other day." "No I won't." "Then I'll get on the bed",-and on she got. I tried to open her legs, to turn her round to see her bum (I had never seen it yet properly). No she would not undress, she would do nothing, — I might have it her way, or leave it alone and go. How green it was to submit to all this.

I lost my temper, for my delight I saw was in her lovely form, in her physical beauty; whilst she seemed to think that the only joy I could have was to spend in her cunt as fast as I could. "I won't have you at all", said I getting resolute at last. "All right", said she getting off the bed, "I'm really in a hurry, — another night I will." "Another night be damned—you are nearly a bilk, — there", — and I threw the sovereign on a table, and put on my hat. "Are you going?" "Yes, I'm going to get some woman who is not ashamed of her cunt." "Go along then." Off I went. When half-way down the stairs I heard her calling to me to come back, but savage I went off.

I walked up Regent Street savage with her, and with myself too, for not having had my fuck, even if she had gone away a minute afterwards. Randy as the devil I saw a woman at the corner of the Circus, and accosted her, she turned away, I accosted her again. "Will you come with me?" "Yes if you like." "Do you know a house about here?" "No I'm a stranger." Then I took her to J. . . s Street, had her two or three times and toyed with her a long time, stopping till she would stop no longer, saying she should be locked out if she was not off. She was only half-gay I think, and wanted a fuck. I had just offered myself in time. She was a biggish woman of about thirty years of age. After I had fucked her the first time, we laid on the bed together; she played with my prick till it was stiff again, and then turning on to her back said, "Come on, — let's have it again."

I thought much of my fine-limbed Sarah Mavis, but it was with anger. A fuck for ten shillings was

all very well when randy, but even when in a hurry I never was satisfied till I had pulled the cunt open, and given it a general inspection, although it was generally but a rapid one in those days. If I had the same woman again another day, it was because I liked her and liked to talk to her, for I always found them more complaisant the longer I knew them. But here had I been having a woman daily, and sometimes twice a day, mainly because she was so exquisite in form (for I had some idea even then that her cunt was not a good fit to my prick;) yet I had never seen her cunt, nor her backside, nor her bobbies, nor her arm-pits, nor her navel, nor anything properly, and so I determined not to have her again, and to dismiss her from my mind. But I was hooked.

To economize I again went with cheap women, and seemed to get just as nice women for ten shillings as I did for twenty; but I had taken a liking for the house in J...s Street, which was an expensive one, and liked the best room, and took my cheap women to my dear room. One woman said, "Well you might give me a little more, and have a cheaper room, — the room gets nearly as much as you give me." And I saw a woman there one night pocket the comb, and a piece of soap, — she stole them. I heard in pleasant conversation afterwards, that soap and combs were often stolen by women, — especially soap.

About a fortnight afterwards I saw my Venus again, and again was closetted with her. I could resist my desire for her no longer, for having never ceased thinking of her even when fucking other women. She was just as calm, but there was a little, quiet spite about her. When she had taken off her bonnet, and looked at me for a minute with her mouth open as usual, she said, "I suppose you have been having other women." I can't tell why it was, but I lied, and said "no." "What did you go upstairs with one for?" said she, "the night after you left me, — I was in the par-lour, and peeping through the door saw you and the woman who stumbled at the foot of the stairs" (which was the fact). "Well I did", I replied, "and saw her cunt, — and that's more than I ever saw of yours." "You've seen as much as you will." Putting on my hat in rage, "Then I may as well go, — here is your money", — and I turned towards the door. "Don't be a fool", said she, "what do you want? — what do all you men want? — you are all beasts alike, you're never satisfied." She was angry. "Don't be in a hurry, and let's see your precious cunt." I recollect saying that very distinctly, being angry, — and that up to that time I had been chaste in my remarks. I was at that time of my life not at all lewd or strong in word with women when we first met, but was somewhat less so so soon as I warmed, and only when randy to the highest degree or by fits and starts, spiced my conversation highly with lewd expressions.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XIII.**

**Sarah's complaisance. • Mistress Hannah. • About Sarah. • Sexual indifference. • After dinner. • Stark naked at last. • Her form. • The scar. • Hannah's friendship. • The bawdy house parlour. • The Guardsman. • Sarah's greed. • A change in her manner. • A miscarriage. • Going abroad. • I am madly in love. • Sarah's history.**

She laughed. "Well I will, — but don't make me undress, — I'm in a hurry." "Of course, — you always are." She laid on the sofa, and pulled up her clothes, —she was yielding. "No, — come here." She came, and laid on the side of the bed. At length I saw those glorious thighs open wider, the dark-shaded crack with the swelling lips showed itself more freely than I had ever seen it before. I dropped on my knees, and prop-ping up one of her feet with my hand, lifted the leg so that the thighs distended, and a large bit of crimson nymphae began to show, the faint but delicious odour of her cunt stole up my nostrils, my lips closed on her gap, and kissed it lecherously, my brain whirled as my nose rubbed in the thicket of dark hair, and my lip touched her clitoris. I know nothing more excepting that I was up her as she laid there, and spending as quickly as ever, before I had in fact

well plugged her. "Are you satisfied?" said she as she looked up from washing her cunt by the side of me. "No, it's so quick, you fetch me so quickly." "That is no fault of mine." She had said so often before. I recollect all these apparently trivial, these various feelings and circumstances, as well as if it were yesterday, for she had made her mark on me.

I had partly conquered, and saw my victory. "I like seeing you so", said I, "but won't see you, or any other woman who won't let me see her charms, and who is always in such a hurry, — it would be all very well if I saw you for the first time—(why you have a new black silk dress on." "Yes, I bought it with your money", said she), — but for a regular friend as I am, it is unsupportable." I conquered more, and subsequently, told her that I might be in Regent Street one day, but I did not go there (I had made no promise). She said she went out against her will to see me, — could I write to say when she was to meet me? No, —but I could write to the bawdy house, and they would send on the letter. I called there one morning, and left a letter. The Mistress was a shortish sandy-haired woman about thirty years old, with a white face; she looked very fixedly at me, and smiled. She would send on the letter to Miss Sarah Mavis which I found was the name she went by; but Sarah never came to my letter, and I paid for the room for nothing. Then I sent for the Mistress; had a bottle of champagne with her, and she opened her heart a little, she was soon a little screwed, and this was what she told me. Her name was Hannah.

She had not known Miss Mavis long, — only a month or so before she had come in with me, — did not often see her now excepting with me. Mavis had been asking if I had been seen in the house with any other woman, "and of course I did not tell her", said Sandyhead. She thought her a nice woman, and had struck up acquaintance with her. Now she often came into the parlour to chat with her when I had left, or before she came upstairs to me, when I was at the house before my appointed time.

Things went on thus for a little time longer, Sarah doing much as she liked, but certainly becoming more complaisant. She stopped longer, we began to talk; I was of course curious about her, she about me, I dare say she got much out of me, I but little out of her. What I mainly learned was that she only came on the streets occasionally, and from about eleven to one o'clock in the day. — never afterwards; and when she had sufficient money to "go on with", as she said, she came not out at all. "I hate it", said she, "hate you men, — you are all beasts, — you're never satisfied unless you are pulling a woman about in all manner of ways." "It pleases us", said I, "we admire you so." "Well it does not please me, — I want them to do what they have to do, and let me go." "Why don't you go out in the afternoon or evening?" "No, I get my money in the morning, and have other things to do the rest of the day."

She had not been gay long, — not more than a month before I had met her, — was taken to the house in J. .s Street by the first man who met her in the streets, and had been there often since. No she never had been gay before, she would swear, and often wished she were dead rather than have to come out, and let men pull her about, and put their nasty muck into her, — "nasty muck" was always the pleasant way in which she spoke of a man's sperm.

"One would think you never cared about a poke, — I wonder how often you spend." "Oh! it's all the same to me whether I have it, or whether I don't, — if I do it once a fortnight it's as much as I care about, — you beasts of men seem to think of nothing else, and you leave us poor women all the trouble that comes from putting your muck into us." "What the devil do you care about?" said I after a chat with her one day, in which she had just said what I have narrated. "Oh! I don't care about anything much."

Another day she said, "I like a nice dinner, and then a read in an arm-chair, till I go to sleep, or a nice bit of supper, and to get into bed, — I'm so tired of a night, I like to get to bed early if I can." We went on talking about eating and drinking; she told me what she liked, and what she disliked with much gusto and earnestness. "I'll give you a good dinner", said I, "and we will come here afterwards." "Will you?" "Yes, — but I won't unless I have you three hours here." "Impossible, — I dare not be out after half-past ten." "Come early." "I can't come very early, for I must be home in

the afternoon." There were all sorts of obstacles, — so many that I gave it up, not going to be humbugged. But she would not give it up, and it was arranged that if she might name the evening, she would be with me at six o'clock, and stay with me till ten, — an immense concession, — it was the dinner that did it. I saw she was fond of her stomach, and that made me offer the dinner as a bait.

She would not come in after me to the restaurant, I was to meet her at the corner of St. Martin's lane in a cab, and go with her, — and so it came off. We went to the Cafe de P... e in Leicester square, I had already ordered a private room, and a nice dinner. My God how she enjoyed it ! "It's a long time since I've had such a good dinner", said she, "but never mind, better times are coming again for me, I feel sure." She ate largely, she drank well, and to my astonishment when I got up to kiss her, she kissed me in return, and gave my piercer the slightest possible pinch outside my trowsers. "Let's feel you", said I. Equally astonished was I when she said, "Bolt the door, the waiter may be in", — and then I had a grope, and she felt my prick. "Let's go—let's go, — I am dying for you." Off we went arm in arm. Directly we were well away from the Cafe she let go my arm. "You go first, and I will follow." I thought she was going to cheat me. "I dare not be seen walking arm in arm with a man, — but I will follow." In five minutes we were in the room together. Sarah Mavis was just in the slightest degree elevated, and perhaps more than slightly lewd.

To pull off my things, to help her off with hers partially was the work of a minute. "I must piddle first, —champagne always makes me want to piddle so." "Does it make you randy?" "Oh ! Lord it does some-times; but it's such a time since I tasted it before to-night, I almost forget." "Are you so now?" "Oh ! I don't know, — come on the bed", said she. She opened her thighs wide, she let me grope and smell, and kiss, and see. "Come on, — do." Instinct told me she wanted it, I embraced her, and was enjoying her, when she clasped me firmly, sought my mouth. "Oh ! my darling, I'm co—com—h—hing", said she spending as she cried out, and fetched me at the same instant. It was the first time she had ever spent with me.

We laid in heavenly quietness, prick and cunt in holy junction, distilling, slobbering, and bedewing each other's mouths and privates, whilst the soft voluptuous pleasure was creeping through our limbs, bodies, and senses. She was in no hurry to wash out the muck. "Oh! I'm chocking", said she after a time, get off." "I won't." "Oh ! do, — my stays choke me when I lie down after food, — I'm almost suffocated." I held fast. "If I get off, you won't let me do it again." "Yes,-yes I will." She jerked my prick out of her cunt, I got to the side of the bed, she sat up, and was about to get off, when I stopped her, and together we undid her stays, and took them off. "Let me wash now." "No you shan't, — I've never yet fucked with my first sperm in you, — let me now, there is a darling." She laughed, and fell back; then for a few minutes we kissed and toyed. Her magnificent breasts were now free, I buried my face between them, and kissed them rapturously; her moistened quim I felt, and it drove me wild with desire; so gluing my mouth to hers I mounted her, and we were soon in Elysium again, Sarah enjoying her fuck in a way I thought from her cold-blooded manner previously she was quite incapable of, — and there we laid, nestling cock and cunt together, till a slight sleep or doze overtook both of us.

In a minute or two Sarah sprang up, and rushed to the basin. I lay still, contemplating her, and saying I would not wash my prick for a week, so that I might retain in the roots and its moistened fringe our mixed juices, the remnants of our first spend together. When she had washed she laid down by the side of me. "Let's have a nap", said she. The wine seemed to be getting into her head more and more, though she was but in the slightest degree fuddled.

I could not sleep. The sight of her breasts relieved from her stays, the free manner in which she let her petticoats lay half up her thighs, the delight at finding her take pleasure in my embraces, exulted me beyond measure. I joked and tickled her. "Let's see you naked." "You shan't." "Well stand up, and let me see your limbs naked, — take off your petticoats, even if you keep your chemise on." She was yielding, took petticoats off, but would do no more. I had seen more than any other man, and she would do no more, she said. The wine had evaporated, and she was herself again, quiet,

composed.

Maddened with desire. "I'll give you a sovereign", I said, "to take the chemise off." "Will you !" "Yes." "No I won't." "I'll give you two." "What can you want to see more for?" "Hang it, take the money, and let me, or I'll rip it off without paying." I closed with her, and struggled, pulled the chemise up above her haunches, pulled it down below her breasts, tore it. "Now don't, — I won't have it", said she getting angry, "it won't please you if I do, — you will not like to see me half as well afterwards, I tell you." "Yes I shall, — here is the money, — now let me see you naked, I'll give you three sovereigns."

She pushed me away, and sat down. "Where is the money?" said she. I gave it her. "I've got an ugly scar, — I don't like it seen." "Never mind, — show it." Slowly she dropped the chemise, and stood in all her naked beauty, and pointing to a scar just below her breasts, and about four inches above her navel, "There", said she, "is it not ugly? — does it not spoil me !—how I hate it!"

I told her no, — that she was so beautiful, that it mattered not. Yet ugly it was. A seam looking like a piece of parchment which had been held close to a fire -and crinkled, and then glazed, star-shaped, white, and as big as a large egg lay between her breasts and her navel. It was the only defect on one of the most perfect and beautiful forms that God ever had created.

"There", said she covering it up, "you won't want me naked again, — now I dare say you don't like me as much." Yes I did. "Do you?" "Yes." She came and kissed me. I often had her as naked as she was born afterwards.

"What is the time?" "Ten o'clock." "I must go." "Another poke." "Make haste then." We had it. "Oh! now don't keep me, if I'm not home by half-past ten I shall be half murdered." She had let expressions like that drop more than once; but I got no explanation excepting that she lived with her father and mother, — and at that time I believed it.

At the next meeting she had her old quiet manner, her old "keep your distance" was attempted; but it was impossible. A woman must always give again what she has once given, she cannot help it. Then came more dinners, but she was more cautious now in what she ate and drank, less reckless in her embraces of me: but we were closer acquaintances than we had been; she let me pull her about more freely and as a matter of course, washed her quim without hiding herself for that operation, and so on, — yet still she held me at a great distance, and was reserved. She conquered me, in a degree.

In fact she did pretty well what she liked with me; saw me when she liked, stopped with me as long as she thought proper, let me fuck her just as often as she liked, and no more (and it was rarely she let me do that more than once a day), see to her knees, or to her cunt, or pull her about just in the degree she for the time thought fit to permit. I grumbled, said I would see more complaisant women. "Well I might if I liked, —but I did not. Her indifference to sexual pleasure chilled and annoyed me and for a reason I never could understand, her cunt never seemed quite to fit me, nor fetch me with the voluptuousness that scores of other women have done. Yet I saw her almost exclusively for three years, and when she gave herself up to pleasure with me, my delight was unbounded; when she let me have her with her cunt unwashed after our first copulation, I thought of it for days afterwards. Alto-gether she had her way with me in a manner I did not see, and have only comprehended since.

This went on for some months. Whether she had other male friends or not I don't know, but I never found her in Regent Street or other places where I had once been able to find her, after I began to see her regularly, and have reason to think that she ceased casuals after she had me, and perchance another, that is all. Hannah said often at a future day that I was her only friend.

I have not yet described her. She was of perfect height for a woman, say five feet seven, her form from her chin to her toe-nails was faultless, if anything inclining to too much flesh, and to too great a backside; but then I liked flesh, and a woman's bum could not be too big for me. I used to rub my

lips and cheeks over her bum for a quarter of an hour at a time, when she condescended to turn it upwards for so long a time for that worship. Handsome her face certainly was, but it was of a somewhat heavy character: her eyes were dark, soft, and vague in expression which together with the habit of leaving her lips slightly open, gave her a thoughtful, and at times half-vacant look. Her nose was charming and retrouse, her mouth small, with full lips, and a delicious set of very small white teeth, her hair was nearly black, long, thick, and coarsish dark hair in large quantity was in her armpits, and showed slightly when her arms were down, her arms and breasts were superb. Her cunt was thick-lipped, and with largish inner lips which showed well in nearly the whole length of the split; her mons was very plump, and covered well, but not widely with crisp black hair. She looked twenty-six, yet was not more than twenty-two, and she looked most handsome when lying asleep.

If I were asked the most perfect thing about her, I should say her feet and legs up to her notch—they were simply perfect; I have seen them as handsome in smaller women, never in one of her height. I must add that her cunt was large both outside and inside, and that she was not a voluptuous poke to me, but why I can only guess at now; I did not know it whilst I was acquainted with her.

"A little of that satisfies me", she would say of poking, "once a week, — once a fortnight, excepting at times, — you men are beasts, all of you." She at first refused my mouth, never moved her bum, and laid like a log. "Here I am, — do what you like, — do it, and get it over, — or leave it", was her common mode of meeting my grumbling. Her first sexual pleasure with me was I believe the night she dined with me; afterwards she took pleasure with me more frequently, but uncutting me, and rushing out of bed to wash the instant I had spent, before I had indeed done spending; until a sudden change in her took place which I shall tell of, and then she was kinder, more lustful, or perhaps I might say more loving, and more reckless; letting me enjoy her after my own fashion, and abandoning herself to enjoyment as much as it was perhaps in her nature to do so.

I found that she often now was with the keeper of the house, or rather she who represented her, — Hannah. So I got acquainted more closely with Hannah, would go into her parlour, and talk with her before Sarah came. This began one day when I was awaiting Sarah by her asking me if I would cast up a column of figures, nearly the whole of which was in five shillings and seven and sixes. I did it once, then I did it a second time. Going in one day just afterwards she stepped out from her parlour, and thanked me. I stepped into the parlour, and got into the custom of doing so, — if ladies were not in there, — but there was a good introduction business done, as will be seen, and oftentimes ladies were waiting there till their swains arrived.

One day she cooked a luncheon for me, once a break-fast, the latter was during the time I had quarrelled with Sarah, and took another woman to sleep with me there. I complimented her on her cooking, she was half groggy (as she often was), and was very talkative. "Lord", said she, "you have tasted my dinners many a times." "Nonsense." "Yes you have." "Where?" "Do you recollect a ball at where all the servants were allowed to look at the table before supper, and your coming down with Mr and we all scuffling back?" "Perfectly." "Well I cooked that supper." Then it turned out that she had been cook at a house where I was a constant visitor, she had recognized me at once, but did not recollect my name, or so she said, — indeed it was not probable that she knew it. She had been caught with a soldier in the house, and had been kicked out.

Now by chance of fortune she was keeper of a bawdy house, and her soldier visited her there when in London, — he was a Guardsman, — and she supplied him with money, and lots he had, for she robbed her Mistress wholesale of the bawdy house profits.

Hannah had two sisters; one a married woman with a bad husband, and several children. She often came and assisted at J ... s Street, sometimes acting as chambermaid, — and about two years after this period of my history, a second one appeared who had been a housemaid, and who had I suppose also lost her character. A pretty blue-eyed girl about twenty years old with a cast in her eye, and a lovely leg up to within a few inches of her cunt. I never saw higher, and shall have more to say about her hereafter. Her name was, Susan—a sailor was said to be in love with her.

Sarah at the end of some months asked me to give her five pounds, and soon afterwards ten pounds. She was going to make up a sum of money to buy a business for her father. She had been dressing very shabbily I noticed, and said she knew I did not mind that, and it was all because she was trying to save money, —to quit that life she hoped, — and I believed it. I could not get her for several days, yet could have sworn I had heard her voice one day in loud altercation with a man in the parlour when I was waiting for her upstairs. I rang and asked for her; the servant came, and asserted that Miss Mavis was not there, and I never saw her that night. Next day I made an appointment (through Hannah) for eleven a.m., and waited a long time before she came up. She looked ill. "You've been crying." "I have not." "Yes you have, —your eyes are red, — aye, and wet now." She asserted she had not, and then burst out sobbing saying she was unwell. I was distressed, and sent for wine, Hannah came up and comforted her (I saw Hannah knew all about it). Then we were left to ourselves. "I've never been abed all night", said Sarah. "Come to bed now." To my extreme astonishment into bed she came, after looking at me in a very earnest manner.

I had often asked her before, and she never would; saying she never had been in bed but with one man, and never meant. I was enraptured, stripped to my skin, and was soon pressing every part of her body to mine. She gave herself up to me entirely, her tongue met mine as we spent. "Don't throw me out now dear." "Very well." Oh ! miracle, I thought, and there we lay, prick and cunt soaking together, till we had another fuck, then she dozed off in my arms, and I soon afterwards. We slept more than two hours, then my fingers sought her cunt directly; and awakened her. I told her the time, she sighed saying, "It's no matter, — it serves them right." It was a day of miracles, Hannah sent up food, we ate it in bed, we fucked again and again. I was delighted with the spunk we left on the sheets; then we dined at the Cafe, and went back to the bawdy house, — more fucking, no cunt-washing, all was free bawdy, abandonment.

Hannah came up to us about the time Sarah usually left me, and told her it was time to go. Sarah said she did not care a damn, Hannah begged her to go, — she would go home with her. She agreed to go, kissed me, and said I was a kind fellow. I waited outside, and tried to dodge her home; but was unsuccessful; the two discovered me, stopped, and upbraided me, and came back to the bawdy house. Then she made me promise not to follow her, and went out to piddle as she said. Hannah followed, I waited five minutes for them, and then called to the servant. She came in with a demure face, and said "Lor sir they have both gone out five minutes ago."

For weeks after that Sarah was changed, and with the exception of not stripping entirely did as freely as I wished, she did everything I wanted, but sleep with me all night; she kept out later, but away at night she went; she embraced me, enjoyed her fucking, and in fact treated me like a husband. Then she said one day, "I'm some months gone in the family way." "Who's the dad?" "You perhaps." "No I'm not,-it's some man you are fond of, not me." "I am fond of no man", said she. Then she was ill, and away for three weeks, she had had a miscarriage. I was in des-pair, and sent her money all the time of her illness, but could learn nothing from Hannah, excepting that Sarah was a dear good woman, and too good for him. That was said before the sister, who cried out, "You shut up Hannah." So I came to the conclusion there was some other man in the way.

Another day I pumped Hannah, but she was an old bird, and not easily caught. "She is fond of a man", I said. "She is not a fond sort, — if she is fond of any man at all it's you, — but she has got her duty to do." "What's that?" "Ask her, — I don't know her business. Now you get out, there are some ladies coming here directly, and Miss Mavis won't like your being here with them." "I'm not her property." "Pretty nearly you are, — at all events go, there is a good gentleman." Whilst Sarah was away I did get acquainted with three or four ladies, and two of them I had. Sarah had then either gone abroad or I had had a desperate quarrel with her.

When Sarah met me again she was still miserably ill, and thanked me for my kindness warmly. We resumed our meetings, and again she was cautious, but no longer bounced me. She spent with me, enjoyed me, but entreated me. "Oh! let me wash out the muck, — now do pull it out, — I am so frightened of being ill again." So I let her have her way. She refused to say anything about her

illness, excepting that it was I who had caused it; but I did not believe her. She usually now gave way to pleasure with me; at the end of the month I gave her twenty pounds to make up a sum, then she got still more exacting about money. "Oh! I do stop a long time with you, — give me more money, —do, — I want to make up a sum, etc., etc., — and then of course came a lie. At length she said one bright sunny morning it was, I had poked her, and was laying on the sofa afterwards, she sitting on the easy-chair, her lovely breasts out, one beautiful leg over the other showing slightly the flesh of her thighs), "You won't see much more of me, — we are going abroad."

I started as if I had been shot at. "You? — nonsense, —never." "I am indeed, — I'm sick of this life, and will go anywhere, do anything to get out of it."

I sank back on the sofa sobbing, it came home to me all at once that I was madly in love with her. I was dazed with my own discovery,—I in love with a gay woman! one whose cunt might have had a thous-and pricks up it! who might have sprung from any dung-hill!--impossible! I felt mad with myself, — degraded!—impossible, — it could not be, — and for a time I conquered myself. I tried then to draw her out about herself. It was useless. Her quiet way of asserting that she was going at length brought home the conviction that she spoke the truth. Then I laid and sobbed on the sofa for half-an-hour. "Oh! you will soon get another friend", said she. "No, no, — I can get a woman, but not one I shall like, — Sarah my darling, Sarah I love you, — I dote on you, — oh! for God's sake don't leave, — come with me, — you shan't lead this life, — we will go abroad together."

"That is impossible, — if I did you would leave me, and then what should I do? — come back to this life, —no." "You are going with somebody else, — who?" "I can't say, — I'll tell you when I am gone." "When are you going?" "Perhaps in a fortnight, perhaps a little later on."

I calmed for a time, a fortnight might give me a chance of persuading her, and I began it at once; but it was all, "No, — no, — no, — it's all for the best for both of us",--and again I fell into deep despair, my heart felt breaking, I had been so happy with this woman for months, she had so filled my thoughts, so occupied my spare time, that I had half forgotten my home life. Now I felt alone again, I had told her some of my troubles, — not all, — now I poured them all out, and offered everything, — all I had, — to go that next day abroad, and never return; that I would make her love me though she did not now, I promised all men could promise, — and meant it.

"No, — no, — impossible", — and again I fell back on the sofa sobbing like an infant, I have almost the deadly heart-ache now as I write this. She sat looking at me for some time, then she arose, stooped over me, and kissed me. I turned round, and—how strange that in my despair I noticed it, and now recollect noticing it—as she stooped her chemise opened, and as I put my arm round her, her breasts touched my face, and as I moved to kiss them I saw her whole lovely form down to her feet, the dark hair of her motte, the bright white scar; and all in the soft subdued light which is on a woman's body when enveloped in a thin chemise, —and my prick stood whilst kissing her and sobbing, and she was soothing me.

"It's of no use your loving me," she said, "and it's of no use my loving you, — don't take on so, — perhaps when I am gone you will be happier at home, — I can't love you, although I like you very much, for you have been a good, kind man to me, — I nearly do love you I think, — if I were with you I'm sure I should, — but it's of no use, for I am a married woman, and have two children, and am going with them and my husband."

I was amazed, and doubted it. "I'll bring you my children to see", said she, "it was to get them their dinners and tea that I always left you at times as I have." "And at night?" "I always go home before he comes home." "You always go home to your husband?" "Yes."

How I loathed that man I—my loathing rose to my lips. "That miserable contemptible cur lives by your body, — a dirty vagabond." "No he's not, — poor fellow, he would earn our living if he could, but he can't." "I don't believe it, — a man who lives by a woman is barely a man, — I would empty cesspools to keep a woman I loved, rather than another man should stroke her, — no good can come of it, — he'll leave you for some other woman some day." Sarah turned nasty, said she was sorry

she had told me so much, that all I said against him only made her like him the more; and so leaving me in sorrow she went away.

Now that I felt sure she was going away, I could not see too much of her; morning, noon, and night I had her. She brought her two children to me, and very proud she was of them. How it was I never noticed the marks of childbirth on her before I know not, but I never had. I spoke of that now. "I took good care you should not", said she smiling, and I recollected that when I had her by the side of the bed, when I looked at her on the sofa, it was nearly always with her back to the light; when laying on the bed, and I tried to gratify my passion by opening her thighs, and gazing on her hidden charms, she nearly always half-turned towards the window, and her belly was in shadow. "I don't like to be pulled about, — I won't have it, — if you want me have me, and have done with it, — get another woman if you like who will do it, or allow it, — I won't." These and similar answers always settled me, and I submitted, for I was under her domination, and in my folly I had actually feared that if I persisted, she would not come to see me.

She brought her children in the morning to me at J... s Street, and I had her that afternoon. Now she was free enough, pointed herself to the marks of childbirth (very slight they were), and voluptuously held her cunt-lips open, — she had never done so before. From that day and afterwards she allowed me to see her in every way or manner, if not to let me do what I wished. The mystery was over, I knew most if not all, — certainly all about her person.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XIV.**

**Poses plastiques. • Sarah departs. • My despair. • Hannah's comfort. • Foolscap and masturbation. • Cheap cunt. • A Mulatto. • The boudoir accounts. • Concerning Sarah. • The parlour. • The gay ladies there. • My virtue. • Louisa Fisher. • A show of legs. • The consequence on me. • Effect on Mrs. X..i.**

I dined with Sarah repeatedly until her departure, she was now often in low spirits, and drank very freely of champagne; then would fuck with a passion and energy which did not seem natural to her, for by look and general manner one would have sworn she was even tempered, and without much passion, — had I not found that out by experience? One night soon after she had brought her children to me, she seemed wild with lust. What was the matter with me I don't know, but I had no desire for her, and could scarcely stiffen for the embrace; yet she was in ecstasies with me as I fucked her. "Do it again", said she. "I can't." "You must do it, — I've not washed." "I can't." "Yes, — yes. — I'm mad for you", said she, — and we kept on fucking till early the next morning. "I am in the family way again I think", said she as she left, and if so will jump over Westminster Bridge." But she was not, and after that night she persuaded me not to spend in her, but to withdraw just as my emission took place. "It will spoil all my plans if I am in the family way", said she, "all I have done will be of no use if I can- not act." "Act?" "Yes, I am an actress." "Does not your husband spend in you?" "No one has spent in me but you, since my miscarriage, — I won't let him, and he doesn't want me in the family way."

"You an actress !" "Yes, — have you never seen me?" "No." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "Did you ever see the Poses plastiques and Madame W. . . t. n?" "Yes, two or three years ago." "Well I was one of her troupe." "God God !—and what do you do now?" "Nothing, — but we have a troupe going on the Continent, — I am the principal—I am Madame W. . . t. n now."

Then she told me she had in her youth been a model for artists, had sat to Etty and Frost, hers was the form which had been painted in many of their pictures, —and then she would say no more.

I grew sadder and sadder as the time came for her departure; so did she. She said I worried and unsettled her; she wondered sometimes if she were doing the best thing for herself and children or

not. She was so frightened lest she should get in the family way, that as already said she made me withdraw before the critical moment, spending my sperm on her thighs or on the crisp hair of her motte. I got an idea into my head (a stupid one enough), that if she were to get in the family way by me she would stay in London; and one night after we had dined, and she had had pleasure in my groping, and as usual had said, "Now don't do it in me", I plunged my prick up, and spent a full stream in her cunt. "I hope to God that sperm's all up your womb", said I. Her own pleasure had so overcome her, that she could not move for a minute; then jumping up she washed herself with a sponge,- she recently had used one. I never had a spend in her again for months afterwards.

Then for hours I used to look her over and over from head to foot, as if I wished to recollect every part of her person for ever afterwards: the roots of her hair, the ears, the way the hair grew on the nape of her neck; the way it grew on her cunt, and in her arm-pits, and every other part I used to look over as if searching for something; the only part of her which escaped my investigations was the bum-furrow, which was to me an uncomfortable part in all women, and in my wildest sexual ecstasies and aberrations I neither felt it nor saw it, and don't know whether the hole was round or square; red or brown.

After she had told me she had sat as a model, she brought me a small oil-painting of herself made by an artist of some rank. She was proud of it, and so was her husband. I offered such a price for it, that placed as she was she could not resist, and I bought it. She gave me one day a photograph of herself; both had the characteristic opening of the lips well shown. It is only recently that I have destroyed these mementos of a dead affection.

When I saw that nothing would keep her in England I did my best to help her enterprise, gave her money freely, paid for dresses, boots, travelling cloaks, children's dresses, and in brief for everything. During the nine months I had known her she in fact ran me dry, and in debt. I spent upon her more than I could have lived on for four years at the rate I lived at just before I met her. But I was now in better circumstances than I had been for years, and the money was my own. As the time approached, I could neither sleep nor eat, and used to be at J...s Street hours before I knew she could come; would wait any time for her, treating Hannah and the ladies, and doing nothing but talk about Sarah. Sometimes I used to think about following her abroad. When she came to the house, I used to spend my time in crying, and she after telling me not to be foolish, would cry too. Then, "Oh ! let me see you naked." "There then." Then came kiss-es all over her body. "Oh ! now for God's sake don't spend in me." Then came a delicious fuck; then crying and moaning recommenced. She left a week at least before she had said she should, and did so to prevent me the pain of parting with her, — I must give her that credit. Hannah told me so.

I had arranged to see her one morning, and was as usual there before my time. Hannah stepped out from the parlour. "Has Sarah come?" She beckoned me in-to the parlour. "Why they all sailed this morning, — my sister went to see them off, — did you not know?" I staggered to the sofa dizzy, speechless, then senseless. When I came to myself Hannah was standing besides me with brandy and water and a spoon with which she was putting it into my mouth.

"Don't take on so", said she, "don't think any more about Sarah, — she is a fine woman, but there are lots as good, — I know a dozen, and any one would be glad to know a man like you, — have some brandy and water", — and she took a great gulp herself. "There now", said she bending over me. "would you like to see Mrs —she who met you the other night in here with Sarah, — she has taken quite a fancy to you, —don't cry. Sarah will come back, and if she don't you'll get another woman whom you will like as well. There is Mrs a splendid shaped woman who only sees one gentleman here, — she took quite a fancy to you, though she only saw you once." But I was desperate, and rushed out of the house. Where I went to, I don't even recollect, but went home at last very drunk, — an extraordinary occurrence for me.

For some days I was prostrate in mind, and almost in body, but at length recovered sufficiently to attend a little to my affairs which had gone altogether to the bad for a month, and had been going bad for many months. I resolutely set myself against going to J...s Street, and would not have

women; indeed scarcely knew where to lay my hand on a shilling, so necessity had perhaps as much to do with my virtue as anything else; but I was generally in a weak, low state of health, and really believe, though it seems to me almost in-credible now, that it was well nigh three weeks before I touched or saw a cunt after Sarah left.

Then one Sunday I had erections all day long. After dinner lust drove me nearly mad; so I went to my room, took a clean sheet of white paper, and friggd myself over it. My prick only slightly subsided, I friggd again, and then as the paper lay before me covered with sperm-pools I cried, because it was not up my dear Sarah's vagina, laid my head on the table where the paper lay, and sobbed with despair, jealousy, and regrets, for I thought some one would fuck her if I did not, that it would be her hateful husband whom she had helped to keep with my money.

I may say here that on several occasions of my life I have friggd myself over a clean sheet of foolscap paper; it was mostly done for curiosity, to see what my sperm was like, whether it was as thin, or as thick, or as large in quantity as at the last time I previously had masturbated.

I could not after that Sunday keep away from J...s Street, and went there the next day. "I don't expect she'll write to you", said Hannah, "even if she said she would, — what will be the use? — it will only make you miserable." But I felt sure she would, and kept away from women still for some time after that, — I was stumped for money among other reasons. Then I began to spend involuntarily in the night, which to me was more hateful than friggd myself; so one night I went out for a bit of cheap quim. Whether I saw Brighton Bessie or not I can't say, but I think I did, and did later on.

I went first into the streets near a large well-known tavern at a spot where several big thoroughfares meet, and where there is a large traffic, and picked up my cheap women there. But the women, their chemises and petticoats, and their rooms shocked me more than they used, and kept me chaster than I otherwise might have been.

One night I went home with a tall straight woman who would not take my fee. "No", said she, "I've got two nice little rooms of my own." If you get a woman for five shillings you have to pay for the room besides, and ten shillings is only a small sum; so I went with her for ten shillings, and saw her at intervals for a few months.

She was about five feet nine high, was not stout, was as straight as a lath, yet not thin, had very firm but quite small breasts, and a biggish burn. She had Mulatto blood in her veins she told me, and was brown- skinned, had a large mouth and very thick lips, the Negro blood showed there plainly; her hair was dark, and so were her eyes; her cunt was a pouter: it was small, but the lips pouted out more thickly I think than those of any woman I ever yet saw, yet they were not flabby, but protruded largely like two halves of a sausage; the hair was black, short, and intensely crisp and curly; it felt like curled horse-hair. I used to think her a plain woman, one of the plainest, but she was a glorious fuckster; her cunt was tight inside, and yet so elastic as not to hurt or pinch (and I was at that time when just at spunking point as often said before tender-pricked). The hair of her head was coarse yet straight, her large mouth was filled with teeth of a splendid whiteness, and when she smiled she showed the whole set. It was seeing her large white teeth that first attracted me before I could distinguish any other feature of her face; you could see them at night right across a road, they were dazzling, and al-most made one forget the great thick-lipped orifice which opened to expose them. I have before told of women who attracted me by their teeth, and particularly of a Creole.

This Mulatto as I called her, amused me with her lecherous postures; she was as lithe as a willow branch, and was willing to please. I was fond of making her kneel on the bed with bum towards me, and her legs nearly close together, and then the backward pout of her cunt was charming to me, so much so that I took to poking her dog fashion.

One night when I was full of sperm I made her remain in the exact posture until all my spunk had run out of her cunt, and sat holding a candle towards her rump till I was satisfied with the sight; and

more than once I kept her in that position, looking at the gruelly lips until I fucked her a second time.

She had such a very remarkable steady walk that she scarcely seemed to move, she glided; her feet were so nicely carried forward, and her body so evenly balanced from her hips. In this respect she resembled a tall dark woman named Fletcher, whom I knew quite recently. There must have been something in the arrangement of their thighs and hips which caused this. Women who are accustomed to carry heavy loads on their heads always walk straight, and never roll from side to side as most people more or less do; but I don't know that either of the women named had carried baskets on their heads, — I knew the walk of that class of women, having been born in the neighbour-hood where they worked.

She I imagine had a liking for my doing it naked with her, for she was always suggesting that we should strip; but she could not bear my fucking her dog-fashion. When I stripped and got into her on her belly, she would twist her legs right into mine in quite a snaky fashion, and sometimes lift her legs up till her heels were almost up to my blade-bones. She also like a few others I have poked seemed to have the power of holding my prick in her cunt quite tightly after I had spent, — perhaps because she had not spent herself, for about her pleasures in the copulation I am not sure, though she always impressed me as being a hot-cunted one.

After I had once been to J. . .s Street again I went more and more frequently. Hannah was always nearly screwed, — champagne or brandy pleased her best. When she was so, she would at times gradually let out much that she knew, — and this is what she let out one day.

"Bah ! her husband indeed !—she is not married, — he's got a wife besides, and Sarah knows it, — he's blackened his wife's eyes more than once when she has been annoying them; but that don't pay, for she is his lawful wife; so he allows her something, and it keeps her quiet, and she won't last long, for she is drunk from daybreak till night. Sarah's a real good one to keep the lazy beggar, — she keeps them all poor thing, ever since he could not get any engagement; there's she, and their children, and her sister, who lives with them, and then there is her old mother who she keeps, and his wife as well, — she has enough to do poor thing." This came out one day after Hannah had dined; I had brought her a bottle of specially fine brandy, and we were sitting in the parlour drinking it together mixed with water.

I had long been getting into Hannah's good graces. I stood wine and brandy, was always respectful to her and the gay ladies I met in her parlour, and never used coarse, rude language to them, nor in speaking of them or of ladies of their class. Hannah told me I was a great favorite with several of them, as indeed I found to be the case. I may say that all my life I never spoke disrespectfully to, or of gay ladies, so long as they behaved themselves; they have been mostly throughout my life, kind and true to me after their fashion, they gave me pleasure, and I treated them as if I was grateful for it.

But I was moreover serviceable to Hannah. Once or twice as told she had brought me some figures to cast up, and when Sarah had left, she brought me others on various little scraps of paper. She asked me never to mention my having done so to her sister, and I did not. I became curious at finding the items were all in five shillings, seven and sixpence, ten and twenty shillings; at last it struck me what it was, and taxing her with it found it was the takings of the bawdy house, she told me so with a laugh. She could not write herself.

The takings were put on slips of paper by the servants, and by some process of her own which she could not explain, she got a rough sort of check on the servants to prevent them robbing her. She had to account to the real owner of the house, — and how she did it she alone knows. This is certain (she once admitted it), that from the takings she put a pound a day into her own pocket. Whether she robbed the owner to that extent, or whether it was her admitted share I never knew. She was well dressed, had excellent food, allowed her Guardsman money, her sister's husband money, and others too I rather think. But after she'd taken her three or four hundred pounds a year, there was a

splendid income handed over to some one. This house had but eight rooms, and two more closets to let out for fucking; they often took twenty pounds a day, and sometimes much more.

I did this arithmetic pretty regularly, and she be-came my fast friend. She told me all about Sarah that she knew (what Sarah at a future day told me agreed with it), and much about the habits of other loose ladies which will be partially narrated in due time, and a good deal about bawdy house management.

And now more about Sarah's antecedents. A new species of entertainment had sprung into existence a few years before this time, called "Poses plastiques", in which men and women covered with silk fitting tightly to their naked limbs and made quite white, placed themselves on stages in classical groups to the sound of music. Women and men of great physical beauty formed these groups, they were in fact actors of that class. Madame W. . . t. n known as a splendid model first got them up; her husband was a splendid man, Sarah was her niece, and also had a beautiful form which ran in the family; she was poor, and Madame W. . . t. n took her to live with them, and at seventeen years of age she appeared as Venus.

At nineteen she had a child by Madame W. . . t. n's husband, at twenty a second. Madame found out the father, and kicked Sarah out. Mr. W. . . t. n then kicked Madame out, and went to live with Sarah, rows ensued, other companies of "Poses plastiques" came into competition, the thing got overdone, he could not get his living; he knew a trade, but was I expect too lazy to work at it; so Sarah took to letting herself out as model, and that being poor pay, to letting out her cunt to get their bread; she had just began it when I first met her. They seem during a year or more to have parted with all their goods, before she took to showing her belly-parting for money.

So beautiful a form of course succeeded, and for a time I became the principal milk-cow. Then a proposition was made to form a troupe to go to the Continent; there seemed to be a grand opening, and with Sarah's money (most of it got from me), the apparatus, costumes properties, and troupe were got together. Off they had gone. She and her husband were the exhibition-managers, speculators, and chief actors.

Hannah made a mouth when I asked what sort of a man Mavis was. She did not think much of him, — why did he not work—he had a trade? — no, because he was no longer able to get on as an actor, he preferred to let Sarah get the living for the whole of them. "Ah ! you'll see her back, mark my words, — they won't succeed, — and then what will take place? —you'll see, — is she poor thing to work and do every-thing, that he may lay a bed, dress as a gentleman, and do nothing but take her out for a walk on a Sun-day; she is as proud of his taking her out for a walk on a Sunday as if he kept her a carriage." After much reflexion I came to the conclusion that Sarah had only just turned harlot about the time I had first met her that she did it to keep her man and her family, and he got accustomed to his woman getting his living for him.

I kept on calling at J...s Street, always expecting to hear of Sarah. Hannah was glad to see me, for now I cast up her accounts weekly. I got acquainted with two or three ladies there who came at intervals to meet their friends. They were very nice women, none were ever to be seen in the streets, they had either their own acquaintances whom they met at J. . . s Street, or Hannah had introduced them to gentlemen there. They were not a bit like whores in dress, appearance or manner, and my acquaintance with them opened my mind to the fact, that there is a large amount of occult fucking going on with needy, middle-class women, whose mode of living and dressing, is a mystery to their friends, and who mingle with their own class of society without its being suspected. ; that their cunts are ever wetted by sperm which lawfully may not be put there.

I began to stand wine when I met them, and was introduced as a friend of Miss Mavis who had gone abroad. I was I found well known by name and a character for kindness, and I expect also for being a fool. All the women were shy at first, Hannah's sister (the servant) I overheard telling Hannah that the ladies did not like my being in the parlour. Hannah at times would ask me to leave, as a lady wanted to come into the parlour and wait there, and so on. But gradually Hannah would say, "Who

is it? — oh ! she knows him", — or "Oh ! she won't mind, — let her come in." So by degrees I became intimate with these privately gay ladies, and several of them on more than one occasion joined their sweet bodies to mine in the game of under and over.

I had never had a woman in the house since Sarah had gone; firstly because I did not then pay more for the girls than I did for the room alone at J. . . s Street, and because I feared if Sarah came back Hannah would tell her, — as if it would have mattered to Sarah in any way excepting that another woman would get the money she might have had. Still I had that stupid idea about the matter, and although I had longed for one or two of the other ladies, and although they had looked languishingly at me. I never had then pro-posed a private interview upstairs.

One day Hannah said she had heard from Sarah who had asked after me. "They are (Sarah and the troupe) getting on well", said Hannah, "if she says so I suppose they are, — but we shall see." Suddenly, "Have you had another woman since she left?" The question startled me. "No." "Oh ! I don't believe it, —if you haven't you're a nasty man." Then I confessed, and told her what I had done. "Why don't you have Mrs. Fisher?", said she. "I'm poor, and can't,-I'm not going to do what I did with Sarah." "Lord she won't mind, — she'd like you I know, — but don't say I said so, — she's got a lovely leg, — she's a fine woman, — nearly as fine made as Sarah Mavis, and she is taller, — she never gets it done at home." Hannah was unusually muddled with liquor that day, and let out; her sister was not there to check her with, "Now then Hannah you'd better shut up", — and Hannah described Mrs. Fisher's hidden charms till my cock stood.

I would pass hours sketching from recollection Sarah Mavis' limbs and form, her bum and cunt being the most favorite subjects; then so randy that I did not know what to do with myself, I would rush out into the streets to prevent my frigging myself, — and erotic night-dreams were frequent.

"Why don't you see Mrs. X. . . i", said Hannah to me, "she likes you, and would come up any day if I wrote to her (I had supped two or three times with that lady), — I would not fret about Sarah, although she is a fine woman, — you let her see you have another woman, and she will come round if she comes back." But I did not for a time.

One afternoon however being in the parlour, Mrs. X..i was there, a splendid woman about twenty-six years old. Also there was a young woman who had two children by a man with whom she was about to go abroad, and she was a lovely woman. The two ladies had just had a two o'clock dinner with Hannah, I had just come from my Club after luncheon, and sent for champagne. All our talk got frisky, — all knew Sarah, my love. If I could get any one to talk with me about her, I was delighted, and began at it. Said the Mistress, "Well she is a splendid-formed woman certainly, — splendid, but there are lots of others, — I've got a good leg to my knee, so has Mrs. X. . . i, and Mrs " (meaning the other whose name I forget). "Show us your leg," said one. "There", said Hannah pulling up her clothes, "now show yours." They all showed their limbs, one after another. "You might fancy you had Sarah's legs round your thighs, if you had Mrs. X... is there", said Hannah. I was nigh bursting for a fuck. Mrs. X...i pulled her clothes up higher, and stood up to show the leg better; the other ladies did the same. I felt my pleasure coming, and objecting to wet my shirt, began to unbutton. "Oh I can't bear it", I cried, "oh! my God I'm coming", — and the instant my prick was free from my trowsers I spent copiously, the three women their petticoats still up nearly to their cunts, looking and laughing. I had not frigged, it was fullness, and the voluptuous delight at seeing the limbs of the three fine women which fetched me. "There is lots of stuff in him", said one. Ashamed of myself I begged their pardons, and sent for more wine. "He had better have given one of you ladies that good spunk", said the Mistress. I over-came my bashfulness, they laughed about what Sarah Mavis had missed, one professed to feel annoyed at my behaviour. "Oh ! you are damned modest", said Hannah.

Mrs. X... i soon afterwards went upstairs into the bed-room to a gentleman she had come to meet. The Mistress said she should lay down, — she always did after her dinner, and slept for two hours, — she was fuddled, and indeed always was. The mother of the two children and I were alone; from the instant I had spent she had never taken her eyes off me, — never. I recollect the look of her dark

eyes and their expression quite well. Hannah snored almost directly. "Let us have a kiss", said the lady to me, "I know you are fond of a well-formed woman", — and she pulled up her clothes a little. She was sitting on the sofa, my prick rose, I bolted the door, and we fucked whilst the Mistress kept snoring.

Mrs. X...i came down. "What you here still? — what have you been doing?" The mother replied, "He has been smoking, and talking about his dear Sarah." The woman was actually sitting at that very moment with a flood of my sperm up her cunt, for she had neither wiped, nor washed, nor pissed since I had fucked her. Then they talked about X. . . i's friend who was a clergyman. X...i was the wife of a man who lived with her, but never had her (so she said) ; she hated him, he had clapped her once.

The mother went out of the room, and came back, Hannah awoke, we had tea, I paid, it was my rule then to pay for everything for the ladies whenever I was in the bawdy house parlour. I rose to go, shaking hands with the two ladies. The one whom I had em braced put a bit of paper privately into my hand. Out-side the house I read it. "Wait outside", it said. I had been delighted with her pleasure, and did so. She came out, we walked quickly off. "You go to the top of the next street", said she, "and I'll meet you",-and she went another way, and met me at the top. "I did that in case X. . . i came out", said she, "let us go and have dinner together." "I have not enough money", said I. "Never mind, I have." We went to the Cafe de P. .v...e, and dined; I fucked her again and again on a sofa. She was a charming woman. As we sat on a little sofa dallying after dinner, she said she had not had it for a month, her friend had gone to Germany, where they were going to live, to make arrangements, he would return in a few days; then he, she, and the children were going to Germany with him. "I liked you", said she, "but when I saw what you did before us this afternoon, I could scarcely stop myself, I wanted it so badly, — I dare say I'm in the family way, —oh! don't look, — it's full, — it's dirty, — you shan't." The next instant I was up her again; afterwards she washed, and I saw her cunt. I paid for the dinner partly, she the rest, — I had not a sixpence left. "I'm sorry", I said to her, "that I have no more money." "I did not come here for money", said she. "Let me leave you half a dozen pair of gloves at No. 11." "No, I've lots of gloves." "Then give me a kiss." She stood putting her tongue in my mouth for a minute, then giving me a hearty kiss off she went. I never saw her, nor had her again. Hannah told me she was in Germany, and very happy there.

## Vol. 3 Chapter XV.

**Louisa Fisher. • Chaffing. • Her form and fucking. • A supper in bed. • A lascivious night • Meetings a fterwards. • Hannah's legs. • Intruders in the bedroom. • Louisa's voluptuousness. • Enceinte. • Her husband. • Her gentleman friend. • About herself. • Illness. • Mrs. A...y.**

I began to meet a Mrs. Fisher at the house very frequently; why she was more frequently there I did not know, and knew it was but of little use asking questions why.

I rather liked this lady. She came usually at one o'clock, and had dinner with Hannah. At three o'clock she went upstairs, was there about two hours, then came down and went away. At times she waited, had tea, and sometimes early supper; this was when she was expecting some one who did not come. I was told confidentially by Hannah it was a rich middle-aged clergyman. The ladies name was Mrs. Louisa Fisher, —her christian name I have written truly, the surname is not. I do this lest she be alive still, and should read somehow this result of my doings with her at J...s Street; she can't mistake if she reads these pages who it was.

After what Hannah had told me I could not help taking a great deal of notice of this lady, and began to lust for her, and of course took to talking to her about Sarah. She was nothing loth, and asked me

curious, and at last down right indecent questions about her, but not in smutty language. Hannah when there used to laugh at the questions and my replies; they made my cock stand, which perhaps was what Louisa intended, or it may only have been curiosity without any hidden intention.

I imagine that the erotic incident in the parlour had been told to a good many gay ladies; it certainly had to Louisa Fisher, for one night after that I had been to enquire if Hannah had heard again from Sarah, and Hannah had mentioned Louisa, the following occurred. I had dined early, it was about half-past six, Louisa Fisher was there. "Stand us a glass of wine", said she. "Do", said Hannah. "Do", said another lady. "Have you had dinner Mrs. Fisher?" said I. "No, my friend's not been, — I'm hungry, and Hannah is just going to cook me a chop." I myself fetched a bottle of sherry, the chop came, Louisa ate it, and drank sherry; then I sent for brandy, we drank it mixed with water, and Hannah took some neat. I had began about Sarah as I always did. "Well she was a beautiful model", said Hannah, but Mrs. X..A's leg was better to my mind." "Look how he's blushing", said Louisa. "Why should I blush?" They both laughed. "Oh! oh ! oh ! don't I know what you did when you saw her legs." I was then that odd mixture of bauldness and modesty, that I was just as likely to be bold as to be shame-faced, when a woman spoke to me about anything carnal; and now was confused and half-ashamed. "Lord how he's blushing", said Hannah, and she left the room to look after business, she usually put her head out when the street-door opened, if a servant was not in the way on the ground-floor.

Louisa laughed. "I know all bout it", said she, "she was a fine woman." After I had got over the stupid bashfulness which I had for the moment, I went (as usual with me) to the extreme of bauldy boldness. "Yes", said I laughing, "I wish it had been spilt in her cunt, instead of on the carpet." "Oh ! for shame", said Louisa, "well it was waste, was it not, — it might have made two people happy, — did you really spend without frigging it?" "Yes I did."

I got close to Louisa on the sofa to speak with her about the event, to hear from her lips what had been told her. She said not a word, but my face was close to hers, we looked into each other's eyes for a minute, lust was on both. I put my arm round her, pulled her towards me, and kissed her. She returned it, our lips were glued together. "You've got a fine leg Hannah says." "Does she?" "Yes,-let me see it." "No." "Yes." "You only care about Sarah." I made no reply, but went on kissing lecherously, put one hand down, and going on kissing pulled her clothes up to her knees. She stopped me there. "Oh ! how round, how nice, how lovely your leg is." "Now be quiet, Hannah will be in." I ceased looking, but my hand slipped higher up, my fingers were inside the satiny wet lips, and my mouth was glued to hers, as Hannah came back.

We resumed a decent posture. Hannah laughed, "Lord why don't you two go upstairs?" said she, "you want each other, — why don't you go? — the first-floor front's empty." "Come", said I to Louisa pulling her. She rose instantly. Hannah was a really good soul, she liked to make people happy, and to set them fucking; I have seen it in a dozen instances.

Without another word we went upstairs, I threw her on the bedside, pulled up her clothes, and opened a magnificent pair of thighs. "Let's go to bed", said she. "Very well." We both undressed like lightning without a word passing, and stood, she in chemise, I in shirt in a trice. "Let's get in naked." Without reply she drew off her chemise as I pulled off my shirt, and the next minute naked in each other's arms we were fucking in a warm bed, not a word of conversation passing till we had spent, those moments are so soul-absorbing in their lasciviousness.

"Oh! how quick we've been, — lay still." With mutual consent we kept together in fleshy conjunction, I nestled my balls up her, she tightened her cunt to stimulate my shrinking organ. But little stimulus was needed, our spend had only made us want it again, we had scarcely rested ere we recommenced fucking, and again we spent before my prick had uncunted. How lovely, how exquisite is the reminiscence! What equals the pleasure of a man and woman pleased with each other, thrilling with lust, when prick and cunt are joined, and they spend in each other's arms!

Still she would not let me out of her, crossing her limbs over my thighs, drawing me closer to her

by her hands, grasping my arse-cheeks, pulling the cheeks almost open, squeezing her cunt up to me, she kept me up her, kissing me, shoving her tongue towards mine, and saying I was a lovely poke, the first bawdy words that dropped from her, I rubbing my belly up against hers till my balls almost lay between her fat cunt-lips, swabbing up the oozings of the sperm which ran out from her. And so we lay, kissing, tongue-sucking, and talking the stinging words of love and lust.

Then as repose became a pleasure, and nature served us. "Oh I my God how wet you have made me", she said, "it's all on the sheet." "Let me feel." I fell on my side, she turned on hers towards me, and threw one leg over my haunch, I placed my hand on her cunt, and felt the sperm, wetting my hand, whilst she grasped my slippery prick. "Feel how wet your prick is", I put my hand there, and every hair on my prick was plastered against my belly; then hand on cunt, and hand on prick we both dozed off.

When I awakened we were still face to face, Louisa asleep with a hand under my balls. I pulled down the clothes to look at her naked body: the gas was burning brightly, I saw splendid breasts; down went my hand to her cunt, I groped it, she awoke, and without a word turned on to her back, and I on to her belly. Whilst couched easily on to that broad belly, and lying between her ample breasts, and steadied by her large thighs, my prick lying down against her gap, kissing and sucking each other's mouths, she glided her hand down, and introduced my pendulous doodle to her randy cunt, and again we fucked. We were mad for it, neither of us uttered a word, till she cried out, "Oh ! I'm coming, — my God, — ah !" And then we spent, and went fast asleep again, exhausted with the pleasure.

We were awakened by a knock. "Who's there?" "Hannah." "What do you want?" "Are you going to stop all night?" "No", said I jumping out of bed, "what o'clock is it?" "It's half-past twelve." "Come to bed", said Louisa. In I jumped. "Oh ! I'm so hungry", said she, "how I should like some oysters." "So should I, — get up, and we'll go and have some before the shop closes." "No, stop here, Hannah will get them." I agreed, ordered them, and we went on twiddling each other's privates, I recollect the feel of hers at this very moment, it was like a paste-pot.

I had never seen her person yet. The throwing her on to the bed, and lifting her clothes, her stripping, and jumping into bed had--been so rapid, and so randy had both of us been, so anxious to copulate, that I had had no time to look, to contemplate, to enjoy her with my eyesight. Now off went the bed clothes. "Let's look at your cunt." "I won't till I've washed." "No now." I pulled one thigh. "No you dirty dog, — it's not nice." She jumped out of bed, and washed her quim, I my prick, we pissed, and then she threw herself on the bed, and delivered her body up to me. When I had had a quarter of an hour's investigation, she amused herself with looking and pulling my prick about, waiting for our supper.

She was a very fine tall woman, stout and well-built. She said she was twenty-four, but I believe she was thirty. She looked less stout with her clothes on than when she was undressed, for I was much surprised to see how very big she was when naked. She had a very big arm, her thighs and legs were very big as well. Hannah was right about it, the entire legs were grand, but had not the exquisite curves of Sarah Mavis'. Her bum was proportionate to her thighs, her waist was not nearly small enough, her breasts were very large, and beautifully placed, and beautifully solid; her face was large and common-place, she had grey eyes, and lightest auburn hair, immense in quantity, which was pleasing, though not handsome; it was not a face which in the streets would have attracted me. Her teeth were good. The hair on her cunt, which was thick-lipped and pouting, was also of a lightish auburn, not by any means a colour to my taste when between the thighs, —so many women's cunts are furnished with that col-our. It was thick, longish, soft in feel, large in quantity, an' spread half-way up to her navel, and square across her belly to the line of her thighs. I guessed it a thirty year old cunt from that. She was a lovely fucker, and though her cunt was a large one inside and out; the prick was well clipped by it, and kept in when its business was done. There was such room to lie on her between her thighs, and all seemed so well placed to hold a man, that I often thought of her in after time when fucking Sarah, who was the very reverse; who always made

me bend my back when fucking, and from whose quim my prick would always slip, unless we both made some effort to retain it after I had spent. Sarah rarely did that, hating the muck. Indeed when Sarah was randy, and wagged her arse as she did violently, all of a sudden just before she spent, she often threw my stiff prick out, which set me off damning and cursing till it was up her again.

The oysters came, and champagne with them, we went to bed again, and sat in chemise and shirt to eat them, said I, "let's have another fuck naked again", for the touch of her large fleshy body to mine had entranced me, and thus we fucked. Another doze. "Ulloh ! why it's three o'clock, — I must be off." "Don't go deal, — stop all night." "I can't, — they will think I am ill." "So they will me, but I can't go home, I live too far off, — do stop all night with me, there's a darling", said she.

Instead of a doze we had slept two hours. I at times stopped out all night, and never without saying I in-tended to do so, but I was tired and sleepy. "Oh! don't go." I put on my shirt. "Well let's have another poke before you go, — the champagne has made me so randy." It had also operated on me. I looked, there were her breasts naked just peeping above the bed-clothes, one arm out, the hand under her head, the big white fleshy arm, and the thick sandy brown hair in the armpits. "Come", said she uncovering to her knees. Off went my shirt, and jumping into bed the thighs received me, the voluptuous tongue and round, soft, wet lips glued themselves on to mine again, and heaving gently we were already on the way to another spend. My God what work, what prolonged pleasure ! —I forgot Sarah Mavis, and every other woman that night in the arms of Louisa. In boudy amusement we passed the whole night together, and I awakened at ten the next morning with the need of going as fast as I could to shit.

I came back, washed, and we fucked again; then she went as she said to speak to Hannah, whom I knew was a bed at that time; she went I knew to empty her-self, but I asked no questions. We had ham and coffee in bed, and more fucking, and about one o'clock we rose and left. My finger must have smelt of cunt I should think for twenty-four hours afterwards, for I had scarcely left Louisa's cunt for eighteen hours; if my prick was not up her my fingers were, when not asleep. Whether spunk was in it or not was all the same, there was no objecting, she gave way to my insistance, and we lay at intervals, she feeling my prick, one of her legs placed over mine, and my hand between her thighs, both of us kissing, tongue-sucking, and scarcely talking. I barely recollect our talk at all, —it was one long boudy night; how many times we fucked I can't say, but it was one of my great exercises. She was tired, and so was I, yet at the last moment, "Let's try it again", I said "No, I'm sore, and in pain", said she. I sometimes think my prick must have been nearly a dozen times up her, and when ramming stiff for a long time without spending she murmured, "Oh ! pray dear leave off."

We fucked in no other fashion than belly to belly, we were naked the whole night, and did nothing out-side the bed. When I had paid for the room, supper and breakfast, I only had a few shillings left. I told her. "Never mind", said she, "you shall give me some money some day when I am hard up;" so I paid her nothing then.

I recollect all this distinctly, I always do the incidents of a first night with a female. When I am accustomed to them, the more striking circumstances of our acquaintance remain in my memory. It seems to me that first night's incidents will always remain fresh in my recollection, excepting the number of fucks; I recollect up to about half-a-dozen, then I lose count, there my memory of a first night alone fails me.

I took a liking for Louisa. For nearly a year I had borne with the frigidity of Sarah and her tyranny, "You shall only do it once, — I won't, — I can't wait, —well go", were commands I had got accustomed to obey, had bowed to refusals to allow her secret charms to be looked at time after time, to have my prick ejected before the last injecting throb had been given. I liked the woman, doted on her exquisite form, liked the domesticity of sitting and reading to her, and at the same time just feeling her cunt whilst she laid on the sofa, because I liked her conversation, and because I was at times rewarded by rapturous delight when she abandoned herself body and soul to me, I submitted to all this. But I often rebelled, wished it was otherwise, and made up my mind to leave

her for other women, yet did not. I have said all this before.

Now to have a splendidly made woman, who had as much pleasure with me as I had with her, was overwhelming. I forgot Sarah for a time, and longed for the repetition of the bawdy, voluptuous hours I had had with the big armed, big-thighed Louisa, and counted the days till we met again. The instant I set eyes upon her we went upstairs. "Let's get into bed." Then it was a race who undressed the first. "Naked?" "Yes naked." She laughed. "Look at your thing", said she as sitting down she pissed. It was stiff as a poker; the next minute I was laying bedded on that soft fleshy form, and we were spending. What a fat, luscious, and grand cunt she had, though three fingers went up it easily.

Then to my delight she threw up her limbs a little, and crossing them over me pressed her cunt close up to my willing cock-roots; and there we lay, my prick in her, my balls covering her arse-hole; whilst now and then she gripped my prick by muscular cuntal action. When her tongue touched mine, she sometimes ran her lithsome tongue over my teeth, or under my lips, and along my gums, — it was a peculiarity of hers. Then she would glue her wet lips to my wet lips, till our salivas mingled, and ran profusely, stimulating our lusts. Thus we enjoyed each other's bodies, till another fuck dissolved us, and separated our spunk- soaked genitals; and she got up, washed, and went away sometimes in a great hurry.

Soon I grumbled at her going so, and she promised to stop a longer time. "Have a shoulder of mutton", said she, "and onion sauce, — I love it, — Hannah will cook it beautifully, — we will dine at two o'clock, Hannah with us." So it came about; we three sat down to a shoulder. Louisa liked sherry, Hannah brandy; I brought both of fine quality, we gorged, Hannah got slightly tight, observing Louisa and I caressing. "Ah !" said she, "I envy you, you two going to bed." "Why where is Jack?" "Oh ! at Windsor, and I shan't have a bit for a month at least." "You'll have to frig yourself", said I joking. "That's better than nothing, but I like the wetting best." Louisa laughed, and used afterwards to say to Hannah, "Has Jack given you a wetting?" Later on some other free ladies took up the joke, and Hannah's "wetting" became a bye-word among the circle of free, mercenary lovers.

Dinner over we hurried upstairs, and we went naked to bed. This was about half-past three; there we lay till eleven o'clock at night, and had an oyster supper in bed. Hannah came up, and ate oysters with us whilst we were in bed together. We ate them out of the shells, and drank champagne, heard happy couples over head, and joked about it, talked about fine limbs, about Sarah's fine legs. "Show us yours Hannah", said Louisa. Hannah without a word cocked one leg up against the bed, and drew up her petticoats to the top of one thigh. "There", said she, "I am not ashamed of it." She had a fine leg, but was a very plain woman. She had shown her leg to me on the day of the leg-show, when I had spent involuntarily, as I have already told. We laughed and praised her leg. "Oh ! I'm ashamed of you both", said Hannah dropping her petticoats, laughing, and hurrying out of the room. "I know where his fingers are." She was right, Louisa was sitting up in bed, her legs half up, but covered, I half reclining by the side of her, had thrust my hand under the thighs, and was feeling her cunt.

Hannah left the room. We began fucking, I was on the top operating when the door opened, and a couple showed themselves. We heard a voice crying out, "Not there Maam, it's occupied", and Hannah's sister rushing in ejected a man and woman who had entered before they saw a couple were in the bed. We were too far advanced to mind, I uncunted with the object of closing the door, but the servants having done so, we consumated and dozed off; nor was it till the servant came to say we ought to be careful, that I got up and bolted the door.

Then began a regular meeting once a week, and sometimes twice. Money seemed no object to Louisa, she took what I gave, and never asked for more; once or twice she said, "I want a bonnet dear, — give me one", — or a new pair of boots, or was hard up for a trifle, and then I gave her all I could; but she had not in a couple of months as much as at the last period of my acquaintance with her, Sarah had from me in three days. But she let me spend money in oysters and champagne suppers, and early dinners, Guardsman Jack who had come back from Windsor, used often to get his fill. I once saw Jack in bed with Hannah, and his scarlet uniform on the chair; he turned himself

round with his face to the wall when I entered. He had a thick head of black hair, which is all I saw. Louisa was a voluptuous poke, and enjoyed the fun as much as a woman could. I think, (but recollection on that point is not clear, when I come to comparison), that she was the nicest woman to lay on I ever had. I was slim, though far from a skeleton, and as I laid naked on her between her large breasts, and between her thighs slightly elevated (for she usually raised her legs, after we had fucked and she had recovered from her pleasure, or when I mounted her for preliminary dalliance), I could scarcely roll off of her with-out an effort. She had also when her pleasure was in-creasing, a movement of her whole body, and not of her cunt and backside alone; her breasts quivered with a gentle, perfectly natural motion, and I could feel her flesh moving and rubbing against mine from belly to neck in a way which stirred lust in me from the hair of my head to the soles of my feet; I seemed to feel all over her body at once, and it was most delicious. She had a lovely lasciviousness with her tongue. If my tongue was in her mouth when she spent, she al-most sucked it out of me, and the clipping of her cunt after my prick had been relieved from its stiffness I have already mentioned. Her length of arm enabled her to squeeze my balls when in various positions, and no woman ever let me pull her about and look at her cunt, whether it was clean or spunky, more freely than she did. With many it is evidently business, with her it seemed pleasure. She took a delight in all I did, even when I washed her cunt.

(My pleasures however with her were of a simple kind. I had none of the varied erotic pleasures that I now know, the bum-hole and mouth were reserved for the enjoyment of my more matured years.) I should have seen her more frequently, but she would only come at the outside twice a week. No it was impossible, — she lived too far off. I tried to get out of Hannah some knowledge about her, but could not. One day only when fuddled she asked if I had heard she was married. "You mean", said I, "living with a man." "No really married, and been so for years, — oh I don't you tell her, — she'll cut the house if you do."

At the end of perhaps three months I was in bed with her; we had poked, reposed, and were in amorous dalliance, lying face to face, she with one limb over my haunch, so that I could feel her cunt well, she twiddling my somewhat exhausted prick. "I have a surprise for you", she said. "For me, — what?" "I'm in the family way." "The devil, — whose fault is that?" "No one's fault, and perhaps no misfortune, — would you like a child?" "I? — why?" (I had a presentiment of what was coming.) "Because it is yours." "Non-sense." "It is my dear, — I have felt certain of it for some time past, but waited to be quite sure before telling you." "Are you quite sure?" "As certain as I am that I shall die."

I was flabbergasted, felt distressed, as if I had done her some harm that I could not repair, that I had injured her, and should cause her pain and annoyance. It was succeeded by a fear that I should have trouble through it, and expense that I could not afford. Then came the idea that she was selling me, putting a plant on me; that if she were with child it was another man's, not mine. Then came a belief over me that what she said was true, that her pleasure in my embraces was so real, so unlike that of the ordinary gay women, that the result might be due to me. Overwhelmed I lay quiet, confused with the tumultuous thoughts and feelings which rushed through my brain.

At length I said, "Are you sure?" "Yes." "It may be your husband's" (for Hannah's hints came to my mind). "He !—he !—the miserable, contemptible little wretch !—he?" She left off feeling my cock, raised her-self on her elbow, and looking at me said, "Who told you I was married?" "No one." "Some one has." "No one, — but I have more than once fancied you were married by the difficulty I have in getting you to come to meet me when I want." "Some one has told you." "No one has." "I'm a damned fool", said she, "I dare say you know more than you say, — what do you know?" "Nothing." "It's your child, and no one else's, —I'm sorry I have told you, — say nothing more about it", — and she turned on her back. "Are you married?" "Of course not, or I should not be in bed with you." "Some man is keeping you perhaps." "No one is keeping me either", said she.

I could not keep quiet, so much was I excited, and thought of the man she met at J. . .s Street still, al-though she tried to hide that. I did not like to suggest it, for I had found out that any reference to

him annoyed her, and I always avoided giving pain to any woman I had connection with; but the matter seemed so grave that I could not keep what was on my mind to myself, and as delicately as I could suggested him.

"It's not", said she fiercely, "it can't be." "Why?" "You are the only man who has spent in me for years." "What", said I incredulously, "no one had you?" "No one has spent in me but you for years, — no one." I was staggered, but returned to the subject. "Nonsense Louisa, — how can you tell?" "I've told you why." "Why if you've a husband, and if you have a friend who meets you, how can you be sure it's me?"

"I have no husband, and it's no friend, — if you don't believe it, I tell you on my oath, on my body and soul, and may I go to hell when I die, if it be not true, that no man has spent in me for years but you." "No man has fucked you!—what do they do then?" "That's no concern of yours, — but no man's stuff has ever been up me for quite two years but yours, — I'm not going to say any more about it, — my business is not yours, — nobody has asked you to keep the child, —you need not trouble yourself, — I'm sorry I told you." She turned her bum to me, and began to cry; I tried to comfort her.

"That will do", said she, "give me some oysters and champagne." I ordered them, then wanted another fuck. "No you shan't have it", — nor would she let me. The oysters and champagne made her more complaisant, but she was angry and snappish. After an-other fuck she got up and left me before her usual time, and I went away wondering at this, and at the number of women who had been, or who said they had been with child by me.

Soon after she was loving, sad, and serious, was sorry I would not have liked the child, for it was certainly mine, but she would get rid of it. Then in the familiarity of a lewd man and woman naked in bed together, she told me a lot about herself.

She was married, she lived with him and her mother, but loathed her husband. "He, — he the miserable wretch, — he touch me, the dirty beast I—I'd sooner die than let him", she cried, "if he wanted even, — but he does not want me, — what he wants he gets else-where, not with me", said she with strong emphasis. If she left him, she would have to support her mother alone, — perhaps it would come to that some day, — she was quite prepared for it. They ate and drank to-gether when he was at home, but had not slept to-gether for years. He kept the house comfortably enough, — perhaps he would so long as she took trouble about it, for he did not care so long as he got his food good. Yes she did meet a friend. It got her luxuries she could not get any other way; her husband knew she got money elsewhere, for she dressed in a way he must know his money would not enable her to do. He asked no questions, and did not care nor heed, nor seem to notice. That was pretty well all I ever got out of her. Hannah drunk, and talking to me one day said he was a very little man, and a brewer's clerk, "a hop o' my thumb", she called him.

"Never mind what my friend does", said Louisa, I've known him some years, — he does something of course, he does not meet me for nothing, but I tell you he has never spent in me, — no man has spent in me for years but you." "Do you frig your friend?" "If you like, anything else you like, it's all the same, —I'm not going to say; but neither he nor any one else has spent in me, — no man's seed has been up me for two years or more. The first night you had me I spent first, you spent after; the next time as your seed touched me, I felt a shiver run right through me, and I got in the family way at that very instant, I'm sure." Louisa was particular in her language, she never said "spunk", — thought it a nasty word, — she always said "seed", or "stuff" when she spoke of my sperm, — Sarah called it "muck".

Though I had had such lots of women, and had heard of most things, yet simple, straightforward fucking had engrossed me, I rarely had out-of-the-way lusts and latches, and I never thought to ask if her friend buggered or sucked her, or if she sucked him, or what little amusements they were up to. At all events she must have satisfied him some way, for he had known her she said some years. A man was likely to stick to Louisa, for she was a magnificent piece of flesh, from her neck to her

ankles.

So I believed Louisa, and felt interested in her belly beginning to swell, but did not want the young one, or the troubles of paternity, or to get her into trouble; besides I had no affection for her, though I liked fucking her better and better.

Louisa then was away ill; I saw her again when her womb was cleared out, and we took to fucking as usual. One day in bawdy vagaries we had been posturing, and she straddled across my face, bringing her cunt right on to my mouth, and my nose to her bum, she had been asking me if I ever kissed Sarah in any way but the straight one. She began kissing my pego as she lay on the top of me, I kissed her buttocks, but took no hint, if any were intended. She was very heavy, and I noticed for the first time a strongish odour from her cunt which annoyed me; afterwards I used often to fancy she had a strong smell about her quim, and was fool enough to tell her so, which offended her; but we made it up.

After a little time she began asking me if I had not forgotten Sarah, — did I love her as much? — did I long to have her again? — did she (Louisa) not give me as much pleasure as Sarah? I had then got over my desolation a little, and only thought of Sarah and her exquisite form with a sigh, was annoyed that she had not written to me, and I began to confess to my-self, that for fucking, Sarah was not to be compared with Louisa. Then I began to wonder at my having been so infatuated, and let it out to Louisa one night. She said she wished I would keep her, three pounds a week, and she would make it do, and so on; and I began to think seriously about the matter, for the expenses at the bawdy house were nearly that amount; and although my delicate senses had begun to revolt at the strong smell of Louisa, yet her voluptuousness was enticing, and was making me actually constant to her. I had quite left off my Mulatto, Brighton Bessie, and one or two others of my queens.

Louisa was again taken ill, — the consequence of her miscarriage, and of the measures taken to bring that on I was told. She got worse and worse, and was in great danger; she never wrote to me, but often to Hannah, and her letters which I saw always referred to me affectionately; above all she wanted to know what ladies I had at J... s Street. Hannah winking at me used to say, "I'd like to know where you put it away now, — it's put somewhere." I had taken no women to that house; but laughing said I was chaste. Hannah did not believe that, so I said I frigged my-self. "You don't spill it about in that way", said she, "let me feel it", — and she put her hand outside my clothes on to my tool. "Oho !—oho !—oho !" said she, for I stiffened. Then she brought me her accounts to cast up, and when it was done, "I shall take a nap", said she, "you go now, for I expect Mrs and a strange lady" (I had looked in casually that morning), —and getting on to the bed she laid down showing her legs liberally, and looking at me all the time. "Good bye", I said, and left; but have thought since that Hannah wanted me to have her. She never before or since looked at me in that way, nor behaved with such freedom when we were alone.

Her bed was as I have I think already told, in the front-parlour in J... s Street, and in an alcove, as many beds are in French hotels and houses; and when the curtains were drawn across it, the bed was entirely hidden.

And then when without a woman at my command, and with a frequent need for one, another piece of luck befell me. The way had been paved for it before Louisa was so ill.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XVI.**

**A friend's maid-servant. • Jenny. • Initial familiarity. • A bum pinched. • Jenny communicative. • Her young man. • An attempt, a failure, a faint, a look, and a sniff. • Restoratives.**

I knew an elderly couple who were childless, and lived in a nice little house in the suburbs with, a

long garden in front, and one at the back as well; they were in comfortable but moderate circumstances, and kept two servants only. Every year they went to the seaside, taking one servant with them, and leaving the other at home to look after the house; and usually some one to take charge of it with her. This year they asked if I would when I passed the house (as I frequently did) call in, and see if all was going properly, for the housemaid left in charge was young, and her sister, a married woman, usually only stopped the night with her, leaving early each morning for work in which she was daily engaged. She was an upholstress.

I knew the servant whose name was Jane. She had been with the family some months. I often dined at the house; and once or twice when she had opened the garden-gate (always locked at nightfall), to let me out, I had kissed her, and tipped her shillings. She was a shortish, fat-bummed wench. Not long before this time I gave her bum such a hard pinch one night, that she cried out. A day or two afterwards I said, "Was it not black and blue?" "I don't know." "Let me see." "It's like your impertance", she replied.

After that I used to ask her when I got the chance, to let me see if the finger-marks were there, at which she would blush a little, and turn away her head, but nothing further had come of the liberty.

When I called at the house I had no intention about the girl, as far as I can recollect. She opened the door, and heard my errand and questions. Yes all was right. Did her sister come and sleep there? Yes. Was she there now? No, she would not be there till nearly dark. I stepped inside, for then I thought of larking with her. "I am tired, and will rest a little", and stepped into the parlour, sat down on a sofa, began questioning her about a lot of trifles, and in doing so thought of the pinch I had given her bum, and my cock began to tingle. Then I thought she was alone in the house. "Oh! if she would let me fuck her!—has she been broached? — she is nice and plump." Curiosity increased my lust, and unpremeditatingly I began the approaches for the attack, though I only meant a little amatory chaffing.

"Is it black and blue yet Jenny?" She did not for the instant seem to recollect, for she asked me innocently enough, "What sir?" "Your bum where I pinched it." She laughed, checked herself, coloured up, and said, "Oh! don't begin that nonsense sir." I went on chaffing. "How I should like to have pinched it under your clothes, — but no I would sooner kiss it than pinch it." "Oh! if you're a going on like that I'll go to the kitchen." I stood before the door, and stopped her going out. "Now give me a kiss." I caught and kissed her, then gave a lot, and got a return from her. "I won't—Lor there then, — what a one you are", —and so on. "Well Jenny one kiss, and you may after-wards kiss whenever you want you know." And so she seemed to think, for I got her to sit down on the sofa, and we gossiped and kissed at intervals, till my cock got unruly. "What a fat burn you have", said I. Then she attempted to rise, I pulled her back, we went on gossiping, and kissing at intervals. She got quite interested in my talk as I sat with one arm round her waist, and another on her thigh, outside her clothes of course.

So for a while; but I was approaching another stage, was getting randy, and reckless. "Lord how I'd like to be in bed with you, to feel that fat bum of yours, to feel your c—u—n—t", spelling it, "to f—u—c—k it I'd give a five-pound note", said I all in a burst, and stooping, got my hand up her clothes on to her thigh. She gave a howl. "Oh! I say now, — what a shame!—oh! you beast." I shoved her back on the sofa upsetting her, got my lips on her thighs, and kissed them. Then she escaped me, and breathing hard, stood up looking at me after her struggle. "Oh! I wouldn't have believed it", said she panting with the exertion. What a lot of women I have heard say, they would not have believed it, when I first made a snatch at their privates. I suppose they say what they mean.

Begging her pardon, "I could not help it", I said, "you are so pretty and nice, — I'd give ten pounds to be in bed with you an hour." "Well I'm sure." "Think what it is not to have a woman you like." "Well I'm sure sir, you are a married man, — you've got a partner, and ought to know better, — Missus would not have asked you to call if she'd a know'd you, — she thinks there's no gent like you, — what would she say if I tell her?" "But you won't my dear." "She thinks you a perfect gentleman, and most unlucky", the girl went on to say, "and she is sorry for you too."

"Oh I she does not know all, but you've heard, have you Jenny?" I tried to make her sit on the sofa again, and promising that I would not forget myself any more she did so. We kissed and made it up, and talking I soon relapsed into baudiness.

The quarrelsome life I led with the oldish woman at home was I knew well understood by the old couple. "I lead a miserable life", said I. "Oh ! yes I know all about it", said the girl "Master and Missus often talk about you, — but you're very gay, ain't you?" Then I told this girl a lot. "Think my dear what it is not even to sleep with a woman for two months, — for two months we have never slept together, — I've never seen her undressed, — never touched her flesh, — you know what people marry for,—I want a woman, you know what I mean don't you, — every night what am I to do? — I love laying belly to belly naked with a nice woman, and taking my pleasure with her, — so of course I can't keep from having other women at times, — you don't know what an awful thing it is to have a stiff prick, and not a nice woman to relieve it." She gave me a push, got up, and made for the door at the word prick. Again I stopped her. She had sat staring at me with her mouth wide open, without saying a word, all the time I had been telling the bawdy narrative of domestic trouble, as if she were quite stupefied by my plain language until she suddenly jumped up, and made for the door without saving a word.

I was as quick as she, caught her, put my back against the door, and would not let her go, but could not get her to look me in the face, I had so upset her. There we stood, I begging her to sit down, and promising not to talk so again, she saying, "Now let me go, — let me out." "No, — sit down." "No." But in about a quarter of an hour she did, and then again I told her of my trouble, avoided all straightforward allusion to my wanting other women, but hinted it enough. She got interested, and asked me no end of questions. "Lord why don't you separate, if I quarrel with my husband so, I'm sure I will, — I tell my young man so." "Oh ! you have a sweetheart." Yes she had, —a grocer's shopman, — he lived at Brighton, came up third class to see her every fortnight, starting early, and going back late. She was flattered by my enquiries, told me all about him and herself, their intention to get married in a year; and I sat and listened with one hand outside her clothes on her thigh, and thinking how I could best manage to get into her.

"He goes with women", said I to make her jealous. "He don't I'm sure, — if he did, and I found it out, I'd tear his eyes out, and break off with him, though he says Brighton is a dreadful place for them hussies." She got quite excited at the idea. "When he comes up, you and he enjoy yourselves, — his hands have been where mine have to-night." "No he hasn't, — if he dared I'd—now I don't like this talk, — you said you wouldn't, — leave me alone, — you keep breaking your word." Another little scuffle, a kiss, and a promise. "Why should you not enjoy yourselves? — who would know anything about it but yourselves, — it's so delicious to feel yourselves naked in each other's arms, your bellies close together." "Get away now", — and she tried to get up. I got my hand up her clothes, pulled her on to the sofa, and holding her down with one hand, pressed myself sideways on her, and kissed her, pulling out my prick with the other.

Then she cried out so loudly that I was alarmed, for the window at the back was open. "Hush, — be quiet, — there, — I've touched your cunt." I pulled one of her hands on to my prick. "Oh! for shame Jenny you touched my prick." Again she got up, and made for the door; so did I, and stood there with my back to it, and my poker out in front of me. "Come and open the door my dear, and you will run against this." She turned her head away, and would not look. "Why don't you come on? — if you run up against it, it won't hurt you, — it's soft though it's stiff." "I'll write to my Mistress to-night", said she, and turned away. "Do my pet, — tell her how stiff it was, and the old lady will want to see it when she comes back." "It's disgraceful." "No my dear, it's to be proud of, — why you're looking at it I can see."

Then she turned quite away. "That's right dear, — now I can see where I pinched your bum, — it was not far from your little quim, — oh ! if that could talk, it would ask to be introduced to this, it's hot, isn't it Jenny?" I said, this and a lot more. She had walked to the back-window, and stood looking into the gar-den whilst I rattled on. "You're laughing Jenny." "It's a story", said she, "I'm

insulted", -and turned round with a stern face. I shook my tooleywagger. "How ill-tempered you look, — come and feel this, and you'll be sweet-tempered at once." She turned round to the window again.

"I will write my Missus, — that I will." "Do dear." "My sister will be here directly." "You said she comes at dusk, — it won't be dark for three hours." "I wish you would go, — what will people say if they know you're here?" "Don't be uneasy, — they will know no more than they know of your doings with your young man." "There is nothing to know about, but what is quite proper."

So we stood. She looking out of the window, and turning round from time to time. I standing by the door with my prick out; then I approached her quietly. "Feel it Jenny, — take pity on it." "Oh ! for God's sake sir, what are you doing?" She turned and pushed me back, then retreated herself, keeping her face to the window as she stepped backwards. "Oh! there is Miss and Mrs. Brown walking in the next garden." Sure enough there were two ladies there; they could have seen everything close to the window over the low wall which separated the gardens ; and had they been looking, must have seen Jenny, me, and my prick. "Oh! if they have seen, they will tell my Missus, and she'll tell my young man, and I shall be ruined, — oh! —oh !—oh !" said she sinking back into an arm-chair with a flood of tears, — half funk and shock, and perhaps randiness, causing it.

I was alarmed. "Oh!" she sobbed, if they saw you, —hoh !—ho !—and it was no fault of mine, — you're a bad man, — oho ! oho !" She sat with her hands to her face, her elbows on her knees. I dropped on my knees imploring her to be quiet, was sure no one had seen me, and tried to kiss her. The position was inviting, I slid my hands up her clothes between her thighs, she took no notice, was evidently in distress, not even conscious of the invasion. A bold push, and my fingers touched her cunt. I forgot all in the intensity of my enjoyment, at feeling my fingers on the edge of the soft, warm nick. No repulse' I looked up, she sank back in the chair, seemingly unconscious and deadly white.

I withdrew my hand, then came a mental struggle; my first impulse was to get cold water, the next to look at her cunt. I went towards the door, turned round to look at her. Her calves were visible, I ran back, and lifted her clothes, so that I could just see her cunt-hair, gave her thighs a kiss, and then rushed downstairs, got water, and as I entered the room she was recovering. She knew nothing or next to nothing of what had occurred, nor that my fingers had touched her clitoris, though she had not actually fainted.

"I wish I had some brandy", she said, "I feel so weak." "Is there any in the side-board?" "No." "I'll go and get a little." A few hundred feet from the house down a side-door, was a public-house. As I was going, "You will let me in again?" I said. "If you promise not to touch me." She looked so pale that I fetched brandy, but put the street-door key in my pocket as I went. "If she don't let me in", I thought, "she shan't have the key, — and what will she tell her sister about that?" It was a key almost as big as a shovel; she never noticed that I had taken it away. She thought by her dodge that she had got rid of me, and told me so afterwards.

I brought back the brandy and knocked. "Let me in." "I won't." "Then you shan't have the street-door key." This was spoken to each other through the closed door. A pause, then the door opened. "You are coming Jenny." We went downstairs into the kitchen, she had brandy and water, and so had I. It was a hot day, the pump-water was deliciously cool, I made hers as strong as she would take it, — it was an instinct of mine. She got her colour back, and became talkative, we talked about her fainting, but she tried to avoid talking about it, and did not want me to refer to what had led to it. I did, and was delighted to think that it was owing to what is called "exposing my person."

"I don't think the ladies saw it, so you need not have been so frightened Jenny, — but you saw it, did you not?" No reply. "I saw you looking at it." "It's a story." "Why did you faint?" "I always feel faint if I am startled." "What startled you?" "Nothing." "You saw it, and you put your hand over it to hide it, and you touched it." "It's a story, — I wish you'd go." "You ungrateful little devil, when I've just fetched you brandy." "It's through you that I felt ill." "Why?" No reply. "Don't be foolish,

— it was for fear that the ladies should have seen my prick so near you, — now look at it", — and I pulled it out, it was not stiff. "It was twice the size when you saw it, — feel it, and it will soon be bigger."

The girl rose saying she would go and remain in the forecourt till her sister came, if I did not leave, but I prevented her going out of the kitchen. She began to cry again, and had a little more brandy and water. My talk took its old channel.

"Do you know how long you were fainting?" "I didn't faint, but only a minute or so." "Do you know what I did?" She was sitting down, then got upright, looked at me full in the face, her eyes almost starting out of her head. "What did you do !—what? — what? —what?" She spoke hurriedly, anxiously, in an agitated manner. "I threw up your clothes, kissed your cunt, and felt it."

"It's a lie, — it's a lie." "It's true, — and the hair is short, and darker than the hair of your head, — and your thighs are so white, — and your garters are made of blue cloth, — and I felt it, the dear little split, — how I wish my belly had been up against it—what a lovely smell it has!" (putting my fingers to my nose).

"Oho I—oho !-oho !" said she bursting into tears, "what a shame to take liberties with a poor girl when she can't help herself, — oho !—oho !—you must be a bad man, — Missus had no business to send you to look after me, as if she could not trust me, — she don't know what sort of man you are, — and a gentleman too, — oho !—and married too, — it's a shame, — oho ! —oho ! I don't believe you though, — oho—o--o." And when I told her again the colour and the make of her garters, she nearly howled. "You mean man to do such a thing when I was ill."

I kissed her, she let me, but went on blubbering. "I've a good mind to tell my young man." "That will be foolish, because you and I mean to have more pleasure than we have had, — and he'll never be any the wiser but if you tell him, he'll think it's your fault."

This had occupied some hours, it was getting dark, but it seemed only as if I had been there some minutes, so deliciously exciting are lascivious acts and words. The charm of talking bawdily to a woman for the first time, is such, that hours fly away just like minutes.

I got her on to my lap and kissed her. She was so feeble that I put my hands up her clothes nearly to her knees before she repulsed them. Then I feared her sister coming home; she promised to hide the brandy, and we parted. She kissed me, and let me feel to her knees to induce me to go. "Oh ! for God's sake sir, do go before my sister comes." My last words were. "Mind you've felt my cock, and I've felt your cunt." "Pray go" — and I departed, leaving her tearful, excited, and in a state of exhaustion which seemed to me unaccountable.

Probably had I persisted a little longer I should have had her, such was the lassitude into which she had fallen; but I felt that I had made progress, and went home rejoicing, and forming plans for the future. When I had had some food, and thought over the matter, I came to the conclusion that I had been a fool in leaving her, and that had I pushed matters more determinately at the last moment, I should have certainly fucked her before I had left. I was mad with myself when I reflected on that, and the opportunity lost, which might not occur again.

Jenny had not fainted quite, but though unable to speak, resist, or indeed move, she must have been partially conscious. I think this from what I know of her nature afterwards.

## Vol. 3 Chapter XVII.

**When are women most lewd. • Garters, money, and promises. • About my servant. • The neckerchief. • Armpits felt • Warm hints. • Lewd suggestions. • Baudy language. • Tickling. • "Fanny Hill". • Garters tried. • Red fingers. • Struggle, and escape. • Locked out. • I leave. • Baudy predictions, and verifications.**

I have a confused recollection of thinking myself the next day an ass, for having missed a good opportunity of spermatizing a fresh cunt; yet for some reason or another it must have been three days before I went to try my luck again.

I had about this time of my life began to frame intentions, and calculate my actions towards women; although still mostly ruled by impulse and opportunity in love matters. My philosophy was owing to experience, and also in a degree to my friend the Major, to whom some years before I had confided my having commissioned a French woman to get me a virgin. He was older, poorer, and more dissolute than ever, "He is the baudiest old rascal that ever I heard tell a story", was the remark of a man at our Club one night. Ask him to dinner in a quiet way by himself, give him unlimited wine, and he would in an hour or two begin his confidential advice in the amatory line, and in a wonderful manner tell of his own adventures, and give reasons why he did this or that, why he succeeded with this woman, or missed that girl, in a way as amusing, and instructive to a young listener, as could be imagined.

"If you want to get over a girl", he would say, "never flurry her till her belly's full of meat and wine; let the grub work. As long as she is worth fucking, it's sure to make a woman randy at some time. If she is not twenty-five she'll be randy directly her belly is filled, — then go at her. If she's thirty, give her halfan-hour. If she's thirty-five let her digest an hour, she won't feel the warmth of the dinner in her cunt till then. Then she'll want to piss, and directly after that she'll be ready for you without her knowing it. But don't flurry your young un, — talk a little quiet smut whilst feeding, just to make her laugh and think of baudy things; then when she has left table, get at her. But it's well," the old Major would say, "to leave a woman alone in a room for a few minutes after she has dined, perhaps then she will let slip a fart or two, perhaps she'll piss, — she'll be all the better for the wind and water being out. A woman's cunt doesn't get piss-proud like a man's prick you know, they're differently made from us my boy, — but show any one of them your prick as soon as you can, it's a great persuader. Once they have seen it they can't forget it, it will keep in their minds. And a baudy book, they won't ever look at till you've fucked them !—oh ! won't they ! —they would at church if you left them alone with it." And so the Major instructed us.

About three days afterwards, taking a pair of garters, two small showy neckerchiefs, and Fanny Hill with me, I knocked at the door. "Oh! you!" said she colouring up. "Yes, — is everything right?" "Yes! all right, what should be the matter sir?" She stood at the street-door holding it open, though I had entered the hall. I turned, closed the door, and caught hold of her.

"Now none of that pray sir, you insulted me enough last time." "I could not help it, you're so lovely, it's your fault, — forgive me, and I won't do so any more, —here is a sovereign, take it, kiss me, and make it up." "I don't want your money", said she sulkily. "Take it, I give it with real pleasure, — what I had the other day was worth double."

"I won't be paid for your rudeness, if that's what you mean." "Lord my dear I've no occasion to pay for that, I took it without pay, — I wish I could get what I told you yesterday, — I'd give ten times the sum." "You are going on again." "Don't be foolish, —take it, buy a pair of silk stockings." "Your plump legs would look so nice in them", — and I forced her to put the money into her pocket.

Then I got her to the parlour, to sit down, to allow me to kiss her, and then to talk about me and my

"Missus", as she called her, a subject which seemed to excite her, for she began asking me question after question, and listened to all I said with breathless attention about my daily habits, rows, and fast doings. Once I stopped at some question. "I won't tell you that." "Oh! do, — do." "No it's curious." "Do, — do." It was about a pretty servant-girl whom I had noticed in my house. "It will offend you if I do." "No it won't." "Well give me a kiss then."

She kissed me. She had stood up a moment, now she sat down again by me on the sofa. I went on with my story, every now and then I stopped till she kissed me, it came to a kiss every minute, as I sat with my arm round her waist, talking.

Said I, "It was a servant whom my wife turned out at a day's notice, — a pretty girl, — I had taken to kissing her, and then I nudged her somewhere you know. One night when she opened the door, I saw by the light that my wife was in our bed-room. 'Is your Mistress upstairs?' 'Yes sir.' 'And the cook?' 'Yes.' Then I closed with her. 'Don't sir, Missus will hear.' I hugged her closer, shoved her up against the wall, got my hand on to her cunt, felt her, and gave her halfa-sovereign. How delicious it was to get the fingers on to the wet nick of that pretty girl, and say, 'How I should like to fuck that Mary.' " I told it in words like that to Jenny, and she sat listening. At the word "fuck" up she got.

"You are a going on rude again." "You asked me." "Not for that." "But that's what I had to tell, what you kissed me to tell." "I didn't think you would say rude things." "Sit down, and I'll tell you without rude words." And so I did, telling all over again with additions, but instead of saying "cunt", "fuck", and so on, said, "I got my hand you know where", — "and then she let me you know what", — "she was frightened to let me do, you guess what I wanted."

"Luckily though she foolishly told her fellow-servant, she did not say who had been feeling her. That sneak told my wife, who told me about it, or all she knew, and said she could not keep such an improper girl in the house as that. 'But the other servant may have told a lie to spite her.' 'Perhaps, but I'll turn her out too', — and so she did, both left."

Thus I talked to Jenny till I expect her quim was hot enough; then said I, "Here is a pretty neckerchief, —put it on." "Oh! how pretty." "I won't give it you unless you put it on." She went to the glass and unbuttoned the top of her dress, which was made to button on the front. I saw her white fat bosom, she threw the kerchief round the neck, and tried to push it down the back. "Let me put it down, — it's difficult." She let me. "You are not unbuttoned enough, it's too tight." She undid another button, I pushed down the kerchief, and releasing my hand as I stood at the back of her, put it over her shoulder, and down in front, pushing it well under her left breast. "Oh! what a lovely breast you have, — let me kiss it."

A shriek, a scuffle; In the scuffle I burst off a button or two, which exposed her breast, and getting my hand on to one of the globes began feeling and kissing it. Then I slid my hand further down, and under her armpit. "Oh ! what a shame, — don't, — I don't like it." How lovely, — kiss, kiss, — oh ! Jenny what a lot of hair I can feel under here." "Oh !—scream, — scream, — oh ! don't tickle me, — oh !—oh !", — and she crouched as women do who can't bear tickling. I saw my advantage. "Are you ticklish?" "Yes, — oh !—(scream, — scream) , — oh ! leave off."

Instead of leaving off I tickled harder than ever. She got my hand out, but I closed on her, tickling her under her arm, pinching her sides, and got her into such a state of excitement, that directly I touched her she screamed with wild laughter; the very idea of being touched made her shiver. We were on the sofa, she yelling struggling whilst I pinched her, she trying to get away from me, but fruitlessly; I buried my face in her breasts which were now largely exposed, and she fell back I with my face on her, and holding her tight. Then I put one hand down, feeling outside for her notch; that stopped her screaming, and she pushed me off as she got up.

I soothed her, begged pardon, spoke of the hair in her armpits, wondered if it was the same colour that it was lower down. Now she shammed anger, boxed my ears, and we make it up. I produced the garters. "Oh! what a lovely pair." "They're yours if you let me put them on." "I won't." "Let me put on half-way up." "No." "Just above the ankle." "No, my stockings are dirty." "Never mind." "No."

Then she made an excuse, said she must see to something, and left the room. I thought she was going to piddle.

She came back. I found afterwards she had been out to lace up her boots, they were untidy. It was coquettishness, female instinct, for she wanted the garters, and meant to let me try them on, though refusing. "Where do you garter, about knee?" "I shan't tell you." "I've seen, — let me put them on below the knees." "No." "Then I'll give them to another woman who will let me." "I don't care." I threw the garters on to the table after some fruitless attempts. I was getting awfully lewd with our conversation.

"Do you like reading?" "Yes." "Pictures?" "Yes." "I've a curious book here." "What is it?" I took the book out. "The Adventures of Fanny Hill." "Who was she?" "A gay lady, — it tells how she was seduced, how she had lots of lovers, was caught in bed with men, — would you like to read it?" "I should." "We will read it together, — but look at the pictures", — this the fourth or fifth time in my life I have tried this manoeuvre with women. I opened the book at a picture of a plump, leering, lecherous-looking woman squatting, and pissing on the floor, and holding a dark-red, black-haired, thick-lipped cunt open with her fingers. All sorts of little bawdy sketches were round the margin of the picture. The early editions of Fanny Hill had that frontispiece.

She was flabbergasted, silent. Then she burst out laughing, stopped and said, "What a nasty book, — such books ought to be burnt." "I like them, they're so funny." I turned over a page. "Look, here is she with a boy who sold her watercresses, is not his prick a big one?" She looked on silently, I heard her breathing hard. I turned over picture after picture. Suddenly she knocked the book out of my hand to the other side of the room. "I won't see such things", said she. "Won't you look at it by yourself?" "If you leave it here I'll burn it." "No you won't, you'll take it to bed with you." There I left the book lying, it was open and the frontispiece showing. "Look at her legs", said I, for we could see the picture as we sat on the sofa; and I began to kiss and tickle her again.

She shrieked, laughed, got away, and rushed to the door. I brought her back, desisted from tickling and lewd talking, though I was getting randier than ever. "Now have the garters, — let me put one round the leg, just to see how it looks, — just half-way up the calf." After much persuasion, after pulling up my trowsers, and showing how a garter looked round my calf, she partly consented. "Promise me you won't tickle me." I promised everything.

I dropped on one knee, she sat on the sofa. "Put one foot on my leg." She put one foot there, and care-fully raised her clothes an inch or two above the boot-top. "A little higher." She raised it holding her petticoats tight round the leg, and I slipped the garter round it. "It's too loose, raise a little more." "I won't any higher, — I can see how it looks." "Won't they look nice when they are above the knee? and won't your young man be pleased when he sees them there." "My young man won't see them any more than you will." Let me slip on the other." The same process, the same care on her part. She bestowed all her care on the limb I was gartering, lest I should slip the garter higher up. The remainder of her clothes were loose round her other leg. Then I pushed my hand up her clothes and herself back on the sofa, relinquishing the leg I was gartering.

Rapidly my hand felt thighs, hair, cunt, How wet! What is this which catches my fingers? what is it they are gliding between? With a yell she pushed me away, and got up as I withdrew my fingers. She had a napkin on, my fingers were stained red. "Oh, you beast", said she bursting into tears. I caught hold of her, and began to tickle her; she pushed me violently away, and escaping, rushed downstairs, slammed the kitchen-door in my face, and locked herself in. I have been accustomed to this behaviour on similar occasions.

I stood outside begging pardon, talking bawdiness, I tried to burst open the door, and could not. I was not fond of poorliness in women, had a keen nose, and oftentimes could smell a woman if poorly, even with her clothes down; how it was I did not smell her, considering how near my nose had been to her split and her breasts, I can't say, but suppose randiness over-came my other senses. I played with my prick which was in an inflammatory state, feeling it made me much randier, I called

through the door how I wanted to fuck her, how my prick was bursting, how I would frig myself if she did not let me. "What a hard hearted girl,-I'll give you ten pounds to let me, — who will know it, but you and me?" and a lot more; but it was of no use, and at length I went upstairs, determining to wait, and thinking that in time she might follow me.

On the sofa I sat thinking of what I had done. There lay one garter, I took it up, and rolled it round my pego. I rubbed the tip with it, thinking it might be a spell. I took up Fanny Hill, got more excited by reading the book, looking at its salacious pictures, and feeling my prick at the same time. Then the sense of pleasure got beyond control, and laying down the book on the floor just beneath me, where I could see a boudy picture, I turned on my side on the sofa, and friggd till a shower of spunk shot out.

Then down I went. The door was still locked, my senses were calmed, but I talked boudy, and offered her money without a reply; growing tired, I bawled out, "I'm going, — you will let me in a day or two, and get the ten pounds towards the new shop, — you won't be so unkind when I come again." "I'll take good care never to let you in", said she. They were the only words I could get out of her. I went upstairs, took a slip of paper, and wrote on it, "I have wrapped the garter round my prick, it is a charm. Directly you put it on I shall know, for my prick will stiffen, — you will put it on I am sure; and directly my prick stiffens, your cunt will long to have it up it, even if I am miles away. You will put the garter on, for you can't help doing so, — I'm sure to fuck you, neither you nor I could avoid it if we would. Why should we deny our- selves the pleasure, — no one will know it, and you will be ten pounds the richer." I wrote that or some-thing nearly like it, and charmed with my own wit, rubbed the garter over the top of my prick till I left the smell on it, then laid it on the table over the paper I had written, and went away, taking Fanny Hill with me.

It is a positive fact, that about two hours after-wards I had a violent randy throbbing in my prick, and found out later on that just at that very time she had put that garter on.

(And now for the complete understanding of what follows, it must be stated that the house was in plan nearly like that which I inhabited when I had my beautiful servant Mary. Kitchens in the basement, two par-lours with folding doors between them, nearly always open; and rooms back and front over the parlours; and that my absent friend did with those rooms whilst absent at the seaside, what was not unusual with people of- their class in those days, lock most of them up, leaving only sufficient for the servant, or caretaker, to inhabit.)

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XVIII.**

**"Fanny Hill" sent to Jenny. • My next visit. • Thunder, lightning, sherry, and lust • A chase round a table. • The money taken. • Tickling and micturating. • A search for "Fanny Hill". • A chase upstairs. • In the bed-room. • Thunder, funk, and lewdness. • Intimidation and coaxing. • Over and under. • A rapid spender. • Virginity doubtful. • Fears, tears, and fucking.**

I waited a few days to ensure her poorliness being over. I had not left her Fanny Hill, but why I cannot tell, for I knew how boudy books excited a woman. The night before my next attack, I wrapped up the book, directed it to her, gave a boy sixpence to deliver it, hid myself by a lilac which was in the front-garden close to the road, and saw the boy give it to her, and go off quickly as I had told him. It was just dark, and too dark inside the passage of the house to see; for Jenny stepped outside the house so as to get light, and stripped off the envelope. I saw also that she opened the book, closed it, looked rapidly on both sides, then stepped inside, and closed the door. I expect that her cunt got hot enough that night. I saw her sister who slept with her nightly, going through the front-garden soon afterwards, and Jenny open the door for her. I had then moved off to a safe distance, the other side of the road.

Jenny was fond of finery, and I had heard the old lady of the house declaiming about it. Her pleasure at the showy neckerchief and garters was great, so I bought a pretty brooch, and filling my purse with sovereigns determined to have her at any cost, for my lurch for her had got violent. The next day I had a good luncheon, went to the house just after her dinner-time, and took with me a bottle of sherry. I recollect the morning well. It was a sultry day, reeking with moisture; it had been thundering, the clouds were dark and threatening, the air charged with electricity. Such a day makes all creation randy, and you may see every monkey at the Zoological Gardens friggling or fucking. I was resolute with lustful heat, the girl was I expected under the same influence, and taking her as I did after a lazy meal, everything was propitious to me. "How shall I get in? — if I knock she may not open; and if she sees me go up the front-garden she won't open. But I had to try, so walked up to the door, and gave one single loud tradesman's knock.

There was a little porch and a shelter over the street-door. Standing flat up against the door, so that I might be hidden from her sight if peeping, I heard an upper window open. She looked out, but where I was she could not see me. There was delay, so again I knocked, and soon the door began to open, I pushed it and stepped in. The front-shutters on the ground-floor to my wonder were closed.

"Hoh ! sir—you", said Jenny amazed, "what do you want?" I pushed the door to, and caught hold of her. "I've come to have a chat and a kiss." She struggled, but I got her tight, and kissed as a randy man then kisses a woman, it is a magnetizing thing. "Oh ! there it is again", she cried as a loud thunder-clap was heard, "oh! let me go, — oh ! it do frighten me so." "Where are you going?" "Oh ! into the parlour, — I've closed the shutters." The girl was in a panic, and did not know what she said. The parlour-door was open, the room nearly dark, which suited me. She went just in, and then turned round to go out, but I pulled her to the sofa. A flash of lightning showed even in the darkened room, the girl cowered and hid her face with her hands. I took her round the waist. "Shut your eyes, and lean your head against me." Mechanically she did, she was utterly unnerved. I felt down with my right hand the form of her thighs and haunches through her clothes. My prick began to stand, pulling it out, and taking her near hand I put it round my prick just as the thunder roared. She kept her hand unconsciously on it for a time, then with a start took it away and jumped up. "Oh ! it's wicked", said she, "when God Almighty is so angry", — and just as she got to the door a terrific hash made her turn round again. I caught her, and sitting down on a chair pulled her on to my knee; she hid at once her face on my shoulder in terror.

Coaxing and soothing, and exciting her, in her fear she listened at times twitching and oh-ing. I was sorry I had touched her cunt the other day I said. "Oh ! now don't." "Feel my prick again, — do dear." "Let me go, you've no business here." Another flash came, I put my hand up her clothes, the tip of my fingers just touched her quim. She struggled and got away, and in doing so upset the chair which fell down and broke. "Oh! now what will my Missus say!" said she. Then a screech, and she got to the other side of the table.

This went on a little longer, a gleam of sunshine came through the shutters. Then she opened one shutter, and said if I did not go she would open the window and call out. The light showed my pego, stiff, red-tipped and ready. "Look what your feeling has done for this Jenny", said I shaking my tooleywag at her.

But her resoluteness daunted me, so I promised not to do so again. "Here is some sherry that I was taking home to taste, — let's have a glass,-it will do both of us good after this thunder, — you look white, and as if you wanted a glass." I had got out of her on a previous day that she liked sherry. "I'll go and get you a glass", said she. "No you shan't, — you will lock the door", said I, — I know that was in her mind. No she would not. "We will go together then."

We did, and returning to the parlour under my most solemn promise of good behaviour, down she sat, and we began drinking sherry. One glass, — two, then another she swallowed. "No I dare not, it will get into my head, — no more." "Nonsense, — after your fright it will do you good." "Well half a glass." "Isn't it nice Jenny?" "It is." "Does not your sweetheart give it you?" "At Christmas, but only one glass." The sherry began to work. "Only another half-glass", — and I poured it out

nearly full. Soon after I got up after filling my own, and standing before her again filled up hers which she had sipped without her seeing me. "Finish your glass dear." "No I can't, it's making me so hot." "Just another half-glass." "I won't." But she began to chatter and told me again all about her young man, of their intending to open a grocer's shop when they had two hundred pounds; that he had saved a certain sum, and when he had a little more his father was to put fifty pounds to it. She also had put money in the savings bank. I got closer to her, and asked for a kiss. "Well I'll kiss you if you promise not to be rude again." A kiss and a promise. She was one of the simplest and most open girls I have ever met with, and once a half-feeling of remorse came over me about my intentions, whilst she was talking on quite innocently about her future; but my randy prick soon stopped that.

"What nonsense dear, your young man won't know that I have felt your thighs, and you my thing, nor any one else what we do, — I have thought of nothing else since I touched you, — kiss;—now let me do it again, — just feel it, — only where my hand's been before, — I swear I won't put my hand up higher, just above your garters, — have you got those garters on?" "No." "Oh ! you have." "Well I have." "Let me just see." "I shan't." "I'll give you a sovereign to let me." "Shan't." I pulled out the sovereign, put it on the table and spite of her resistance pulled up her clothes just high enough to see one garter; then clutching her round the waist I pushed my hands up, and touched a well-developed clitoris. She struggled, but I kept my hand there, kissed her rapturously, and friggd her; her cap fell off in her struggle. "Oh ! I—can't—bearit—now--sir; I don't—oh !—like it, — oh ! " Then with a violent effort she got my hand away, but I held her fast to me.

"What a lovely smell your cunt has", said I putting the fingers just withdrawn from her thighs up to my nose. I had always noticed that nothing helps to make a woman more randy than that action; it seems to overwhelm them with modest confusion; I have always done that instinctively to a woman whom I was trying. "Oh! what a man, — oh ! let me pick up my cap." Just then I noticed her hair was short, and remarked it. She was annoyed, her vanity hurt, turned her thoughts entirely. "Yes", she said, "I had a fever two years ago, — but it's growing again." "Well it has grown enough on your cunt dear, — did it fall off there?" "Oh ! what a man !—oh ! now what a shame!" My hand was on her thighs again, and I managed another minute's frig, and kept her close to me.

The heat had become excessive. What with struggling, and the excitement, sweat was on both our faces. Her thighs by her crack were as wet as if she had pissed them, her backside began to wriggle with pleasure, which I knew I was giving her; but again with a violent effort she freed herself from me, and as I put my hand to my nose she violently pulled it away. The sherry was upsetting her wisdom.

"There is the sovereign", said I as she stood looking at me, "that will help you." "Don't want it." Seeing where her pocket-hole was I pushed it into it. "Oh ! what a lucky sovereign, to lay so close to your cunt Jenny", — and pushing my hand into her pocket I touched the bottom of her belly through the linen. Again a struggle, a repulse, then she put her hand into her pocket. "You're feeling your cunt Jenny", said I. "O—oh !" said she taking it out quickly, "I was feeling for the money, — I won't have it."

Then I kissed her till the sweat ran off my face on to hers. "Oh ! my goodness", said she as it grew darker, "it's going to thunder again." "Have another glass." "No it's gone into my head already." But she took a gulp of mine. "Let's fuck you Jenny dear." "What?" "Fuck." "Shan't." "Oh ! you know what I mean." "No I don't, but it's something bad if it's from you." I pulled out my prick, and tried to push her on the sofa. She got away, and then with my prick out I chased her round the table. "Leave off", said she, "a joke's a joke, but this is going too far." She was getting lewd, and was staring at my prick which showed above the table as I chased her. Quick as me she managed to keep just on the side of it opposite to me.

"I'll swear I won't touch you again if you will sit down." "I won't trust you, — you've been swearing all the afternoon." "So help me God I will", said I, and meant it." "Well then not when you are like that." I pushed my prick inside my trowsers, and then she sat down. What a long time this takes to

tell, what repetition ! but there are not many incidents I recollect more clearly.

Then I took out ten sovereigns, all bright, new ones, laid them on the table, and then the broach. "Do you like that Jenny?" "Yes." "It is for you if you will let me, and those ten sovereigns also." "You are a bad man", said the girl, "and would make me forget my-self and be ruined, and without caring a bit", — and she began rocking her head about, and rolling her body as she sat beside me, and looking at the money. "Who will know? — you won't tell your young man, — I shan't tell my wife, — let me." "I shan't, — never, — never, — never, — never, if it was fifty pounds", said she almost furiously. "He won't find it out." "Yes he would." "Nonsense, — half the servants do it, yet marry", — and then I told her of some I had who had married. "No, — no, — no", she kept repeating, almost bawling it out, as I told of Mary So-and-so who married a butler, and Sarah So-and-so who married my greengrocer, though I'd fucked them over and over again. "No, — no", looking at the money; then suddenly she took up the broach, and laid it down again.

Before running round the table after her, I had thrown off my coat and waistcoat. "It's so hot, I've a good mind to take off my trowsers", I had said; but I had another motive. She seemed weaker, and was so, for gradually she had got inflamed and lewd by heat, the electrical condition of the atmosphere, the titillation of my finger on her seat of pleasure, and the sight of my stiff penis. She had I expect, got to that weak, yielding, voluptuous condition of mind and body, when a woman knows she is wrong, yet cannot make up her mind to resist. Just then it came into my mind to tickle her; and then followed a scene which is one of the most amusing in my reminiscences.

She shrieked, and wriggled down on to the floor. I tried to mount her there. She kicked, fought, so that though once my prick touched her cunt-wig, I could not keep on the saddle. She forgot all propriety in her fuddled excitement, and whilst screaming from my tickling, repeated incoherently bawdy words as I uttered them. "Let me fuck you." "You shan't fuck me." "Let's put it just to your cunt." "You shan't, you're a blackguard, — oh ! don't, — leave me alone, — wee I will feel it, if you'll let me get up, — oh !—he ! hi ! hi ! —for God's sake don't tickle, — hi !—I shall go mad, — you shan't, — oh ! don't, — oh ! if you don't leave off." "I shall, — I must." "Oh ! pray, — you shall if you leave off tickling then, — oh ! don't pray, — oh ! I shall piddle myself, — he ! he!" She was rolling on the floor, her thighs exposed, sometimes backside, sometimes belly upwards with all its trimmings visible. "Oh ! it's your fault", and as she spoke actually piddle began to issue. I had my hand on her thigh, and felt and saw it.

Randy as I was I burst out laughing; and she managed to get up, began to push in her neckerchief which I had torn out of the front of her dress, and arranged her hair.

"Oh ! look at me, — if any one came, what a state I am in", said she looking in the glass, and there she stood her breast heaving, her eyes swollen, her mouth open, and breathing as if she had just run a mile, but attempting nothing, saying nothing further, awaiting my attack. What randy, pleasureable excitement she must have been in, though unconscious of it, whilst only thinking of how to prevent my fucking her against her will.

"You began piddling." "Didn't." "I felt the piddle on my hand." She made no reply, but passed on, and wiped her face. When I said more she merely tossed her head. "Don't be a fool Jenny, — let us, — you want it as bad as me." Then I rattled out my whole bawdy vocabulary, "prick", "cunt", "fuck", "spunk", "pleasure", "belly to belly", "my balls over your arse", "let my stiff prick stretch your cunt", — everything which could excite a woman; to all of which she merely said, "Oho !—oh !" and tossed her head, and never took her staring eyes off me, nor ceased swabbing up her perspiring face, and at the same time looking at my throbbing, rigid cunt-stretcher.

Finding she took to yelling, and even hitting me, I desisted a moment. "Where is the book I sent you last night?" I had till then forgotten it. That opened her mouth. "Have not had a book." "I saw the boy give it you, and you open it." "He didn't." "He did." "I burnt it, — a nasty thing, — I would not let my sister see it." An angry feeling came over me for the moment, for I thought it probable, and should have had difficulty in replacing it. Then came an inspiration to help me, — a man always

gets somehow on the right track to get into a woman if he has opportunity. Nature wills it. The woman was made to be fucked, and the sooner for them, the better for them.

"You have not burnt it, — I'll bet it's in your bedroom, — in your box." "It isn't." I'll swear it's there, — you have been reading it all night, — I'll go up and see." She started as if electrified into life as I made for the door. She got there before me, and stood before me. "You shan't go, — you've no business up there, — I've burnt it, — it's not there." "It's in the kitchen then." "No, I've burnt it", she went on rapidly and confusedly. "I'll go and see", said I pulling her from the door, she screeching out, "No you shan't go up, — that you shan't, — you've no business there." Then I pulled up her clothes to her belly, she got them down, but still she kept her back to the door. I kept pulling her till her cap was off again, and felt sure she was getting weaker and weaker.

Then she turned round suddenly, opened the door, and ran up the stairs rapidly like a lapwing, I after her. Once she turned round, "You shan't come up", said she, and tried to push me back; and then again on she went, I following. I stumbled, that gave her a few steps ahead; I sprang up three steps at a time, recovered the lost distance, and just as she got into the bed-room, and slammed the door to, I put my foot in it, — it hurt me much. "Damn it, how you hurt my foot, — I will come in" — and pushing the door my strength prevailed; the door flew open, I saw her running round the bed, and there on the very pillow of the unmade bed lay Fanny Hill, open at one of the pictures. I threw myself across the bed, and clutched the book. She then stood motionless, panting and staring at me, she had clutched at it, and failed just as I caught it. She would have got it, but for having to go round the bed.

I laughed. "Have you not had a treat Jenny dear!" Her face was a picture of confusion. I was stretched half across the bed, and now went right across. Then to escape me she ran away, and had nearly reached the door when throwing myself over the bed again, I grasped her petticoats under her arse, and managed to pull her back. "Damned if I don't fuck you", said I, "by God I'll shove my prick up your cunt if I'm hanged for it", — and pushing a hand up behind I clasped her naked buttocks. She turned round, I pulled her petticoats clean up, she yelling, struggling, panting, imploring. I dropped on my knees, kissed her belly, and buried my nose between her thighs. The petticoats dropped over my head, her belly kept bumping up against my nose and lips, which were covered with her cunt-moisture.

I rose up, pushed and rolled her against the bed, my hand still up her clothes. "Oh ! don't, don't now, — you .re a great gentleman they say, and ought to think of a poor girl's ruin, — oh ! if it was found out I should be ruined." "It won't darling." I had got my fingers well over the whole slit. "Pray don't, — well I'll kiss you, — there." "Feel it." "Will you let me get up if I do?" "Yes." "There then", and she felt me. "Oh ! I must fuck you." "Oh! pray don't, — oh ! let me go now, and I'll let you another day, — I will indeed sir, — oh I you hurt, — don't push your fingers like that." "Kiss me my darling." "You shan't." "There there." Another struggle. "Oh ! I can't—be—bear it." Her arse began to twist again, her head sank on my shoulder, her thighs opened; then with a start, "Oh! my God it's lightning (it began to thunder and lighten badly), —oh! I'm so frightened, — oh ! don't, — another day, — it's wicked when it's lightning so, — oh! God almighty will strike us dead if you are so wicked, — oh! let me go into the dark, — oh ! don't, — I can't—be--bear it." Her arse was shaking with my groping and friggng.

"Now don't be a fool, — damned if I don't murder you if you are not quiet!" "Oh! oh!" I had got her somehow on to the bed, she was helpless; with fear, liquor, and cunt-heat. I threw myself on to her. A feel between thighs reeking with sweat, with her cunt in a lather, with the sweat dropping in great drops from my face, with sweat running down my belly on to my prick and my balls; I shoved. One loud "aha !" and my prick-tip was up against her womb-door. A mighty straight thrust; and the virginity was gone at that one effort.

Right up there with but a shove or two as far as I recollect, and without trouble, my sperm spouted directly my tool rubbed through the wet, warm cunt-muscles. Then I came to my senses; where was I? has she let me, or had I forced her violently.

She laid quietly under me with closed eyes and open mouth, panting; I was upon her, up her, pressing heavily upon her rather than holding her; then thrusting my hands under her fat bottom I recommenced thrusting and fucking. She lay still, in the enjoyment of a lubricated cunt, distended by a stiff, hot prick. Soon she was sensitive to my movements, her cunt constricted, a visible pleasure overtook her, her frame began to quiver, and the soft murmurs of spermatic effusion came from her lips. She spent. On I went driving as if I meant to send my prick into her womb, fell into a half dreaminess, and became conscious of a great wetness on my ballocks; it was her discharge more than mine, the most copious I recollect, excepting from one woman. Then I dropped off on her side. She lay still as death, the thunder rolled over us unheeded by her in the delirious excitement and delight of her first fuck.

She turned on her side slightly, her thighs and back-side were naked, she hid her face, and shuddered at the thunder unheeding her nakedness, then buried her face in a pillow, and so we both dozed for a minute or two. Her backside was still naked, when I looked at her in all ways as she lay, and saw traces of sperm on her thighs and chemise. A little lay on the bed, but no trace of red, no signs of a bloody rupture of a virgin cunt. My shirt and drawers were spermed, but had not a trace of blood. The light fell full on her backside, I could see lightish brown hair in the crack of the parting of her buttocks; a smear of shit on her chemise. Her flesh was beautifully white. She had on nice white stockings, and the flashy garters; she had a tolerable quantity of hair on her quim on the belly side. I sat at the side of the bed, got off boots, trousers, and drawers; then laying down gently inserted my longest finger and delicately began rubbing her clitoris which I could see protruding of a fine crimson color. Then she moved; she was not asleep, but dazed by the fuck, fear of the lightning, the excitement, the heat, and the fumes of the wine combined.

She stared at me, pulled down her clothes, and tears began to run down her cheeks. What a lot of women I have had cry at such times "Don't cry my darling." She turned on to her face, and hid it. For a quarter of an hour, I talked, but she did not answer. I told her she had spent, that I knew she had had pleasure. Then I pushed my fingers up her cunt; still she did not speak, but let me do just what I liked, keeping her eyes shut. So soon as my rammer was up to the mark, up her it went fucking, and again I felt it's stern well wetted. She was a regular streaming spunker.

After that, "I am going downstairs", said she. "I'll come." "No don't." "You only want to piddle." "Yes", said she faintly. "Piddle here, — what will it matter?" "I can't." "I'll go out if you won't bolt the door." "It's no good bolting the door, you have ruined me." I went outside, closed the door, and heard the rattle in the pot. When I re-entered she was sitting at the side of the bed crying quietly; she did nothing but look at me, but without speaking. "Arrange yourself in case any one comes to the door." "No one will come." "The milkman?" "He will put it down inside the porch." She sat down the picture of despair. Never had I felt more lewd, I was mad that day with lewdness. "Let's feel your cunt", said I. "I have spent in it three times." "I don't care what you do, you may do what you like, — it's of no consequence." I felt up her cunt, she hung her head over my shoulders whilst I paddled my fingers in the wet. "Don't hurt me", said she. "I have not hurt you." "Yes you have." "Let's look." That roused her. "Oh! no, — no, — no, — you shan't." "Wash your cunt." I fetched the sherry, but she had not washed her cunt. "You should wash it out." "Oh ? — oh !" said she. "if I should be with child I shall never be married."

She drank more sherry, and promised to wash. Then I went downstairs, fetched up the broach and the ten sovereigns, and gave them to her. "How shall I say I got it?" "Does he know how much you have saved?" "Yes." "Is it a year's wages?" "Yes",-and she began to cry again. "What shall I say about the broach?" "That you bought it, — let's lay down and talk." She yielded instantly, I threw up her clothes, she pushed them down. Then I lay feeling her quim, and got out her bobbies, she submitted, laying with her eyes closed, till my rubbing on her clitoris made her sigh. Then up her, I felt her wetting my prick-stem, and shot my sperm into her at that intimation of her pleasure.

It was about seven o'clock, I had been nearly five hours at my amusements, and was tired; but had that day an irrepressable prick. It began to stiffen almost directly it left her cunt. I went down with

her to tea, there I pulled her on to my lap, and we began to look at Fanny Hill. I could not get a word out of her, but she looked intently at the pictures. I explained their salacity. "Hold the book dear, and turn over as I tell you." Then I put my fingers on her cunt again. How sensitive she was. "Let's come upstairs." "No", said she, reluctantly, but up we went, and fucked again. Then she groaned, "Oh ! pray leave off,--I'm almost dead, — I shall have one of my fainting fits." "Lay still darling, I shall come soon", — but it was twenty minutes hard grinding before my sperm rose. Then she laid motionless and white through nervous exhaustion, excitement, and loss of her spermatic liquid, which I kept fetching and fetching in my long grinding. She told me afterwards that she could not tell how often she spent. I had never been randier or stronger, nor enjoyed the first of a woman more.

She was a most extraordinary girl. After the first fuck she was like a well-broken horse; she obeyed me in everything, blushed, was modest, humbled, indifferent, conquered, submissive; but I could get no conversation out of her excepting what I have narrated. She cried every ten minutes, and looked at me. After each fuck she laid with her eyes closed, and mouth open, and turned on her side directly, putting her hand over her quim, and pulling her clothes just over her buttocks. Then after I had recovered and began to talk, a tear would roll down her cheek.

About nine o'clock she said. "Do go, my sister will be here, — and the bed wants making." At the door I put her against the wall and rubbed as well as I could my flabby cock between her cunt-lips. She made no resistance. "We'll fuck again to-morrow Jenny." "I'll never let you again", said she, "for you shan't come in", — and she shut the door on me with a slam.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XIX.**

**My soiled shirt. • Jenny's account of herself. • Fucking and funking. • Poor John ! • Of her pudenda. • It's sensitiveness. • Erotic chat. • Startled by a caller. • Her married sister's unsatisfied cunt. • How she prevented having children. • Doubts her husband's fidelity. • Jenny taught the use of a French letter. • Hickery-pickery, and catamenial irregularities.**

When I got home I looked at my linen; never had it been in such a mess after female embraces. I had taken no care about it, it was be-spunked in an unusual degree, and lots of thinnish stains were on the tail which made me think that one or both of us must have spent copiously. Then I recollected that Jenny's cunt seemed very wet to me when I felt it after I had spermatized her. There were no signs of blood, and taking stock of the sensations I had experienced, "Jenny has had it before", I said to myself. Then came a fear that her discharge was from a clap, but I dismissed that from my mind. I had only once had the clap from a woman not gay.

So I washed the tail of my shirt, laid it under my arse to dry, gave it a natural stain of piss, and went to bed reflecting and wondering who had first penetrated Jenny's privates.

A day or two afterwards I went to see her and shammed a knock. She opened the door. "Oh I" she exclaimed as I entered, "now you shan't, you shan't again." "I shan't what my dear?" "I know why you came here, — but you shan't." "I want a chat, — don't be foolish, — come here, — I won't do anything, — I don't want anything,-but come here."

I got her into the parlour, and on to the sofa, then talked, then got bawdy. "Do just let me feel your thighs, — what harm can it do when I have been between them." "No". "Just a feel,-there I won't put my finger further, — oh! Jenny you like my finger, — be quiet dear, — just let me feel it." Half an hour after she had said, "Now you shan't", my prick was in her. No woman can refuse the cock which has once stretched her cunt, she is at its mercy. We spent an-other afternoon in talking and fucking, and she partly in crying and bemoaning her evil deeds.

I had not only opened her cunt, but opened her heart and mouth at the same time. She was the funniest, frankest little woman I ever knew. She told me all her past life, her future expectations, asked my ad-vice, deplored her wickedness to her young man, and all in an hour. She spoke the same incessantly after wards. In a fortnight I knew everything about her from her birth, and about all her family; it was as if for the first time in her life she had had a confident.

"What shall I do with your money?" "Put it with the rest." "But he knows what I've got, — we always tell each other." "Keep it to get a good stock of clothes before you are married." "But he knows all about my clothes." "Put it in a little at a time, or don't tell him till you are married; then say you kept him in ignorance for a pleasant surprise, or tell him nothing at all about it, — you will have more than that." "I don't want your money, I fear it will bring me harm." "Well give it back to me Jenny." But Jenny did not seem to see the advantage of that; so she kept it, and had more besides in time.

"What will become of me and poor John? — he'd die if he knew how ill I behave to him, — now don't, — you do upset a body so a talking, and putting your fingers there, — oh ! leave me alone, — no no more." "Once more dear, — how hot your little; cunt is, — it's longing for a prick." "Oh ! take care of my cap, you will tear it, — I'll take it off." "What a fat backside you've got jenny, — how wet your cunt is, shove, shove, fuck, — where is my prick Jenny now?" But Jenny became speechless always after three cock-shoves, and began moistening the intruder with all her cunt-power.

After fucking she was tranquil for a time; sperm seemed to soothe her, but then she had funks. "Oh! dear what have you made me do? oh! if I am in the family way !—oh ! if he finds it out, he won't marry me ! and he is such a good young man, and so fond of me, — o—o—ho—ho !—I've behaved very bad to him, —and I didn't mean, — oho !—it's all your fault, oho! —I didn't know what I was about, — I never do when it lightens, — oho ! Do you think he will find it out when we are married?" she would ask in her calmer moments, after she had cried herself out. This scene occurred every day I fucked her for a time, then less frequently.

I tried to comfort her, told facts, and many inventions of my own, of how I had had women, who after-wards married and whose husbands had never known that they had been broached.

"Is it true really !—oh ! do tell me the truth, — if he finds it out I will drown myself, I'm sure he will, — it's all your fault, — you must be a bad man to take advantage of a poor girl in the house alone." "But if you're not in the family way, he can't find out until you are married, and then it will be too late. You won't tell him, and your cunt can't speak." "Oh ! sir you do say such funny things."

This went on for weeks. "Oh ! it's my time, and it's not come on." Then with joy, "Oh ! I'm all right, but you can't do anything to-day, — oh ! if my Mistress should find out, or if my sister should come home and catch you here, — oh ! if the next-door neighbours should see you come here so often, and tell my Mistress." One or another of these fears was always upon her, but did not prevent out fucking. At that time Sarah was away, and Louisa Fisher still ill, so Jenny had all my essence; and later on as much as Louisa and Sarah spared me. As to my home, I had pretty well done with fucking there.

Jenny's cunt was well-haired, and had rather large inner lips; not so large as I have seen in many women, but larger than I liked. Her tube was easy. What a fight I had when first I saw it. "I won't be pulled about like that, — no it's shameful." "I dare say your John has seen it." That always sent her off howling, and when she had subsided she let me do as I liked. "It's a nasty thing to pull me about like that." But it came soon to the old world-wide habit: a feel and a look before the entry. The same woman who won't let you see the bottom of her belly at first, will hold her cunt open for your inspection in a month. It is breaking in a woman to baudiness which is the happiness of the honeymoon, not the hard burst through a bit of gristle. It had weighted on my mind ever since I had had her, and about three weeks afterwards I told her my doubts of her then being a virgin. She swore that no man had even pupt his hands on it till I did. "Am I different from other woman?" She

was indignant at the doubt, and honestly and truly I believe. A school-fellow used to look at her quim, she at her schoolfellow's, she always thought hers was the most open of the two, she always could put her finger up easily. "but you did hurt me through, though I did not bleed. My sister says she did bleed a little when she first had her husband", — and Jenny now described her sister's first night, and her sister's form, and rather wetted my lust for her sister.

I came to the conclusion that she was born loose at her inlet, or had broken through the cover when quite young, and that no prick had rubbed her but mine; but her organ was a peculiar one in it's habit of distilling its liquids.

I have told how my shirt was stained at first, and soon found that Jenny was one of those women who spend rapidly, frequently, and copiously. I have met I think two like her in my career, to the time I correct this.

On the second day's poking I noticed this and be-came fully aware of it afterwards. When I put my prick up her, and began my movements; a shiver and a sigh escaped her almost directly, her bum gave a heave, a discharge came from her, and if I pulled my prick out then, it was perfectly wet. It used in fact to run out a little, and if pushing one hand well under her arse (which was not so easy, for she had a fine backside), I felt the root of my prick, or rather the end of the stem, I could feel her moisture running down one of her bum-cheeks, or between them. That over by the time I spent we usually discharged simultaneously. Her voluptuousness was greater when we spent together, than on her preliminary discharge. She said she could not account for it, but that a delicious sensation crept over her the moment the prick entererd; that her cunt tightened and seemed to wet it-self copiously; that her spend at the climax was longer, more thrilling, voluptuous, satisfying, and exhausting; that when our spunks had mingled her whole body was satisfied; but that her first spend seemed only to confine its pleasure to her cunt. It is difficult to describe these sensations.

I frigged her several times, and got a copious discharge from her, thin, milky, and barely sticky, yet it left a strong stain on linen. She was astonished when I told her of her peculiarity. Perhaps she wondered what her poor John would think of it. I can't say I altogether admired her wetness; I took a dislike to a tall thin girl who was much of the same sort as Jenny, but that girl was quite slippy-cunted, though not with the whites. This was since.

(Another woman who had this sensitive and sensuous (for it was both) organization, was the sister of an intimate friend, and whom I have fucked since the above was written. I don't know that I shall say any-thing more about the lady, so tell of her cuntal peculiarity here. She was plump, fair-faced, had a fine complexion, and in face strongly resembled the queen. She was to be married.)

When her young man came to town, and Jenny went out with him, the girl upbraided herself. When I next saw her after his visit she felt herself a deceiving wretch, and cried. Now would I please desist, and not make her sin any more. But the persuasion was too great, the recollection of her pleasure too strong, and never did I go away without having plugged her.

Did she love her young man? Yes she supposed she did; he was kind, attentive, and would make a good husband. She wanted to get married, to have a home of her own; besides he was not a workman, but a tradesman, and when married they would have a shop, and be in a higher position. She always spoke more of the house and shop, and her liberty, than of her young man.

She was of a highly nervous organization, and through me she was to be shocked severely. She half fainted the first day I took liberties with her, thunder and lightning gave her an inclination that way, twice afterwards she nearly fainted, any sudden thing annoyed her and turned her white. One occasion I'll tell of now, the other in due course.

We fucked on the sofa after the first day; but though large, it was not like a bed, so afterwards we used to go to her bed-room. I used to leave my hat and stick downstairs, so that in case of surprise I might stand in the hall, and say I had called to enquire. It was a stupid thing to do as I found out, and then I used to take it into the bed-room. I had fucked her one afternoon, when a double knock

came at the street-door, I knew it. "It's my wife", I said. Down I rushed for my hat, and returned to the bed-room; and then Jenny opened the door. She had called to make some enquiry, and went away. I heard the door close, but no further noise or movement, then crept downstairs. There sat Jenny on a chair, just recovering from a half faint. "Oh !" said she, "I nearly dropped down." "Ah ! she would have knocked you down my dear, if your cunt could have spoken and said what was inside it." But Jenny never could joke. It was always dreadful, and she was to be punished in some way for her evil deeds with me. A few tears, and then a little bawdy chaffing brought smiles again on her face.

I delighted in talking bawdy to her, told her smutty stories about the women I had had, described their charms, and any special lasciviousness connected with them. Her astonishment was great; her curiosity intense; she in return told me all she knew about every other woman, and all her own little bawdy doings. Never was a woman so frank about such matters. When I left her I doubt whether her dear John could have told her half what she could have told him about fucking, and the two articles that copulation is done with.

Her talk was all about her sisters, and principally of the married one who came to sleep with her; a woman about twenty-eight years of age, who had been married some years, and had two children, the last one four years old. She, or rather he, did not mean to have any more, they could not afford to keep them. "How did they stop it?" I asked Jenny. She did not know. But one night the sister wanted particularly to sleep at home, and had asked Jenny if for once she would sleep in the house alone. She consented though frightened. I proposed sleeping with her, and we passed a very delicious night together : a man and woman fresh to each other, always do in bed. What a night of feeling, frigging, sniffing, inspecting, and fucking it was! At all times, no matter what we began talking about, cunt and cock were sure to become the subject. That night I learned that her sister had slept away, expecting to catch her husband out in some infidelities. Since he had determined to have no more children, he made her frig him instead of fucking; so the sister went short of cock and had to frig herself. That annoyed her. Then when he fucked her he did not do it properly, he cheated her sister, Jenny said. I was a long time in getting out of Jenny what the man did, at length she said, that just as the stuff was coming, he pulled it out, and it went all over her sister's thighs or her belly, and often before she had had her own pleasure. Her sister thought it was just as well not to be married, as to go on like that.

That was not all. He used at first to do it every night, and now not once a week, said he could do without it, that he did not care about it, and so on. She believed that he had other women, and that was more aggravating because she wanted it herself more than ever. She was not so well, she told Jenny for want of fucking, she liked it, and would willingly have more children though she was so poor. I asked cautiously if she had heard of the skins which people put over their pricks, and into which they spent their seed? Jenny had not. I explained what they were. She said she would ask her sister about it. I cautioned her about showing that she knew too much. A few days after, when Jenny told me her sister had tried them, but they did not like them, besides they could not afford them. What Jenny's sister paid for French letters I don't know, I used to pay nine pence each. I fucked Jenny with one on just to instruct her. These two women talked often about such matters; and each day Jenny told me what her sister had said. Soon I knew all about her sister's doings, from the night she lost her virginity to the birth of her last child. The little fucking that the sister had, and her longing for more affected me considerably; I quite longed to see this hot-bummed, cunt-neglected wife, and soon my curiosity was to be gratified in a way I little expected.

Jenny and I settled down quite matrimonially, I saw her certainly four days a week, or else every day excepting Sundays. At times I spent the whole day there, took wine, and meat, and newspapers. She cooked, and very badly. We ate and drank together, and fucked, she cried about John and her wickedness, and her fears of being found out. Then I read to her the news, and also every bawdy book I could get hold of, and explained to her every use that could be made of our tools, both male and female, from flat-cocking to buggery, so far as I knew, — but I did not know so much as I do now.

To prevent its being known I was there, we got quite cunning. I was not to come at eleven o'clock, because then the butcher came; nor at twelve, because the girls were always at the window next door; between one and two o'clock I was safe, because the family was always at dinner at that time; at three the milkman came, and I avoided him. So with a little trouble I pretty well escaped observation, during the eight or ten weeks which I did husband duty, and perhaps as much as some two husbands would have done.

Once she was awfully uneasy, for her courses had not come on, and shed flood of tears. She would lose her John, poor fellow ! When in that way she was always pitying him, but she was always irregular in her menstruation, which rendered it difficult to judge of her condition. Oh ! she was sure she was now in the family way, she had symptoms; she had asked her sister how she had felt when she had conceived, and her own symptoms were the same. "My God what shall I do I'll drown myself, I will, — I shall never be able to face him, — poor fellow !" "Go and get some-thing, go and see some one." She went, took a dose of what she called "hikery-pikery", and the ugly red stream came on. I don't believe she was in the family way. Years after I heard she had never had a child, though long married.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XX.**

**A Saturday afternoon. • Copulation interrupted. • Retreat cut off. • Under the bed. • Enter sister. • The new dress. • Heat and sweat. • Undressing. • Jenny's anxiety. • Sweating much, and stripping. • Nature in its simplicity. • Nature in its vulgarity. • Delicious peeps. • A cunt near my nose. • Erotic recklessness. • Fist-fucking.**

And now I was to become acquainted with her sister, — the married one. Jenny had no brother, had none of that knowledge about boy's cocks which girls of the humbler classes have when they have brothers. I some-times think that boys in the humbler classes show their cocks to their sisters; I don't recollect a girl I have fucked who did not say she had seen her brother's cock.

My knowledge of her sister's dissatisfaction with the small amount of fucking she got, her disappointment at having her husband's sperm on her thighs in-stead of up her cunt, and her very reasonable fears that at times it went into other receptacles besides her own, came forcibly to my mind. It would have been odd if it had not, for every time I poked Jenny we talked about her sister, indeed all our talk, unless about her sweetheart, and her fears was about fucking. I don't recollect any woman I have had who was so anxious to know all, and delighted to hear of my amours, and the descriptions I gave of my various women. If I described their cunts she was amused beyond measure; and to tell all this suited me exactly. For all that she thought it wicked, and that they and I, and she, would be punished by the Almighty (her ideas about the action of Providence were peculiar).

It was the good fortune of her married sister to give me one of the most laughable, but yet natural, salacious, voluptuous treats I ever had, without her knowing she had done so,---and from that came consequences which affected that lady herself.

I have always been highly delighted to see modest women naked or undress, or doing their toilet and little affairs, when they had no idea that any one saw them. I have looked through dozens of key-holes, bored holes in doors, waited breathless and half-naked for hours at night, have risen by day-light to enable me to get these treats. I had seen as already said, the cunts of my aunt and cousins, young ladies and others bathing, etc. (and as I shall tell of, have since seen a noble lady frig herself.) I have seen in fact modest ladies at their most decent, as well as the most indelicate of their toilet performances, and think I prefer looking at them under such circumstances, rather than at the beautiful voluptuous creatures who undress willingly in my presence, for those are so intent on

displaying their charms to the best advantage, to get a male erection and its crisis, as soon as possible, make much too evident what they do it for.

Jenny's sister gave me one of those natural displays. Had the lady been drilled in the art of unfolding her charms for the excitement of a male, and driving him into erotic fury, she could not have more effectually done so. Of the many displays of female charms (of modest females) I have seen, I never had one so gradual, natural, voluptuous, and cock-stiffening, as she unconsciously gave me.

I called on Jenny one Saturday afternoon, she had said I had better go quite early, but I did not. It was another sultry day, thunder had been heard, the atmosphere was heavy, but no rain had fallen; and the sun was bright and blazing hot. Said Jenny, "I'm frightened to let you stop, my sister is going to leave off work early, and she will be here about five o'clock, —don't come in." I would. "We shan't be half-an-hour, — it's not half-past three." A kiss, and a twiddle on her cunt settled the matter, and we went to her bed-room. She was on the bed, I between her thighs, ready to drop into her, indeed I'm not sure that my prick had not touched her cunt, when a knock and a ring came at the street-door.

To fully understand what follows it should be known that the old lady my friend, for fear that the rooms should be used; had locked up all the rooms but the parlours and a little closet overlooking the street, and the servants' bed-room, and had taken away the keys. I did not know that then, I knew it that day.

"Oh! my God it's my sister, — what shall I do? — I shall be ruined." Pale as death, I thought she was going to faint again.

"Don't be nervous, I'll go and hide in the room below, and when she is downstairs or up here, go out quietly, and leave the street-door ajar." "Oh ! all the rooms are locked up." "I'll go into the parlours then, —you get her downstairs." "Oh ! she always goes into the parlour first, and sits down a minute, and talks." There was no time for us to talk, more, for the woman knocked again. "Fetch my hat and stick (it was in the parlour), — you get her into the kitchen, then I'll slip out leaving the street-door ajar." Down we both went, three stairs at a time, up I went again with hat and umbrella, and had only got to the top when I heard poor trembling Jenny opening the street-door. I leant over the banisters, and listened.

"I've knocked twice Jenny." "Did you? — I was dozing, — the thundery weather makes me so queer. — "Have a cup of tea, and take a table out into the garden, — it will be fresher there to have tea."

"No I've got my new dress, it will rumple it if it's long in the bundle, I must open it. Such a pretty one, —you will like it I think. — Tom did when I showed him the pattern, — I'll take it up to the bed-room, and hang it up."

Jenny's voice rose almost to a shriek. "Oh ! no, no, don't, — come and have tea first, — I'm so thirsty, so tired, — come downstairs." "Well you go and make it, I'll only just hang it up in the bed-room, and come down directly", said her sister.

Jenny objecting, the sister answered angrily, "What are you in such a hurry for tea for? — it's not time, — well have it by yourself, I can't drink it, — I had a lot of beer at dinner, and Tom gave me nearly a pint before I left him, — it was so hot, I was so thirsty, — it's on my chest now, — I can't put tea on the top of it yet." "Well if you won't, I may as well go up with you", said Jenny. Footsteps came nearer, and hat, stick, and self, I threw under the bed. Jenny came in looking like death. "She won't find me here, — get her down soon", was all I had time to say in a whisper before the sister following Jenny entered the room. I had quite hidden myself. The bed had been a good one, the old gentleman and lady had slept on it for years; it was large and handsome, but being shabby and worn out, had that very month only been put to servants' use. Round it were old red valances hanging to the floor, things not given to servants. No sooner was I under the bed, than I

saw there were little openings at the seams, and some moth-holes, which permitted me to see through them. At one spot near to my shoulder as I lay crouching and doubled up, was a long slit where the valance had been torn down. By raising myself on my elbow, and squeezing my head against the mattress I could see perfectly, but no person in the room would have noticed me, even though the room was as bright as day, for the thick red hangings hid me in darkness under the bed, and I was on the side away from the window. I gazed earnestly at Jenny's sister through this opening and others.

She was a well-grown, strong woman, with a handsome round face, and dark hair and eyes; she had shortish petticoats, and thickish ankles in good lace-up boots which, made much noise as she walked about. She had a huge paper parcel in her hands, which she placed on the bed; then for a moment she rested her bum on the bed-side, and Jenny did the same by the side of her. The parcel was between them, her ankles were within a few inches of my nose; I gently lifted the valance, and saw up the calf of her legs, her petticoats cut as they were in those days, being drawn up by sitting down. I remember almost every word, every action which took place on that memorable afternoon, and not a movement escaped me.

"I can't untie it, — cut it." "The scissors are down- stairs." "I'll go and fetch them." "Oh! no,-where is the knife that I cut my corns with?" "Oh! never mind, —there, I've done it, — I've broken it", — and she rose up as did Jenny from the bed, and both now stood standing facing the side of the bed where I lay.

I heard the rustling of paper, the rustling of a dress, the noise of feet paddling about. "Oh! it is nice, — what did it cost? — who made it?" "I made the skirt, and Miss Skinner the body, — she charged me seven and six, — it's not dear, is it?" — I'll hang it up, then the creases will come out." "Let's hang it up first." And then on a peg at the back of the door the dress was hung up, and for a moment, both women stood admiring it, their backs towards me and the bed.

"Look", said the sister, "it just wants a little something done to the sleeves, — she said it was not finished there, — oh! yes here it is, — I would not wait for her, I can easily do it myself, — I was glad to get it, and half feared I should not get it for Sunday, — the old beast never keeps her promise, but she has this time, —I gave her sixpence extra. Oh! my gracious how hot it is, — I'm sweating all over, — it's awful, — I'll pull off my frock, then I'll finish the sleeves as it hangs up, — get us the needle and thread Jenny, — just thread a needle dear, while I pull off my frock."

"Don't", said Jenny in an agitated manner, "let's have tea first." "No I must finish it", and as she spoke she undid her dress, and slipped it off. A beautiful handsome pair of breasts came in view. "Oh! Lord look at my chemise, — look how I've sweated—see how the stain from the dress has gone through under my arms, — I stink of sweat, — how glad I shall be when the weather is cooler." As she said that with a slight effort she drew her arms through the sleeves of her chemise, and lifting her freed arms showed a pair of black hairy armpits. I began to thrill and cock-stiffen. She lifted her fine arms up, and looked at the stained chemise as it hung over her stays, then with a heave and a push she freed her breasts, so that they were right over the top of her stays showing the nipples; then with naked arms, she began to work at the sleeves of the dress hanging up behind the door.

Jenny was all this time moving about in a restless manner, taking every now and then a hurried glance at the valance of the bed which concealed me; and as it seemed to me placing herself in such a position, as to prevent my seeing her sister's upper nakedness; but it was quite useless, I could see all she had exposed.

She worked a few minutes talking to Jenny, who was making as much noise with her feet as she could. Then the sister looked up, and leaving off her needle-work said, "This will make Tom want to do it to me, —a new dress always does, when he sees me in it, — he ain't done it lately, he will to-morrow." They both laughed, and she went to work again.

Again she stopped, Jenny then seated herself at the edge of the bed over me. "Oh ! how awfully hot

I am, — what a bore petticoats are, — I declare I've a good mind to leave them off this weather." She stepped forwards. "I'll take them off, I can slammack about to-night, — no one will see me." "Oh ! no don't", said Jenny in an excited way; but she quickly unlaced her stays, untied her petticoats, and slipped them down to her ankles. Her chemise which was no longer held up to her shoulders by the arms, slipped down with them, and she stood naked before me excepting her boots and stockings. She seemed to have forgotten that her chemise was no longer held up, for just as the petticoats fell below her cunt, she made a slight grasp as if to hold them up, then she gave a laugh, "That's cool enough", said she.

"Don't, — what are you doing?" shrieked Jenny, "put on your chemise,-you're naked, you're naked", —and she tried to pull up the chemise; but the woman stepped away from the clothes as they lay on the floor, caught up the chemise, threw it on the bed, and placed petticoats and stays on a chair by the washhand stand. I saw large hips, a mass of dark hair at her cunt, a large white backside, fine round thighs, and limbs; in brief a fine, plump, well-fed woman, a splendid sight. The innocence of the action was beautiful. "Oh ! isn't it nice and cool", she said, "I've got so hot walking."

"Put on your things, — what are you doing?" said Jenny. "Oh ! isn't it nice !—I wish one could go in one's skin this weather", she replied. She scratched her motte-hair, and felt her arse, and seemed so pleased with herself. Then she looked under each of her arm-pits. "Oh! Lord how hot I am, — where is a towel?" She took one, and began gently rubbing herself with it under her armpits, put it down, and again scratched the hair of her motte.

"I'm surprised at you", said Jenny walking about, and I'm sure trying to prevent me from seeing her sister, though she always declared to me afterwards that she had no such intention. "Cover yourself, you'll catch cold." "Catch cold? — nonsense, — and you have the window shut also, — what do you shut it for?" "Oh ! I can't bear it open in thundering weather." The fact was we always shut it when we went to the bed to exclude noise, and left the door open, to hear if any one knocked at the street-door. "Put something on you at all events", said Jenny, "it's not decent." "Decent ? — you are modest all of a sudden."

"It's delicious !" She walked round the bed to the window, opened it, came back naked as she was, and went on working at her dress; and so for a quarter of an hour did I see this handsomely-made woman naked, first her side, then her belly, then her bum came in view, till I was driven mad by the state of my penis which was throbbing with excitement, and urging me to frig it.

"Well that will do", she said as she finished, "the creases will never be noticed where they are", — and she walked backwards to the bed, the short distance she was from it, and sat down at the edge just where the valance had dropped. With care I pulled the valance, and the seam opened more, but not much. I raised myself on my elbow, my eyes to the opening. There were the thighs and legs stretching out to the floor, her bum was at the mere edge of the bed, her cunt but about six inches above my nose. I had a wonderfully keen scent for the aroma of a woman, and swear I smelt her cunt distinctly, though I could not see it. She sat there for full five minutes, talking to Jenny about the dress, whilst I kept sniffing up the aroma from her flesh and her love-orifice, and feeling my quivering prick, whilst my greedy eyes gloated on the fat thighs, so far as I could see them.

At length she turned round. "I'll put my slippers on", — and sitting down opposite the bed on the chair on which she had placed her petticoats, she put one leg up, and began unlacing the boot, then between and under the thighs I saw the dark hairy notch. She had scarcely put herself in that attitude before putting her foot down, she came to the bed, put one foot up, and there continued unlacing it, — and there was her cunt just visible, and within a foot of my greedy eyes, whilst she leisurely unlaced the boot on the bed, the other foot on the floor. Had I placed her there for the purpose I could not have done it better.

"Oh! don't", said Jenny, "take your foot off." "What's the matter?" replied she as if just noticing Jenny's excitement, "you've got one of your foolish fits on I think." "You will dirty the bed, — take your foot off." "Nonsense it's quite dry, besides it's on my chemise, — I wish you'd go and make

tea, if you are in such a hurry, — one would think you had got St. Vitus' dance", — for Jenny in her agitation, and also to make noise to prevent any indiscreet movement of mine being noticed, had kept moving about noisily and restlessly the whole time.

Silenced, she said no more, but still walked restlessly about, went at the back of her sister, and glared at the valance where she guessed my eyes were peeping. Her face was the picture of anxiety. But I did not look at that long, I was rivetted on her sister's form and dark-haired cunt; that cunt was at times slightly opened by the attitude she was in, and altered its shape as she moved. I saw the thick dark hair curling away until I lost sight of it in the direction of her arse-hole, and I could smell her cunt again I swear, my excitement grew intense, I could not keep my hand from my prick, I knew the delicate position I was in, the injury I should do the poor girl if found out;—but a spend in sight of that cunt and splendid pair of thighs I must have. I just touched myself, holding my breath restraining all emotion, gave one or two frigs, and a shower of sperm fell over my trowsers. If any man might be pardoned for having a solitary pleasure, it was I, placed in such a lust-stirring situation.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XXI.**

**Further undressing. • Slippers wanted. • Toilet operations. • The effects of hash and beer. • A windy escape. • Feeling for the pot.--Sisters exeunt. • A crushed hat, and soiled trowsers. • A narrow escape. • My benevolent intentions towards Jenny's sister.**

I thought I had had my pleasure in silence, but I was wrong, I was heard, I had given a slight sigh. The anxious ears of poor Jenny heard it. She made increased noise whilst her sister went tranquilly on, and unlaced her boots without taking any notice or hearing me, whilst the last drop of sperm was running over, and I was still looking at her cunt, and sniffing.

Then she stood looking at her boots. "Ah ! this one wants soling, — where are my slippers? — where did I put them?" They were just under the bed, close by me. "Here they are", said Jenny rushing to the side, and pulling them out she gave them to her sister who took them, but instead of putting them on pulled off both her stockings. "I'll wash these to-night", said she, "and darn them the first thing to-morrow, — I'll cut my corns." "Oh! do come down and have tea, you can cut your corns after you have washed your feet to-night, — oh ! put something on, and come." "I won't be long, — you go and make tea." "No I shan't, I know you'll be an hour, — it will be spoiled." "I can cut them so much better by daylight, — I cut my toe last Saturday night you know", and without more ado she walked round the foot of the bed to the other side, where in front of the window was a small dressing-table, a looking-glass, and a chair by the side of it. She was now absolutely naked from head to foot. As she neared the window she said, "Oh! how delicious the air is blowing upon one's skin, — I quite hate putting on my chemise again." Jenny still kept moving about, and shuffling her feet; but the sister engrossed in herself, kept on talking about: her dress, her Tom, the place she was going to on the morrow, and seemed to notice nothing. At length she placed one foot on the chair by the window, and began cutting her corns. And now I had a view of her backside and naked form from that side of the bed.

When she had finished one foot, she put it down, and sat on the edge of the bed. "Poof! how hot it makes me stooping, — it makes me sweat, — but I'll do the other, — drat the tight boots, they make corns", — and up went the other foot. Out went my head, and up went the valance, but I was fearful of being seen, so took out my pen-knife, and cut a long slit in the valance. Then my eye was never still to her buttocks, but I could not see her seat of pleasure so well, so I took to the floor again, and saw her cunt better.

Then she stood for a minute looking over a little white blind into the gardens. "There is Mrs. B....

and her daughter walking." "Oh! pray put something on, if they should see you." "Impossible they can't", —and she stooped down, and began operating on the other corn. The cunt opened a little and so did some-thing else, for out popped a pretty loud, short, sharp fart.

"You beast", said Jenny. "I beg your pardon", said the sister, "I'm always windy when I have eaten hash, and drank beer, — I could not help it." "It's dirty", growled Jenny. "You're far enough off, and it's better out than in", — and ceasing to chuckle, and as if half ashamed of herself she went on corn-cutting without speaking, but that did not suit Jenny who soon began a conversation, and shuffling about. She made no further allusion to the fart.

When she had finished it only seemed as if I had been looking at her there for a few seconds, but on that side of the bed she must have given me ten minutes of that lascivious gratification. I was so engrossed, so delighted that even the fart did not amuse me; it annoyed me; for it made her alter her position, and withdraw from my lustful gaze, that charm which perhaps no one but her husband had ever gazed upon so long and so earnestly.

Then she went back again to the other side of the bed, put on stockings and slippers, and getting up, "Where is the pot" said she, "is it this side or the other?" and began feeling under the valance within a few inches of me, but it was not there. Evidently it was usually there, indeed I know it was, but Jenny and I both pissed before we began to think of fucking, and I had put the pot under the washing stand.

"Not there", shrieked Jenny rushing to the pot. The sister turned round and saw it, I peeped just in time to see her thighs open as she squatted, then came a heavy thump on the bed. The sister said, "What's the matter? — don't give way, — don't be a fool now." Then without pissing she got up, and came to the bed-side. Poor Jenny excited beyond bearing by anxiety, had fainted on seeing her sister on the point of discovering me in searching for the pot.

She shook Jenny, threw water on her face, and Jenny soon recovered. "What on earth's the matter? —you give way, you do, — a woman need not faint like that, I'm sure", said she angrily, "you scared me dreadful." Jenny said nothing, but repeated that she wanted her tea, that thundery weather always made her feel sick and faint.

"Well we will go down at once, — I did not think you were ill." "You might have seen I was." "I did not, but I'll be ready in a minute." Again she squatted on the pot, thighs wide open, belly towards me, pissed like a water-spout, and let one or two little farts of which no notice was taken, whilst I with cock stiff was looking on, and again frigging myself. I could not help it, for every turn, every movement she made was such as if done expressly to show off her naked charms, and drive me randy-mad.

"Give me my night-gown Jenny, it's at the foot of the bed, and I'll only put my dress over it, — it's so hot." Jenny turned to take the night-gown from the bed. "I'll just wash a bit", said her sister, "I'm almost in a lather with heat and sweat." Pouring out water in the basin she placed it on the floor, and turning towards the bed squatted, and sluiced her cunt, then rubbed it dry with the towel. "That has made me comfortable", she remarked, and began putting on her frock.

As she did so she remarked, "You have not emptied the pot to-day, — you should, it smells this hot weather." "Yes I did", said Jenny innocently. "Well then you've peed a lot." "I've done it once or twice since morning", said Jenny hastily.

Then the sister went out first. When half-way down-stairs I emerged from my hiding place and listened, heard Jenny say, "I may as well empty the slops, you go and see if the water boils." Up came Jenny. "Oh ! I'm ready to die, — hish !—be quiet." She emptied the pot and waters into a slop-pail, and went downstairs quickly whilst I followed her silently. I was covered with flue, and had managed to crush my hat; my trowsers were partly unbuttoned, and one leg covered with spunk. We got to the ground-floor almost together, and there I stopped. So soon as I heard she was in the kitchen I moved along the passage, and slipped out, leaving the street-door ajar. Luckily a cab

was close by, and I jumped into it. The first thing I did was to button up properly. I bolted past my servant as she opened the door to me, took another hat, wrapped the old one up in paper, and the same night tore out the lining, and threw both away in a bye-road.

I was in an indescribable state of excitement after this delicious afternoon, and was seized with an almost delirious litch for the woman. I was sleepless for a night or two, scheming how to possess her.

Early on the Monday I got to Jenny's, and spent the rest of the day fucking, and talking of the sight I had seen. My imagination helped to allay my excitement, for the form of her sister though more beautiful than Jenny's had still a family likeness to her, and as I clasped Jenny in my arms I pictured her as her sister, and enjoyed her as such.

I was cautious in my disclosures, for I found that Jenny who had been most inquisitive about other wo- men, and delighted to hear about how they talked, and walked, and pissed, and fucked; was annoyed when I talked of her sister's nakedness. I ought not to have looked, — why I had seen more than she, her own sister, — a poor woman, and married, and she to have her thing looked at by a strange man, — her husband could not have seen more, — and so on. So though I described her sister's charms I took care not to ex-press any admiration of them, nor to say I had friggged myself, and felt desire for her. Jenny had not noticed that my trowsers were undone, and sperm-soiled. I had not noticed that myself till I got out of the house on that eventful afternoon.

On the Monday when I saw Jenny, she declared that another hour's anxiety would have killed her. We found that the time from the minute the sister came into the bed-room, to the time she went downstairs was two hours. Jenny thought that she must have been half-an-hour working at her dress. Jenny had walked round the room trying if she could see me, or if I was looking, but could only do so once or twice at the holes, or fancy she did; but the long tear in the valance through which I could see with both eyes at once, and just above which her sister had put up her legs, she had never noticed; nor did she believe me when I said that I could see the cunt when her sister's backside was towards me, when near the window. So I made her lie down, and look from the floor whilst I stood naked, pretending to cut my corns. Then she said it was a shame of me to be peeping. She had a clear inspection from my bum-hole to my ballocks, and knew I had seen the cunt.

She did not contend any longer. "Do you mean to say, that if you had been under the bed, and had known a naked man was cutting his corns, you would not have peeped out?" No she would not; but had it been a naked woman perhaps she would, Jenny re-plied. So after she had heard from me how much I had seen of her sister's body, between her back-bone and her navel, and I had told her something which made her say, "Law has she!" though I can't recollect what it was, the subject dropped. Then I learnt from her more about her sister's wages, mode of life, and where she worked; for although the thing seemed ridiculous, I had a litch, and meant to try to put into that young woman if possible, though I had not then stroked Jenny many weeks. I liked variety.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XXII.**

**The Sunday following. • Chaste calculations. • The sister alone. • My embarrassment. • Ale fetched. • Warm conversation. • Stiffening. • Bolder talk. • An exhibition of masculinity. • A golden promise. • Lust creeping. • Baudy dalliance. • Cock and cunt in conjunction.**

On the following Sunday her young man was coming to London, and she was to spend the day with him at his relatives. Her sister was to keep the house, the husband was going elsewhere, so the sister would be alone, — all provided it was fine weather. Jenny had promised her Mistress that until her return she would never go out with her young man, and that is how Jenny kept her word. She knew I would not tell, would I? — I felt her cunt, and kissed her. "It's not very likely, is it my pet?" Then

she snivelled, said she was very wicked, and hoped God would not punish her.

When I heard of this arrangement I lusted strongly. In vain I said to myself, "What again a married woman ! in comfortable circumstances for her class, with two children, — a woman you have never spoken to, — can you expect to get her!" I did not expect it, but had a burning desire to see and speak to her, to look closely at, and have a chat with a woman whose privates I had seen so nakedly. It seemed to me to promise a titillating treat. Besides I had been so successful with women, — gay women had even been anxious to get me, — that a half-belief came over me, that if I had time, I could persuade even her to let me. Time was the difficulty, for she did not yet even know me by face (so I thought, but was wrong). At all events see her I would, — she was dissatisfied with her fucking, that I knew; she might be randy, and then be much less impregnable than she seemed; so I determined to see her on the Sunday that Jenny went out.

I could think only of one powerful means of getting her, if anything encouraged a hope, and that was by money. I had not too much then, though getting better off, but determined if ten pounds would tempt her, that she should have it. I was a long time I recollect pondering over the sum. The Sunday turned out fine, I put the gold in my purse, and went to the house just after their dinner-time, and after my luncheon, at which I fed myself up well, and to give me courage took an extra glass, for I had one of my nervous fits of funking come on, mixed with doubts about the, morality of deliberately trying a married woman.

She opened the door, I walked straight in. "Who are you?" "Where is the housemaid?" said I, "I have promised Mrs. W. . . . to call and see from time to time." "Oh ! I'm her sister sir, my name is I sleep here every night sir, Mrs. W. . . . pays me to do so sir, — my sister is out sir, — I'm very sorry, but she is not at all well from being confined to the house so much, — I told her she might go to church, — it would be a change, and give her a little fresh air;—she will be back at half-past four sir." "Oh ! so you are Mr. So-and-So?" "Yes I am." I walked into the parlours. There was a large beer-jug and two tumblers on the table, and ale in one glass. She rushed to take them away. "I beg pardon sir, but Mrs. W.... said we might sit in the parlours, when we have done work, and on Sundays besides, cause it's so dull in the kitchens." The woman was agitated at her sister being out, and at being caught drinking beer in the parlour; she thought I might make mischief, I suppose.

I told her that she need not disturb herself, for I should not stay long, and kept looking with cock already stiffening into her face, then at her arms, then at the bottom of her belly, and in my mind's eye seeing the dark hair down there. I had planned conversation, but forgot what to say, through thinking of her nakedness and sexual charms; and stood staring at her till she turned her eyes away confused, and colored up.

I continued to be embarrassed, and so lost recollection of all I had intended to say and do, that I was actually going away. I asked one or two stupid questions: if letters had come, if any one had been, and so on; all the time thinking that I was looking through her clothes at her naked charms. I was in a sort of a trance of baudiness which muddled me; when noticing the ale-glass I asked, "What are you drinking?" "Fourpenny ale sir." That reply broke the spell, my senses returned, I thought of an excuse for stopping. "Give me a glass, — I'm thirsty." "That's the last of it sir." "Can't you get some?" "The pot-boy brought that, it's Sunday, and the public is not always open." I looked at my watch. "It's not church-time yet, send some one to fetch some, — I'm so thirsty, and hot, and so tired", — and I sat down. "I'm alone." "Is not your husband here?" "No, no one." "Do you mind fetching me some?" "If you don't mind waiting sir." "No." I gave her money. "How much?" "Oh ! fill the jug, — not with fourpenny, — with the best ale, — ask them to draw it mild, and get me two bottles of ginger-beer". In a few minutes she was back, — I had given her a five shilling piece. "You may keep the change." "Thank you sir", said she quite touched and delighted. I always gave the change to girls whom I wanted to poke.

In her absence I went all over the house that was not locked up, even to the privy and coal-cellar, had satisfied myself that she was alone, and was getting quite myself again when she came back.

"Have a glass." "Thank you sir." "So you are Jenny's sister, — Jane's her name I think." Yes it was. "Aren't you afraid to be in the house of a night?" No she was not. "Sit down." "Thank you sir", — but she stood. "So you are an upholstress, — sit down", — and after a little pressure down she sat. We took ale together, and no doubt I spoke with all that kindness which a man shows towards a woman whom he desires to poke, I have heard women say that I have a winning, persuasive manner.

Gradually the conversation became about herself. "You've two children, — why not more?" "Oh ! quite enough for poor people." "Well you see I can't get any." "Poor people are sure to have lots." "Two is not a lot, — how manage to stop at two?" "Oh ! it's all chance." "Is not another coming?" She was getting flushed and excited. "Lord no, I hope not." "Don't you know?" "I don't." "Yes you do,—how old is your last?" "Four years." "If I were your husband I'd have a dozen." "Well you say you haven't any yet sir," said she. "No I can't get any." "Ah ! if we had your money !—but with we poor people is different, — it's hard enough to fill the bellies of two." "And so you won't have your belly filled with another little one, — won't you, eh !"

"Oh I Lord", said she laughing spite of herself, "you are plain-spoken." I was in the vein now, did not say an improper word, but gave bawdy hints, smutty suggestions about the dullness of sleeping alone, of the results of wives being away from husbands, etc., till her eyes twinkled, and she laughed much. I had now broken down the barrier, had brought myself to her level, and she as every other woman would have done, took advantage of it, and began to return my chaffing and banter, every woman feels instinctively that when a man is chaffing her (be it ever so decently veiled), about fucking, that she may safely return it: both are at once on a common level. A washer-woman would banter a prince, if the subject was cunt, without the prince being offended. To talk of fucking with a woman is to remove all social distinctions, and I had done it without uttering at first a smutty word.

Jenny's sister went on chaffing, and drank ale freely. "Oh ! I dare say, but why don't you have children?" "I can't get any I tell you, but I try." "Not much at home", said she, "from all I have heard." "No I try out as well, and get none, — I'm a safe man." Then I found she knew a lot about me and my affairs; She had actually worked at my house on some curtains, had seen me once, and knew my voice, though for the moment she had not recollected my face with my hat on when I entered the door that afternoon. But I had never seen her at my house to my knowledge, though if I had I was not likely to have noticed a common upholstress. We went on chaffing, looking in each other's faces, each knowing we were talking about fucking. "Well Mrs playing at mother and father's a delicious amusement, is it not?" "I don't know." "If you don't know we'd better try, — I'd give five pounds to be your husband for an hour, — and five pounds would buy you a new dress." "It would buy me three", said she with-out noticing the other part of my remark. "Three?" "Yes three, — I can't afford more than thirty shillings for a best dress." "Really I—such a beautiful creature as you ought to have plenty of dress, for I have rarely seen a more lovely woman, and so well grown,—I'll bet you have fine limbs." She was flattered, the praise upset her, her eyes tinkled. Yes she might have done better she knew, but it was to be. I went close to her, caught and kissed her. She made not too strong a resistance, but got away. "That's going a little too far." "That's the beginning of a game at mother and father, and you are going to have the three dresses." She laughed in a funny way. "I don't want to be a mother any more, so I don't want any games." But she seemed to me to look as if she did.

What did she get for stopping at the house? Five shillings a week, and her supper and breakfast, — that was an object. "Five shillings? — why my kiss was worth that, — let me give you another, and I'll give you ten shillings for the two." "You don't mean that", said she with a low laugh. "On my soul yes, — but you must give me a kiss as well." She shook her head. "It's going too far", said she. "There it is, I'll trust you, — you won't take it without letting me." She was then sitting. I put the half sovereign into her hand. "Thank you sir", said she softly. I kissed her rapturously, she let me kiss half-a-dozen times, and whilst doing I so took hold of her hand, and pressed it as if by accident against my cock. She a married woman knew the hard line her hand pressed against, for she moved her hand away. "Now your promise, — kiss me." "I didn't promise." "You took the money." "There

then", said she giving me a kiss, and jumping up sharply, "we are going too far, — we really are now, — we don't either of us know what we are about I think." "I don't think I do", said I, "for though I never saw you before, I've never been so struck with a woman in my life, I'd give ten pounds to be in bed with you an hour."

I had been putting my cock straight in my trowsers, feeling and squeezing my balls whenever I saw her looking at me. I fancied she kept looking askant at that part of my person. She was getting red in face, hot, and confused in manner. Just then I observed a bed pillow on the sofa, she had I guessed been laying down after dinner. "Why here is a pillow, — you've been on the sofa with your husband, — you have been playing at mother and father here." She burst out into laughter. "Why I've not seen him for a week." "Then you've been tickling by yourself." "Tickling?" (it was said quite innocently.) "Yes between your legs." "Oh ! really now you are a going too far sir", said she jumping up again, "you speak too freely, — I don't like it." Then she laughed, and said, "Wellthis— really is, — oh !"

"Not at all,- -you are lovely, exquisite, delicious, — if you've really not seen your husband for a week, let me, — who will know ? — we are in the house alone, — let us", — and standing close to her I put my arms round her, but I felt afraid of going too far. "You must not talk like that." "Oh ! nonsense, — I'll give you six pounds." "Oh ! no, you don't mean what you say, — it's wild talk." I took out my purse, and putting six pounds on the table in gold, just as I had done to her sister the ten pounds; there said I, "That is yours", — and pulled out my prick. She got up, and ran to the other side of the room as if I had pulled out a pistol. "You're talking too plain sir, — it's going too far, — if you expose yourself like that I'll go to the street-door." I'm at a loss to know why I pitched upon six pounds, I had intended ten, but cannot tell why I offered that particular sum. I have often thought since, of what made me take that economical figure.

"Sit down." "I won't if you expose yourself, — it's not gentlemanlike." I put my cock into my trowsers, then kissed her again, resistance was not so strong. "Now sir don't." "Sit down my darling", — and getting her to the sofa we went on talking. "How foolish, —who would know, — why not delight me, — why not take the money." "No." "Do now." "No." "Won't you?" "Of course not, — no,---no." "Well kiss me." "There then." "Do let me dear." "I won't, — I won't, —I shan't, — there."

Just then I noticed one of her garters was hanging down by her foot. "Your garter's undone", said I. I stooped forwards, and took it up. "Give it me." I kissed it. "No, — it's been so near where I want to go, —I shall keep it till I've been there." "You will keep it a long time then."

She drank more ale, it was sweet and strong, and I went on talking. Thought I, "She must want it if she has not seen her husband for a week." Where did she garter. — below or above knee? "Let me feel?" I felt outside, then pinched the leg, then higher up. She began looking me full in the face, and laughing at my smutty insinuations. I pulled her back on the sofa, kissed her, and let her rise up again. I repeated the pull and the kiss more than once, and then as she was rising up and saying, "Now don't pull me about like that", I put her hand on my prick which I had slipped out again. "Oh ! " — and she let it go. Quick as lightning I slipped a hand up her clothes to her cunt. "Let me now, — there's a darling." "I shan't." "Do." "I shan't." She repulsed my hand, but did not get away from me. I thought from the way she looked at me, and the quiet manner in which she pushed away my hand, that she was hot with lust, and could scarcely refuse me. I pulled her to me, and got my finger on her clitoris. "Do let me feel your cunt, and fuck, — put my prick in there, — let us, — do darling", said I twiddling like mad, and rattling out a volume of baudiness.

She bore it all for a minute quietly, wriggling and saying, "I shan't, — I won't, — no, now take your hand away." Then with a sudden impulse she pushed me off, got up, and sat down further from me on the sofa. "Oh I now be quiet, — let me think a minute,--I don't know whether I'm on my heels or my head." She picked up something which had fallen at her feet, as she had doubled herself down when my finger was stimulating her randiness.

Then catching her by her waist I pulled her back on to the sofa, and threw myself on her. "You shan't" were the last words I recollect her uttering; as I threw up her clothes and felt the wet gash. My prick the next instant was buried in it, and we were fucking.

"Don't, — oh. — take it out, — do, — oh !—oh !—ohoe !" she murmured. She had fetched me, and pump; pump, pump, pump, went my spunk up her. Then delicious oblivion. As I came to myself I found her arse still moving. "Oh! do" she murmured. She was besides herself, with desire to spend.

But my prick instead of obeying me as it usually did on such exciting occasions, refused, and shrinking left her cunt, to my intense vexation. "I haven't done it", said she softly, and with disappointment as her bum ceased its labors, and my tool lay dropping out-side her quim.

We spoke no more, but I lay trying to squeeze it up again. To stiffen it I felt up and round her, rubbed the tip on her spermy nymphoe, she made gentle efforts to second me, but it was of no use, so I rolled off. She sat up, and after looking at me for a minute with eyes filled with baudiness, began like all women, to feel if her hair was all right. "Were you just coming my dear?" She made no reply.

She had not taken any care to arrange her dress, it had dragged up behind her bum, and the petticoats were up to her knees, the leg which had lost its garter was half naked. Taking her round the waist I put my hand on to her cunt, and titillated the clitoris. She let me go on, and continued feeling about her hair. Then looking me full in the face, looking as if she were ready to spend, she pushed me away. "Don't, — don't, —I don't like it done that way." "You can do it that way yourself, can't you ?" "Of course I can." "I shall soon fuck again." "Oh! I dare say", and she walked to the looking-glass, then went to the window, and looked out into the garden without paying any heed to my exciting remarks. I sat on the sofa feeling my cock, and trying to stiffen it, but it was useless; so I tried to interest her: in something else, feeling annoyed, though I had nothing to be ashamed of.

## **Vol. 3 Chapter XXIII.**

**Jenny's bed-room. • The money hid. • On the bed. • Fears of maternity. • Inspection of sex. The use of a husband. • Another Sunday. • Regrets and refusal. • Resistance overcome. • Jenny's ignorance. • Her Master returns. • Difficulty in getting at Jenny. • Her sister waylaid: Against a fence. • Jenny's marriage, and rise in life.**

"Why don't you take the money?" said I. "You really mean it?" "Of course." She took it up. "It's a real God-send, — it comes just in time, — who'd have thought it?" said she as if to herself. "I must put it where it can't be found, and take it home to-morrow." She went to the door. "Aren't you going?" "No I'm going to do it again soon." "But you're not." "But I am." Without reply she went upstairs. I had meant to have ready a stiff-stander, when she came back, but changed my mind, and followed her. She was nearly at the top when hearing me she waited, and said, "What do you want?"

"I'm coming to see what you do." "You won't." "I will." "I'll come down and wait till you are gone." "I'll stop till your sister comes home." "Do go down sir", said she in a coaxing tone. "No." She sat down on the top-stairs, I did the same a few stairs below her. Her knees were wide apart, my mind went to the afternoon when I had seen her naked. That glorious two hours. I stared in a voluptuous reverie, her cunt was as visible to me through her clothes, as if she were naked, and my cock began to swell. I stared on with-out uttering a word.

"What are you staring at?" said she at last, "go down, and I'll be down in a minute." "I'm looking at your cunt, it's open slightly, I can see my spunk in it." "Oh!" said she jumping up, "I never heard such a man in my life." (She had the gold still in her hand.) "You have upset me so, I don't know

what I am about." She then turned her bum round towards me, and I put my hand quickly up her clothes, as she went up the stairs. "Oh! you frighten me so I don't know what I'm doing." I followed her into the room, and she locked up the money in a bag that was in a drawer. Turning round she saw my prick out, and as stiff as ever. It was the recollection of what had taken place in that room on the Saturday week previous, which had rendered me capable again. I closed on her, kissing and inciting her, pulled her to the bed, and began feeling her. "I don't like that done, you know you can't, — leave me alone, — go down, — oh ! don't."

I coaxed her for a second. She got on to the bed, and opened her thighs wide like a well-trained fuckster to help me, I inserted my penis, and she met me with passion. I was not so rapid, the want of a spend was not now overpowering my senses; whilst she had had two hours bawdy talk, been fucked, but cheated of her pleasure, and been left at the critical moment, unsatisfied, with my spunk in her. She was dying for a spend, wanting it like a woman who has been for a week unsatisfied. Her cunt was hungry for prick, throbbing and tightening to pour out its amatory juices, her backside's movements became quick and fierce. "Oh! it's big", she gasped whilst I was still sensible, "oh !- I'm--com—coming", — and gluing her mouth to mine she spent copiously ere I'd well nigh began to feel the full urging of lust.

The constriction of her cunt, the delight of feeling her pleasure increased my stiffness. "Let me wash, — do." "You won't come on the bed again." "Yes I will, but let me wash." I clutched her like a vise. "NO I'm coming, — you'll spend again." My prick stiffer and stiffer drove with fury up against her womb. "Oh ! don't push so hard." "Fuck my darling, — there, — the tip's only in, — it's in your spunk, and mine together." "Oh ! you hurt." On I drove. Her backside's play began, her lips were glued to mine, our tongues played against each other, and we spent together with ejaculations. "Oh I—don't, you hurt, — oh ! oh !—I'm coming." Then we lay palpitating, my prick throbbing and soaking, her cunt squeezing and sucking.

"Let me get up, — let me wash, — pray do." I laid on her heavy, nestled my balls up to her arse, held her as long as I could; but uncounting me she got off the bed, and washed her cunt. I still lay playing with my prick. "You'll have a child this day nine months my dear." "Oh ! my God don't say so, — but I believe I shall." "You are all right, I don't get them you know." "Have you never had any children !" "None at home." "Oh ! that's nothing, — have you any out, for you are a gay man?"

I got up to piss, and saw my thick sperm in the basin. "You've washed it all out my dear, — you are safe." She shook her head. "This is a strange business", she remarked, 'I scarce know where I am, — what I'm about, — it's impossible', — and she stood staring at me playing with my cock. Then she went to the drawer and looked at the money, as if she doubted its being there. "It's a fact", she said locking it up again, "are you not going down ?" "No." "I wish you would, — I want to be by myself." "You want to piddle." "You are a strange man", and taking the pot she pissed. "You'd better empty all", said I, "if your sister Jenny comes back and sees it, she will think your husband's been doing it to you." "She won't think or know anything if she does see", said Mrs "Well I declare I'm a talking to you just like my husband, — I don't seem to know whether I am on my head or my heels."

"Church must be over, — Jenny has not come back." "She won't be back till nine o'clock, she is out with her young man." "Oh ! not at church?" "No I told you so because Mrs. W.... told her not to go out on Sunday;—but you won't tell ?" "Of course not my dear, I dare say Jenny and her young man have done what we have been doing." "Lord sir, he is a most respectable young man, and far above her, — they are going to be married, — she is lucky, luckier than I am, —she'd knock his head off if he laid hand upon her improperly, — that she would, she! Lor bless you", — and Mrs laughed with incredulity. I laughed also. "All! she looks a quiet young woman." "So she is, and so is he, — his family is well off", — and then she told me all that Jenny had told me.

"I wish you would let me make the bed." "I'm going to have you again." "Oh! likely." "I am." "No you're not, — please go." "No." "Then I shall go downstairs," "Go my dear." She took me at my word, her manner had quite changed, she had been laughing and chaffing, she had blushed, looked

at me with fun and lust in her eyes, and at last with full open eyes one moment, followed by the half-closed eye and languishing manner of a randy woman. Now she was quiet, almost sullen, and if she looked at me her eyes fell directly, the randiness had been taken out of her. "I must rouse it up well if I am to have her again", said I, to myself as I lay thinking about her, and the delicious sight I had seen in that room, the sight I never dare disclose to her, — but how I longed to tell her.

Up she came looking glum. "Are you not going?" "No." "Let me make the bed then." "Not until I have had you again." "Then it will go unmade." "That won't matter to me." But it will to me, — what will my sister say if she sees the bed's been laid upon like that?" "Perhaps she will think a man has been with you." "Well you take it mighty cool, — I do hope you're going." "Not till I've had you." "Now you are a talking nonsense, — you know you can't do it", said she with an incredulous look and the tone of a woman who knew what a prick could do and what not. "Look at this", I uncovered my prick which was nearly at a full-stand. She smiled when she saw it. "Nonsense I am ashamed." "My dear I'm proud, and not ashamed, — come." "I shan't." Then here I'll lay",-and I fell back, and pulled balls and cod well out of my trowsers.

I had always a lust stirring tongue, fifty women have told me so. "You'd talk any women randy", said a gay woman once to me. Brighton Bessie said, that in five minutes I could talk her into a lewd state. Others have given me similar compliments. I was not specially conscious of that power that I recollect, but instinctively used it when I had got over fits of modesty, which sometimes prevented my uttering even veiled allusions for a time.

Mrs like Jenny was easily flattered. What lovely limbs she had I said; had she much hair on her cunt? my excitement had prevented me feeling or seeing it. "Come and let me feel, — let me look." She colored and blushed, and at every lascivious remark, "Oh! I never, — no I never did, — oh !" Then she again went to the drawer where the money was, looked in it as if to make sure it was there, and locked the drawer now. "Mine's bigger than your husband's, isn't it?" "Well if I ever heard such remarks." "You said it was big when it was up you." "Oh! you story." "You did my dear, you said when you were just coming, 'Oh! it's big.'" "I didn't." "Yes you did, you know you did, — look how stiff it is now, — come." "I won't."

I moved off the bed, caught her, and pushed her against the side of the bed. "Let's see your cunt." "You shan't." "How foolish,-I've fucked it twice,--let me feel it, and you feel my cock,--let me look at it, — I'm sure it's lovely." She got on to the bed after a little resistance, took my pego in her fist, and I got my fingers in her crack. "A delicious fuck you are", —then she let me pull up her clothes and look. "My God what a lovely cunt, — how deliciously you join your wet lips to mine, — how you move,--I shall never forget it to the last moment of my life, — oh! let me." "I musn't, — I would, but I'm frightened." "How foolish, — it's not an hour since my prick was in you, — what is the harm of doing it another time?" "Will you go then?" "Yes." Gently Mrs opened her thighs. Our backsides were soon at the short wriggles. "It's big, isn't it?" "Oh! don't", said she, "I shall spend." My remark, tallying perhaps with something which was passing in her own mind fetched her, and me with her instantly.

When it was over I would not go. "No I'll do it again." "That's nonsense", said she, "you know you can't, even if you try, and you're only making me anxious." We laid side by side talking, for she liked the subject. I had a most buttock-stirring lech on me, and to her astonishment in about an hour I produced another stiff one. One persuasion is very much like another with the same woman; each time I had less difficulty, for she liked the poking. Dusk was coming on, she got lights, she fetched some liquor, and after the liquor I got her to lay on the sofa (for we then had gone downstairs), and on pretence of kissing her quim I got her to open her thighs wide, and saw in the twilight what I had seen before, large and ugly inner-lips. For all that I fucked her again, after frigging myself up gently to stiffness, and fucked as if it was the last bout with a woman I .was ever going to have. Then I left at her earnest entreaties before her sister returned. I had been there six hours.

I called on Jenny next day. She was in a way. Her sister directly she had returned home said she

must go and see her husband; and spite of Jenny's entreaties not to leave her alone, had gone and never returned all night. Jenny could not make out the reason, but thought that she went away expecting to find her husband with a woman. She returned to sleep as usual on the Monday night with Jenny, I found subsequently.

That day I went off without poking Jenny, and slunk away ashamed. I was done up with poking her sister. Jenny seemed astonished, but said nothing. Afterwards I got out of Jenny cautiously all I wanted to know about her sister. The result was, that finding on the next Sunday fortnight, Jenny was again going out with her young man, and the sister again would be left in the house, I went there. The woman's astonishment was great, and I believe she was genuinely distressed at seeing me. I attacked her for a time fruitlessly, she would not move from the street-door. "Did you not swear when I let you do it the last time, you would never come near me again, and never tell any one?" said she.

I could not deny it, had great difficulty with her, and thought I never should succeed. For full an hour with her back against the wall of the passage did she stand, refusing to move. I pulled up her clothes, felt her cunt, knelt on the mat, got my head up her petticoats, my nose on her motte, my mouth on her thighs and cunt, my hand round her marbly buttocks, and held her kissing, sniffing, and groping my fingers between her bum-cheeks, and the red orifice which I wanted to plug. In her struggles to prevent me she once nearly fell, but she got away.

But what woman who has been fucked by a man could withstand an hour's persistent feeling, cunt-kissing, bawdy talk, and beseeching. I conquered, and fucked her on the sofa. She did not rush out to wash her cunt as she had done at our first meeting, there was no water near. I had her again and again. At each assault when the pleasure overtook her, she had the same mouth-sucking and arse-wagging. When our love-making was over, I gave her two pounds. I had offered it her before in the passage, but she had knocked it out of my hand. When she took it she said. "Ah! it's an awful thing to be poor!" I shall tell of another woman who made the same excuse to herself for getting her lust satisfied, or yielding.

That satisfied me, and I never had her again in the house. A letch for her came again about two months afterwards,-why? God only knows, for then at times I was having her sister, another woman, Louisa Fisher, and lastly Sarah Mavis. The old couple had returned, Jenny had a fellow-servant; I could only get a poke up her with difficulty on the Sundays, which her young man did not see her. I took her to a bawdy house for an hour or so, then she went to church, and heard the text, because her Mistress always asked her what the text was when she went home. It was a supposition that she went to church on a Sunday.

I knew where Jenny's sister lived, and the place where she worked. It was now dark about six o'clock. I waylaid her on her way home on the high-road which was well lighted and full of people. I walked with her, but she prayed me not to do so, for her husband came partly the same road, and sometimes met her. What would happen if he met her with a swell walking by her side. I could not persuade her to go to a house. No, — she was not a loose woman, though she knew what she had done, — I had done her more harm than I had any idea of, already, — why injure her?"

The more she objected, the more I longed for her. At last under solemn promise that I would go away after, we turned up a short street leading into a lane by garden-grounds, and there up a fence I fucked her. Away she went, and I never saw her afterwards to speak to, though I have passed her without taking notice. I think that in that parting fuck I had all the pleasure, she none.

Jenny's Mistress had been taken ill at the seaside, and kept there a month longer than was intended. Owing to this my complete enjoyment of Jenny's charms was prolonged, and to that I owed the second Sunday's fucking of Jenny's sister. Old Mr. W... . came up to London twice, and once nearly caught me in the house. I had written to say I had called at their home, and had never found their servant out. The lady wrote to thank me, and in writing to my mother, said how much obliged they were for my calling; but my wife said she thought the servant (Jenny) was a sly sort of minx, and

wondered how they could be so foolish as to leave her in the house by herself.

When they came to town I was for a time very intimate with them, which pleased them much. Jenny used to let me out at the garden-gate, and leave the gate unlocked. Instead of going away, I used to hide in the shrubs, Jenny would come back, close the street-door ajar, and a few minutes afterwards come out again very quietly. Then up against an ivy covered wall we poked, and she went indoors with wetted privates. Sometimes after waiting I had to go away unsatisfied, she not appearing, sometimes rain pre-vented us, — all of which was very annoying.

Fucking her in fact became a matter of anxiety. She had to dodge her fellow-servant as well as her Master and Mistress, and we copulated in fear and trembling. In the midst of the work she has left me because of some scare; once she went off saying, "Oh ! there is Missus' bell ringing, — oh !— and uncunting me, off she ran. One night we went on to the flower-beds between two large trees, and the next day the old gentleman remarked that some man had got over the wall into his garden, and he should tell the police. If there was moonlight we were done. One night latish she was sent to fetch some butter. I waited, and we fucked up against some palings. Unfortunately the butter was let fall out of the basket on to the gravel. We went back for more, but the shop was then shut, so she had to take home the dirty butter, and make the best story she could about it. On Sundays when at the boudy house, the girl was awfully frightened lest she should be seen, and we used to walk there on opposite sides of the way, I going in first. Then we went away with similar precautions, — but I began to get very tired of this, having indeed had enough of her.

Jenny had lost all fear of being in the family way, and poked freely, but she never ceased bewailing her poor young man; though at length my tool had become to her a thing to be longed for. The young man had money left him, quitted his place, and Jenny left to be married. I heard of them fur many years after-wards, they opened a shop, then a larger one, and so on, till at length he became (I found this quite recently) the mayor of the town, — if not it was some one of the same name, and in the same line of business. He was much respected, and Jenny his wife was equally so. They had no children up to the time when the old lady her former Mistress, died; and for aught I know they may still be living in the town of

One night some time before she left her situation, we spoke of her sister. "She is in the family way again", said she, "and in such a way about it, and so is he, — the night she left me to sleep by myself, she went home to her husband, because she suspected there was another woman there;— well that night she declared he did not let his stuff go outside, — he says he did, — they quarrel, he says it's her fault, and she says it's his."

Then it seemed evident to me that after the heavy fucking I gave her that day, that she feared being in the family way; so went home, and incited her man to fuck her, and enable her to say that the child was his, and of course it might have been, though it might have been mine.