

Vol. 5 Chapter I

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When I came to London, Camille received my attentions but I was not constant to her, for a change of women was necessary to me. Gabrielle I had lost sight of, for she had changed her lodgings, till one afternoon going up an obscure street near Regent Street, I heard called out, "Monsieur, Gabrielle." Looking up I saw it was she. Upstairs I went, and very soon was up her. I saw her several times afterwards, and one evening had a desire to see two women naked together, — it was years since I had done so. Gabrielle got me another woman as tall as herself, and with a cunt of similar hairiness and look. I sent for champagne, we all stripped naked, the two women sat on my knees, then laid on the bed side by side, and then knelt on it with rumps outwards, whilst I investigated their genitals; but my prick would not stand, and though I tried to fuck the stranger who used every blandishment, I could not do it.

I have before, and since, at times been unable to poke one woman when another was present, — why I cannot understand. Neither can I account for passing by dozens of nice women without putting my tongue to their cunts, and then frantically gamahuching one, without perhaps any greater charms, although for the moment she may have appeared to me to have possessed them. I have as already said, poked women in the presence of others, though but rarely.

Gabrielle found out my weakness, went out of the room, and soon after I was in coition with the other French lady. We went on champagning when Gabrielle returned. Having put chemise and shirt on, and made up the fire (for it was cold), in an hour or so Gabrielle said it was her turn to be fucked, and began, unasked, her favorite move of stiffening me by a delicate application of her tongue to the naked tip of my penis, and very shortly my lust was rampant again. Then began one of my unpremeditated orgies.

Our talk had been of the loosest; all three had been smoking, sitting round the fire, the women with chemises above their knees, letting the warmth of the fire reach their cunts. At times I looked up between their thighs and amused myself libidiously with them. Time went on and I did not fuck. Gabrielle asked me to give them supper, and consenting, they sent out for ham and French sausages, which they devoured, — I made them sit quite naked to do so. Again we smoked, had more champagne, and our talk was of the lewedest. I felt Gabrielle's cunt. "Let me feel it too," said the other woman suiting the action to the word, and feeling Gabrielle. Then both women kneeling down, one licked my prick-stem, one my balls, till I nearly spent, but re-restrained myself.

Voluptuous excitement then filled my mind with libidinous fancies. "Gamahucho, Gabrielle," I said. She scarcely needed a second request; both women laughed, moved on to the bed, and the stranger, kneeling between Gabrielle's legs, gamahuched her, whilst I looked at her fully-developed, thickly-haired cunt from behind, as her big rump was raised up by her kneeling with her head low. Gabrielle had two pleasures, or else shammed them, but I think not, for I can now pretty well tell between the real and the sham in bawdy exercises. After that, again we all smoked, and drank champagne sitting round the fire, and then Gabrielle gamahuched the other woman.

My lewed imagination worked still, and made other suggestions. I said, "Flat-fuck her, faites la tribade." The two were now pretty screwed, and up to anything, and I now believe amused each other this way when by themselves, though I did not then even fully realize that tribadism was more than a sham.

On the bed got the two tall French women, naked, boots and stockings excepted. Gabrielle mounted the other, who passed her thighs high up over Gabrielle's haunches, and they joined their cunts. I felt the mass of hair made by the two cunts close together. They kissed each other, then they rubbed cunts together, till they moaned with pleasure; and then laid silent. Then as they laid flat and tranquil in each other's arms, I got between Gabrielle's thighs, put a hand round between the two bellies, and it lay embedded in the hair of their cunts. I somehow inserted my prick in her cunt, whether much or little up it I can't say, — and spent my seed up her in a shove or two. Then as my prick came out, Gabrielle, with a cry of pleasure, rub-bed her cunt lubricated with my sperm against the cunt of her friend, and they rubbed, and wriggled, and screeched, and spent in voluptuous frenzy.

I was going away after that, but looking out found it still pouring with rain, as it had been all the evening; so I stopped, — it was passed midnight. We had more wine, and my brain was whirling with lust. I made Gabrielle and her friend piss over my hand, I held their cunts open, and the pot under each whilst the other held the candle, whenever either of them wanted to empty her bladder (and the champagne ran through them freely), so that I could see the function performed. Then Gabrielle laid down again, I knelt over her and she sucked my prick, whilst her friend again gamahuched her. My antipathy to minette was overcome, a desire to finish my prickwork in its lodging came over me. "I shall spend, — I'm coming," I cried. Gabrielle sucked my prick harder and I spent in her mouth, and bent over her, until her own pleasure came on as her friend rapidly licked her cunt. She spent almost simultaneously with me. Then we got up, rested, and recommenced. At last having fucked both women again, all on the bed now together. At four o'clock in the morning I found my way home exhausted, and two-thirds drunk.

It was a long time since I had had any debauch. Women, and lots of them, were my delight, but I took them one at a time. With a strong constitution, I could copulate without fatigue once or twice daily, could do so without excitements, without stimulants of any sort, excepting the glorious contemplation and amusements that the beautiful woman for the time could give me. I disliked the idea of minette, yet now I had consummated in the lady's mouth, and actually enjoyed it; had set women flat-fucking, and enjoyed seeing that. Did they do it properly? — did they enjoy each other? — were they only shamming? I sat reflecting on all this with an aching head the next morning, and wondering how many times I had spent. I certainly fucked each woman twice or more, and spent in Gabrielle's mouth — and that was all I knew.

Next evening I went to Gabrielle's. Both women had got drunk she said, and slept together. "Did they flat-fuck afterwards, — did they really enjoy that" "Mais certainement oui," it was "une fantaisie," and they did it till they could do it no longer — "Mon Dieu," till her friend fell asleep on the top of her. She was "une femme charmante, et cochonne." They both had head-aches, had enjoyed themselves — look at the bottles. The bed was unmade, the room still in disorder. Should she fetch her friend again? — she had only just left her. "Mon Dieu" she did not recollect how often I had spent — seven times she thought. I fucked her, left, and did not see her again for months, but frequented Camille, who with her soft, almost feline ways and delicious manner in copulation, charmed me much.

To get away from home, I went abroad again early in December to Naples with a friend, and had women there of course. One evening coming out of my hotel, an elderly man exceedingly well dressed, accosted me in Italian. He was so gentlemanly in appearance and manners, that I stood and listened to him, at first not being able to make out what he said. It was that he had some charming ladies he could introduce me to — not common women, not whores. I listened, for it was the first time I had been solicited by a man on such matters, though I had made many a valet-de-place pimp,

and go to brothels with me. They were charming he said in a quiet voice, and one a delicious young lady only fifteen years old. I told him no.

"Ah! the Signor would perhaps like a fine young man." I did not quite understand him at first, not understanding Italian well, and repeated after him interrogatively the word "young." He misunderstood me. Ah! yes, if I preferred young, he had two lovely boys, quite young, one thirteen, one fourteen years old, without any hair on them — they were most delicate. Finding I had to make him repeat, because I did not understand him and that I answered in French, he addressed me quite fluently in that language, and told it all over again. Yes, only thirteen and fourteen years, — no hair on them, but though so young they both could spend. I declined, he took off his hat with a gloved hand, "Buona sera, Sig-nor," — he was often on the Chiaia, if I changed my mind, and I several times saw him there accosting men just at dusk.

This set me thinking very much, and on reflection, though amusing one's self that way seemed to me most objectionable, yet if men liked it, it was their affair alone. A man had as much right to use his anus as he liked, as a man has to use his penis — that was the conclusion I came to. But it set me wondering if many men took their pleasure up other's backsides. Was it more pleasure than fucking women? — did the bug-garee have pleasure like the buggerer? — and so on, till I thought over all I had seen, heard, and done with my own sex from boyhood to the present time. My curiosity on the matter was aroused, and the curiosity has become stronger since.

I was extremely unhappy whilst away from England, felt as if banished, yet hated to go back, and was so depressed that I never had fewer women. I seemed to care nothing about them or indeed anything else, till parting with my friend, I went to Milan. There I found that at the very best house where they kept women, the price was only something less than four shillings for a woman, and fresh handsome women they were. A sexual rousing took place in me, but it was not the result of the cheapness of cunt, it was the niceness of the women, and out of eight women in the house I fucked seven. Then to Turin I went, and sledged over Mount Cenis, and afterwards by diligence much of the way, and the rest by rail, reached Paris with a few adventures, and the first, strange to say, again with (I believe) a married woman.

I travelled in the coupé of a diligence with a tall, dark-eyed, handsome lady, looking thirty, and a boy about five years old, her child. She was well, even ex-pensively dressed, but most quietly (quite the style then when ladies dressed for travel, with its roughness, and not as tho for show). Eight hours were we together. It was very cold, and I longed to get near her for the warmth which a nice woman gives a man; but the child sat in the middle. Of course we talked during the whole journey. She was going to the same town as I was, but I found not to the same hotel. She had been there before, and pronounced the F**c*n Hotel excellent, so I altered my mind, and went to it at the town of G**n*b*e.

It was a big old-fashioned hotel (the railway had then not quite reached the town, and none of the hotel-servants could speak anything but French and Italian (commonly the case in those days). We went up speedily with others to get bed-rooms (no telegraph then), a chambermaid showed them to us together, evidently thinking us married. I selected one. The lady looked at the one next. "The little boy will sleep with me," said she, "I must have a large bed, — this bed won't do." "Lucky boy," said I. She fixed her eyes on me, and coloured. "Boys recollect what they see when very young, I know that, I do," I went on to say, and laughed. "Do they?" — and she laughed too. "This room then?" said the maid. It had a large bed, but I had selected that. "There is a little room leading out of this (the smaller room) which will do for the little boy," said the maid, showing it. The lady took the two rooms, the chambermaid then unlocked the door between my room and the lady's. "Shall I bring your supper here, or will you go downstairs?" said she to us. The lady laughed, and (in French of course), "No, no, — the gentleman is not with me." "Mais pardon, Ma-dame," said the chambermaid much confused, and shooting a bolt on Madame's side of the door, she went into my room and locked the door on my side, leaving there the key. I was standing in the corridor. Then my prick began suddenly to swell with a voluptuous sensation, the idea of being alone in the bed-room

with the lady caused it.

The lady was a well-informed woman, and spoke French and Italian well. We had crossed the frontier in the diligence, and I heard her speak both languages; but though with her for hours, not a word, not a sign of voluptuousness had passed between us, and I had never thought of love till that moment.

Now lust seized me. "She means us to visit each other presently," said I. The lady laughed. "A pretty visit for me, that would be." "A bachelor on the visit to a widow." "But I'm not a widow." "You've been a long time without a husband you told me." "And truly enough," said she with a sigh.

We went into our rooms, washed, and soon after she went downstairs. Seeing no one, I went into her room, unbolted the door, and went then downstairs. The table d'hote was over, we each ordered dinner, and at the waiter's suggestion agreed to dine together, she paying her share. "Do you like champagne?" I asked. "Yes, but I can't afford it, so don't order any for me," said she quite anxiously. "We are in old France again, and champagne I must have," and I ordered some, begged she would favor me by taking a glass, and we soon got through one bottle, and began another. The little boy who had a small quantity, fell asleep, the mother said she must put him to bed. "Good night, sir," said she. "I'll say good night to you upstairs, for I shall go to bed too." She looked hard at me.

It was a very cold night, the corridors of the hotel were silent. Almost directly after she left I went up to my room. We could hear every movement in each other's room; it was always so in old-fashioned hotels in those days. I listened, — a door closed. "You're nice and warm, — good night dear, — go to sleep, — I'm close to you." The next instant the rattle of a long strong piddle reached my ear. I laughed loudly and intentionally, and said through the door, "Good night." "Good night," she replied in such a tone, that I felt sure she was trying to stifle her laughter.

In conversation, I had discovered that she had travelled much in Europe, and tried to draw her out about herself, but found it useless, — she was close as an oyster. She tried the same with me I noticed, with what success I cannot say. Who is she? — what is she? — her husband has been long away she says, — she looks quiet but invitingly, — she advised this hotel, — she laughed in a lady-like manner at little boys recollecting things, — does she want poking? — shall I try it on? — so ran my thoughts rapidly.

With lewed intent, but nervous about my intentions, I still listened and heard movements as of a woman undressing. Then I half-undressed myself, brought the pot nearest to the door, and pissed, making it rattle as much as I could to excite her. Anything which brings man and woman to think of the genitals of the opposite sex has a stirring lewed effect! Then I knocked gently, and called, using the name (Mrs. M***I**d) she had entered in the hotel-book. "What do you want?" said she coming to the door. "To talk to you, — I feel so dull." "And I'm so cold, — good night." "Haven't you a fire?" "There is no stove." "There is one in my room, — and it's quite warm, — come in and chat, — you are not going away tomorrow?" A long pause. "No thank you."

Rustling movements again, and a cough. I hesitated, for she had given me no encouragement. My prick got voluptuous, it had not entered a woman for a week or more. I put wood on the fire, summoned courage, and knocked again. "Come and have a chat." "No thank you, I've my gown off." How rapid is human thought. I saw in my mind's eye her half-naked breasts and arms, and my prick rose stiff. Has she bolted the door, or found out that it is unbolted? I turned the key, then the handle, and the door opened! "Oh! who's that?" said she running to the door. "Oh! you really must not — the maid ought to have locked it." Her voice had dropped, and we stood looking at each other, when she found it was I who had entered.

"Don't be frightened, — it's too early to go to bed, — come and chat, — your room is like an ice-well, mine like an oven. Leave the door open, it will warm your room." "I don't mind the cold." You complained of it." "I shall be warm in bed." "You'll be warmer in mine, there is room for two." "Oh! don't talk such nonsense." "It's not nonsense, — we are alone, — come." "No." "Come and have a

glass of champagne (the bottle scarcely commenced was in my room), — you'll sleep better." No she'd had more than enough; but she hesitated, and stood still looking at me. "Fetch me a glass" "Come in, — it's warm, and your boy won't hear us talk." "Poor little fellow, he is so tired," said she standing still, "and it's really freezing here," (throwing a shawl over her shoulders). "Come, it's warm in my room." A little more persuasion and she came, sat with me before the fire, and had champagne. The door was left open, so that the heat might penetrate her chamber. No one was in the bed-room next to mine, — I had ascertained that.

We talked cosily, then warmly. Gradually I felt her arms. How plump she was, — she did not look so plump in her gown. Really, — didn't she? Then with coquetry and pleased vanity, she showed her arm nearly to her shoulder. I kissed it. "What sweet, smooth flesh you have." "Now don't, — you must not." I had lifted the shawl, and she tightened it. "Oh! do let me see your bust again, — it's beautiful, — I saw it when I opened the door." With a twitch I pulled off the shawl, clutched her, and kissed her shoulder, but little of her breasts were visible. She would go if I went on so, and put the shawl back. I made her pull off her stockings, — her feet would get so warm. She turned her back to me, and did, — and nice white little feet she showed.

But one of my nervous timid fits was on me, and I could not make the attack boldly that I wanted to make. She was a lady, evidently married, and I didn't then see that whether conscious of it or not, or whether she intended it or not, that she really was ready for fucking, — she really was ready for fucking, — she could not help being so. I hesitated, and went on talking quietly and respectfully. When did she see her husband last? "Oh! some time ago." When expect to see him? She didn't know, — she expected a letter there from him. I had all this in the diligence; and got bolder. "You're longing for him to be in bed with you, aren't you?" "No, — but it's quite natural if I did," — and she laughed, and looked at me. In half fear I kissed her. "You mustn't really," but now I had struck the lewed gamut, and ran rapidly up it after my usual fashion. "Let us sleep together." "Oh! no, — I ought not to have come in here." "Do." "I dare not." She half rose to go, but I kept her down on the chair. "Don't go, — it's quite early, — your room will get warm soon," and I threw more logs on the fire.

"What pretty white feet — you've a lovely leg I am sure. — Do let me." And gently I put my hand high up on her calf, I did it so respectfully, but she stopped me. stood again, I knelt for an instant between her thighs, shaking my stiff machine at her in bawdy waggery. Then putting out the light we covered up, and talked lust, lewedness, and love, till again we consummated, and went to sleep, her bum against my ballocks, her back against my belly, my hand over her haunches touching her motte. The loveliest of all ways of sleeping with a woman in cold weather. We slept for hours. When I awakened it was six o'clock, and quite dark. Her rump was towards me and she was fast asleep. I was lying on my back, with as grand a prick as ever opened cunt lips. I never could have too much of a woman. Even when fucked out I still like to see, feel, and kiss her. I soon turned round, and felt my lady pretty freely over her body, but without awaking her. Then I slid my fingers between her buttocks and thighs, in what seemed much crisp hair, till the soft elastic covers of her quim met them. I wriggled quite slowly my middle finger up it, how warm, soft, and smooth, it felt, and I revelled in it for a minute. I believe it to be impossible to keep a finger up a woman's cunt long without awaking her. Mrs. M***I**d's bum began to move quite gently, and her cunt to clip when my finger had been in her a little time, then she half turned round, and my finger came out. "What is it, what are you doing, what is it? Oh, it's you," she said, suddenly becoming conscious that she she was in bed with me. Lust was raised in her. I pulled our night clothes well up, and belly to belly, with hands on each other's arses we kissed. "Let's do it again." — She turned on to her back, I on to her belly, and we had that fuck with pleasure peculiar to the morning, and fell asleep again.

But she awakened me soon. — "I must get out." "To piddle?" "Yes." I groped for the pot and handed it to her, she pissed, and went to the boy's door. "Arthur," she called. "He's fast asleep," said she, and came to bed again. — We cuddled, but fucking was over. At the first glimpse of daylight, "I must get into my bed before my boy comes in," said she. She bolted the door between our rooms,

I went to bed, and it was late when I went to breakfast. She had breakfasted and left the room long before. — We had agreed not to notice each other much. The towel I had taken to bed with us was handsomely stained. — I am too old a hand now, and have had too much trouble with stained sheets to for-get a towel on such occasions as this.

Vol. 5 Chapter II

False names. • Mrs. M*I**d. • Baudy tales. • Naked by a trick. • My smooth flesh. • The child's mother. • The hairy bum furrow. • I leave G**n*b*e. • Who was she. • At the town of N*v*s. • Spy holes. • Marital frolics under the bed clothes. • Husband and chambermaid. • Chambermaid and self. • The brooch. • Conflicting emotions, desire, and disgust. • Suzanne's complaisance. • I leave N*v*s. • At Paris. • The Bal Masque. • Gabrielle and Violette. • Baudy exercises and groupings. • An orgy to exhaustion. • To London.**

After her luncheon she left her child down stairs, and came into my room. "When should I leave G**n*b*e?" she asked. "Just before you do." "Which road are you going?" "Towards Paris — and your road?" "Not to Paris." "Your name is not M***I**d, but you have entered it so in the hotel-book." She laughed and coloured up. "No, and yours isn't — * * * *" "True, we don't want to know each other's name, but they were entered from our passports at the frontier, what if the police find we have changed them?" (Passport regulations were very severe then.) "Directly you have got your letter I will leave, I won't cause a suspicion of you, and if we ever meet elsewhere we will be utter strangers to each other." This seemed to satisfy an anxiety she showed in a conversation much longer than this. I had begun kissing and hugging, she was cool to me, and without reply resisted my lifting her petticoats, but she mollified as we talked. Standing up at first, we were soon sitting on the edge of my bed, my finger on her cunt, and arm round her waist. It was a clear, brilliant, January day, but cold and frosty. "Let us do it." "No, I've run a dreadful risk." "Risk it again." "I'm frightened." "Feel me," and out my prick came. She laid hold of it. "Let us." "My little boy is alone." "Never mind, let us — I must see your lovely thighs." "A-h-a, leave off, take your hand away." "Get on the bed then, love." She got on. I threw up her clothes, and kissed her belly and motte. Had she come to be fucked, I wonder. — I can't say. Women are so cunning; but her cunt had just been washed, the hair was moist and not with piddle. Pulling aside the lips, I fingered it and lightly tickled her clitoris, I was standing by the bed side, she laying along it, so that was all I could do with my tongue. Her thighs and belly looked lovely on a beautiful white chemise with work round the bottom. The winter sun shot a brilliant ray right on to her cunt as she lay — it was that which seduced me into the lingual incitement. — Then I laid my head on her thighs, contemplated her charms, and smoothing her belly said, "How many children have you had? You have no marks of child-birth." "Oh! pull down that blind, I don't like being exposed so." "My darling you can stand any amount of exposure, your thighs and belly are lovely." But she pushed down her clothes, I pushed them up again, she down. — Then rapidly for fear of refusal, I got on to her and fucked right off. Curiosity seized me whilst lying on her, and I repeated the question. She laughed, and the laugh jerked my prick out of her. — She got up and washed her cunt. — I repeated my question. "You don't know where to look," said she laughing. "Let's sleep together to-night." She shook her head, locked the door between our rooms, and went down stairs.

She walked about the town with her boy; I met her, bowed, and passed on. I barely noticed her at the table d'hote. I ordered a fire in my room, more lights, wine, and cakes, and went there about 8 o'clock (it was dark at about five) and waited till I heard her and the boy's door closed. Then I knocked — no response — louder and louder I knocked. "Don't," said she, speaking thro the door. "Come." "No." I gave a violent bang, and the door opened. "Don't make that noise, the boy will hear. I'll come when he's asleep," — and she came.

We sat by the fire drinking champagne, put inquisitive questions to each other and fenced replies. — "You won't find out anything more," said she laughing. "Well it's stupid, I'd better not, nor you of me." Then I began kissing, talked bawdily, told story after story. "Good gracious, I never hear such things," she kept remarking. "Hasn't your husband told you such things?" "Never, he never uses such words." "Not cunt?" "No, never." "Not fuck?" "Never." "You've heard them." "Of course I have." Then on I went in my lewdest strain, charmed with such a listener.

She would not let me take voluptuous liberties, whilst this conversation went on. No she would leave if I did. So leaving off, I began quietly love making, kissing, and cunt feeling. "Come to bed, love, we can talk just as well there, let me look at your thighs as you sit, let me undress you." — She objected but yielded. I helped her and took off garters and stockings, charmed with the disclosures of her flesh. She carried her clothes into her room; I went with her. "Bring your night-gown in-to my room. It's so cold here." "No, you go and I'll put it on here." But I carried it into my room, she following me. "Let me put it on you." "No I won't." She took it from me, pulled her arms out of her chemise, which she held up for the second with her teeth, opened the night-dress, raised it over her head, and as she did so, let the chemise drop to her feet; just then I snatched the night-gown out of her hands, and she stood as naked as she was born. "Oh, what a shame," said she very sharply, and put her hand over her cunt as if to hide it, "give it me now." — I dropped on my knees, buried my lips in the hair of her cunt, kissing it, and clasping her round her smooth buttocks.

Her struggles were slight. "Now let me put it on, I'm cold." I rose and holding her close to me, looked at her beauties as well as I could in that position. Then she insisted so strongly, that I let her put on her night-gown. She pardoned me, I undressed, we both sat before the fire and again recommenced billing and cooing. She let me expose her thighs. "Let me see your lovely bum." "No." "Do." — "No." But coaxed, she at last consented, and stood up modestly with her bum to the fire, whilst I looked at it, felt, and kissed it. — "Look," said I, with a sudden impulse of lust, which made me desire to show myself; and stripping off my night-shirt, I stood naked with prick stiff in front of her. "Feel me dear, do feel me," and I placed her hand on my thigh. — In a modest way she felt my flesh all down my thigh, and then up one side. Said she, "What lovely flesh, — You're just like a woman." "Many other women have said so." Into bed we got — and without more dalliance — my burning prick went in her hot, soft, cunt. We fucked, we spent, and lay coupled together long. "Feel my flesh and talk now, love." She ran both hands over me. "It is just like a woman's — I thought — men were always hairy." I uncunted, turned on my back, and she felt my belly and breasts. "It's like a woman's, it's lovely," again she said. I wondered who and what she was, that she should lay lasciviously enfolded in my arms. "Am I smoother than other men?" "I've only felt my husband and you — and gracious Heaven — what risk I am running." "When were you fucked last?" "Oh, months ago." She had seen a few men partly naked, working — and some fishermen and labourers, they were all hairy, she said.

In an hour we talked ourselves into lewedness again, and she let me see her form and beauties, but did not then open her thighs. Again we fucked and slept, she awakened, went and listened at her boy's door, pissed in her room, and got into bed with me — I had a night lamp — and we passed a voluptuous but restless night, which left us weak when the morning came; and in one of our burning, lewed caresses, she said she had never had a child, that the boy was her step-child, and had never known his real mother. That is the utmost about herself I learnt at any time.

For two days she would not let me have her in the day time, but an hour after the table d'hote she was in her room, put her child, whom she had tired out by walking, to bed, then got into bed with me, and we fucked all night. I was in first-rate condition, and it was a sort of honeymoon to us both, but specially to her. My smooth flesh seemed to excite her wonderfully, and on the last night she kissed me all over. The last time I had her it took me half an hour to get an emission, stopping from time to time at the work, but never taking my prick out. She who had her pleasure quickly, with short sighs and clasping me very tightly to her, and had been fetched oftener by my unremitting ramming, groaned, "Oh, do leave off." "I'm coming in a minute love," — and I went on violently at the rate of two shoves a second, finishing the fuck almost with pain, and with a sore prick. At

daylight we were a hollow eyed, fucked out couple.

The child on the third night cried "Mamma, mamma." — She must have slept but lightly, for she was out of bed in a minute, awakening me as she got out; he soon went to sleep again, and she came back, shivering, to my bed. She was exceedingly kind to the boy.

She was not a short woman, and had ample flesh, her calves were thin, the thighs swelled out rapidly to fine haunches, her cunt was full lipped. By the last night I had eradicated all modesty in her, she let me look and feel as I liked, and I verified that she had short, crisp hair, like horse hair, along the bum furrow, from her cunt to her back-bone. The hair of her cunt was thick, very curly, and lay close on her flesh. She was dark eyed, dark haired, had unusually large thick eye brows, and was a boldish looking, handsome woman.

She had been twice daily to the poste restante, and every day made me promise to leave when she asked me. One morning "Now you must leave to-night if you can." I left that night and have never set eyes on her since. From a slight accent, I think she was Irish.

After luncheon that day she refused me. Fatigued sexually as I was, yet the idea of losing her excited me — no she would not but she let me into her room. Then letting down my trowsers (what strange incitements come into my mind), I held my shirt up all round me. "Well feel my flesh for the last time," the invitation succeeded, her hand smoothed and felt up to my breasts in silence. As I hoped, it stirred her lust. "Let me feel you, dear, for the last time." "Well that's all." — I felt her cunt. — My prick stiffened, she felt it, and a few minutes after I was groaning in the delight of having her, rather than the need of ejaculating my sperm. "I'll get you with child," said I, as vague bawdy thoughts floated thro my brain with my increasing pleasure. — "I've never been with child — oho-har," she sobbed out as her spending began. — She told me the same as she washed her cunt afterwards. "I didn't mean to say it, and I'm running a great risk."

I had been wondering daily who and what she was, I was surprised at my easy success. Did she want money, or was she only satisfying her lust — she had no servant — said she couldn't afford champagne — yet drank excellent Claret, had the best rooms — was well clothed — had very fine linen, and lots of baggage. Risking it I said delicately, "If you want money I can lend you some." — "No thank you I have enough, and have only to write to get what I want."

We kissed. "I shall often think of you." She made no reply. "I hope we shall meet again." "Gracious heaven, I hope not." She kissed me. "You're very hand-some," — she said, then shut the door, and I never have met her since. C C M was marked on her linen.

After the first day we never took but the slightest notice of each other when we met in the town, nor did I dine near her, nor do much more than bow slightly when in the hotel. No one could have guessed our secret amusements unless it were the chambermaid, nor she unless she listened, which was not likely; but fearing that, I slipped into the adjoining bedroom unobserved. The room was empty, and a wardrobe placed against the door, so that hearing there was not easy, and we spoke always in a low tone.

On my road to Paris I stopped at the (then little visited) town of N*v**s. At the hotel was a big French-man and his young wife. I thought he must be commercial. His wife was a young, buxom woman, and I fancied they had not been married long. My bed-room was next to theirs, and I noticed that spy holes had been bored in the door between our rooms, but carefully plugged up, which gave me a desire to have a peep at the lady. It is a delicious sight to see a pretty young woman at her toilet. So with scissors, I pushed open some holes and could see clearly through some of them, a bed, and pot cupboard by the side of it. This so excited me, that instead of going to see the cathedral, and other things I had come to see, I did nothing but watch this lady; and whenever I thought she was going to her bed-room, I went to mine. I have ever been indefatigable in watching for opportunities with women, nothing ever turned me off the scent, no amusements ever drew me aside, when a lewed intention, or hope, had laid hold of me.

After breakfast up stairs she went, I also, and mounted a chair (the holes were high) to peep, but saw nothing worth seeing. She put on her bonnet and went out with her husband. I went out but returned before her. About half an hour before luncheon, she came back, and I had the pleasure of seeing her sit down and laughed. I watched, but her bed was all I could see from one peep hole, and I could not be constantly shifting, so some times I saw her, some times not, and him the same. After a time she appeared in chemise, sat on the edge of the bed, pulled her stockings off, piddled, pulled off her chemise, showed her back-side quite naked for a second or two, put on her night dress and got into bed. He came into view in his shirt, and pulled down the bed-clothes, and she pulled up her nightgown to let him look at her cunt for a minute. She evidently quite understood his wants. Then he mounted her, but it was cold; he uncunted, they covered themselves up with the bed-clothes and fucked under them. I had only the pleasure of seeing the bed-clothes heaving. He had put the candle, which had been by her bedside, on to the wash-stand, and I could not so well see her face as I had in the day time. He then got off of her and went to his bed, taking the candle with him and extinguishing it. She had turned on her side, and seemed to sleep directly he had left her, with the soothing effects of her pleasure and a cunt full.

I watched all this with intense pleasure, standing on a chair, with my prick out stiff, and feeling it, and longing for a pleasure. I resisted friggng myself, determining to get a woman next day. To my annoyance, I awakened in the night with a boudy dream, and spending copiously on my night shirt.

I passed most of my time when waiting thus, in writing my doings at Naples and G**n*b*e with Mrs. M***l*d. Next morning I did not see them copulating, tho I got up at day break and watched till breakfast. Then I heard the lady say, "I may as well go there at once; and you come to dinner." Then I watched her go out of the hotel, and fancying there would be no fun for me till night, I thought of going out myself, and in half an hour or so, went up to my room for my great coat. When there, I heard male and female voices talking quietly in the adjoining room. Oh, thought I, she has come back, so got at once to my peep hole.

But the husband was there alone, and I was about to get down, when in came a chambermaid, who closed the door, bolted it quickly, and in a minute was on the bed side with her thighs wide open, and he was tailing her, just where he had done it to his wife the day before. I watched them fucking. The instant it was over, she shook down her petticoats and left the room, in another minute he was out of it, neither washed. I was staggered, and soon after I left my room and saw the chambermaid talking to some travellers at the end of the corridor. Oh, how I longed to have her.

I went out, could not find a whore, came back, had luncheon, and went to my room thinking of the chambermaid, and wondering at her tricks, and her impudence, in doing it in a room with a married man, and where I supposed she must have known there were peep holes. The man and she seemed acquaintances. Then I wondered if she would let me. Impelled by my throbbing prick, which kept urging me to please it, I went up and down stairs to my room, trying for an opportunity, till I saw her in the corridor. She was a good looking, dark eyed woman, seemingly about twenty years old, and was dressed better than an ordinary chamber-maid. I rang for hot water, she brought it, I began a conversation. — It was very cold. — "Yes, will you have a fire, sir?" I knew she would send a man to light it so declined. "You warm me." "I don't know how," said she with such a sly lewed look, that I felt sure she was game. "I'll show you," and I kissed her. She resisted after the manner of women, but so feebly, that I easily held her close, and repeated my kiss. "Now leave off, they will wonder where I am." "I'm warmer already, ma chere, I'll give you a lovely cameo brooch if you make me warmer still, and no one but you and I will know it." "What do you mean?" "Why this," — and I put my hand up her clothes. She scuffled. "Oh, no certainly not," but she would not have dislodged a child's fingers from her cunt, which I got well hold of. "I won't." "Don't make a noise, ma chere, or they will hear us in the next rooms." "I'm frightened," said she, "I can't, I won't," — and I thought my chance was gone.

Talking one evening with the friend who had recommended me the house in L***f***d St. (where I had been with Mrs. Y***s***e) on the subject of women, he said that he did not offer servants and

that class of women money, that a bit of jewellery caught them much more readily than gold, and that it was very much cheaper. "They may refuse a sovereign or two, they may be offended, but jewellery they can't refuse." I had found boots, and bonnets, backed with gold, do very well, but certainly had failed in two or three instances signally, and had missed opportunities in other cases, where a mere offer of love could not be made, with chance of success.

Struck with some pretty cameo brooches at Naples, I bought half a dozen for presents (they were not nearly so costly thirty years ago as now). "I've got such a pretty brooch which I'll give you. Do you like brooches? Look at this." "Yes," said she taking it. I caught hold of her again, pulled my prick out, and got my hands on to her cunt. "Now don't, I don't like it," — was all she said, and she stood leaning her bum against the bed, looking at the brooch with her thighs closed, and my fingers fumbling about her cunt lips.

Sure now of having her, I let her go, then rapidly bolted the door, and in a minute had her on the bed with her petticoats up. She meant fucking. I was on her, and my prick had touched her cunt when, my fin-gers feeling its moisture, the idea of her not having washed the Frenchman's sperm out of her seized me, and my prick began to dwindle. Tho the fucking took place hours before, tho my knowledge of copulation generally should have taught me that I should find none of his leavings, even if she had not washed, yet all occur-red just as described, and then followed in succession, an absurd variety of contradictory emotions, and actions, which must have astonished her.

I rose on to my knees between her thighs hurriedly, and holding my prick looked at her. Shall I ask her if she has washed, r thought. "What's the matter?" said she hurriedly. Mentally then I saw the husband fucking her at the side of the bed, and my prick stiffened, again the idea of his sperm lying in her haunted me, I felt I could not fuck her, and thrust my fingers up her cunt to feel if his sperm was there — as if it was a more delicate thing to feel it with my fingers, than with my prick. "Oh, you hurt!" she cried out loudly. Then down I fell on her forgetting the sperm, thinking only of the two as I had seen them fucking. My prick was like a horn, my lust got furious, and with fierce thrusts I spent in her. "Oh, you hurt — oho," she sobbed and she spent with me.

This conflict of desire and disgust, a prick stiff one minute, the next dwindling to flaccidity, stiffening again as a different thought flashed through my brain, and furiously emptying its semen in a violent paroxysm of pleasure into the cunt which a minute before it had re-fused to enter, strikes me as one of the singular events of my amatory life.

She interrupted my tranquillity by uncounting me. "Let me get up." — I got off of her, my mind again recurring to her not having washed, but she washed now, turning her back to me, when a bell rang. "It's the call bell," said she, rising quickly from the basin, "look and see if any one's in the corridor." I did. "Yes." "Peep, and tell me when no one's there," in a whisper standing at my back. The bell rang again. "There is no one." Out she went, leaving the brooch on the pisspot stand.

Temporarily satisfied, I soon wanted her again, kept peeping out of my door, and at an opportunity beckoned her. "Presently," said she in a whisper, as she passed the door, "there are travellers about just now." In an hour the corridor was again quiet and she came in. "I cannot stop long," said she, getting on to the bed without hesitation at my request. I got by the side of her, had a pleasant grope, kiss, a partial look, a few minutes boudy talk, and then I was up her again, and we had the nice second fuck of two people who wanted it. As our privates unjoined, the call bell rang again, "Sacra" said she, "what does she want now?" — and off she went quickly with her cunt unwashed this time. She had not asked for the brooch which I had put by, tho I saw her for a moment looking round the room, as if seeking something. She promised to see me after the table d'hote.

It was quite dark when I went to my room — no travellers were in the rooms on my corridor excepting the couple in the adjoining room. — I lit my candle and kept my door ajar. Suzanne kept her word and came. "Have you washed your cunt," said I, "since we made love?" "Of course," "Where?" "In my room." "Let's look at you." "No, I don't like that." But I would. We got on to the

bed. "We must not make a noise," said I, "for there is a married couple next to us. Who are they, do you know?" "Yes." It was a manufacturer. He used to live in the town, and had not been long married to a lady whose relatives lived there. "I heard them fucking last night," said I. "That's what they married for," she supposed, laughing as she said it. "I dare say he has fucked you before he was married, as you know him." "Mon Dieu, non." How I longed to tell her what I had seen, but did not, and then we enjoyed each other. I gave her the brooch, which pleased her immensely. No, she could not sleep with me for fear of being found out — but her room was by itself, two flights up thro a door, which she indicated. She would leave the door ajar. Following her at distance, she showed me the way by going straight to, and entering the room.

The married couple came home. I saw him fuck his wife. At the hour appointed, all was silent. I slipped up to the maid's room and had pleasure with her, went back to my own room, passed a tranquil night, awaking just in time to see my neighbours fucking on the bed. After their breakfast they left the hotel.

Then I slipped into their room, and found that apparently after the peep holes had been bored, their room had been painted and traces of the holes obliterated. Those freshly opened by me now alone showed.

I passed the entire of two days there, keeping much to my room. Suzanne slipped in to me at my request, and I gave her pleasure several times daily. In the intervals writing the narrative of my liaison with Mrs. M***I***d at G**n*b*e. Then having fucked myself out of my rutting fit, with a kiss I left her, and left the town for Paris, stopping at several towns on the way, and using spyholes whenever there were any, but saw nothing worthy of recording.

In a week or two I was at Paris, and went to a bal masque at the opera house, Rue Lepelletier. A tall woman, masked, dressed as a man entirely in white, but not as a Pierrot, tho with a Pierrot's hat on, and with breeches which terminated at her knees, was dancing a furious cancan with others. Her legs were flung about high and low, her gestures were lewed and suggested fucking. I, with a group, stood much amused at the dancing. At a pause of the dance she accosted me. — "Je vous connais, Monsieur." "Mais non ma belle." "Mais oui, souvent je vous ai vu a Londres." "Qui etes vous done." "Donnez moi un petit souper et vous verrez." — She spoke in a high pitched tone to prevent recognition. Dancing recommenced; I thought nothing more of it so moved off among the crowd. A dozen women in masks had said they knew me. I was soon after-wards talking to a beautiful creature with exquisite legs, and dressed as a ballet dancer, and was thinking of seeing her legs with her silks, when the man-woman in white appeared. — "Ah, you run away from me then!" "No." "I know you." "You don't." "Bet." "No." "Will you give me a supper with my friend here if you do?" "Perhaps." She lifted her mask, and I saw Gabrielle. The ballet dancer moved off, muttering. Gabrielle, her friend, and I were soon supping at a cafe, and an hour after were in Gabrielle's room. "Not your friend," said I. "Mais oui. You will find Violette charming. Si cochonne, elle fera tout ce que vous voudrez. Do you remember that night with two at * * * Street? We will so you amuse to-night." And the two women and I went to-gether to Gabrielle's bed room.

Indecent familiarities began, obscene if you like; the more libidinous, the better they seemed to please me. I felt Violette's blonde cunt as she straddled across me. Whilst sitting, Gabrielle knelt and had commenced her favourite minette with my prick. It was her fancy not mine, but lasciviousness is contagious, and I yielded. Violette was partially undressed, Gabrielle still in man's attire. She explained to me the way the trowsers were put on, and how opened when she wanted to piddle. "No, don't take them off, Gabrielle. I'll fuck you with them on at the bedside." "Ah, si," and laughing, "then you can fancy you are bugging a man." — We stripped the other lady who was a blonde, laid her across the bed, put pillows under her arse to elevate it, and Gabrielle stooping, licked her cunt, whilst I putting my prick into Gabrielle's cunt from behind; we all took pleasure together. We two fucking, soon spent, the other lady was longer. Gabrielle, who seemed as if she could not take her mouth away from the cunt, persisted till she had finished Violette twice. Most of the time I looked on from behind; my prick, still more or less stiff, up Gabrielle's cunt.

Alas, — these delicious, enervating, sexual amusements will end. The stiffest prick will leave the loveliest cunt. The randiest cunt feels full and satisfied. The strongest and most agile tongue fatigues with minette. — The gamahuchee even needs a little repose. So our groupings terminated, our bodies separated, and with moistened genitals, we sat talking and looking at each other. All were still lewed, lascivious, libidinous, tho every lech we could think of had been gratified. The women had sucked each other. Both had resuscitated my prick with their mouths when other means failed, tho I did not ejaculate under that suction. — I fucked both of them more than once, and at day break was fast asleep lying close to Gabrielle, whilst her friend lay snoring on a sofa. At midday we got up and breakfasted. — I fucked them both and left.

After a week's amusement mainly with Gabrielle and Violette, but with one at a time only, I returned to Lon-don. There were signs of spring.

The little episode at N*v**s set me trying at every hotel I went to afterwards to see if there were any spy holes, and I often found them. I had seen them at hotels before, and had looked through them, but had no very satisfactory sights when I did. I really cannot understand why I had not been more on the look out for them. I think they were more numerous in France than in other countries, and that the plan and arrangement of the rooms then favored them. — At all events I have since looked most cunningly after them. Just about this time also I had begun to shave in a new and careful fashion, and had bought a gimlet to enable me to fix a hand glass to the windows for that purpose, and now began to use it at times for making holes, or opening those which had been made and stopped up.

When I found that in my room there was no opportunity of peeping, I changed it as soon I could. When arriving at an hotel, I waited to see which room was selected by young women, or by a young married couple if there were any, and if possible got the room next to theirs. If there was no door communicating with it, I found some objection and refused it. Thus I got many opportunities, and had some very pleasant, and at times, chastely voluptuous sights.

With Gabrielle and Violette, my libidinous tricks were much the same as I had with Gabrielle at London. The orgy at Paris was but a reproduction. I have had Gabrielle with another woman together since, and see that she loves licking another's cunt, as well as prick sucking.

Vol. 5 Chapter III

Explanations. • Reflexions, and observations about my-self. • My private establishment. • Easy circumstances. • My new house. • James the footman. • Lucy the parlour maid. • Love exercises in the dining room. • Two dismissals. • The cook and James. • Kitchen and housemaid. • A general turn-out. • Lucy's despair. • My kind intentions. • At her lodgings. • A dinner with her. • On the sofa. • On the notch. • Her confession. • At J*s St. • Her form and features. • Gamahuching intervals. • Frig precedent. • Fuck sequential. • Paradisiacal copulation. • Instructions in oral obscenity. • An exquisite cunt. • My gamahuching lech.**

[I have not looked through and corrected the foregoing manuscript. — The abbreviations may change the narrative but there is no help for it, if it is to be printed; yet but few incidents having any novelty have been erased, and the conversations with my women are just as I wrote them originally — the excisions excepted. — How delightfully the episodes come back to my memory as I read the manuscript. Incidents fading into forgetfulness come out quite freshly to me, and I almost seem to be living my youthful life over again. Would that I were going to do so, for it was a lovely time with women; and was only cursed by that one lasting, deep, irremediable error. [I am not sure about ages in one or two instances, nor the exact order of two or three of the more fugitive amours. I

could perhaps set these quite right by reference to books now hidden and dusty, but it is not worth the trouble to do so. — None are of any real importance. I write for my pleasure alone, and if I print, shall print for my pleasure alone, so let the manuscript stand as it is paged.

[I notice now in reading it, that some of my raciest adventures, those which being unsought, those which fell to my lot as it were by accident, and which tho brief were among the most voluptuous, occurred whilst I had other and more enduring liaisons on hand. Such was my weakness and fondness for the sex, that I never could keep faithfully to any one woman absolutely, however much I loved her. I have wished and in-tended to do so, have tried hard, so hard, to avoid in-fidelity, but surrendered at last to the temptation. The idea of seeing another woman naked, of piercing a fresh cunt, seemed to foreshadow to me voluptuous pleasures never tasted before with any other woman. As my prick entered the cunt it had never touched before, the sensation always seemed to me more exquisite than that I had ever had with others. Yet many a time after such pleasures I have been disgusted with myself for my weakness, and tried to atone for it, without the object ever having been aware of the reason for my ultra kindness.

[The quality of manuscript still left for revision, alas, is long. Amongst it is an essay on copulation, written I think somewhat earlier than some I have revised, and written with such knowledge of the subject as I then had, as well as with some ignorance which I now see. It has that freedom of expression which I at once adopted in my narrative, and leaves no doubt in my own mind about what I meant then, and at all times. — It pleased me much when I wrote it, yet it must be sacrificed to time, money, and expediency — for it is not an incident, and forms no part of the history of my private life, tho it illustrates well my frame of mind and knowledge of things sexual, at the period of my life when I wrote it.

[This perusal brings prominently before me all my acts, deeds, and thoughts for full twenty years, and I perceive clearly, that altho I had done most things which were sexually possible once, and almost out of curiosity, or else on sudden impulse (up to about this period), yet that my habits with women in my lust were for the most part simple, commonplace, and unintellectual; and that I had not sought for out of the way lascivious postures and varied complex delights in copulation or its preliminaries, which a fervid, voluptuous, poetical imagination has since gradually devised for my gratification. This desire for variety seems to have commenced some time after I became acquainted with the second Camille.

[But by that time I was evidently no longer displeased with that which, in years previously, would have shocked me. My prejudices have now pretty well vanished with the approach of middle age. I have conquered antipathies and reaped the reward, in seeing before me a great variety of frolics, suitable to my maturity, but which I am glad I did not have prematurely in my youth when I did not need them, and should not have appreciated them as I do now. — It is amusing now to notice the gradual change from simply belly to belly exercise, which contented me, to the infinitely varied amusements since indulged in.

[No doubt in this I tread but in the ordinary footsteps and ways of male-kind. What I have done, thousands of others are doing. It is only when lustful impetuosity is weakened that reflexion and experience begin to devise new pleasures to aid it. As we get older we invent them as a stimulus, and woman thus become more and more charming, needful, and important to us; and just at a time when our responsibilities towards them become greatest. So by aiding and administering to us in our salacious devices, they reward us. In the end they are more and more needful to us, and we repay them by our generosity, our care of them, and our sacrifices for them. Nor are they behind us in desire to participate in these frolics, for they have lust as well as we. In a quiet, hidden way, they like lasciviousness if taught it gradually. But lust is mainly in we men — women are the ministers to it, it is the law of nature. — No blame attaches to woman for liking or for submitting to such frolics, abnormal whims, and fancies, which fools call obscene, but which are natural and proper, and perhaps universally practised, and which concern only those who practise and profit by them. In my experience many women delight equally in them, when their imaginations are once evoked.

Nothing can perhaps be justly called unnatural which nature prompts us to do. If others don't like them, they are not natural to them, and no one should force them to act them.

[The foregoing and similar paragraphs, written long after the manuscript, are to be enclosed in brackets thus [] so that I may identify them when I see them (if I do) at a future day in print, and this writing destroyed.

[The headings of the chapters are now written for the first time. — They will be needful if this be printed. Now I resume my narrative.]

Whilst away I arranged it, and directly on my return to England gave up a snug, quiet, illicit establishment elsewhere, and to the satisfaction of both parties. Both agreed to it, and thought it was for the best. We had no quarrel. It cost much money down, and an annuity paid still, but no one was injured, no one wronged. All interested were provided for. I wonder if this will ever meet her eyes, or if so if she will know that it refers to her. It is not probable, for neither names, places, nor initials are given, and no clue afforded; yet nothing is impossible.

I had not returned to England a fortnight before a domestic turn-out took place, which caused me much annoyance but led me to unlooked for pleasure.

It has, I think, been said before that I had been for some time in better circumstances, had a larger house, more servants and so on. Among the servants whom I found on my return, was a parlour maid, a lovely girl with a superb pink and white complexion, and a skin which looked like ivory. She had darkish chestnut hair, soft hazel eyes, and a lovely set of teeth, was well grown, plump, and altogether a most desirable creature, and who looked a lady. Her name was Lucy. It passed through my mind that she would be an exquisite sweetheart, but I resisted incipient desire, avoiding by prudence and custom all intrigues with my own house-hold. Suddenly this girl was dismissed, and I was re-requested to dismiss my man, who had lived with us before I had left England, indeed had been in my service nearly two years. He was the best man I ever had, and was moreover a fine, handsome fellow, five feet ten high, and pleasant to look upon. He had been caught in loving familiarities with Lucy, who it was said also was with child by him; the poor girl had let this out to the cook or some one else, and the cook split upon her. James was impudent and denied it all, but I think the case was proved. It would not have done to have passed over open fornication. Had I done so, the habit would have spread throughout the household; so I reluctantly gave him notice. The poor girl went off very quietly in tears. I never felt so sorry for a woman, especially as whilst denying that she had let him have her, she said that he had promised her marriage, which James, when I told him, said was a lie. But this statement of hers confirmed me in the belief that he had tailed her. Lucy was however promised a character, and that nothing should be said about her faux pas, unless a question leading to it were asked. It was an unusual piece of charity of my old woman.

So nice a looking girl was of course sought after, and in two or three days ladies applied for her character, but none would take her. James had not gone because I could not get suited with another man. I spoke to him again, and accused him of cruelty and wickedness in promising marriage, but he still denied it altogether. "But the cook asserts she has seen you on the sofa in the dining room more than once." "She's a liar," said James, "but I've several times had her, and on that sofa too, and because I'd have no more of her, she's got up this tale." — James got then insolent.

Now in my dining-room was a sofa, tho not an usual piece of furniture in a dining-room; but I liked to lay there myself and read after dinner at times, so as to avoid the drawing-room and all that was usually in it. The footman and parlour maid laid the dinner things, waited at table, and cleared away, and so no other servant had any right in that room usually at those times, they had a nice chance and had availed themselves of it, I quite believed.

I wished the cook at the Devil for causing me to lose two nice servants, and immediately told my wife what I had heard about her.

She turned up into a high state of moral indignation, and had the cook up, and told her what James

had said, I was asked to be present. Cook was fattish but had a pleasant face, was under forty — and I have fucked many a less tempting bit of flesh. — Never did a woman turn so red as she did. She was almost speechless, then almost choked, denied it, and dared the villain to say so to her face. I called him up. My wife said she could not have such investigations before her — yet she stayed. James repeated that he had been "very familiar" with her. — Cook howled, shed tears, and said he lied. He retorted that the kitchen maid knew it. The kitchen maid was called up and questioned in a most delicate way. — She first denied knowing anything about it, but catechised by James, said that the cook and he had certainly been to the top of the house to-gether at times when missus was out. She didn't know why, it wasn't her business to spy her fellow servants, and so on. And then said that the housemaid who slept with Lucy knew more than she did about Lucy and James. A regular shindy ensued among the servants, and it ended in the whole lot being discharged, excepting the lady's maid. Altho by no means sure that the footman had not accused the cook out of spite, I felt sure that he had got into Lucy under promise of marriage.

At the end of a week the poor girl came crying to us, and imploring that nothing should be said to prevent her getting a place. Then I found out her lodgings and went really and truly to comfort her. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. "Three pair front," said the landlady, not looking very pleasantly at me, and directly I had gone, as I heard afterwards, said "I ain't a going to have any of them games here. You take your-self off if swells like him visit yer." — So as I really was much interested in the girl, and had determined to help her, I arranged for her to meet me at Charing Cross that afternoon. I declare I had no intention of trying to have her, tho I had felt a desire for her. But I meant to try to get her married to my man. That was my vague notion.

She was a little late, and as I could not well talk with her in the street, I took her to the Cafe de P**v**e and ordered a little dinner in a private room. — She had had very bad food since she had left my house, and this nice dinner delighted her. Like all women of her class she refused it at first, was nervous, said she could not eat before gentlefolks, and was most uncomfortable, but it gradually wore off as the food warmed and the wine cheered her. Her lovely eyes began to sparkle and her tears dried up. Then cheered myself, a sudden throb of desire went through me. She has had it up her cunt, has been spent in, has clasped a man in her arms, has felt his prick. — I wonder if she has a pretty cunt, much hair on it, and a group of cognate thoughts came on and my prick was standing, and was within a couple of yards of that cunt. Did my lust communicate itself to her by subtle magnetic influence? how can that be known? But I became silent for the moment, and so did she, staring intently and, as I thought after-wards, voluptuously at me.

The dinner was not long about. Whilst eating I told her that I meant to help her out of her difficulties. "How?" she asked. Well I must feel my way, try if I could get James to marry her, or send her home, or get her a place, or a doctor if she wanted one. But I must know more than I did, must feel sure I was on the right path, she must tell me the truth, or I could do nothing. — This was varied by talk about myself and household, and I heard much that had taken place, and what had been said, during my absence; for this girl had become our servant just after I went abroad. The talk however always got back to the subject of her faux pas with James, and there was an undercurrent of lewdness, for it all referred to cock and cunt; tho not a word of smut had I used, as we sat eating so close to-gether, with my legs touching hers under the table.

The dinner was removed, but wine left, it was only sherry. Unnoticed I bolted the door, and down I made her sit with me on the sofa. "Now, Lucy," said I, "let us talk quite seriously about you and your belly; before I can do you any service, you must tell me the truth. Has James done it to you or not?" — After long hesitation she said slowly, "No." "And you're not with child?" "No." She did not look me in the face and became quite cast down. "He has never put it up you?" said I, revelling in the idea of evoking voluptuous recollections in the girl. "No sir," "Then if that be so, I don't see what use I can be to you, I was going, had you been fucked, and had you been with child, to have helped you to get rid of it, or to have sent you to your parents, till you were confined, or to some where else, and to nay for it all, for I much pity you. But now all you have to do is to get another place, which you are sure to do in time, so give me a kiss for my good intentions. I watched her

closely as I said fucked, and saw her blush and wince, with a sense of modesty, and I felt a delicious lust creep through me when uttering the lewd words, and calling to her mind sexual pleasure.

For a minute she sat looking down speechless, and I repeated all I had said. She seemed to be struggling with herself, and at length raised her face to mine and kissed me. Then I kissed her passionately, and hugged her to me and kissed every part of her face, her ears, and eyes, and neck. — Her eyes filled with tears, she broke from me, buried her face in her hands, began crying violently, and saying that I was very kind. I tried to comfort her, putting my arm around her, kissing her, asking what it was all about, repeating, "Has he fucked you, has he? tell me, now tell me," but getting no reply for some minutes. Then her tears sub-sided and she sobbed out, "I told you a story, I'm past two months with child by James." And having made the confession she came to herself, kissed me whenever I asked her, and told me the history of her seduction (for that it was), whilst I cuddled her to me affection- ately, making her sip sherry at times to comfort her, and keep her spirits up.

James had promised to marry her. One night he took her to the theatre, and then to have some drink in a house, and there he induced her to let him have her. Since then he had her repeatedly, and nearly always on the sofa in our dining room. For half an hour I questioned her and she told me all the detail, as if I were her confessor.

Then I repeated my promise. She was to consider what would be the best for her to do, but perhaps James would marry her. No he would not for she had written him, and he had not answered her letter. — I told her on no account was she ever to mention me to him, that she might be easy about money, for I would pay for all she needed, till she was out of her trouble. She said she didn't want money, having by her two or three pounds. I gave her more saying, "That will pre-vent your fretting." She was deeply grateful, and cried and kissed me again and again.

I can do her no harm thought I, for she is with child, and my prick swelled proudly. Voluptuous thrills passed through me as I thought of her cunt being within reach of my fingers, and I resolved to try for it. We finished the wine, she was heated, I again began talking about her love affair, and now in burning words of lust. My embraces, kisses, and lewd words excited her. Did he hurt her, when his prick first went up her cunt? Wasn't it pleasure to her, doing it. "Kiss me, Lucy." She kissed but did not answer. "How exquisite the sensations are just when the prick stiffens to its utmost when up the cunt, aren't they?" "Oh don't, sir, talk so," she burst out. "Why not, love? You know." Then my hand began roving about. "Have you much hair there, Lucy?" "I won't tell you, now leave off." "You garter above knee, don't you?" "Yes, sir." I pulled her further on the sofa, and still closer to me. pressing her closely to me, kissing her, telling her of my desire for her, in a few minutes my hand was on her thighs and roving up and down, then round her haunches as far as I could reach, it went over her smooth, sweet flesh; and then the fingers nestled between her notch, and when half hidden by the plump lips and the thick, silky hair which curled over my knuckles — there they rested — "I'm feeling your cunt, Lucy, I don't hurt you, do I now?" She replied not, but our kisses met, and we laid in silent enjoyment. I am feeling her, she is being felt. The fingers of a man, even if motionless, on a woman's cunt, inflame her.

Now I got burning with fierce desire, as my fingers played delicately with a well-developed clitoris. "Fucking is lovely, isn't it dear Lucy, feel my prick, love." Removing my hand from her cunt, I got out my prick, and placed her hand on it. Back went my hand between her thighs and recommended its delicate fingering. "Open your thighs dear, and let me feel lower down." "Oho," she gasped, as they widened apart, and softly with a burrowing motion, two fingers buried themselves in her vagina.

"How wet your cunt is, love — you want a fuck." Not a word she said, her breath seemed short, her eyes closed, she kissed me when ever I asked her, she was swooning with voluptuous feelings. "Let me do it, I want it so badly. You are so lovely and it can't hurt you now, let me." and I kissed her rapturously. "No," she whispered but almost inaudibly, holding my prick still in her hand. I took no denial, gently pushed her back, lifted her legs up, without resistance mounted her, and the next

instant my pego was sheathed in a most heavenly cunt. With deep drawn sighs, Lucy clasped me to her and we fucked. "It's lovely, isn't it, dear?" "Ah-ho, o-ho," she whispered, and the next instant we were both spending in ecstasy.

What voluptuous, triumphant joy I had as, raising myself up partly, I looked at that lovely face. — My prick still buried up her. Then in tranquil enjoyment I lay kissing her, till my prick slipped out. How uncomfortable the sofa suddenly seemed to be. I have had scores of women on sofas, but how few sofas gave full comfort in copulating. That which we were on now was a miserably small one. I got up, so did she. "Wasn't it lovely, Lucy?" "Did you bring me here to make me do that?" said she sorrowfully.

I swore that I had not, — that it was only the result of her beauty, — an accident — that I suddenly had lusted for her. She shook her head as if she doubted me.

"I wish I could wash," said she. — I rang the bell, the chambermaid showed her a room. When she came back we had more wine. "I'm fuddled," said she, but she wasn't. "Never mind, I'll see you home, but come with me, we have some hours before us, and we will go where we can be more comfortable, finish your wine." In ten minutes I was in the room which I first entered with Sarah Mavis.

"It's a bad house," said she. "So they call it, my love, but it's good to us, so why is it bad? Take off some of your things, and we will talk about your troubles lying down." She was docile. Soon we were on the bed half undressed. — "Now don't be foolish dear. Let me look at it. I've fucked it, what can be the harm in looking at it?" In half an hour I had seen all, and we fucked as often as we could, till it was time to go. I took her to within sight of her lodgings in a cab.

The next day we dined together. I was wild to have her again, and as quickly as we could, we adjourned to J***s. St. I passed a delicious four hours with her. We both stripped to shirt and chemise. She was exquisitely formed, plump to perfection, without an ounce too much fat, and had the loveliest little cunt I ever saw, with a little nutty shaped clitoris, with a mere line of inner lip, and delicately puffed lips covered with bright, chestnut colored, silky, yet crisp hair, which only just covered her mount, and stopped half way down towards the bum hole. Her flesh enervated me with its sweet smell, she was one of those delicious-smelling women. The smell of her cunt was also exquisite, and I opened the lips again and again to smell it. My prick rose as its odour permeated me, I could not wait to enjoy my eyesight, but mounted her and fucked her madly.

When we had reposed a little, and her dear little cunt had absorbed some of my libation as we lay talking, I made her wash it clear of the remnant of the pearly sperm, and brought her with modest reluctance to the side of the bed, where I could get the best light. Then I looked well at her exquisite rosy aperture, and smelt, and sniffed its fragrance with rapture. At once my prick stiffened as the aroma penetrated me, but I re-fused to be hurried by it into blissful exhaustion so rapidly. Restraining myself, I gloated speechless on its beauty, and revelled in my inhalation. — What voluptuous thoughts rushed thro my brain as I knelt with the wide spread thighs before me. Then gently I put my tongue on her clitoris, and licked lightly, then it played over the whole surface of her cunt, now it protruded up her vagina as far as it could reach, then went again to the clitoris, then broadly over the whole lovely pink surface, covering it as it were, with a plaister. Suddenly in her lust, "Oh, what are you — doing?" she said, writhing, "Oho-a-ha." "Isn't it pleasure love?" "Oh, yes, oh — but don't — aha." On I went licking, sucking, tongue probing, now covering her cunt with my saliva, now sucking it up, mixed with her salt effusion. "Oh — don't — leave off — shall do it else," — she cried, with a bum jerk. "Spend, love, spend in my mouth," I cried, and licked still faster. — My hands were under her lovely white buttocks which wriggled gently side ways, then gently but quickly, up and down, rubbing her cunt against my tongue; her thighs opened wide and shivered, I took the whole surface of her cunt in my mouth, sucking, inhaling it, until — clutching the hair of my head with both hands, with a prolonged moan of pleasure — "Oh — o-ha," and a quiver of her belly, and short sobs, her muscles relaxed, her thighs and belly were quiet, a salt discharge came over my tongue, and all was silent all quiet, but my rigid, restless, prick, which was

throbbing and knocking up towards my navel.

In full tide of lust and love for my delicious partner, I sucked her cunt dry, scarcely knowing that I did so. Then I arose. She lay motionless, with eyes closed, thighs distended, and hanging down, as I had dropped them. Every hair on her cunt was saturated, and the juices were running to waste down towards her bum- furrow. It hung round my mouth, and wet moustaches. I felt it there with delight. Holding up her thighs, I pushed my prick up her, and gave it a delicious lodging for a minute or two, till it got too impatient and threatened to finish without me. Then I withdrew it, and wiping her cunt dry outside with my hand, and drying my moustache, I laid by the side of her on the bed, and we talked of the tongue pleasure, which she had never tasted nor even heard of before. What delight I felt in having given that girl a new pleasure. She had fucked and friggged, but had never been gamahuched, until by me.

I feared to fuck her, tho burning to do so, lest my over excited machine should too hastily finish its enjoyment without giving her her share. "Feel my prick, there love, isn't it stiff? If I put it in you now, I shall spend directly, and you won't. Frig yourself a bit first." "Oh, I can't." "Nonsense, no stupid modesty, love — you've often done it to yourself. You've just told me so — haven't you?" "Yes but by myself." "Frig now." "Oh, no, no." "Let me then frig you, turn on your back." The lovely creature did so at once. I turned on my side against her, covered one leg with mine partly, and her mouth with mine, kissed her with wet lips and tongue, and excited her. Then I put two fingers as far as I could up her cunt. "Now love, do frig yourself." I stretched her cunt and felt its corrugated, wrinkled surfaces. "Frig, love, now whilst my fingers are up you, till you feel pleasure coming on."

Persuaded at length she did so without reply, gently as if ashamed. Then my prick now less rigid, I pressed up against her thigh as she lay, I whispered lustful words, a restless movement of her body came on soon, as her fingers moved nimbly over her clitoris. "Do you feel the pleasure, love?" "Yes," she whispered. Then gliding over her, I pushed my prick between the delicate lips and silken fringe, and it glided slowly and deliciously up her lubricious tube, till it touched her womb door.

Then gently backwards and forwards I moved it. We fucked. That glorious word expresses it all. Slowly, till urged by spermatic wants, that inner sovereignty or force within my balls, hurrying to ejaculate itself; quicker and quicker went my thrusts, her buttocks responded, her cunt gripped, till with short, sharp, thrusts and wriggles, my prick hit against her womb, her cunt constricted and ground, and sucked round my prick from tip to root, moistening both itself and occupant, and my sperm shot out, and filled it. "Ah — oho — my —love — darling — a —har — fuck a har," and we were silent, well pleased in each other's arms, our tongues together. Can paradise give any bliss like that which a man and woman enjoy, when loving each other and their prick and cunt perfectly fitting each other they join their bodies in copulation, till they pour out and mix together the unctuous salt juices, which reproduce their kind.

Again I gamahuched her, again I fucked, and again gamahuched. Her heavenly, voluptuous look as she spent I shall never forget. — I was frantic with lust for her. — Indeed had a love for her rapidly springing up; for not only did she seem to me, and indeed was the very perfection of sexual enjoyment, but she was lady like in look, in voice, and in manner, and so utterly unlike a servant, that any gentleman, had he married her, might soon have made her a lady; yet here was this poor girl with child by a footman. As I laid by her side that day, I vowed to myself to do all I could to prevent her going to ruin, for I noticed that her very docility would enable any rogue, male or female, to lead her easily. I have had more pleasure in writing this narrative about her than had when writing about other women, whose doings I have told about.

The girl was also chaste in words and in manner, which pleased me much in itself, and also because it gave me the opportunity of teaching her to use lewed words. It is to me one of the great charms of liaisons with women who are not gay, to make them speak in the coarsest language of their organs, wants and sensations, whilst I look them in the face. Two or three days afterwards in the middle of a fuck, I raised my-self up and leaning with both hands on the bed, whilst my belly pressed hers, and

my prober was to its full length up her cunt: "Where is my prick now?" said I. No answer; her cunt tightened and moved my prick in it, but she replied not. "Where is my prick? say dear, say in my cunt," and I gave a thrust. "Say in my cunt," another thrust. Her eyes closed, she was coming spite of my prick being motionless. The grip of her cunt was on me, "Say in my cunt, or I'll pull it out. Say cunt, love." I moved spite of myself. "Say cunt." "Oh — a — har," — she sobbed. — "Cunt, dear." "In my cunt a — ha," — burst from her. "Oh," and drop-ping on to her and thrusting my tongue into her sweet mouth, in a transport of all-pervading voluptuousness we lay speechless in each other's arms, whilst the juices of our mouths mingled, and the thick hot sperm filled her cunt to overflowing. Then in the soft fondlings of satisfied lust, I made her repeat the four words, which express at once the simple loving function. I love to make a modest woman say them.

Daily she went after situations uselessly, and for nine or ten days I had this exquisite creature, and had I not just repented and got rid of a similar folly, really believe I should have offered to keep her, so nice was she in every particular. As a fuckstress she was perfection. Rarely have I found such an exquisite fitting cunt as Lucy had. Its delicate tightness and elasticity, its lubricity and smoothness, its depth, its nutcracking grip when the spending spasm was over — for she had involuntarily that gift — I have never found coupled in greater perfection in any women yet, tho I have had some as nice, and one always has a tendency to praise the charms of the woman in possession for a time.

My desire for gamahuching her increased instead of diminishing. I never tired of looking at her cunt. — So every time I fucked her, I made her wash, then bringing her to the side of the bed, I put pillows under her head so that I could see her, and sitting down on a chair, took her thighs over my arms, and looked at her exquisite pink orifice, till I dropped on my knees and put my mouth to it and sucked, till I gave her pleasure. Each day we parted both of us exhausted. But I must not any longer dwell on the charms of this lovely creature.

Vol. 5 Chapter IV

Lucy without place. • Fausse couches. • Goes home. • James leaves. • A confession. • Lucy's marriage. • My wedding gift. • An anonymous letter. • James' amorous exploits. • The use of a dining-room table. • Camille again. • Erotic literature. • Erotic anticipations. • Camille's opinion thereon. • Ill. • Memoirs arranged. • Frail fair ones. • My gratitude. • My unhappiness. • A visit to the manor house. • Joey a hobble-de-hoy. • Tomlin the parlour maid. • Joe and Tomlin. • Sly looks. • On the watch. • The garden grotto. • A peep hole in the roof. • The couple there. • Their amusements. • An unintended spend. • An uprighter. • Joey's cunning.

She could not get a situation, for her uncharitable brute of a mistress, always after giving her a good character, somehow let out about this faux pas, so Lucy and I both agreed that she should get an abortion. — I told her to spare no money, and put her in the way of getting the thing done. She took other lodgings and got relieved (at her third month), and then went home to her parents. I gave her twenty pounds the day she left, and told her to write at any time to me at a club if she wanted any more; but never to mention me, or any thing about our connection, or her miscarriage, to any living soul as long as she lived, even if she married, or was dying. I never told her about the general turn out of servants in my house, or what James said he had done to the cook, thinking the less I said about those things the better.

I had got a new set of servants, for even the lady's maid it was thought desirable to send off, but James remained for I could not get suited. I took a dislike to him for his brutality in not answering the girl's letter; and taking no notice of her when out of place. So one morning, "James," said I, "what has become of that poor Lucy, has she got a place? She has ceased coming here about her

character." He replied that he did not know. "Well, it's no business of mine, but I have an impression that you have wronged her. Poor creature, and such a nice young woman. If it be really true that you seduced her by a promise of marriage, you will some day regret it, it will be on your conscience heavily. She would make a good wife to a man of your class, and a man even far above you. I never felt more for a poor creature, than I did when I saw her going away crying." "How am I to keep a wife?" said he. "Set up a shop for her, or let her take in washing, and you can work as either indoor or outdoor servant, you are both strong and healthy." "Where does she live?" "I don't know, I can find out; but I know where her parents live in the country, and dare say she's gone home." I noticed all this time that James had ceased to deny having had her. Then impulsively I said, "Poor thing. I'd give fifty pounds to help her, and prevent her become a street walker, for that will be the end, if it be not already." Then turning away I said sharply, "That will do, you will leave on Wednesday." — "Are you suited, sir?" "No, but I won't have you about me any longer." The man retired — crest fallen — he had been, I know, flattering himself that I would after all still keep him on as my servant. He liked me I must add. On Wednesday he left.

A fortnight elapsed before I heard anything of him, and was surprized he had not applied for his character. Then he came to me. He was trying for a place in the country, would I give a written character as footman or valet. It was a place where he was to live out. Yes, if I was certain all was square. — Where was it? At * * * * near the village where Lucy lived. Then he volunteered that she was with her parents, and that he had been down to see her. I was startled, and began to think about my own little games in Lucy's receptacle, but said, "What did you go there for? Is she with child really, or not?" "Well its quite true she was so and it was my fault, but she's had a miscarriage and is all right, and we've made it up." "More fool she," said I, "you will serve the poor girl the same dirty trick again." No he wouldn't, he was a thinking of marrying her. "That's like a man," said I. "I'll give you fifty pounds to help you if you do." "Will you sir?" said he. I reflected. "Well, I really think I would." "By gosh I'll marry her in three weeks," said he, "for it would just set us up, and I've saved a little money, and can go home of nights." "Well I must think it over. Come to me tomorrow morning, and if the gentleman writes to me for your character, I will see what I can do for you."

I was really very glad, but did not quite see why I should give fifty pounds. I had done the girl no harm, had given her lots of money, and enabled her quietly to get over her trouble which I had not brought on her. But I had deep sympathy for her, almost an affection seemed springing up in my vacant heart. So thought I, it may do good to her. She is a sweet creature and deserves it; and next morning I told him I would give him fifty pounds, so soon as he was married to her. Not knowing how I might be compromised by this act, I instructed my solicitors in the matter, told them all the circumstances (excepting that I had tailed the girl), and arranged for them to pay the fifty pounds, so soon as they were satisfied that they were married.

He got the place he wanted; soon my solicitors got a letter from her saying the marriage was to take place on a certain day, and subsequently a copy of the marriage certificate. They then paid him the money. He went to service near the village, and so did she for a time, they heard. Two or three months afterwards I received a letter with these words in it: "Sir, God bless you for your kindness, please burn this, I felt that I must thank you. Lucy." — and I never heard of the couple afterwards. It was one of the shortest, but one of the most delicious of my amours, and I look back to it with intense satisfaction.

From first to last I had about three weeks enjoyment of her, for she was only a day past her monthly period, when the accusation came, by which she lost her situation, and I had her up to a day or two before her courses were forced on by the doctor.

I can't explain to myself why I had such a litch for gamahuching her, excepting the extreme beauty of her cunt, and its sweet, inciting smell. I have been always fitful in this taste. To most of the women — including some splendid women — young, beautiful, lascivious, whom I have much liked, I have never done it. I have done it with a half dislike, to several lovely creatures who insisted on my doing it to them, and I licked, spitting frequently, and wiping my mouth on the sly afterwards

to avoid offence; but occasionally I have liked it much, tho as I write and look back years, I don't recollect one woman to whom I gave such cunnilingual attention as I did to Lucy. The idea of giving pleasure to a woman seems to actuate me more in what I now do, than it used. Once I seem mainly to have thought of my own pleasure. There is a strange feeling of enjoyment comes over me now, when my tongue touches the clitoris of a sweet young woman, if I like her.

Although Lucy willingly kissed my prick and balls, I never even suggested her taking it into her mouth, — do not indeed recollect the idea having ever occurred to me. I was of course curious about James' amatory tricks, but there was little to tell, and what there was, she told me quite freely when I had had her a few days. Excepting at the house, where he shattered her virginity, he had only once had her in another house, the rest of the doings were in my house. When they had brought the dinner or luncheon things up stairs to lay the cloth, he shagged her quickly on my sofa and sometimes on the table. Directly we had left the dining-room, he did the same whilst they removed the things. So very frequently, sweet Lucy waited at table with his sperm both in and out of her cunt, and it is to be hoped that before the dinner bread was cut they washed their fingers, tho I greatly fear they did not. His prick seemed to her about the size of mine, but she had scarcely seen it, and she got with child at the second or third fucking, so she had not had much fun for her trouble. She never had the pleasure with him that I gave her, and that is all she said.

I have had a dozen women with their backs on a dining room or other table, and have found them a most convenient couch. For impromptu coition, tables are just the height for me. I can see, feel, and fuck easily on them, and can save the lady's clothes from inconvenient rumpling. One night in the smoking room of the club, the conversation turning as usual upon women, I alluded to tables, and wondered if every man present had used them. Ten men were present, and each said he had often times done so. One man, since dead, said he had shagged every servant he had on them. He was in the F*r**n office, not well off, and kept but two servants. "It's the safest place in the house," said he, "just before the cloth is laid. Your wife is most likely dressing, the cook cooking, and neither can interrupt you. I expect every man has put a woman's arse on that piece of mahogany."

Then again I sought Camille's society, and for a long time thought her the most charming of courtezans. — She had plumped up still more, took a warm bath every day, and her skin, always good, had the most delicious, velvety smoothness. I use that word advisedly, be-cause having an exquisite sense of touch, I notice that some women's flesh feels like ivory, some like satin, and some like velvet, and some (which is the perfection of all) which seems a compound of all them, and I call that perfect flesh.

Moreover she had a slow, lazy, voluptuous manner of fucking, by which she seemed to prolong my pleasure, and this with her, I think, was art grafted on natural aptitude. She was never in a hurry for me to go, never said she was engaged, or that some one was coming at * * o'clock, or would I excuse her for a few minutes, or similar devices of strumpets with which I am now fully acquainted. Nor did she borrow, nor be dissatisfied with my gifts, nor say she was short of money, that her rent was due to-morrow, and so on. She had plenty of friends I know, for her splendid tho quiet dresses, silk stockings, boots, and fine chemises told me that. Indeed she admitted it, showed me various men's cards, saying that she supposed if they left her their cards, they did not object to their being seen, or why leave them. And so I used to sit for hours with her, poking her at intervals, and talking upon sexual matters, as well as all sorts of subjects, and drinking Claret and smoking.

Indeed she was a most enticing creature, for she had among other qualities, a small, soft, exquisitely feminine voice, and a silvery quiet laugh. In cold weather clad in a lovely loose sort of silk wrapper, she sat half fronting the fire, with perhaps one leg just over the arm of the chair, or in some attitude by which I could see half way up her thighs. As it got warmer she would loll about with a chemise so fine, that you could see the hair of her cunt through it, and her rich darkish flesh looked exquisite against the white by contrast.

[I had until within a year or two of the period of time now entered on, read but little erotic literature, and that in English. Now I had read much of that written by the French. How coarse and

commonplace the average English bawdy book is, compared with the French; and the same may be said of the pictures. With certain facilities recently possessed, I must I think (if they exist) have come across English engravings in which the workings of love (called lust), that potent factor of human action implanted in him by nature for his pleasure and the woman's, and for the perpetuation of the human race, are artistically portrayed; yet I have scarcely seen any which, as engravings, are not coarse; designed by those evidently unaccustomed to draw the human figure at all, and quite unable to portray the male and female either in the varied incitements to, or the varied attitudes, in which they copulate. Whilst in the French are to be found copious engravings, true to life in every one of these particulars.]

This literature amused me much, as did the pictures of fantastic combinations of male and female in lascivious play and in coition. Their impossibilities even amused me, and brought frequently to my mind what I had heard of in my now wide experience with Paphian ladies. There is no end of variety in such amusements, and no limits to eccentricities in lewdness, and no harm in gratifying them, either alone with one woman or man, or in society, to whom it is congenial. A field of lascivious enjoyment new to me, seemed opening, and I thought about the out of the way erotic tricks portrayed, and of those I also might play, and that I should like to try them. I began to see that such things are harmless, tho the world may say they are naughty, and saw through the absurdity of conventional views and prejudices as to the ways a cock and cunt may be pleurably employed.

Why, for instance, is it permissible for a man and woman to enjoy themselves lasciviously, but improper for two men and two women to do the same things all together in the same room? — Why is it abominable for any one to look at man and woman fucking, when every man, woman, and child would do so if they had the opportunity? Is copulation an improper thing to do, if not, why is it disgraceful to look at its being done? — Why may a man, and woman handle each other's privates, and yet it be wrong for a man to feel another's prick, or a woman to feel another's cunt? Every one in each sex has at one period of their lives done so, and why should not any society of association of people indulge in these innocent, tho sensual, amusements if they like in private. What is there in their doing so that is disgraceful? It is the prejudice of education alone which teaches that it is.

Such reflections for some year had crossed my mind; they tended to sweep away prejudices. And tho I still have prejudice, yet for the most part I can see no harm in gratifying my lust in the ways which the world would say is highly improper, but which appear to me that men and women are intended by instinct as well as by reflection to gratify. This frame of mind seems to me to have been gradually developing for some time past — and accounts for much that follows.

In these opinions I was strengthened by repeated conversations with Camille. She was one of the most philosophic whores I ever knew, was fairly educated, and had a wonderfully cool common sense way of looking at things. When I had doubts of the propriety of doing this or that, she would solve them with answers which appeared to me irrefutable, at length. We seem to have been on the subject of unusual pleasures whenever we met. — In fact we were constantly talking about varieties in lustful enjoyments. She would sit down smoking a cigarette, and I a cigar, and consider whether there was wrong in frigging, gamahuching, minetting, tribadism, or sodomy. — In men frigging each other, or women doing the same, and other things. Our conclusion was that there was no harm in any of them. With that clear conscience, and aided by my imagination and by the French books and prints, erotic whims began to suggest themselves to me gradually.

I then fell ill for a short time, and during that, arranged some more of these memoirs. Soon after, disappointments, troubles of various sorts, and other considerations made me nearly burn them. Getting well I drowned my sorrows in female society, and had many of the fair mercenary ones, whom I had known before I left England. To their class I owe a debt of gratitude, and say again what I think I have said else where: that they have been my refuge in sorrow, an unfailing re-lief in all my miseries, have saved me from drinking, gambling, and perhaps worse. I shall never throw stones at them, nor speak harshly to them, nor of them.

They are much what society had made them, and society uses them, enjoys them, even loves them;

yet denies them, spurns, damns, and crushes them even whilst frequenting them and enjoying them. In short, it shamefully ill treats them in most Christian countries, and more so in protestant England than in any other that I know.

Then came the weariness of spirit, the vacuous dissatisfaction of an affectionate man, without a woman to attach himself to. Hating still my home, again with less money (my own fault), I went on a round of visits to my relations of whom I had many. Among them, I went to my aunt in H***f**dshire; I had not been there for four or five years. She was now an old woman, and all her children were married excepting one still at home. Fred was dead, little Joey, whose nursemaid years before I had shagged, and caught with Page Robert, lived with my aunt. His mother, whose cunt I once saw when young, was poor and had a large family. The old butler was dead, and with the exception of one old gardener and the old farm yard keeper, not one was on the estate who was there in the jolly days, when I had Pender, Whiteteeth, and Molly. My mother I should say was also dead, and the house in which I was born was inhabited by one of my married sisters, whom I did not like, nor she me.

I found life at the manor house slow. Walking and riding out with my cousin, even tho she was the handsomest of the lot, did not satisfy me. Why she had not married was always a wonder. So after I had paid visits to some neighbouring friends I thought of leaving, when something detained me. It was a woman again. God bless cunt! copulation for ever! God bless it for all the sweet associations and affections it produces. This act described as filthy, and not to be alluded to, is the greatest pleasure of life. All people are constantly thinking of it. After the blessed sun, sure the cunt ought to be worshipped as the source of all human happiness. It takes and gives and is twice blessed.

Joey had grown a big hobbledehoy before his time, and was turned fourteen years old. — Forgetting what I had been at his age, — my desires to know what a cunt really was, — my languishing inclinations towards females, I now treated him as a child, and only thought of him as the little piddling imp, who formerly gave me the excuse for getting acquainted with his nursemaid, a dozen years before.

He came home at about a quarter past one and went back at three, to a school about a mile from the Hall. To suit him (tho indeed it had nearly always been my aunt's principal meal), we had dinner at half-past one. After dinner, I used to smoke and read till three or four, then go out, — and often with my aunt or cousin. The simple meal rarely occupied three-quarters of an hour, then my aunt took a nap in her room, — Emily sitting with her. — Joe always disappeared immediately, and either went back to play at school, or look at some rabbits he had in the stables. Nobody heeded where he went.

There was no man servant just then in the house, one was expected soon. A parlour maid waited at table. A fine, strapping, but some what bold looking woman, apparently nearly thirty years old. She was no great beauty, but the picture of health, blue eyed and light-brown haired, fleshy and strongly built. My aunt had a favorite dog ill at the farm, cut off meat for it at our meals, and used to send this woman with it to the farm-yard directly she had done waiting. When I began to want a woman, I wondered if this woman would assuage me. Her name was Tomlin.

Smoking and strolling out of the library, directly after the midday meal one day, in the direction of the farm, I thought to my surprize that I saw a man kissing a woman in the laurel shrubbery, not far from the memorable privy in which I once had Pender. As I approached I heard male footsteps going off. — Going on then to the farm, and thinking of the fuckings I had in cow house, dairy, and barn, — after about a quarter of an hour I saw the parlour maid come quickly across the rick yard, and pass into the laurel walk towards the house. Not thinking of that, and walking leisurely back, I saw Joe in the distance on the extreme edge of the lawn, on the other side of the grounds, making for the stables very quickly. Then it struck me of a sudden that he had been in the summer house called the grotto, — perhaps thinking of my own tricks in that grotto put the idea into my head, that the servant had been there as well.

At our supper I watched Joe, but saw no signs of intelligence between him and the woman. — At the next midday meal I fancied that he eyed her in a peculiar way, so when she went off with the dog's food, I went off to the stables, and thence to a point from which I could see the walk leading to the grotto. The grotto was hidden from view, and so it was from the house. Master Joe after a time came away from it in a hurry. I hid in a stable, and saw him pass out towards the road, then going back near to the laurel walk, I saw the parlor maid going very quickly towards the kitchen entrance of the house, and looking demure enough. There is a game up for certain, thought I, between that woman and that boy.

The grotto has already been partly described: it was a big building, an expensive toy. The back and sides were built of rock, burs, and lumps of stone; ferns and ivy grew on it, the boughs of big trees over hanging it. The roof partly was rockwork, the remainder, formed of trunks of trees rustically put together and boarded, was falling into decay. My aunt would not incur the expense of restoring it. — I suspected that the boy and full grown woman had been there. How could I manage to watch them. I spent an hour in the grotto before I could devise the means.

It was almost surrounded and covered by big trees and shrubs, and by climbing up the rock work at the back (easily enough done), I reached the arch, and leaning over that reached the wooden part of the roof, which was so decayed that in many places the ivy had worked itself thru the boards, and hung down inside. — At a convenient spot, I thrust a walking stick thru it, and made a hole big enough to see half the place below. It was so big that indeed any one looking up carefully, might have seen an eye placed there, or certainly have seen the hole.

Next day saying I should not be at midday meal, and putting on an overcoat — really to lay down upon and prevent my hurting myself on stones, I posted myself on the roof. Soon after, in came Joey and — bless him — sat down on the side nearest the peep hole, pulled out his cock, looked at it and put it back. Almost simultaneously in came the woman. He kissed her, in an instant his hands were up her clothes, they scarcely had time for talk, there was no wind, and I heard them fairly well.

Opening her legs she let him feel her. "Don't you wish your uncle (so they called me) was gone?" said she. "I just do," said Joey. "Oh, let me see it," pulling up her clothes. She pushed them down. "No, you saw it the other day, it's the same; where is your thing?" Joe pulled it out stiff enough, she took hold of it, and quietly felt it. Joe continued his groping, and begging for a look. "Not to day. I can't wait." "Oh, its coming," said Joe all on a sudden. The woman let go his cock and sat down. He sat on her knee. She caught hold of his cock again, and after a few frigs Joey cried out again, "Oh, it's a coming," and out spouted his sperm. "What did you do that for?" said he. "You won't tell any one ever, will you now?" said she. "If your father knew he'd send you to Van Die-mens' land. He said he would if you troubled him, you know. Here, look." She lifted her petticoats right up in front of Joey, who was sitting on the seat, feeling his cock and sulking, but instantly dropped them, almost before he could have seen anything, and laughing, went out. They were not together five minutes. Joey put by his machine and, looking out first carefully, went off.

I felt now sure the boy had had her, and next day I did not dine with my aunt, but again got to the top of the grotto. Joey came in first, she after. "Your uncle is looking sharp after you," said she directly she entered. "Does he guess?" said he. "Don't know, but don't you look at me when I'm in the dining-room." While saying this they felt each other, both standing up. He had thrown his left arm over her shoulder, his right was up her petticoats. "Make haste," said she, and placing her bum against the edge of the heavy rustic table, she pulled up her petticoats, caught hold of his prick, guided it to her cunt, straddling her legs apart to get to the proper level, and, so both standing, they fucked with heads over each other's shoulder. They were quiet for a minute after the spend, then she kissed him loudly, gave him a push, down dropped her clothes, and she went off instantly saying, "Tomorrow, if it don't rain." — They had only been a few minutes together. — She alone was in a hurry, Joey leisurely looked at his cock and then went out. Something must have disturbed him, for he came back and stood by the side of the grotto, not far from the front of the slope by which I got up to the roof. — Then he ran off. — I was frightened he would see me, for I was getting down

from the roof when he returned, and I caught sight of him thru the foliage. They said a few more words to each other than I have written here, but I only heard them partially.

Vol. 5 Chapter V

My letch for Tomlin. • An assault. • Slight resistance. • What's for dinner? • Cook this. • Sham displeasure. • Aunt out. • After dinner. • My bed-room. • Tail in tail. • The grotto again. • The dog's food. • Joey's fears and regrets. • Against the table. • A holiday out. • The brothel at *. • Complete enjoyment. • Tomlin's widow-hood. • Confession of lust. • Her husband's lechery. • No fears. • Joey's future. • A round of visits. To London.**

The sight was delicious, tho I had only seen Joey's cock which was a boyish one, and one of her legs to the knee; for when she lifted her petticoats for him to look at her quim, her back was towards me. When fucking they were just under me. — But I knew she was a fine plump woman. — And I now knew, a hot cunted one. — I was sure she had seduced Joe, and not Joe she. Getting down, my prick aching with stiffness, and thinking of how to get into her, I went off thru the farm yard as I often did, and down the lane where Pender once lived, then round to the house and rang the bell twice before the front door was opened. "I beg your pardon, sir," said she, "for keeping you waiting. I was up stairs when you rang." — Perhaps to wash your cunt, I thought.

Imprudent as it was, for my aunt and cousin were dressing, I kissed her. "Oh, don't sir, you'll be seen," said she. She looked round with anxiety. Again I kissed and clutched her round the bum. "I've been longing for you ever since I saw you." She no longer dropped her eyes in the demure, sham-modest way, which is always the way with a woman who knows a thing or two more than she ought, and whose hidden fires are strong; but looked me fully in the face with a smile. Then I walked into the dining room, she following.

"Are you having your dinners." "Yes, sir." — Get me something directly you have done." Ten minutes after she came to me. "What shall I get you, sir." "A night gown, and you and I will go to bed together." I never saw woman look more astonished. Of course I knew now that I might take any liberties. — Then I kissed her, praised her hair and flattered her. "Did I like the color," she asked. — Yes I did. — "What color is it down there?" pinching her clothes at the spot. "What shall I get you, sir?" she said again. "A night gown." "Oh, do say what you would like, sir. Mistress will be coming down." "Ask the cook what I can have." — Coming back she said there was no cold meat, should a chop be cooked.

I looked at my watch. In twenty minutes my aunt would be down. The carriage was ordered I knew, and she was punctual. I was boiling over with desire. Should I wait till my aunt had gone off before I went further, I thought, and made up my mind to do so; but looking at the woman quite upset me, and in the reckless mood, which overtakes me at times, I put my hand up her clothes. She struggled, "Oh, sir, don't," and in undertone, "Mistress may come down at any moment, oh, don't." Her back, retreating under my advance, was against the wall. She could retreat no further, my finger was well into the slit. — Then pulling out my prick, "You cook this for me, my darling." She got away and opened the door. "I'll tell the cook, sir," and off she went, but I saw that she looked at my stiff cunt-prober.

I rang after a while, "Is the chop ready?" "Not yet, sir." She looked at my prick, which I was showing, and then round anxiously towards the staircase, and shaking her head as she saw me advancing towards her, she went off. A minute after, aunt and cousin came in-to the room.

What a pity I had not come into luncheon they said, and after a five minute's chat, I saw them to the carriage. The parlor maid closed the street door. — Then how she looked at me. She came into the dining room to lay the cloth. In an instant I was kissing her. — "What color is the hair there?" She

was bolder al-ready. "I don't know I never looked." She shammed displeasure, what did I take her for. "Why a sensible woman who liked fucking, fucking is in those lovely eyes of yours." "Oh, what things to say." I got a good feel up her. She objected, but resisted less. My cock was out. There was a sofa, I pushed her towards it. "Oh, if the housemaid should come in." — Recklessly I locked the door, and pushed her on to the sofa; she lifted her legs ready for me, and cock was up cunt in a jiffy. How she liked it. I wonder if she thought of Joe's small cock there, when mine was up her; I shall never know that, but I thought of his cock having been in the same hole two hours before, and also that she would never know what I was thinking about.

Then she laid the cloth whilst my sperm was on her thighs, I'll swear, — for the accumulation of a healthy abstinence of some days, a long continuance for me then, was there. We now talked of fucking quite calmly. What a shame to treat her so. — "You liked it." She didn't. "Well you will after I have had something to eat." She had been so hurried to serve me, that she had scarcely eaten her own dinner she said. "Go and finish it my love, and you'll fuck better."

The chop came, I could scarcely eat for excitement. — "Let's poke again." "No, we shall be caught." "Go to my bed-room when I have dined." "Impossible." It was quite impossible: the plan of the house I have de-scribed before. There was the servant's staircase, my bed room next to Joe's, and just past it the lobby connecting with the servant's rooms. "Take away the things, I'll go to my room, say you are going to your bed room, but turn into mine, and we will enjoy each other." "Impossible," the housemaid would be arranging her mistress' room. "Wait till she has done." I laid hold of her, swearing to have her again on the sofa if she did not agree, and told her that years before a servant had done it with me in that very room.

I went to my room, heard the housemaid about, and then move off. Soon after, my door (left ajar) opened, and in Tomlin came. In an instant she was on the bed with her clothes up to her navel. A sniff, a feel, a hurried look and we were fucking. Then she went down stairs, returned, and was rewarded by a bum basting. She was grateful for it, — never woman enjoyed more, — she did not disguise her pleasure.

I inspected her charms after a wash in my basin and she inspected mine. She fondled my prick in silence.

— "Go down and come up in half an hour," said I for I was not up to further work. "Master Joe will be just then home for school unless he meets Mrs.," said she, — and sure enough he came home. I began to wonder if he had ever had her in his bedroom. — He usually waited near the village for his grand mother's carriage at that hour, and drove out with her; but the at-traction of a spanking backside and a hairy quim, I knew full well, would bring him, as it had brought me home once.

A rutting fit came on me, and I thought of where I was to have her again; and finding her so hot cunted, I asked her, and suggested likely places about the grounds. No, they were never allowed to go to the stables except for messages, nor to the farm unless sent, until every one had left off work but the head man, and his wife, the dairy maid; or on Sundays when they went to church. It was the same years before. "Not in the grotto at dark?" (She looked me hard in the face when I suggested that.) No, it was too far off. "The privy in the laurel walk?" "A nasty place," said she. — I was interrupted by Joe coming in, the young cub was cunt hunting, and often in the way afterwards.

I found afterwards that his grandmother thought he needed looking after. He was rarely allowed out after dark, but went to school early, and was often in the morning room with the parlor maid alone. — My old aunt no longer went to the farm yard before break-fast as in Pender's time, — so I went down early in the morning to baulk Joe, if he intended any game; and took a dislike to the boy for his precocity.

After breakfast Joey was off to school. I leisurely smoking a cigar, just before she went off with the dog's meat, waited in the shrubbery having ascertained that no one was in the privy.

She came along with the dog's food in her hand, saw me, looked round anxiously, shook her head.

"No, — no," but I drew her into the privy easily, for her cunt was athirst, and had her up against the wall, the dog's food on the privy seat. Five minutes afterwards she was in the dining room clearing the table. One of the charms, to me, of intrigues with servants is the odd, out of the way places and times in which I tail them — the hurried plugging, their intense enjoyment of my prick, and then the sensuous pleasure of seeing them at times, almost directly afterwards, at their household duties with cunts full of my sperm. There was Tomlin now in that condition at her work, looking demure but flushed, and Aunt and Emily in the room with us, but blissfully ignorant.

Next day I was at the grotto; I had enlarged a hole in the roof to hear better, but it was windy and heard badly at times. — "Make haste, I can't come again, your grandma thinks I'm too long gone, your uncle will find us out." "He's going next week," said Joe. She pulled up her clothes in a business-like way, placing her bum against the table, he gave a look for an instant, she felt his cock, and then they fucked. The very instant Joe's bum had ceased wagging, she pushed him off, and went away saying loudly, "You wait a quarter of an hour." Joe sat down playing with his prick and frigging it hard, but it did not stiffen, and then went off. I could not move till he had, and laying on my belly, with stones and lumps beneath me, was so cramped that I could scarcely get up.

When aunt had gone for her drive, I had Tomlin on

my bed; she could not come again — fearing the housemaid, whose room was next to hers, and for that reason I could not risk going to her room. Feather beds were in all the house, so we had to re-make mine before we left the room — I helping (mattress and spring beds were unknown then).

I wanted fuller enjoyment of her than was possible at the manor house, and after scarcely getting a feel for three days, she readily enough, at my suggestion, said her mother was ill, and got leave to go and see her. Early in the morning saying I was going to the town of A****, which was untrue, off I went. The beer shop at the market town where Pender and I had our delight was no longer available, but at A***, a larger place, I found what I wanted, met her at the station, and without noticing each other she followed me.

"This isn't a Public house," were the first words she uttered. I told her frankly, a bawdy house, which didn't seem to shock her. "I'm so hungry, I had no time to get any breakfast," said she. I had not foreseen that, but meaning to have a long day's amusement with her, had at an hotel got a lot of sandwiches and a bottle of sherry. "Oh, I'm so glad." "Let's do it first." "No, I'm so hungry." — She stripped, to please me, to her chemise then sat eating whilst I at her feet, kneeling, fingered her quim, looked at her body, felt it, and kissed her thighs, rising up at times to show her my excited generator. — She was soon satisfied with food, and with her mouth almost full, I mounted and satisfied her cunt.

Then we both got into bed. I had no difficulty in making her do so, and a very fine woman she was. White in flesh, with a fine backside, large, round thighs, most beautiful breasts, but not much waist; and I did not admire the colour of her motte. She had such in-tense pleasure in fucking that she almost doubled mine. She spent copiously, we made the sheets in a precious mess, and fell fast asleep.

Then to her annoyance the wants of nature compelled her to leave the room. That necessity in a woman, in whose arms I had lain, at that time somewhat revolted me — a squeamish stupidity since lost. She washed when she came back, we finished our wine and sandwiches, got into the bed again and, feeling each other's genitals, talked. What confidences are exchanged when a man and woman are laying side by side at that play. I can recollect all I write and lots more. — "You're fond of fucking." "Of course," said she. "Who does it to you?" "No one, I'm going to be married soon." "Your sweetheart does." "He wants, but I won't let him." "Has he felt your cunt?" "Once or twice; how curious you are." "Why did you let me do it to you?" "I suppose I wanted it." "Did you expect I was after you?" "Not till two days before, when you looked at me so." "If you're not fucked I suppose you frig yourself." "Every woman does who isn't married." "Do the servants?" "I never knew one who didn't." She was so wonderfully straight in all her re-plies, excepting as to when she

was tucked last. I longed to ask her about Joey, but restrained myself, talked generally about Aunt and Cousin; at length said, "Has Joe ever kissed you? He is fast for his age and looking after you." "Yes, and tried to pull up my clothes but I smacked his head and said I would tell to his grandmother, but what makes you ask me about him?" "Because I thought he was after you." The spirit moved me, I made her put her thigh well over mine as we were lying side by side, and put my fingers up her cunt. "You've had a good lot of fucking, you're too fond of it to do nothing but frig." "I had plenty for three years till my husband died." "What, married?" "Yes, three years."

Then she told how she had been in service, had married, and was a widow three years after. Some relative gave her a character for a fresh place, her being widow was kept secret, because ladies would not readily take widows into their service. They get with the men more readily they thought, which was a mistake; there was the housemaid three month's gone with child, and had never been married. "Well," said I turning in-to her and inserting my prick, "You fucked your husband out." "He didn't want much asking, the doctor said he would kill himself if he did it so much, but he would." "Was his prick bigger than mine?" said I feeling my pleasure increasing. "Oho, — the same — size — oho — ," she sobbed out. "Oh, don't — oh ah ah," and we spent.

Again we talked. Her husband was always doing it, did it before he went to work, and when he came home to dinner. He was consumptive. I came to the conclusion that both being lustful, he always wanting it, she always ready, that he fucked himself to death.

"I shall get you with chlid." I am fond of saying this to women. She had never been so, and a doctor had said she never would. So she laid tranquilly enjoying her full cunt.

She told me my cousin Emily had fine limbs; of the quarrels of another cousin with her husband when staying at the Hall, of the way Mrs. *** (the cousin divorced, whose cunt I had seen when a girl) went on with gentlemen, how the housemaid who was in the family way said she wished she had never had a man; we always got to talking of nudity, and genitals, and then fucking till we were fucked out. Then I took her to eat at an obscure place and she went back; I by a later train. She opened the door to let me in. Aunt next morning hoped I would not come in so late and keep the servants up.

Three days afterwards, we did the same but she could not get away early. One day I went to the grotto, but neither she nor Joey were there. — The dog was better and at home. I got her to my room and had a hurried fuck one afternoon when my aunt was out, and made her a present, and that week I went home.

A few months afterwards, being at my aunt's, I heard she was married. Joey had left also; aunt said she could not manage him, and he had been put to a boarding school. A few years afterwards he was sent to a colony by his parents — they could not manage him. I never disclosed to Tomlin what I knew about her and Joey.

After visiting such of my relations as I intended, I returned to London, and whored quietly as heretofore. My one remedy when miserable, was a woman. When I wanted a very quiet one, I went to Camille — she was always desirous of knowing what I did when away from her so long, and she did not get the truth. Gabrielle had come back to England, but she seemed a bird of passage, appearing and disappearing often, and I had her a few times; this variety of woman is very charming.

Vol. 5 Chapter VI

My uncle's in the North. • Cousin Hannah. • Mop-sticks. • The peep in the hayfield. • At a ball. • The drive next day. • After dinner. • The drawing-room sofa. • A tale told. • Solitude, twilight, and opportunity. • Consequences. • Fear of detection. • Cunning devices. • Hannah's bed room. • Aunt returns. • A night's pleasure. • Morning regrets. • At breakfast. • Against the wall. • Bates, the maid. • Gesticulations and indications. • Hannah's dream. • Nearly caught.

Although I went with women promiscuously, it was only with those of a high class; but variety seemed every thing to me. Every pretty gay woman attracted me, and I had an intense curiosity to see their cunts, more it seems to me than to possess them; tho I don't recollect many whom my prick did not enter after my eyesight had been gratified. It is surprizing to myself how for a time I recollectd this great variety of cunt; for I saw five or six fresh ones a week, and one week I had ten. It was one in the afternoon before dinner, and the second after dinner, when I had two.

Then I went on a visit to one of my uncles in the North. He had married a prudish sort of woman, and they lived on their fortune and on their estate which was mainly hers. — He let his farms reserving the game, and I went to see him usually once a year, and generally when game was to be shot. I had only to write to say I was coming, for my aunt liked me tho she said I was wild, "But who would wonder at it." They had children, all of whom were married but one girl, Letitia, who lived at home. One cousin named Hannah was married to an officer who had gone to India, and she had gone to her father's home to await his arrangements, which did not quite depend upon himself. She was then about going out to him. They had been married four years and had no children, had always lived at hotels or in lodgings, for he had been obliged to move about so much with his Regiment, that they had never had a settled home. It was rumoured that they did not lead a very loving life. Yet I never heard anything urged against either him, or her. — He was quite a gentleman, but poor, and had been gone abroad six or nine months at the time I speak of. A letter from him naming the time of her departure to India was expected. The post only then came in about once in three weeks, or less frequently.

Hannah had been fond of me as a girl, but it was not returned by me. I was about five years older than her. She was so thin when young, that she was the subject of all sorts of jokes. We used to call her lanky, mop-sticks, and scraggs; and I could not bear scraggy girls. She continued scraggy till about twenty, when she bloomed in to a new woman, and soon after she was married, fattened into a superb one. It was almost impossible to think she was the scraggs of former days. The male and his sperm agreed with her and had helped, I expect, to cover her bones; but it never swelled her belly.

When Fred and I were about seventeen or eighteen years old, and old enough not to have troubled our-selves about young girls, we played with her the same trick in a hay field that we had done with Fred's sisters when we were boys. "Let's look at mopstick's thighs, I wonder if she has any hair on her cunt," said he one day. She was rather too old for such an attempt, but it was successful. We pelted each other with hay, Fred held her down and covered her head, and I lifted her petticoats whilst she was struggling. Fred in his turn pulled her out from under the hay exposing her thighs, and we both saw her cunt for a moment only. It was hairless. The girl fancied some trick had been played on her, for she got up in a temper, stood colouring scarlet, looking first at me and then at Fred in a peculiar way, and tears came into her eyes. We were suspected, evidently. "Come along Hannah," I said. "Shan't," said she pouting, "I'll go to Mamma," and off she went. "I think mopsticks smells a rat," said Fred, and we were rather uneasy about it, but suppose the girl never did say anything.

I only saw Hannah once or twice a year as she grew older, and never without thinking of her

skeleton legs, so watched her fattening in after years with much interest. Fred used to say her bum-cheeks were not bigger than apple dumplings; I had not seen her for a couple of years, at the time I tell of, and was delighted with her altered appearance. Yet, still I recalled to mind the long hairless slit between the two broom-stick thighs, and wondered how the apparatus and its surroundings looked now. We were thrown together daily and nearly all day; she still called me Walter, and I called her Hannah, tho I heard her husband did not approve of it. Neither did my aunt who used to say that it would be better to address each other as Mr. and Mrs.

My uncle spent most of his time in field-sports, he was much liked and invited to fishings and shootings far and near. When I had been there three days, off he went on a visit, taking his guns and rods, and his unmarried daughter with him, leaving me to stop as long as I liked at "K". My aunt and I, cousin Hannah, were then alone. So Hannah was much more with me than before, but I did not take much notice of her until I got lewed. Then gradually my lust came on strong, and I resolved to go to D**l**g**n and get a woman. We were about two miles from town.

My uncle's house was at the end of a quiet village. It had a ground and one storey above, only; and kitchens on the ground floor, separated from the other part by a lobby, shut off by a door. Like other gentle-men's houses of that class which were old built, it stood in beautiful grounds. When my prick began to irritate me, a lewed pleasure came to me in looking at Hannah, and thinking it was months since her quim had had a stiff one up it. In a delicate way I alluded to her being a half widow, and I a half widower. — "Don't you feel dull when you get to bed," said I. "Don't you," said she, and we both laughed. The joking was never more direct than that, but I was sure it had occurred to her that I meant to say "You have nobody to fuck you, Hannah." I never however dreamed of trying to have her, for as often said, I esteemed it disgraceful for a man not to respect his own family, and I objected always, on principle, to interfering with other men's wives, tho unfortunately I have been seduced into breaking this rule.

There was a good deal of difficulty in getting at the servants of the house, four in number. The cook was the wife of the coachman and looked closely after the other three, who were nice, fresh-coloured bitches; and seeing no chance there, I intended to have a free lady at the town of D* * *n. I should add that there were no men servants kept in the house. The parlor maid seemed to be always looking at me, and I had kissed her on a former visit, had even given a poke with my finger below her waist, but nothing more; and she now looked at me severely.

We went to a small ball, which my uncle and other cousin had not accepted. Hannah's white shoulders and breasts enticed me. I waltzed with her, the smell of her flesh upset me. "What a shame we can't kiss each other, as we used," said I, when waltzing. "So it is," said she, laughing, "for we are cousins and there would be no harm, but people might make mischief." After supper I danced again with her. "I can scarcely keep my lips from your shoulders," I said. "Be careful, don't hold me so close." My prick was stiff, and I had pleasure in the idea of its being close up against her. She would dance with me no more that night. Her mother had whispered to her not to do so. — In the carriage going home, I rejoiced in the warmth of her limbs against mine, moving them gently up against her — as I thought without her noticing my little game — and I rested my hand on her knee whilst talking as if without intention, and so on, indulging in voluptuous feelings which touching a pretty woman always gave me, and thinking about her cunt, till my prick was well nigh bursting.

The next day, a man called on us who invited me to sup with him at *** and I accepted meaning to have a woman there. After luncheon, I went with my aunt and cousin to the town of D* * *n shopping. The carriage was an open one. It was a nice autumnal afternoon and I sat opposite them, my right leg against Hannah's. I'll swear she was as lewed as I was, for the music, dancing, and champagne over night had excited her, and perhaps also my contact with her, for I was in an awful state of lust anticipating an evening's fucking.

My aunt's purchases just filled the spare seat by the side of me, and I moved to make room for them quite opposite to my cousin, and then her legs were closer to mine. Aunt then bought at a linen-

drapers some flimsy, light article of large size, "Put it in the carriage," said she to the draper; and to me, "It won't annoy you, it's so light." It hid our legs, and we went home, I indulging in the warmth of Hannah's against mine, which I closed delicately on hers. Hannah was very gay and laughed at every thing I said, till aunty wondered what she saw to laugh at so much. The pressure of my limbs against hers made her, I believe, half hysterical with want of fucking.

We had dinner, and my aunt went out directly after-wards to see a friend close by who was very ill, and she took a servant to escort her. — I prepared to go out to ***. Hannah went to the drawing room, and sat on the sofa doing fancy work. It grew twilight. — "I'm going out," said I, "to D***n." "Are you not tired? I am, quite hot, quite feverish," said she. She looked so nice, that I put down my hat and sat besides her on the sofa talking with her. A slight autumnal gust rose and it grew chilly: I got close to her. She laid down her work. "Let us kiss," said I, "for we are cousins," and I put my arm round her waist and kissed her. She gave me one without any hesitation in return, and then I took a dozen. "I don't know what Charley would say if he knew it," said she. "Neither of us will tell him," I replied and I pulled her to me, and kissed again and again. "Oh, don't," said she, giving herself up to it tho, and letting me kiss, and giving me even some in return, but saying, "Don't now, we mustn't."

Then lewdness made me forget all in a desire to talk to her of bawdy things. As far as I recollect the having her body had not even then entered my mind, but I thought of what I had seen in the hayfield, and longed to tell her. I felt on dangerous ground, was nervous, but the desire was irresistible. — Putting one hand on to her thigh gently outside her clothes, "What a difference," said I, "there is between your thighs now, and when I saw them eleven years ago; they are three times as large."

"What?" said she, laughing in an astonished way. "What? How do you know about the size of my legs? Do you know what you are saying?" I cuddled up to her, I pulled her to me, and whilst she kept saying at intervals, "Oh, what a shame," — I told her in a whisper the story. I used no strong words, tho what I said was quite unmistakeable. I am master of that kind of language, and she knew I had seen all. — "Your thighs were not bigger than your calves now are, and Fred said — shall I tell you" "Yes." "Don't be offended then." "No." Then I told her. "Oh, what a couple of blackguards! I knew you were up to some-thing, I have often thought of it since; it's disgraceful, and you have no business now to tell me anything about it," said she, with a sort of temper. The fog had thickened, the room was darkish, all was as silent as the grave. A desire to feel her cunt, to fuck her — a passionate desire to do so seized me suddenly. I thought not of who she was and who I was — my prick was stiff and throbbing. I pulled her to me and we kissed and kissed. "Oh, I can't breathe — leave off, Walt," said she in a soft voice. "Let me love, — let us — who will know — let's do it," said I, pressing her thighs, slipping my hand down towards her knee. "Oh, don't — oh, don't." — A stoop, a lift, and my hand was on her naked thighs. She made a sudden at-tempt to push her clothes down, but it was too late, and struggled no more. — Her thighs were closed; I pushed my fingers thru the hair, they felt the soft clitoris, — then all is nearly confusion. I fingered away at it, that soft enticing rub, I kissed her, she kissed me, her head lay on my shoulder, she lay half slanting on the sofa, my left arm round her; I with-drew my hand from cunt for an instant, and pulled out my prick. — Seizing her hand, I put it round it, and my right hand resumed its place on her clitoris. "Oh, don't — oh, Walter dear — no — don't," she murmured. I stopped her utterances with kisses, licking her lips, shoving my tongue into her mouth, laid her down into the sofa, lifted her legs on to it without resistance, and threw myself on to her. Her thighs opened wide for me, and in a minute Hannah and I were spending, in a family fuck. We had committed adultery without meaning it. A randier cock and cunt, both bursting with sperm and fucking essences, never joined together; they were near to each other and could not help fucking — neither of us was to blame for that consanguineous embrace. "Get up — oh, if the servants." I was still up her smoothing her bum with my hands, kissing and tonguing her still, almost bewildered myself, and wondering where I was, so blissfully unexpected the affair had been. I uncunted and we sat on the sofa together. "Oh, if we should have been seen," said she. — I had no fear. No one could be in the garden (the windows opening on to

the lawn were however open), and the only possibility was one of the servants having come in whilst I was up her. But that was improbable; one was out with Aunt; the cook always went to her husband's rooms after dinner; the only one likely to come in was the parlor maid, — and she never came into the drawing-room after dinner till tea, or light, were rung for. I stole thru the big silent hall, opened one of the doors between the lobby leading to the kitchens quietly and listened. Two servants were talking to each other. Re-turning, I told Hannah, but she started all sorts of fears. "It's dark nearly. What will they think of our being here without lights? Oh, if they tell mamma. She is a little afraid of you Walt, and tells me to be cautious about you." Much of that sort was said, all in a low tone.

We kissed and thought out a ruse. It was no time to think much, for Aunt might return at any minute. Softly I left the room, put my hat and stick on the hall table, went to my bed-room, took a pillow from the bed, put it under my head, and laid down on the sofa.

When Hannah had given me time to do this, she rang the drawing-room bell. The servant came. "What time is it?" "Half-past eight, Ma'am." "How cold it is, shut the window, I've been fast asleep. Get tea, and lights, at once." The servant shut the window and brought lights. "Did Mr.*** say when he should come home?" "He won't to tea. Only make tea for me. I dare say Mamma will have hers out." "I don't think Mr. * * * is out, Ma'am, his hat is in the hall. "He went out directly after dinner." "No, his hat is there." "Go up and see if he is in his bed-room." Up came the servant — knock, knock — knock again. "Ulloh come in," said I, in a sleepy tone. Mrs. * * * wants to know if you would like tea, sir? She did not know you were within." "Say yes. I have been asleep."

I waited up stairs till I heard the servant go towards the drawing room with the tea, then I went down — and Hannah and I laughed at each other before the servant, for falling asleep. — "I thought you were going to ***, " said she. The servant heard it all. "I shan't go out now," I said. — "I'll put on my slippers," and so saying went to my bed room. As I did so, something made me feel sure that Hannah would go to her bedroom, to feel her cunt, or wipe, or wash it, or piddle, or do something with it; and my bed room was just round the corner and not thirty feet from hers.

I was right. Up she came, I saw her form in the dim light (she had no candle) at the door of her room. With-out shoes, and quietly as a mouse, I moved towards her door. — "Oh, for God's sake, don't," she whispered, "what folly!" But I pushed her into her room, and closed the door. — "Let's do it again." "No— oh, if we should be found out, its madness." — But eagerly I pushed her onto the side of the bed, tilting up her thighs, I kissed her cunt, one rapturous kiss — which left my own sperm on my nose and lips. — Then driving my prick up her, we fucked again at the bed side. What a lovely fuck it was, how I stuck to her, holding up her thighs, closing my belly on to hers, puffing her to me by her thighs. Squeezing my balls home, and covering her bum with them when I had long done spending. It seems but yesterday that it happened, and my prick stiffens with sympathy as I write this.

Then I went cautiously to the drawing room and she soon followed. We kept up the deceit. How little the maid knew of my prick sticking to my shirt, and the use Hannah had made of her cunt. We drank tea, I read, and Hannah worked as if we were brother and sister. The parlor maid, a demure young woman with fat rosy cheeks and lightish brown hair, handed toast. Before long that servant was to have her turn of grinding.

When the maid left the room I told Hannah I meant to sleep with her. — "You're mad," said she. "Why Mamma's room is next but one to mine." But I talked my baudiest — of the delight of being naked belly to belly, of feeling and seeing, as well as fucking. I talked her lewed and met every objection she made. — If I were caught in the lobby I would say I was going to the watercloset — but who could catch me. Her mother would not — the servants were away in their own quarter, her father (my uncle), and her sister away, and no one else in the house. We should never have the chance again, so persisting, shewing her my prick, feeling her thighs, talking baudy till she said I was a beast and then laughed at my talk. She agreed to let me, but she was nervous. — "Oh — go — go to your room, — if you keep talking like that, mother will see there is something wrong with

me when she comes home, for I feel so upset." — So I left her with a randy cunt, and she was to say I had gone early to bed tired.

Aunt came back soon after I had got to my room, she was tired and took hot gin and water before going to bed. I was in a fever of agitation, listened, heard Hannah leave her mother's room, — waited the time arranged, then stealthily with naked feet, walked to Hannah's chamber. — I listened as I passed aunt's room and heard her snore. — Hannah's door was fastened, I gently rattled the handle, the door opened. "For God sake go away," — whispered Hannah. She was in the dark, I entered and closed the door. "Oh, don't, and do go," said she. But I had not come to leave, and groping for the matches lighted a candle, dropped my dressing gown, stood naked and stiff pricked. — Then quietly she sank on the bed, I threw up her night gown, — saw a delicious dark haired cunt, and buried my prick in it in a jiffy. Then for three hours, all the luscious lascivious work I could think of I tried with her, sucked her bobbies, sucked her mouth, and leaving a towel in a tell tale mess stole back to bed. When I awoke I had a strange mixture of sensations. The prominent one was regret at having committed adultery, and above all with my cousin. I wondered how it had all come about, was clear that I never contemplated it, and certain that she never gave me the least encouragement. I can swear to the truth of that. Had I never seen her thighs when she was "scraggy" perhaps it never would have happened, but who knows. — A randy prick with ten days accumulation of sperm in it, a cunt which for months had never been probed by a male, or had felt the delight of the hot gush of sperm from a stiff prick, were both together in a half dark room, on a large sofa, after a good dinner; — and who knows what might have come off, even had I not told her of her long thighs and hairless slit. Thinking of all this I went down to breakfast.

Luck as usual (how marvellously I have succeeded without being trapped hitherto), was mine. — My aunt had taken cold and was obliged to keep her room. Hannah came down to breakfast with fatigued eyes. She had not slept and was full of fears. — "What are you staring at me so for, Walter?" — I could not keep my eyes off of her — I allayed her fears. — "Wait to see if you are in the family way my love, you never have been yet — and don't be stupid. Who possibly can know I was in your room?" Then I talked of our lascivious amusements till she blushed like a rose. She wished I had never come on the visit. Then I made love to her, and standing up with a bit of buttered toast in one hand, pulled out my prick with the other. Prick stiff, and handsome with its randy redness on it. — "Oh, for God sake don't." said she rising in haste, and going in front of me so as to hide it, I sup-pose for fear of the gardeners seeing. — "Oh, if any one is on the lawn. If Bates should come in, — oh, for God sake don't do that, Walter."

I knew that the gardeners were never on the lawn until the family was out of the house, or before they were up, that the maid never came in until rung for; but I buttoned up my prick and said we would do it as soon as I had finished breakfast. It was delightful to be suggesting copulation to the charming woman. — "That you shan't." "That I will." "That you shan't." "Don't you want it?" "No." "Yes you do." — So I talked on at the same time hurrying thru with my breakfast for I was in rut. When she was finished I pulled out my machine again, flourishing it before her, and pulled backwards and forwards the prepuce. — So excitedly glancing at the windows — then at the door

— then all round, as if some one might see us thru the walls — and praying me to desist. — Then rising, "You must be mad, I must go to Mamma," and she moved towards the door. — I caught hold of her, put my hands up her petticoats on to her bum. She turned round, I pushed her up against the door, got my hand on her cunt, kissing and shoving my tongue into her mouth in which was still the flavour of toast and tea.

Then was a quiet struggle. — Baudy incitements from me, prayers and entreaties all in whispers from her. — "My God, don't. If Bates should come in." I was resolute — dropped on my knees, butted my head up her petticoats, buried my mouth between her thighs, clasped her fat bum. The smell of her quim made me reckless. — I passed my tongue over and bit at her clitoris, my nose buried in the hairy fleece. Why I favoured her with this salacious incitement I don't know. Then getting up when her lust was on her, I fucked her against the door, or just by the side of it.

— I don't recollect which.

Standing still lusciously tranquil, prick and cunt joined in their spermy slobber — we heard a bell ring,

— down dropped her petticoats, out came my prick, down we both sat. She by the tea things, I facing the window. "It's Mamma's bell," said she, "and the lobby door must be open." — Her face was blood red, then white with agitation. I buttoned up my trowsers wrongly, and had not yet adjusted my clothes, when the maid came in and said my aunt wished to see Hannah. Off she went, and I went up hypocritically to ask how aunt was. Later on when up I went into her bedroom — "I'd better go away," said I, "for you are unwell and I am in the way." "You had better stay another day, your uncle will be back then." — She would not have asked me had she known the state of Hannah's cunt at that moment.

I went down to the dining room where Bates was clearing away breakfast and thought I would like to have her. — When I once have my rutting fury on I can think of nothing but cunt, and even when for the time used up by copulation, — Cunt, — Cunt, — is all I think of. — Every woman I pass in the street, I wonder what sort of a cunt she has, large or small, brown haired or black, much hair or little. — Has it been fucked or is it virgin. — I am mad about cunt — and this lasts usually two or three days till I am completely fucked out. — The abstinence from women for ten days, and the excitement of the last two days, had put me into this state; so directly I saw Bates alone, I thought of her cunt — and how to get into it.

"It's a long time since I gave you a kiss," said I — Her demure face broke into a smile and she looked all round the room. — "Mrs. Fitzgerald will hear you," said she (it was my cousin's name), I gave her rosy lips a kiss, and pinched her bum, making some impudent remark. She scuffled but I got her to kiss me, and for a few minutes, this game was carried on. — The bum pinching upset her most. — "Oh, law, don't. You'll make me lose my place, if any one's come in. Oh, if she be coming down, — oh, don't you hurt." "I'll pinch it in front then." Whereon she opened the door wide. I walked into the garden smoking a cigar, for I fancied I heard Hannah coming; but I saw plainly that I might have much fun, if not fucking, with Bates demure as she looked, and even tho she was going to be married.

Bates had been a long time in my aunt's service. When I had seen her before, I kissed her — but was not encouraged to proceed further; and two years had elapsed since then. My aunt had remarked that she was engaged to be married, — that and her demure look, and the difficulties in the way, made me dismiss all idea of getting into her — and had I not had my rutting fever on, dare say should never have attempted it. Now I was in my reckless mood and, having kissed and bum pinched, saw she was not annoyed but only timid. In the dining room I whispered, as she laid luncheon cloth, that I meant to sleep with her. — "I mean to see what color it is," said I, — at which she looked funny but very serious, and eyed me a long time without making any reply.

At every opportunity — and I made many during the day, Hannah being so much with her mother, — I at-tacked her. When she opened the door I kissed her. — She was sent to me to a summer house (oh those summer houses, how often I have tailed women in them of which I shall have to tell more) — to say my aunt would be glad to see me. There I told Bates I had hurt my fingers against her bum, and was sure she was softer in front, and made fucking signs with my fingers. — Whilst Hannah, with her dark haired cunt, was opposite to me at dinner, I was wondering what sort of quim the maid had and was taken with a furious letch for the wench— and saw that every thing tended to giving me a chance with her.

Hannah refused to let me into her room that night and I had to content myself with a grope. I went out in the afternoon — and came back to dinner. We dined later than usual and it was dark. There was a carriage drive up to the house — tho no lodge. I had rung the bell, and was waiting under the porch to be let in, when I thought I saw a paper on a garden bed, and stepped back to pick it up. Bates opened the door and not seeing anyone, stepped into the porch to look, and the wind slammed

the hall door to just as she saw it was me. — "I'll go round to the kitchen entrance," said she, "and get it open for you, sir." I saw my opportunity — caught her — kissed her — talked boudiness, and edging her up against the porch whilst kissing her, got my hand on to her cunt. 'Your cunt's nice — let me fuck it and I'll give you a lovely new dress.' — She struggled but fear made her speak in a whisper. "For God sake, don't — you'll make me lose my place and my character — oh if the ladies know I'm here. Oh, do let me go — what will they think in the kitchen? — I'll scream." — But she did not. — "Oh, I will meet you on Sunday night as you asked me, if you leave off." "I will indeed." "Leave off then, you shan't." "And let me fuck you?" I asked. "Oh no — no," said she answering in her worry. I let her go, she ran round to the servants' gate, got in that way and coming to the hall door again, let me in. I put my fingers to my nose and said, "How lovely it smells, Becky." — I was fond of saying that to women whom I had felt.

She waited at dinner, but instead of looking bashful, looked defiant and stolid, pinched her lips together, and kept staring at me. Several times when she was standing at the back of Hannah's chair, I put my finger to my nose in a careless manner, and then she coloured up, and I saw was on the point of smiling. Thought I — I'll shew you my prick at the first opportunity.

— Dinner over, Hannah said she must sit all the evening with her mother, — I went out to * * * and played billiards. When I came back, Bates opened the door.

— "Where is Mrs. Fitzgerald?" "Up with mistress," she replied. Out I pulled my prick which had stiffened before the door was opened. — "I'll put it into you on Sunday night," said I in a whisper. "You're a beast," said she. — Never had I made more progress with a woman of her class in so short time. — Nothing but my heat would have made me so reckless — for tho I now see that extreme impudence in these matters tells the best, I have been often unable to act on that belief at first — and was even astonished now at myself.

Hannah came to say good night. — She had scarcely slept for two nights, and would not let me into her room again, — no, never — she was in mortal fear and looked ill, but before she retired I pushed her against the door and fucked her. — Her great fear was of being in the family way, — "and oh if that Bates should have heard us." If she fancied any thing she would tell her mother, who had such confidence in her, she having been in her service since a girl.

Aunt did not get better. Hannah the next day would not let me have her, but let me pull up her clothes, and see and kiss her lovely thighs at breakfast and lunch-eon. This got her lust up — for she promised if I would never ask her again, to let me into her room provided I left "directly you have done it." — "I've had horrid dreams and a persentiment that we shall be caught." — I promised of course — but made boudy signs to the maid whenever I got the chance. A new dress and bon-net were hers — I said — if she would let me, she knew what. — "No she didn't," she replied. How wonder-fully like one adventure with a woman is to another, yet every one at the time, seem to me so fresh.

I began to care more about having Bates than Hannah, because of the difficulty of getting her I suppose — "Let me fuck you." "You're a beast," was said several times in the day. — When I came in at night, I caught hold of her clothes just outside her cunt, and repeated all in a whisper, "Will you meet me on Sun-day night?" "Yes at seven o'clock if you won't annoy me any more." — I had some grog, — Hannah came down from aunt's room. — Bates brought in hot water and sugar, and she looked as modest as the Virgin prayers — but both women had heard the word fuck, a few minutes before, and I doubt not both cunts were reeking with the lewedness I had evoked.

Hannah implored me not to go to her room. — "Here then against the door," because if any one came in we could have hidden our doings — but she would not, and at night the house was too quiet to force her. -- "I'm sure something will happen," said she, "and if I'm found out I'll kill myself." I laughed at that, having heard it before — and said that even in her room and some one came to it, I could easily get under the bed, — and I told her of one of my escapes — and what she should do, and what I would do in that case, little thinking what was to follow.

Later on I went cautiously from my room, peeped round the corner, and saw Hannah leave aunt's room. — She saw me and made an imploring gesture of don't come — but a stiff prick would, and after listening at aunt's door and being sorry to hear this time no snoring, I went to Hannah's, the door of which was open.

"Make haste and go away," said she. "I am so frightened." — I was voluptuous with her and insisted on a light. — I was naked, kneeling between her legs, I had kissed her cunt and fingered it. (How well I recollect her large round thighs, and playing with her cunt and with lascivious tricks, delaying the fuck.) Then I was buried deep up her, the warm, smooth, juicy clip of her cunt was round my prick, her hands clasped my bum, mine gripped her smooth buttocks. Our tongues were joined and, fucking hard, we were half way to the ecstatic spend, when a voice feebly crying outside our door — "Hannah — Hannah," came to our ears.

Hannah threw up her arms, and saying, "My God," they fell flat by her side. — In my excitement I for the moment was confused, but recovering myself, felt our danger and uncunted, and still half laying on her thighs listened. "Hannah — Hannah dear — I'm so ill and can't make Bates hear," and the handle of the door rattled. "My God," said Hannah again in a whisper, and throwing up her arms again. "Hold your tongue, sham being asleep." Seizing my dressing gown I blew out the light, and got under the bed. — Hannah came to her senses — let her mother try the handle of the door again and again. — Then called out, "What is it?" and in a sleepy manner opened the door. — "My dear I'm so ill and the servants' bell rope broke. Call Bates, and get me hot water." — Then her mother, who had no light, went back to her bed room and Hannah followed her, shutting the door. I gained my room un- seen and waited events, peeping out at times from my door ajar.

Hannah in her night gown came past my room to go to the servants, saying as she passed, "Mother's ill, take care." — I came out soon after as if awakened by noise, as I saw Bates appear. — "What's the matter?" said I. "Mrs. is ill," said she, and went on to aunt's bed room. How it reminded me of a similar event in my youth when my mother was taken ill, — and the way I was nearly caught in the nursemaid's room at my aunt's in H***f***shire; and thus I sat in my night clothes in my room thinking of those two escapes, and feeling my prick, which was stiff and disappointed at not having completed its exercise in Hannah's vulva.

Vol. 5 Chapter VII

Bates in deshabelle. • Caught and taught. • In rut. • Hannah again. • A mixture of juices. • Erotic reveries. • My luck. • Hannah's monthlies. • In the summer house. • Hannah ill. • "What's impregnation?" • Bates surprizes me. • Her disclosures. • With child. • Preparing to leave. • Uncle returns. • Bates' sister. • Hannah in London. • My mother's dining table. • Hannah Fitzgerald departs.

Bates looked so nice with her loose dress and sleepy eyes. She had put a gown loosely over her night gown, which was partly undone in front, — and showed some of her breasts. — The gown hung close to her haunches, she carried a candle, and I gave her a hard pinch on her bum as she passed. She went to aunt's room, back again past mine (another bum pinch), soon back with hot water, and as she came past that time, I stood with prick out, inside my door. When she had gone into aunt's room, I knocked at the door and asked if I could help. — "It's very kind of Walter," I heard aunt say. She was in great pain and only wanted poultices, and for an hour Bates kept going backwards and forwards to the kitchen. — Whenever she passed me I kissed her, or pinched her, or showed my nakedness, and worked her up to a good pitch of lewdness. Hannah, with her mother, had no idea of what was going on outside aunt's room.

At length I heard Hannah in the lobby say, "That will do, you can go to bed — I will do all that mother wants more," and she shut the door, locked it, and I heard the bolt shut. Bates was about to

pass my door, my unsatisfied prick had been standing every ten minutes since it had come out of Hannah's pudenda, — and quick as I write this, I seized the woman by the waist, blew out the light which she held, and pulled her into my bed room. — "Oh pray, sir, oh don't, oh let me go. I shall lose my character and my place if," — and much more in a whisper. "Hold your tongue, don't speak or they will hear you. Don't be a fool, I will have you, I will fuck you." Neither of us raised our voices, we scuffled quietly, but she was randy and next minute I had her on the bed, my prick was up her, and what nearly went into Hannah, went out from me into Bates. — To my surprise when I was over and quiet, I felt her gently, almost imperceptibly moving and wriggling with me. We lay and talked then, and I managed a few more stoutish shoves in the gluey hole, again felt it tighten and then she finished.

"If they see me go out, I am ruined for life," said she. — I was still up her when she spoke. — "Lay still dear and let's do it again." "No let me go, oh if Mrs. Fitzgerald should be looking or listening." — There certainly was some ground for fear. — I did not want to harm the girl, nor to damage myself with my relations, and indeed was a little funky, — so nestling my belly up to hers and rubbing all I could squeeze out of her on to my balls, I got off. — All was quiet as the grave as I opened the door gently, and going to the angle of the corridor listening, heard the murmur of voices in aunt's room, whilst Bates took her candle stick and herself to her own room unobserved.

I chuckled at my pluck and luck, lit my candle, saw no stains where Bates' arse had lain, — and sitting clown at the edge of the bed felt my prick. — I wondered how long Hannah would be with aunt — and tho for the moment I did not physically want Hannah, yet such was my erotic state of mind that I longed for her.

I sat reflecting, and thought with bawdy delight of my prick having been into both the women. What if I could fuck Hannah now — will she be long. I opened my door, listened, and heard nothing. — Hannah gone to her bed room? — I went into the corridor — there was no lamp — but enough light from a window just to see to move about slowly, saw aunt's door open, and Hannah come out with a candle in her hand. With great caution she closed aunt's door, and aunt was evidently asleep then. Hannah then saw me, started and with hurried gesticulations shook her head, raised her hand and pointed towards the servants' rooms. — It was to scare me off, but it did not. I walked across to her room and entered it before her, — she at the door holding up her hands and gesticulating, I beckoning her in. — She could not stand in the lobby long so in she came. — Was she hot cunted after all her fear and worry?

When together in the room again, she began crying, she was ill, how wicked it was of me — but in my excited bawdy state, I cared nothing for that. In faintest voice I spoke, got her on to the bed, kissed her cunt and turned on to her. Then alas my prick was not stiff, it had not been out of Bates' receiver long. — I pinched it hard and friggied it, — it was large, swollen, but pendant. — "Do go away," said she, looking at it. A woman who has had a few years' fucking, knows when a man's ready. She put her hand down to it. "You don't want me; now — go," said she, getting up.

I said I did want her, and fingered my prick power-fully. "Lie down and you will see." — The sight of a prick entices a woman — down she laid and I mounted her. Then I was all right, stiffened, drove my cock up her cunt, and in a stroke or two more I hurt her. — The bawdiness of the thought of rubbing in her cunt the mixture left from Bates' cunt on my prick, did all that was needful, and in a few minutes I had got our joint spendings running over my balls, and covering what had dried there out of Bates' quim. — I would not leave her till I had had her again that night, and in the intimacy of the bed, she let out that before her marriage she and my cousin Letitia (her sister) used to frig themselves together. I always opened a woman's heart. Then we parted. How I now chuckled and revelled in the idea of the spermy mixtures of that night, even tho I thought it was nasty. I apparently was more delicate then than now, and had foolish notions about much, yet my cock stood whenever I thought of it. And I never fucked either of the women after, without thinking it in the middle of the exercise.

Hannah did not come down to breakfast. Bates came in and I never saw a woman look so confused.

She blushed and looked away from me and stuttered. — Mrs. Fitzgerald was ill she said, and was sorry she could not come down. I did not mind for I was divided in my attentions, and Bates looked so plump, and fresh, that she gave me a cockstand right off. I told her so, and in a minute she got over her blushing and we were kissing. — "I've not seen your article, Bates, tho I've felt it close enough, let's look at it." — A scramble and I got her with her back up against the wall — close to the door, lifted her clothes, saw white stockings and plump thighs, and got my fingers on to her notch. — But she would not let me poke her, and fearful of noise I desisted, but standing and feeling each other, she told me some news.

Aunt had sent for a doctor and was abed — Mrs. Fitzgerald was in bed. — "She is so ill, she was knocked up first at that dance," said Bates, "I'm going to take her her breakfast." "Take it and then come to my room, they won't know." "No." "Yes." "What, in the day time? — oh no." "Then by God you 'shan't leave the room till I've had you here." Saying so I thrust my hand vigorously about her privates, and kissed her till I worried her into consenting. — She did not really seem to need much pressing, for she planned what to do "I must go and see where cook is — and whether Mary has been rung for — I'll push your door, and if it's ajar go in if I can, if not I'll cough and pass on." "But you shan't pass on, you shall come in." — I ate my breakfast as fast as I could. She went back to the kitchen to get Mrs. Fitzgerald's breakfast. — I waited some time and then rang my bell impatiently. She came at the summons, to the breakfast room. "I'm going up with tea now," said she.

I went to my bed room. — She soon appeared in the lobby holding a tray, — went into Hannah's room — and afterwards entered mine. — "She's sitting up in bed drinking her tea," said she. Then Bates laid down on her back on my bed with the slightest of pushes from me.

I knew well how modest, and at first most women hate a strong light on them when under the voluptuous preliminaries of fucking. The boldest in baudiness at times don't like too much light. I had pulled down the blinds — but left light enough to have a good view of a well haired cunt, of a lightish brown, but it was a color not much liked by me. She was juicy and wetted me well. — "Wash your quim, dear." "I can't, they may miss me," and off she went. — She enjoyed her fucking and was so composed about it that I scarcely believed myself.

I went to the breakfast-room and then out on to the lawn, had a cigar and then back again, and sat till Bates came in to clear away the breakfast things. I chatted and talked bawdy. Had she washed her cunt? Of course she had. — I was randy again. — Aunt had had tea, Hannah was asleep she thought, no one would go near to awake them, and the housemaid would not go up stairs till she told her. — I put Bates up against the wall, felt her cunt, and then with the smallest persuasion she said she would go to my room again. Up I went, she kept her word, — and we fucked a second time. — How she wagged her randy, hard arse, did that fresh faced, modest, demure looking woman, and directly my prick was out of her, she got away, — taking down a tray, which she had left outside the door as an excuse if caught waiting about the lobby. I went down as if I had been up to fetch something. — Hannah and aunt were unsuspecting in their beds all this time.

Tho a similar thing has occurred to me two or three times with other women — dark and light, this double intrigue now was just to my mind. — A nearly black cunted lady, and a light-brown cunted healthy plump servant, — both to hand, both fucked, and perhaps speaking to each other when each had my libations in them, yet in ignorance of each other's doings. What a choice piece of luck. I could do nothing but think about it, did not go out of the house, but kept looking for opportunity, feeling my prick now and then, and wondering which hairy split it would next push between. My cock was ready for anything then. The repose of an hour or two intervening between each pleasure was just enough to leave me ready for a cunt without exhausting me. — I was in full rut, and longed almost for a third cunt to give my salacity full play. I thought about the cunts of every female in the house, including aunt and cousin Letitia who was away, and the kitchen maid. I can sit for hours and think about cunt only, when these lewed fits are on me.

Hannah at luncheon looked ill and was sure she was in the family way. In vain I laughed at her; she was sure of it, for once or twice when fucking she had felt a sensation such as she never felt before.

— could I give her something? — I did not believe her fears and yet was anxious, but told her I could get her nothing unless I went to London. — No. That would be too late, her time for menstruation was coming on, yet she had no indications, she would take violent medicine, would do this, do that, and then burst into tears, which upset me. We had luncheon together. Aunt was getting better and wanted to see me. — She was going to ask me to leave, for my uncle had written to say that he would not be home for some days, and aunt did not like me being there alone.

After luncheon the servants dined, and the parlour maid was allowed to feed before she cleared the table, so off went Bates to feed, and Hannah and I went into the drawing room. Then I wanted to have her, but she wouldn't. — "Oh, for the last time. If you're enceinte what does it matter?" A feel, a kiss, and a sniff on the lovely motte and then the old game. The feel, the frig. — "Now how can I when the servant may knock at the door?" "Let me spend up it once more." But she would not because all the rooms opened on to the lawn.

It was a mild day. We strolled out into the grounds, entered a summer house, and there laying her back on a rustic table and holding up her thighs with both hands, I fucked her. I have several times tailed women on a table in a summer house, and never enjoyed a woman more than I did Hannah, — and recollect that as my prick left her cunt, I looked down and saw sperm oozing from it. — My habit of looking I had some-time left off.

Buttoning up my trowsers, she shaking down her petticoats, she with a reeking cunt, I with cock still oozing, — we went in to aunt, who plainly said she wished I would go — as they were both so ill. Would I come again when my uncle returned. — (I was 150 miles from London.) — I said I would go the next morning, tho my aunt was getting well, for she had only taken cold on her stomach. — I am sure she wished to get me away from Hannah. — I wonder what was on her mind about us. — I never shall know.

I told Bates I was going, and meant to sleep with her.

I had given her a couple of sovereigns and promised her a new dress. — I had taken a strong litch for her. She made no objection beyond saying she was frightened of being caught. I found that she had slept with the cook, before the cook married the coachman, and now had the room to herself; that between it and other rooms was a large linen press and a store room, so that the servants could not hear, thru the partitions. Some-times they went to her room, and she to their's for a chat, — tho it was forbidden. "Come to my room then." "No, Mrs. is ill, her bell rings in my room, and I shan't hear it." — So I was to go to her room. We arranged this as if we had known each other for months, and her coolness surprised me. This was when she was taking away luncheon. With a kiss and a grope, my fingers yet with the aroma of Hannah's quim on them, out I went — and coming home at night was so cunt mad that I felt the quims of two or three whores by the way side, and with difficulty prevented myself from fucking one of them.

She let me in — Mrs. Fitzgerald was ill she thought, for the housemaid had taken her boiling water. Soon after, undressed to nakedness, and covering myself only with my long dressing gown, I stole noiselessly to her room. The door was to be ajar with a light shining if all was safe — if not I was to retire. — There was the light, the door opened noiselessly — I had put her up to oiling the lock bolt, and hinges. — I stood by her bed, pulled the clothes down, her nightgown up, and saw the nice white nakedness. I would not put out the light. "I will my love, when we have fucked." I pulled up her nightgown to her armpits for I could not make her pull it off, and then pressing my naked body to hers, we joined our privates in heat and moisture.

She was a most enjoyable creature and when re-covered from my pleasure, I raised my self up on one elbow (as I often do) keeping my prick still in her. — "You've had a good lot of poking." "That I have made me say that word, God only knows, probably Hannah occurred to my mind. — "What's impregnated?" said she, and I told her in simple language. — She paused a moment, then looking me full in the face, "Yes I am sure I am in the family way," said she. "The devil!" "Oh don't talk loud, and do put out the light, and I'll tell you. — Hush."

I got out, blew out the light, and getting on to her belly again, laid between her thighs, letting my prick pendant and rub the lubricated cunt lips. We drew the sheet right over our heads and whispered. "I'm married," she said, "and am a month over my time with my poorliness." — She had been engaged to a shopman, they arranged to get married, and on the excuse of her mother being ill, she got a three days' holiday and was spliced, — had her cunt ruptured at her husband's father's house, and then came back. Her husband came on Sundays to see her, and they fucked at her mother's house if she could get there, or else in the fields when it was dark. She was always allowed out on Sunday evenings. He was going to keep his place, and she hers, unless she got in the family way, and then they were going to live together.

This was her tale and likely to be true enough, for I have known of two or three such arrangements between servants. They wished it kept quiet, because my aunt would not have a married female in her service and had told Bates so. Aunt, like my other aunt, said they were not to be trusted where there were men. I sup-pose she found out that they had obliged my male cousins who were not married. Bates was another illustration of what a thirsty cunt will do — when it has once tasted sperm, and likes it.

All this was in whispers, both heads under the clothes, I on the top of her, my prick hanging outside her cunt. Her husband only once tried to feel her before they were married but he didn't succeed, and she'd never had a man before her husband, she'd swear that if she were dying — never. — "My prick's getting stiff, it will find its way up you without my hands," and it rubbed about her privates a bit, touched her bum, then hit her clitoris, then lodging itself in the soft spermy division it entered her vagina and had its treat. We were frightened to sleep, almost to speak, but we fucked and fucked till day light was breaking; when I got safely to my bed, after a most delicious night.

At breakfast Bates blushed again — why? Aunt was better, Mrs. Fitzgerald very ill. I went to my room, Bates followed, and I had my last grind. I tipped her more gold, for I took a great interest in the girl. — My trunks were in the hall, when the post came in with a letter from my uncle, saying if I had not left, would I wait till his return, as it would save him a journey to London. — There was a lawsuit then pending in London, in which we were both interested, and he wanted to talk to me about it. — And asked me to stop if I did not mind. I believe she was glad that Hannah was ill, and could not see me. I said I had made arrangements, but never mind, I would wait uncle's re-turn if it would save him trouble. How I chuckled, as Bates took back my trunk and I put my hands up her petticoats. "We'll sleep together again tonight my love." — She grinned. "No — it would be tempting providence." — But we did bed together again, and jolly well fucked out both were by daybreak.

During the next four days I fucked her on the table in the dining room, in the arbour, in my bed room, and on Sunday night up against a tree in a lane on her way to church. — She did really go to church but with my spunk in her cunt, and only just before service was over. I saw her piss before she entered the holy place. Hannah still kept to her room, and Bates told me she had a flooding, but would not have the doctor, tho aunt wished it. — Aunt kept with her up stairs, so that I had a lucky time, and when my uncle returned with Letitia I was off rutting, had not only fucked myself out, but had worn out Bates as well. I knew now that Letitia talked bawdy with Bates, that the kitchen maid had been with child, that aunt had told the coachman (a widower) and the cook, that unless they married she would discharge them both. Bates imagined that the old lady smelt a rat. In fact I knew every bit of scan-dal there was in the household or had been for years past; for Bates told me all the scandal, — in the sweet intimacy which fucking engenders between man and woman.

Bates moved away her head and wiped her lips the first time I put my tongue between them. "What nonsense — you don't mind kissing," said I, when my prick was up her. "Wet your lips, put them to mine, and see how much nicer the kisses are." — I wetted mine, joined them to hers and inserted my tongue, - soon. She found it so nice that she nearly swallowed my tongue in her ecstasy.

The day before my uncle arrived, I tailed Bates in the arbour — but not on the table. — I turned her rump towards me and had her dog fashion. — It was the first time she'd ever had it done that way,

she said, and it was the last time I had her; for there were afterwards too many people about. Hannah got better, and tho ill still I left her so, and came back to London.

"Why did you let me do you?" said I to Bates one night in a curious fit, "I can't make you out, you say you like your husband." — I could not get an answer to the question straight — sure she didn't know. "Well you worried me — I didn't know what I was a doing, — I didn't mean to come into your room — when you pulled me in." — Asked whether she hadn't been thinking of my prick and been randy when she came in. — "Couldn't help thinking about it, you'd been a showing it all day — don't recollect wanting any thing." "But you came afterwards — you lustful little devil." "Well all the harm was done — you are handsome, and no mistake," said she one day after I'd fucked her, "all the servants say so." Bates was a funny sort of creature.

A year afterwards I was at aunt's again and asked where Bates was. — Aunt said she'd been married a long time, and was so when I was there last year, but she had never found it out — until it could be hid no longer, said aunt modestly. She and her husband were doing well, and the present parlour maid was her sister. — I wondered if there was any family likeness in their cunts, but I never got the opportunity of seeing hers, and never tried. — I never heard of Bates afterwards. I think I have noticed a sort of family likeness in the cunts of the sisters I have had, tho it may be but fancy — but why should there not be, just as there is a family likeness in face and form.

Three months or more after I left****, Hannah went to India. Before going she came to London with aunt, and stopped with us for a day or two to buy many things. I kissed Hannah on the sly and began to talk of old times. She begged of me forget the past, but that was impossible. — We could not sit at table and look at each other without thinking of the fucking. — Then Hannah went to stop with my sister, and my aunt went back to the country. I called on my sister every day nearly, when Hannah was there, but there was no opportunity. I had asked Hannah to let me do it to her once more, and promised not injure her — I would put something over my prick, I would pull it out at the first throb of spunking. "No — NO —." She never would. I scarcely got the opportunity even of saying this much privately, for my sister was nearly always present.

One day my sister said she was going next day to visit some one, and guessing the best time, I called there. Hannah was alone and having tea in the dining room. I was at her in a minute, kissing, begging, and feeling her ankles, spite of a really sturdy resistance on her part. — "Oh, Walter — for God's sake don't — suppose a servant comes in." — Mad for her, I pulled my prick out stiff and beautiful. Her eyes fixed on it, whilst she entreated me to put it out of sight. "Only one feel then — let me kiss your thighs — let me smell them— nothing more." What persuasion a stiff prick has with a woman! — Gradually she yielded, I kissed her thighs — she felt my prick, and I got her to sit on my knees, whilst having my last feel of her cunt. We were soon feeling each other — randier and randier we grew, and we whispered love. "By God, I won't spend in you if you let me — for the last time — do." — Would I keep my word? — By God I would, did she think I would send her away miserable? — Never.

There was no sofa, it was table, or floor, or upright. — "Stoop — there — so — then I shan't rumple your clothes." — I placed her, bending, over the table bum afterwards, threw up her clothes rapidly, saw her oval buttocks and pouting cunt lips which I kissed and sniffed for a second, and with one thrust buried my prick up her. She felt its searchings at once. Three months was it since that wholesome piece of male flesh had plugged her. — "Don't now do it to me, dear," she mumbled as her bum began agitating. "No dear — are you coming?" "Yes — a — yes — dear — a — ah — love a — ha —." She was spending, her tightening cunt fetched me, out came my prick, and I spent a shower of hot spunk through my fingers, over her cunt lips, and buttocks. I think I see it laying in thick drops on flesh and hair. I never spent more I think. — We were quiet. — "Oh it will make my clothes in a mess." "Be still love." — With my handkerchief I carefully wiped off the sperm. Then we kissed and fondled, and felt each other's genitals for a minute, but fucked no more. I soon left. A week or so after she went to India, and I never saw her again for many years.

Vol. 5 Chapter VIII

Argyle women. • Curiosity. • Female spite. • A lover of athletes. • Artistic libidinosity. • Reminiscences of the widow in ball dress. • A lovely blonde. • NI**e H****s. • A perfect fit. • Sympathetic embraces. • My restlessness. • Her coolness. • Nascent affection. • Her absence and return. • Her funny little maid. • Refusal, and insistence. • Clapped. • A month after. • A gamahuching frig. Her disappearance. • Four years after. • At a ball. • Ten years after.**

For some time before and after this, I went to the Argyle rooms two or three times weekly, and had fully a score of the finest women there. I changed my women frequently, and satisfied my whims. The tallest, then the shortest, I took for contrast. One I had heard was so voluptuous that she would fuck a man silly, and I had her. One I had for her bold eyes — an-other because the Duke of R* ** * *d — had kept her, an-other who boasted that two of the biggest pugilists of the day had had her, for I was curious to learn some-thing about the genitals and copulative vigor of the bruisers. The lady told me much, and perhaps a good many lies about them. That woman, I heard from other women, was known to have a letch for big, powerful men, and the lady herself told me of several she had had besides the bruisers already mentioned.

A gay lady whom I went home with shortly after, told me spiteful stories about this lecherous one, when she heard I had tailed her. Said that if she took a fancy to a cabman, or a butcher, she let them have her for love. A big soldier, she would take home to fuck her even if she were hard up for money at the time; — at which my informant affected' to feel great disgust; but it neither surprises, nor disgusts me. I don't see as the woman had gone in for harlotry, why she should not gratify her lusts as much as I do. Perhaps fucking is her only real pleasure. — One woman whom I went home with got maudlin, but she fucked me dry, and said amidst tears which she shed at intervals copiously, that fucking was the only thing she lived for, adding often, "You do fuck lovely, you do, I'd like to sleep with you always." But I never had her afterwards.

When I saw an usually handsomely dressed woman, the charming widow of whom I have already told as laying on the bedside in silk, satin, and diamonds, came into my mind; and if her looks pleased me, I went home with that lady. — After her out door garments were removed, it was, — "Don't take any thing more off, I want to see your cunt, just as you are dressed, let me feel you. — Oh you have drawers on (sometimes). Take them off, but nothing else." Then on the bed side, I saw their charms up to their navels; then placed them, to begin with, in a lazy careless attitude on the bed, just as they might be if they had lain down to take a nap by themselves, and showing little more than ankles. Then I pulled up their clothes partially, and then up to their thighs, not even then showing their cunts; and I looked, made them roll and move about on the bed, as a restless sleeper might, and so I saw them on all sides in natural, semi-nude attitudes, restraining my impatience to see their cunts, which it was my desire to see.

Then I went to the end of the room so that I might see the voluptuous picture from the distance. — "Pull up your clothes so that I can see your motte — there — just so, as if you were feeling your quim — put one leg up so that I can see your cunt well — open your thighs more — turn on your side so that I can see your cunt well from behind." — All this usually amused them, but occasionally they objected angrily. — "You are a cure" (a cant phrase then), was often said. Then closer I saw all their charms. — I loved to see the lace, and Vandyked or flounced petticoats falling here and there carelessly about their limbs, — sometimes hiding this thigh, some times that, some times half their cunt. These were charming pictures to me.

One of the postures in which I nearly always had them last before fucking them, was kneeling on the bed with their clothes dropping naturally over their limbs. Then I lifted their petticoats first up to their knees, and looked at them, then over their backsides, and after having had a good look at the

hairy pouters and notch, I brought them round on to their backs on the bed side. — My throbbing prick by that time over-powered my wishes for further artistically libidinous postures, and I fucked them there and then.

And what appears to me not a little singular, after my experience at the station privy, after the dislike, and the intense dislike I had even to think about a woman's fundament, I begin now with these gay ladies when in bum-to-front posture, to look from their cunts, past the intervening division to their arseholes, to see what the tight wrinkled orifices looked like, to study them, and even touch them at times with my finger. I begin to think that no part of a nice woman is anything but charming. The having seen and touched a woman everywhere, adds to my sympathy and liking for her. Strange that this should come about in the short space of three or four years. Am I subject to revulsion of feelings on sexual points — or is it that the scope of my desires is enlarged, and I now take in more of the female form for ministering to my lewed pleasures.

This brought me at times funny remarks from some of the lovely libidinous creatures. — Said one, "None of that — that's virgin." "My dear it is only curiosity."

— Another turned herself round suddenly and laughed.

— "What are you laughing at?" "Ten pounds for that, and pay down." "My dear I've no intention of putting in there if that's what you mean." "I dare say not, but men have strange fancies." — That woman put strange fancies into my head, for I feel sure that she wanted ten pounds for stretching her sphincter — and think from what she said afterwards, that she would have taken the stretching without the ten pounds, had I desired it.

One night toward the end of this continuous change of women, I saw there a very lovely creature, a half blonde of middle height, of faultless feature, and with teeth and complexion exquisite. — At a glance she seemed to me to have all that I loved in form. She moved about without noticing the other women, or only spoke to one or two quite briefly, — "and seemed as if she did not belong to the class." — Other women I noticed looked after her and some spitefully. "There is N**l*e H****s," I heard some say. I was struck immediately with her, with a desire to be in her society, to know her, speak with her, quite as much as with a desire to have her: lust indeed for the moment seemed without its influence. [I have had a similar wish, and sudden attraction towards other women, to whom I have taken a liking — a liking of which no doubt the root was lust — but which in the first phase, lust for was for a time forgotten or dormant.]

No doubt a desire to fuck her, to be part of her body, as it were, for the time, must have flashed through me, but the carnal want if I had it then (and I'm not sure) was for the moment eclipsed by admiration, and a feeling which may perhaps be called pure love.

I addressed her politely. "May I have the pleasure of going home with you?" "I don't recollect you, have you been introduced to me?" "No, but you may intro-duce me yourself, to yourself, in any way you like." She laughed, looked at her watch and then at me all over.

— "I don't want to leave here before eleven, my brougham won't be here, and I am expecting some one." "I'll wait but may I sleep with you?" "Yes, perhaps, I'll see." Then for fear of subsequent unpleasantry, I said after a little reflection, "I can only give you so much." Again she looked me over quickly, and said, "Very well," with a laugh.

We went home in her bourgham to B****t*n S****e

— I did not speak a lewed word on the road — I felt delicate about it. "You didn't offer me any supper," said she on her arrival. "You didn't ask." Her servant brought her some. — "Will you give me some champagne?" "Willingly; shall your servant fetch it?" "I have some in the house." We both had some, and some cold meat, then went to the bed room, and I there kissed her for the first time, and she me. - "Oblige me before you undress." "What?" "Lay down just as you are, and let me see your charms unless you have drawers on." "I have none," and laughing she got on to the bed. I threw her clothes up so as to show one leg and half of her belly, and the other leg partially, and

went to the other side of the room to con-temple her pose. Her limbs were white, beautiful in form, and she looked exquisitely voluptuous as she lay with a bit of the delicate fringe of her cunt filling up the triangle of her thighs and belly; silk stockings and kid boots, fitting to perfection, added to the charm. — I rushed up to her and kissed her motte, then rapidly undressing, got into bed, she leisurely followed. By the time she had piddled I was wild with anticipation of pleasure to come. — "No, leave both candles burning, my love."

She cuddled up to me, in a winning quiet way. It was a coldish night, the sort of night when the naked flesh of a woman feels most exquisite to me, as it touches my own. My prick lay squeezed between our two bellies so close had I drawn her. — "How stiff it is," said she laughing. — I kissed her as if I could devour her, then loosening her, my hand felt all over her cunt, my fingers went up it. I restrained myself from coiting, but almost groaned with lust. — "Do it," said she in a sweet little voice. "Let me see your cunt." — She turned on her back (her nightgown already up to her breasts), opened her thighs, and I saw a perfectly lovely cunt in the midst of a light auburn silky thicket. — Then with a thrill and murmur of delight, I put my prick up it. — I thrill with delight at the recollection as I write of it now, and in too short a time we died off in each other's arms, with throbbing, ecstatic pleasures. Can the joys of paradise be greater than those I feel when my prick moves for the first time in the smooth, moist, warm cunt of a lovely woman, when that cunt, in its slip and profundity, seems made for my prick, as N**l*e H****s seemed made for mine — a perfect fit.

"No don't wash." "Yes, I always do." "You shan't." "I must," and she did. "I'll look at it well if you do." "As you like." — I washed my prick, and we laid on the bed, and I looked at her from back bone to navel. — How I revelled in the sight. — "Now are you satisfied?" — "Yes, for a minute, but I could look you all over for ever."

Then I cuddled her. "Let me go to sleep." "No, I must have you again." — She laid feeling my prick, I her cunt. We were both very quiet, — she was not a talker I found. How delicious was that quiet feel, and the rising voluptuousness gradually stealing thro me. I stiffened. — "Put it in." "Not yet love, let me feel you longer." — Again we were quiet. "I shall spend if you keep on — put it in." — Then into her and up her I went, and had a delicious rest inside before movement. How exquisite she looked as silently we lay, how perfectly her vagina seemed to fit my prick. A throbbing grip of her cunt hurried me into action, — she spent with me, — and seemingly enervated, turned and went to sleep without washing this time.

In a couple of hours I awakened — it seemed a sin to awaken her, but I did by lascivious touches. — What odd fancies I have with women. With one I do one thing, — with another something different. I wonder if other men have such bawdy whims. Puffing down the clothes and unskinning my prick, I rubbed it gently over her naked bum. Then I wetted her bum with my spittle, and rubbed my prick there till it was erect, then got gently out of bed and pushed my prick near to her face, it delighted me to be doing so, and she unconscious. Then laying down I tried to insert my prick in her cunt from behind, which awakened her.

"What are you doing, what do you awaken me for?" said she angrily. "Let's do it." "I shan't, you've done it twice, you may do it again in the morning, — I never let men do it more than twice to me — I won't." "Then let me feel you, there — just — just so," and I slipped a finger partly up her cunt from behind. "Oh don't, your nails hurt," said she turning on to her back to escape me. My hand slipped over her lovely haunches, I raised myself on my elbow and instantly my fingers were on her clitoris. "I can't bear men sleeping with me, — I nearly always lay awake all night, — I was nearly asleep," said she angrily. — I had been as I often was at first with women, quite delicate in my phraseology. — Now I talked lewdly, coarsely, her cunt excited me, I kissed her all over incessantly, — I smelt her cunt, and much wonder I did not lick it, gradually she yielded, laughed and opening her thighs,

— "Oh what a lewed beast you are," she said. — I got between them at once. — She had refused my tongue before but now she joined it to hers. — "Oh, you beast

— how lewed you've made me," and sympathetically moving her thighs, silence came over us, as my prick thrust deep, and short, and quick, as we mingled our spittles, and my sperm shot out into her cunt again. Soon now we were both asleep, my wet prick trailing over her lovely thigh, she on her back with thighs open.

But I could not rest. Tho I had had plenty of fucking recently, I felt with her as if I had not had a woman for a month. Something in this woman stirred my lust in its innermost recesses. I felt spooney. I could not help awaking her, and I roused her lust, for she responded, and we fucked, and fucked, till no sperm would come from me. — "Oh what a lewed beast you are," she kept saying, and then she spent. — At length nature insisted on repose and it was eleven o'clock before we awakened. — She had quite recovered her coolness. — Yes she had slept well. She rarely did with men. — She felt she could sleep by the side of me tho a stranger. — She did not know why. — No I could not have her the next night. And mind, not such another night, when I did. — I could come three days hence, she was engaged every night till then. She went to the Argyle just to see friends, but whether she went there or not did not matter. — Look at her letters. I did, and saw several asking the evenings she might be disengaged. — She took my money as if it were dirt and I departed.

Another and another night I had her, my heart began to beat with a feeling of love and affection for her, and spite of her I roused her lust and we fucked till prick and cunt were sore. — Then she went away with a friend, and I saw no more of her for a month. She then had moved to another house. I saw her once or twice there but she would not let me sleep with her. Then I was away for a little time, and called on her on my re-turn one morning. — She could not see me, she was engaged. — Again I called in the afternoon. Then she was out, her little maid said, and smirked at me, and behaved funnily. — "You won't see her, — oh dear no, even if you call again. — I wouldn't call again if I were you." — I tipped her half a sovereign, and then she said Mrs. H* * * *s was at home when I called in the morning, and that no one was with her, but she would not see me. She would be back presently. — I would wait I said. — "Oh pray do my dear, but I've told you not mind," and she began trying on bonnets of her mistress which were laying in the room. How did she look. "Shouldn't I get gentlemen if I had fine bon-nets?" "Yes if you had a fine leg." "It's not so bad is it?" said she pulling up her clothes to her knees, and dropping them.

I began chaffing her. "You've made my cock stiff." "Oh fie." — "Look at it," and out it came. "Oh fie. — I'll tell my husband." "Married?" "Yes," — her husband was a potman at a public close by, and not good for much. — "He fucks you?" "Yes he does it at times." "Don't tell Mrs. H****s you've seen my prick." "Oh lud no. I shouldn't be here long if I did — now don't you wait, it's no good — I wouldn't if I were you — you'd better not. We are going to see our mother my dear. Don't you see we've got new bonnets to go in?" all said in a jocular manner, "We've had enough of it for the present — we'll have a rest." — "Ah," said I, "she's got a lover she is going away with." "Perhaps she has, perhaps she ain't." "She won't go without some one to fuck her." "She's had enough of fucking," said the little maid. "Now what are you waiting for — it's no good, she won't see you if she comes in."

This went on for an hour or so — I thought the little woman was light headed, or half screwed, and tired of waiting, left at last. — "Don't call again it's no use," were her parting words, but I did at about nine that night. — "She's not in," said the maid, but I pushed her aside and rushed up stairs into the bedroom, and there was N*ll*e. — She was angry — she was engaged. She would see me tomorrow. But the next morning I was off to L*v**p**I. — Then she was taciturn, no she could not, she expected some one she said, all the time scarcely looking at me, but at the wall and lights. — Then I swore I would not go till I had her, and thinking more money was wanted I offered her more. Then with her clothes on she mounted the bed and I fucked her twice. She laid in a dreamy way looking at the walls, scarcely a word could I get out of her between the operations, and I don't think she spent with me. She remarked once that she would dismiss her maid for letting me pass up stairs.

Next day I went to L*v**p**l and the morning after, found I had the clap. I know it must have been from N**I*e, for I had been keeping myself chaste with the hopes of having her. — Her strange manner came to my mind, her maid's funny manner as well, and I felt certain later on that the maid had tried to prevent my seeing her mistress, knowing that she had some ailment. I wrote N**I*e directly telling her frankly, and I came back to London, not savage, but feeling wounded, hurt, but with the kindest feelings towards her. I can't think how I was so foolish, but I flattered myself she did not know that she had the ailment and that I was doing her a service in telling her. — The little maid opened the door. — "Oh-la, here we are again," said she in her jocular manner. "Not at home — we are not at home. — We've gone to see our mother. — Call again in a month." — She looked at me enquiringly, but I made no disclosure and went away. — My clap was a bad one. I called when well at the end of four weeks or so, saw N**I*e and told her I was not angry, and that such things would happen. — But she denied most indignantly that she had caused it, she had never had an ailment in her life, some beast of a woman must have given it me, but not she.

I longed to see her lovely form and exquisite cunt, and tho wisely I could not have her, I asked. — No I was a beast with that ailment and she would not. "Don't be foolish — I can't hurt you. — Let me." The more she refused the more I longed, — longed so that I got furious and scarcely knew what I did. I put all the money I had on the table, my lustful infatuation was so great. The money conquered. She laid at the edge of the bed, I kissed her cunt and thighs, I groaned to have her, but my prick stood with a violent pain in it, and the doctor that morning had told me not to ex-cite myself; that altho I could do no harm to a woman if I fucked her, I might do much harm to myself. — But my lust was irresistible. Almost involuntarily I pulled out my prick and with two or three frigs spent in a spasm of pain and pleasure, whilst holding one of her white thighs with my left hand, and I buried my tongue in her cunt, and sucked and licked it in lustful fury. — With a sudden effort she freed herself. "You beast you've frigged yourself," said she. I confessed it. — "You shall never have me again then." — "Why did you not have me if you are well enough, when I allowed you?" Then we quarrelled.

I drove home. The irritation of my prick was great and it pained me much, but I was mad with lust and frigged myself again, moaning as I spent. — Then I took medicine, the clap returned with virulence, I had the worst and most painful features, sleepless nights, and more than a month passed before I was well. — When I called on Mrs. H* * * *s she had left, and gone no one knew where, and years elapsed before I set eyes on her again, and as there is so little more to tell, I may as well complete at once the narrative of so much as I know about her.

In the month of * * * four years later, I went to a public ball. Public tho select, the tickets for ladies if not well known, being obtained with great difficulty. It was a splendid affair, the toilettes were superb, the men mostly in uniform. — A friend nudged me. "There is a lovely woman just by you." I turned round and saw N**I*e H****s — superb in jewels and lace, and more beautiful than ever. — "Do you know her," said he. — "Know her? why she gave me one of the worst claps I ever had." "Hush!" said he, "she is the wife of Captain W**t****ny." She knew me again I am sure. — We danced in the same quadrille, and I even touched her hand in it, but of course we made no signs of recognition. Her manners were composed as usual, and I don't think she even coloured up when she saw me. I thought the whole evening about her, and my cock stood repeatedly.

(Three or four years after I fancied I saw her in an elegant close carriage in the park, but thought I must have made a mistake. — Talking full ten years after-wards with a friend at * * * * he introduced me to R* * * *s. — "That lucky fellow," said my friend, "inherited R**s fortune. Don't you recollect he married that lovely little N*I*e H****s. Both she and Lord R are dead, and he then came into the property.")

Sweet N**I*e — I have often thought of your cunt when my prick has been in another woman's, and of my infatuation which soon would have become desperate love, had it not been for that clap which was perhaps not so bad a thing for me after all.

Vol. 5 Chapter IX

Five days' amusement at B*f**d. • The big chamber-maid. • A sovereign promised. • A pego produced. • The superintendent on the watch. • The corridor out of her sight. • The lamp closet. • The water closet. • An uprighter. • Fucking in fear. • The servants' staircase. • A boudy house sought. • At 5 o'clock a.m. • An hour's felicity with her. • Three hours' delight in a brothel. • The chamber-maid's antecedents. • I leave the town.**

On my way back from my uncle in the North (this should have been told earlier), I stopped at B***f**d at the new hotel, and called on a schoolfellow who was now a very wealthy merchant in that town. He wished me to take up my quarters with him, but intending only to stop a day or two, I preferred remaining at the hotel, where also I had taken a strong fancy to a very big, fine, chamber maid, who attended to my bedroom.

I had not seen her when I arrived late, but ringing for hot water in the morning, and having omitted to bolt my door, I heard a knock, then the door opened, and in came with the water a woman five feet ten high, and big in proportion, yet evidently quite a young woman, with a fresh complexion, dark staring eyes, dark hair and a handsome, yet with a rather bold look on her face. Slowly she placed the water on the wash-stand not noticing me, then turning round she fixed her eyes on me, as if struck with me (I don't say she was) and walked to the door looking at me all the way.

"Stop Mary," said I, "put my boots out side, I for-got them, and ring for the boots, will you?" — I said it to keep her in the room to look at her. "Yes, sir," said she, approaching the bell pull which was close to the bed where I lay. — She pulled it, then took up my boots, put them outside and closed the door. Her big back-side jutted out as she stooped. Belly, bum, cunt, and all her secret parts rushed to my mind's eye instantly, and a desire for her made my prick tingle. How strange that the mere look at a woman has that effect at times.

I dressed, thinking of her all the time. — I know the class, and that they are nearly always accessible, and doubt if nay chamber-maid at an hotel is a virgin, tho she may not have lost her virginity in hotel service. — I have had several of them, and have rarely been re-fused. It is altogether a question of money and opportunity. Few of the class are really handsome, but all are well grown, strongly built, and are good firm, solid, flesh, from knee to neck.

I made up my mind to try her. It was a few days since I had had a woman, and my hard wrinkled testicles and a periodic throbbing of my prick, told me what was wanted and urged me on. I dressed, and rang for more hot water. She brought it in. — "By Jupiter you are handsome." — She smiled. "How long have you been here?" "Three months." "I shall give you lots of trouble." "Very well sir." "So there's half a crown for you, but I must have a kiss." — She took it, and let me embrace her easily, tho with sham re-- assistance. I kissed and kissed, putting one hand round her waist, one round her bum, drawing her close up to me and wriggling my belly against hers, with an insinuating, half fucking movement. — "Shouldn't I like to be in bed with you." — She broke away. — "Let me go — let me go, I'm watched — it will be noticed if I'm in the room long," said she in a low tone.

After breakfast going to my room I rang for more hot water. — I caught her, kissed, and tried the belly wriggling dodge again. — Angrily disengaging herself, "You'll get me into trouble, let me go," said she, "the head woman can see every room I go into on this side, and if I'm long in one I shall get dismissed." "Come to me to-night." "I can't."

The hotel was large. From the staircase two long corridors ran like the letter L, and at the angle was the head woman's room and linen store, she could thus see the length of two corridors, but not along another connecting with one of them. This maid had my corridor and the other to attend to.

My friend called for me, and drove me off for the rest of the day. I could not help myself, but anything which interfered with my cunt hunting, annoys me. I have if possible given up anything, everything, when on the female scent, so was glad when night came, and got to the hotel. — I winked when I saw her, but she kept a quite stolid face, and I found afterwards that she was looking to see if the head woman was visible. — I rang for "Whiskey and water." "Please, sir, ring for the water." Disappointed I did. The whiskey went into the chamber pot.

Just opposite my room were water closets. I watched thro my door ajar till I saw her, and fancied she was loitering near my room, but was not sure. Waiting, and watching, and thinking, my prick stood painfully. I crossed over to the closets, which were at the end of a short lobby, inside which I stood with the door open and beckoned her. She shook her head slightly and opened her eyes wide at me. It looked like willingness, so I re-crossed to my room, and rang. "Bring me a hot foot-bath." "There are baths down stairs, sir." "I want one here."

What shall I do when she brings it, thought I — my lewedness made me reckless, and yet I was nervous. — Was she one of the "thus far thou shall't go and no further" sort, or was she game. I took off coat and waistcoat. — She came in with the bath, I caught hold of her and kissed her. — "Come in for ten minutes only and I'll give you a sovereign." — It was treating her like a harlot I know, but I was reckless. — "I can't — let me go, sir." — Then she brought the hot water. "Shall I pour some out?" "Do dear," and I repeated my offer. "Impossible — anything else, sir?" "Look what a state your charms have put me in," and I pulled out my prick, rigid and flammng. Her eyes opened and she stared at it. — "Impossible, — I was never asked such a thing before, oh if we stay three minutes in any room when it's a gentleman's, we are marked, the old woman is always on the watch." "Go to the water closet and I'll go to you there." She shook her head and went out, looking bold and lewed.

I now felt sure I should have her somewhere or some-how, and went to bed. — In the morning she brought me hot water. I had kept in bed, stiffened my penis in anticipation, and at the proper moment threw off my clothes, and exhibited my manhood. — "Stop only five minutes and I'll give you a sovereign, — there it is on the table for you." "Impossible," but she lingered. I jumped out of bed, seized one of her hands and put it to my prick, then thrust my hand up her clothes on to her thighs, and I felt the motte. — "For God's sake don't — the door's open, the old woman was standing at the stairs as I came in — I shall lose my place." "Where can I speak to you?" "In the housemaids' closet round the left," said she struggling to get away, but speaking in a whisper. I with the cunning and tricks of my youth which I find just as servicable now at times, dropped on my knees, and had got both my hands on her backside and belly, when with a violent effort she got away.

She means it evidently, but she is peculiar thought I — and soon after breakfast loitered into the lobby round the left, and out of sight of the head woman, a middle aged, sour looking matron, whom I saw patrolling the lobbies frequently. — There I found water closets similar in plan to those opposite to my room, and next to them a door not like a bed room's. I pushed it open found it filled with candlesticks, baths and such like, and she was sitting on a stool cleaning things. "If you're seen in here I shall get dismissed I tell you," said she starting up. "When can I speak with you? I've something to say." "I don't know, I never can know when she may not come, except when she's eating; pray go out." "When does she eat?" "Her break-fast's at half-past seven, and dinner at half-past twelve; I dine after her this week." "I'll be here at half-past twelve." "It's of no use, I won't let you; now pray go, that's her footstep." But it was a man's. I left full of hope, after a little more talk. My friend again came for me, I wished him at the devil but went out with him, and got back about 12 o'clock, promising to be with him in the afternoon, then went to my room irritable with lust. The corridors were empty — the visitors to that town were almost exclusively commercial men, who at that time were mostly out on business, and the corridors were silent. At a minute after the half hour, I saw the maid walk leisurely round the corner. In another minute I was in the lamp closet with her.

No. She would not, she dare not. What did I take her for. — How many dozens of servants,

seamstresses and others, have asked that question of me? I begged, flattered, felt her thighs with less resistance, shewed my prick, and then "here is the sovereign." She would meet me out in a day or two. All right, but I must have her now, who would know, for the old woman was feeding. — "Go into the water closet and I will follow." No they were forbidden to go to those closets — but at length she consented. I went to a closet first. She followed directly, and then standing up against the wall, I felt the large thighs and hairy notch, and in a minute or two, my machine was discharging the ac-cumulation of some days' continence in that big woman's cunt. She felt the pleasure, wriggled, sighed, pocketed the gold, and went off. — In a minute after when buttoned up, I went out and pushed open the lamp closet door. She was not there.

I went to my room and washed my penis, eased and pleased, but with lust strong on me as ever — increased in fact. — Surely there will be time for another before the old dragon has fed, thought I, so sat feeling my cock, which in a few minutes rose again in full glory. — I peeped out towards the staircase, saw no one — went again to the lobby — passed a man who took no notice of me (I had purposely put hat and coat on, and carried a stick), opened the lamp room door, and there was she.

She started up quite agitated. — "You'll get me dismissed — don't stay." "Go to the closet again." "I won't." "Then here I will stay (and saying so pulled my prick out, I am fond of showing it now), whether I am caught here or not." "Oh pray, some one may catch us there — I'm frightened." In a minute or two she was in the closet again. It was a glorious up-righter, she sighed and heaved, and again mingled her juices with mine. How I longed to look at her buttocks as I grasped them. From that moment her tone and manner altered — she kissed me to go. — Yes she would be there again at 6:30 p.m., or tomorrow at the same time, for at night people were in and out of their rooms, and often went to the closets, but not in midday. Further on was the servants' staircase. Said she, "Wait in this corridor, look out of that window, and if I put my hand behind me, you go down the servants' staircase — they will stare but think you have made a mistake — people often do." Saying that, she went to the angle of the corridors and looked towards the superintendent's room, her hand went behind her — and descending by the servants' stairs, I got to the coffee room unobserved.

I had to dress to go to my friend's dinner, for he had invited people to meet me. — She brought me hot water. — "You'll have another sovereign to morrow," said I. Then for a minute only, she opened her thighs and let me feel her cunt, and she felt my prick. — "Can you stay with me here a quarter of an hour or so tonight?" "No, impossible — but," said she, "at a quarter-past five in the morning I could come in for a little, the old cat comes out at six, and then goes round to see if all the maids are in their places." "But it's quite dark then." "Yes, quite." "Come my darling." "Well leave your door ajar then, and I will."

That day with my friend, the talk got about women. Where was the best house, I asked him, to take a lady to. — "Ah, you dog, at your old tricks — how should a father of a family know?" said he — but he told me of one or two houses, and on my way home at night I called at one to make sure. — Should she send for a lady for me. She might, and did. A little one came, I stripped her, and amused myself with my fingers, but so intent was I on giving all I had to the Yorkshire maid, that I did no more, much to that little girl's astonishment. I rang for the chambermaid when at the hotel. "A quarter past five, mind." — she smiled and said, "all right." "Bring me an extra candle." — That she did.

I was awake at four o'clock in anticipation, lighted my candles, and put my door ajar. — She came in a minute. "I'm dreadfully frightened," said she, "they turn poor girls away at a minute's notice, if that old cat reports them." — Then she laid on the bed — she was not quite dressed, and up to her navel I saw all. She was a splendid creature, almost too big for my taste then, but such an arse and thighs I have not often felt. Her cunt tho full lipped, was not very hairy, and whilst thighs and belly looked quite thirty, the cunt looked quite a young one. — Her petticoats got in my way when I laid on her; and so after kissing her cunt and praising her beauty, she consented to kneel on the bed, and I saw two of the most magnificent arse globes in the world, with the dark brown hairy notch pouting between, and a very lovely fuck we had, which she enjoyed as much as I did.

We played with each other's genitals — and soon I gave her another bumbasting; this time holding her great thighs up over my arms, by the side of the bed. — "Have you spent?" said I, not feeling sure. "Why yes — isn't fucking lovely?" "Ah isn't it?" — At midday I had her again in the closet, and a grope at half-past-eight at night, and went to bed happily and quite contented.

The next day she had told me was her evening out. She agreed to meet me and we went to the house I had called at. We both stripped and got into bed. It was a cold November night, and for three hours I had a lascivious treat. She was a splendid creature. Her flesh was like ivory, her breasts lovely, and she fucked divinely. — I had her twice next morning at a quarter-past five, and now having worn off the novelty and fucked myself a little down departed by an early train. She kissed me passionately in my room, and said she was sorry I was going — whether it was for my fucking or my money, I can not say.

When laying in bed at the bawdy house she said she was too big for service in a private house, and had been in three hotels — she was tired of it. A gentleman who often came to the hotel had asked her to go to London with him. She had refused, but if he asked her again she should accept. — She longed to see London. — "Who had you first?" "Ah, that's tellings." "You are fucked always on your evening or afternoon out?" That she wasn't — very few gentlemen spoke to her, — and when out, she always went to her aunt's who lived in the town. — She thought the gentlemen who came to B***f**d did not admire women as big as she was.

It was after I got back to London that I met N**I*e H**s. After I recovered from the ailment N*I*e had given me, an illness of quite a different class overtook me. Unhappily it was needful for me to keep to my home, but I very nearly went to an hotel instead. When I had done looking into my private affairs, which had again gone a little wrong, — and my worry had sub-sided, I amused myself by reading, sorting and arranging these memoirs. I referred to them by dates in my diary, and made them in their order pretty complete. I used to lock myself in my room for the entire day, and said among other things that I was writing a book. — Happily my illness was not a long one.

Vol. 5 Chapter X

A convalescent amusement. • On copulation, and the copulative organs.

During my illness I was as chaste as men usually are, when they cannot be unchaste; but I thought much about women, and the complicated organs of the sexes, by the agency of which the species is continued. I reflected on the secrecy with which human beings envelop their amours — of the shame which they so ridiculously attach to any mention or reference to copulation in plain language, or indeed at all — altho it is the prune mover of humanity, and finds expression in every day life in some shape or another, by word, or deed; and is a subject which passes thro the mind, almost daily, of men and of women who are in a healthy state of body, and have once fucked, and perhaps before that.

It was a wonder to me that when both sexes feel so much pleasure in looking at each other's genitals — that they should take such extreme pains to hide them, should think it disgraceful, to show them without mutual consent, and penal to do so separately or together in public. — I came to the conclusion that in the women it is the result of training, with the cunning intention of selling the view of their privates at the highest price — and inducing the man to give them that huge price for it — the marriage ring. Women are all bought in the market — from the whore to the princess. The price alone is different, and the highest price in money or rank obtains the woman. Then I wrote what follows, because I never had found it written in plain language elsewhere.

This description of the genitals, and their mode of meeting, has probably in it many errors and omissions, for I am not a doctor, but it was all I knew about it when I wrote it. No attempt is made at anatomical definition or exactitude —. It is what may be termed essentially a popular description,

suitable to the smallest capacities, and fit for both sexes — or if you please — instructive reading for the young. It is, to the young, essential knowledge — yet the great aim of adults seems to be to prevent youths from knowing anything about it.

Providence has made the continuation of the species depend on a process of a coupling the sexes, called fucking. It is performed by two organs. That of the male is familiarly and vulgarly called a Prick, that of the female a Cunt. Politely one is called a penis the other a pudenda. — The prick, broadly speaking, is a long, fleshy, gristly pipe. — The cunt is fleshy, warm, wet hole, or tube. — The prick is at times and in a peculiar manner, thrust up the cunt, and discharges a thick fluid into it, and that is the operation called fucking. It is not a graceful operation — in fact it is not more elegant than pissing, or shitting, and is more ridiculous; but it is one giving the intensest pleasure to the parties operating together, and most people try to do as much of it as they can.

The prick' is placed at the bottom of the belly, and hangs just between the thighs of the man. It consists of a circular, pendulous pipe, or tube of skin and gristle; with a hole through it, by which piss and sperm is sent out. — It has a knob or tip at its end, like a blunt pointed heart, and is covered with a most delicate thin skin, which had the most exquisite sensitiveness to touch. Over this knob or tip is a thickish skin of the same character as that which covers the stem of the prick, and is formed in such manner that it can be easily pulled from off of the tip. It shields the tip from in-jury, and keeps it moist and sensitive. It is called the foreskin, or prepuce. The prick is usually flabby and hanging down, is about three inches long, and soft to the feel. — The outer skin feels loose all over it as does the foreskin or prepuce, which covers the tip. — But when the man is lewed, that is to say, wants to fuck, it lengthens, thickens, stands up quite stiff, and the fore-skin comes a little off the knob, which is then of a fine carmine colour. If the skin does not then move off readily — it is easily pulled back a little. When put to the cunt, it goes back at once, and the knob in its exquisite sensitiveness goes up the cunt uncovered, followed by the rest of the prick, until the whole is up it, to the Balls. The balls, or stone bag, is a wrinkled, skinny bag, hanging at the root of the prick and a few inches on its under side from the bum hole. — It contains two stones called also testicles, which feel from the outside about the size of bantams' eggs, and some people call them their eggs. Sometimes this bag feels firmer than at other times — it is always a good handful. If it feels firm and full, and is covered with well defined close wrinkles, it is generally a sign that the man is in fucking order. — This bag is sometimes called a ballocks, but oftentimes when a man speaks of his ballocks, he means his prick and balls all to-gether.

The stem of the prick is smooth, and usually free from hair until towards the point at which it connects with the belly and balls, where it is covered with hair which curls round it. It seems to come out of a hairy thicket, which grows up the stomach towards the navel but stops short of it. There is usually but little hair on the balls, but it grows round beneath them, and some-times down the inner side of the thighs a slight way, and under the balls' bag to the arse hole, and some-times even there is short hair round that hole. If there be much it is called hairy-arsed, and is not convenient, for it interfered with the comfortable cleaning and wiping of the bum, after voiding.

The prick is naturally dry excepting the tip, which is usually covered by the foreskin, and which has at all times a tendency to be moist. If a man is randy for a long time and cannot ease himself by fucking, or frigging, or by getting his sperm out somehow, this tip sweats a white pomatum looking stuff, which covers the tip, and collects under the knob, where it joins the stem. This randy exudation called sebaceous, emits strongly a peculiar male smell. A fuck clears it all off. — Inside the body of the male are organs for secreting and forming a stuff called sperm, or spunk, which is whitish, partly thickish, and resembles paste which is thin and badly made, — or thin lumpy gruel. This is spit up the woman's cunt, through the tip of the prick when fucking. — This emission in popular language is called spending, or spunking, and is the period of the highest pleasure of the fuck, and the ending of it. — This stuff, is the male seed, and impregnates the woman, or as it is called in simple language, — gets her in the family way.

The cunt is the woman's organ, and is placed at the bottom of her belly between the thighs. It

consists, firstly and outwardly, of a slit about five inches long, looking like a gap or cut, with lips. It begins near the bum hole, and curves upwards towards the lower part of the belly in the direction of the navel, and finishes in a hillock, or pad of flesh, a little above the thighs. This pad gradually dies off into the general surface of the belly, and is called a mons, or pincushion. In some women the slit, or cunt gap, is less than in others but in all they begin near the bumhole, and the lips gradually thicken, and then die out again into the mons. In some women these lips are in part of their length, twice as thick as those of a man's mouth. — In others they are thin, and some scarcely have the form of lips at all, but look like swollen flesh. The cunt looks like a mere cut, in such women.

There is hair all over the pincushion, or as it is called the motte, and round the outer lips of the cunt, down to its bum hole end. The hair getting usually less thick, and shorter, as it gets there; but at times as in the man, the hair grows a little round the bum hole it-self, and up the bum furrow. The pad, or pincushion, or mons, is placed there to cover certain bones which go over that part of the cunt, and prevent the man hurting his belly, when thrusting up the cunt in fucking. This in his excitement, he might at certain moments do by shoving violently. — The mons, or motte, is more thickly covered with hair than the rest of the cunt, particularly at the spot where the slit begins or opens.

If the outer lips be pulled open, their inside will be seen to be smooth, fleshy, almost pulpy, and like the inside of a mouth and of pink or carmine colour according to the age of the female and the usage of her cunt. — A little way below the beginning of the slit at the belly end of it, is a little lump or button of flesh called the clitoris. This is red, and smooth like the rest, and in some women, is much larger than in others. — When the woman is not sexually excited, or wanting a fuck, or is not randy that is to say, — this is softish, but when randy it gets a little firm or solid, or as they say stiff, but not in all. — It is the chief seat of pleasure in a woman, for tho the prick rubs against it but little in fucking, the woman often gives herself pleasure by rubbing it with her finger, or friggng herself there, till she spends.

This is a description of what may be termed the mouth of the cunt, or its externals, and its inner parts must now be described. Just under the clitoris, almost in continuation of it in fact, but just at the beginning of what I call the prick tube, it being specially made to take the prick, is a little projection in which is a hole. — This is the woman's piss duct. — Both clitoris and piss duct are for the most part covered by the outer hairy lips, the hair curling round in front, and partly overshadowing the gap, hides all of it more or less in most grown women; but when women want to piddle, nature induces them to squat down, so that their bums are within a few inches of the ground. In that position the cunt gapes and opens, the clitoris and piss-vent come to the front, and the piss comes out with force. The hair of the cunt is shortish, opens with the lips but nevertheless it is frequently wetted by the stream. If there is longish hair, you may see drops of piddle, like drops of dew, clinging to it when she stands up after pissing. — Some of the piddle also runs down to the mouth of the vagina, or fucking prick hole, yet to be described, and that art being not unfrequently a little sticky, the piss cleanses it. Thus the outer hair, and the inside of the cunt mouth and lips, are wetted generally by the woman's piddle, — and when she gets up, she usually tucks her clothes for an instant between her thighs to dry it. — This is vulgarly called "mopping her cunt."

Beneath the piddling orifice, the soft red surface slopes down, and inwards, to a hole very near to the bum hole, so near in fact that you may readily put one finger up the cunt and a thumb up the bum hole, and pinch the partition which separates them. This is the vagina, or prick receiver — the hole which goes up into the woman's belly, and in which the operation of fucking is done, by the man's prick.

The opening is in some a little tight, but inside is more capacious. — In all cunts, it easily distends, and will take any thing from a little finger to a rolling pin, — and will gently close on, clasp, or embrace it, with an evenly tightening grip all round, whatever its size may be. — This fucking hole is deep enough usually to take a stiff prick six inches long, without pain to the woman. If it hurts, they have a knack of dropping their buttocks, so as to prevent the prick going too far up. — This

vagina, as it also is called, at the top or end, rounds off and contracts, and the tube of the womb enters it. In the neck is a small orifice usually closed but at the proper time during fucking it opens. It is against this opening that the man's prick knocks, and the sperm is shot out in fucking. From the clitoris, and inside the outer lips of the cunt slit or gap already described, are little thinnish red flaps or cartilage, which descend on each side, and terminate by the prick hole. They are in fact a sort of inner cunt lips, and are called Nymphae, or vulgarly often called lapels, or lappets. They are of the same pink or carmine tint as the inside of the whole of the cunt mouth. — In most women these lips are so small that when a woman's legs are closed, or only just slightly opened, the outer and hair cunt lips hide and cover them, or they only just show the thinnest red line between them. — In other women they are large, and hang out even like large red flaps. These lapels are always moist inside, and when large, and a woman opens her legs so that the outer lips separate, the lapels stick together, the clitoris peeping above them, and they rub on each side of it in fucking.

In virgins — just inside the tube, prick-receiver, or vagina, and behind the piss-vent, is a little red film or membrane covering the hole, all but a little perforation through which the monthlies, or courses, or bloodies, as they are called, and other cunt juices of the woman escape. This is the hymen, or virginity, which is broken by the prick the first time the woman is fucked, leaving the membrane with a ragged edge like a cocks-comb, but which raggedness disappears in a year or two after fucking.

The hole or tube which receives the prick, is also pink, soft, and smooth inside, and feels like the kernels on the inside of the mouth. The sides will give ready way to the push of the finger, and being elastic it directly recovers itself when the finger is withdrawn, and therefore closes gently on the prick whether a large or a small one. — This quality makes it a very pretty plaything for the man. — Nothing pleases some so much as putting their fingers up it, or playing as it is called at stinkfinger, whilst the woman plays with his cock and balls. — This mutual handling and titillation of each other's privates, makes them both lewed or ready to fuck. — I forgot to say that when the man's prick is randy and the woman squeezes it, that the hole at the tip opens slightly, and a strong smell comes out of it. — Some women when randy like that smell.

The cunt is always wet inside. If anything be put up to dry it, it is wet a minute afterwards. — If a woman wants fucking it gets wetter, and in some women if they have their clitoris titillated, their cunts get very wet indeed. — This moisture is very smooth and slimy and is salt to the taste, which condition is intended so to lubricate it, and to make it smoother and nicer for the man's prick, the red, fine skinned tip of which is very thin and highly sensitive. It is the seat of pleasure in fact. The cunt has always a peculiar smell, slightly fishy or cheesy it has been called, tho I never detected that sort of smell. This is the case even with the cleanest women, and it is stronger if a woman has been very randy for some time, and has not washed her cunt, — or in one who rarely washes it, but depends on her piddle and her cunt mopping afterwards to keep it sweet and wholesome. This cuntal smell from a healthy, clean, woman, is pleasant and stimulating to most men.

Fucking consists in putting the two organs just de-scribed, together. That is, in the man making his prick stiff and pushing it up the cunt as far as it will go, and quite plugging it up. Then pushing it backwards and forwards in it, and gradually quicker and quicker, his prick getting stiffer and stiffer, and her cunt getting wetter, and tighter and tighter, until at last the pleasure which both feel from the instant their privates meet, and which increases gradually as the fuck goes on, gets maddening almost in its intensity, and terminates by the balls shooting out through his prick into her cunt, a quantity of sperm, and the whole surface of her cunt at the same time clipping his prick, and exuding a thinnish milky liquor described before. This done, with intense pleasure to both, they are both quiet, satisfied, and almost insensible for an instant from excess of pleasure. Then the cunt gets lax, the prick. shrinks out of it, and the fuck is over.

But before this occurs both of them should feel, and the man actually must be randy or want to fuck, for without that his prick will not be stiff, and the symptoms of lust or randiness must be understood in the first place.

Randiness in a man shews itself by his prick feeling uneasy, yet with a voluptuous sensation, by its swelling, lengthening, and stiffening. His thoughts go to women who look beautiful in his eyes then, even if they did not before. He longs for them, gets fidgety, and, if sitting, has a desire to wriggle his backside backwards and forwards. — He can scarcely keep his fingers from his prick but, wants to feel it and fondle it. His prick burns, his balls, if he has not recently done too much fucking, are firm and covered with well corrugated, close wrinkles. — If he touches his prick much, it begins to throb, and knocks up towards his belly. His bumhole tightens and squeezes, as the prick knocks, and, when in that state, he is ready to fuck anything, from his sister to his grandmother, from a ten-year-old, to a woman of sixty, for a standing prick has no conscience. — Woe be to the female whom he gets a chance at, if she does not want him, for he will have her if he can.

Randiness in a woman shows itself in some respects in the same way, but it gives much less outward sign. — She feels restless, has an inclination to press her legs close together, then to open them wide, then close them again. To squeeze her cunt tight by the muscles at the orifice of the prick hole, — the same action closing tightly her arse hole, which thus acts sympathetically with the cunt. — To move her bum about uneasily on the chair, to sigh with a sensation of pleasure, and throw herself about. To put her fingers on her cunt and play with it — and to rub her clitoris. Her cunt feels hot — burning — some times it gets wet — very wet — with a languishing swooning sensation — and yet she does not exude or spend as when being fucked — she is sensitive with men. — If one touches her hand or squeezes it, it gives her pleasure. — Any attention from a man fills her with vague desires of she knows not what. — Her eyes seek his, then drop — and if she has seen or known much of men's nature, — she eyes askant his trowsers, just where his prick lies, and blushes at what she is doing, as if he knew what she was thinking about. If she is of a very sensitive, or warm nature, or what is called "hot arsed" or hot cunted, or "randy arsed" — and this lewdness has continued for a long time without the relief given by fucking she is subject to hysterics. In young women a good fucking sets them to rights, but this is by the way. — Some girls when randy, giggle and laugh a great deal, and laugh at all a man says to them. — Their eyes brighten and languish, they involuntarily re-turn the pressure of the man's hands. All this is just what incites men to desire to fuck them.

When both the man and woman are randy, they are in the best condition for fucking, but when not so, and nature is impelling them both toward copulation, they make each other lewed if they get an opportunity.

Let us suppose a couple together — he having had women before — she having had it once or twice on the sly, but has been a long time without it, and determines not to risk it again. He knows nothing about this but begins to long for her. — They are quite alone, and there is no chance of being disturbed.

He looks at her, chats pleasantly, draws nearer and nearer, till they sit quite close. — He wonders what her secret charms are, if her thighs are round and plump, her bum big. — Then his mind goes to her cunt. He thinks of its hair, its color, and then his prick stiffens and he longs to fuck her, and wondering if she wants it, or will let him, is impelled to try.

Then under the impulse of intention, his desire to discharge his sperm up her becomes stronger. Reckless, he begins kissing, which is resisted at first by her, but at length permitted once and with protest. — Then his arm goes round her waist — he draws her closer, and so they sit whilst for a time he murmurs love.

Then one hand goes on her knees outside her clothes — and more kisses follow. If not randy before, — the pressure of his arm, and hand now drawn still nearer to her belly, or pressing on her thighs but still outside her clothes, makes her randy now. — He kisses her more passionately and in doing so, his hand pushes against her belly. — She guesses he had done it purposely but says nothing. — Her cunt and bum hole tighten and a voluptuous shiver runs through her. — She fears herself, and threatens to cry out but does not. — Gradually she returns his kisses, but begs him to go and leave

her.

Meanwhile he has stooped a little, has felt her ankles, had thrust his hand up her petticoats and it is on her thigh just above her knee. — She resists violently, but lewdness now pervades her system. — She is in a sweet confusion, and overwhelmed with lustful sensations, one moment makes a half cry — then laughs, — then says "hush" as baudy wishes now find utterance from him. — She perhaps kisses him to leave off, but does not wish him, likes what he is doing, knows it is wrong, but makes up her mind that he shan't do the trick to her.

This lasts for a time. She is getting sick with lewed desire. A cry — a struggle — and he has forced his finger between her cunt lips — it is rubbing her clitoris, whilst she with closed thighs is pushing him away with one hand, and trying to pull down her clothes with the other. She shifts her bum back, tightens her thighs together, but he keeps his finger there still. — Then he pulls out his prick, a stiff, ivory, red-tipped rod, with its pendulous, firm balls. — Its look fascinates her. — He tells her to look at it. — She turns her head and eyes away, — but can't help turning them again.

He struggles now to get her clothes up — she to prevent him. — Now he pushes the prick against her hand and a thrill goes through her as she feels the hot rod. — Again and again it knocks against her hand — he snatches her hand and makes her clasp his prick. With a cry, she snatches it away. — In doing this he has for the instant withdrawn his hand from her cunt, and with a slight feeling of relief she thinks for the moment he is going to cease.

Vain hope, if she hopes it, which is often doubtful, for the feel of her hand on his doodle has made him curious. — Seizing her, he pulls up her clothes, — sees her thighs, and the dark hairy shadow above the split, and ere she can prevent it, his finger is pushed further towards the prick hole. — She cries out that he hurts, but he pushes on his fingers. — She entreats, resists, but voluptuous sensations are coursing thro her veins. The stiff prick dances before her eyes, — and altho she would resist if she could, feels her power to do so going, for lewdness has possession of her body, and desire to let him have his way is taking possession of her soul; and so both panting, they for a minute cease — he keeping his fingers where he had forced them.

Nature has placed the woman's clitoris so that it can-not escape man's fingers. — If a woman closes her thighs tightly, a man cannot from the front get his finger to the cunt hole; and from the back, the arse cheeks close, so that without violence he cannot do it, even when she be standing up, altho as easily then, as from the front. But without hurting her, and do what she may to prevent him, the clitoris can be reached by this middle finger. By pushing it through the closed thighs, — it reaches the upper part of the cunt where the clitoris lies, and was so placed to enable the man to incite and incline the woman to submit to his will in copulation.

In a minute he recommences. — In vain she tightens against it, he holds her close to him with one arm, kissing and beseeching; whilst just under her eyes is the throbbing prick ready to plug her. Her thighs are exposed, she is now too excited to pull her clothes down, and her cunt feels wet. — "Ah! — AM — What is this?" A shiver of pleasure runs through her, which makes her, spite of herself, open for a second her thighs — her cunt feels wetter, her face inclines to-wards his — her resistance is gone, her eyes close, she is nearly spending, she only murmurs, "No — no — oh don't — leave off — I won't," to his earnest entreaties, and the next instant falls back under his pressure, or is partly gagged, partly lifted, lustfully conscious, to the nearest bed or couch, all resistance is gone, she is saturated with lust and is quiet. — Then their bellies meet, his hand insinuates itself under her round warm haunches, something stiff and hard, yet smooth and soft, pokes between her thighs and glides quickly down over her clitoris. She feels it at her cunt entrance, — it thrusts, it enters, — it is up her, — she feels it in her vitals and the balls knocking against her buttocks, and then for a minute both are quiet.

Then up her womb, then down nearly to her cunt lips, backwards and forwards goes the prick. Long shoves — short shoves — quick, quicker, — a sigh from him, a wriggle from her, and then again a slight rest. — A shove again, and then perhaps (tho but rarely) he, curious, withdraws one hand

from her smooth bum, and feels the stem of his tool gently closed round by her cunt lips, gently yet firmly, and the hairs of their organs mingling. — His finger gently touches the clitoris against the lower end of which his prick had rubbed. — A shiver of delight goes through her as she feels him, and juices — quicker and harder, his rigid prick knocks at the portals of her womb. — Now a sigh from her, — her eyes close — her mouth gently opens. — Shorter and quicker are now the thrusts, and his arse wriggles, he thrusts up her cunt as if he would engulf his whole body in her, his balls covering her arsehole, wag and rub, and knock against her bum cheeks, her belly heaves — her thighs open wide — her knees move up gently, her legs stretch out, then close on his again and squeeze his thighs, his prick stiffens more, and begins to throb violently in her, — her cunt juices have wetted it from tip to root — it is running out and wetting the hairs round his prick stem.

Now a more delicious and almost maddening sensation pervades their whole bodies. — Gradually more and more powerful, it usurps their senses in a voluptuous delirium. — If her father were now to come into the room, she would cling to the man. — If he knew his mother was being murdered in the next room, he would not, to save her, withdraw his prick from the cunt.

Now their kisses are moist, their tongues meet, their salivas mingle, — he sucks all he can from her mouth, his hands tighten round her backside, he clasps her to him as if to squeeze the breath out of her; her hands tighten round his waist, or rub convulsively over his buttocks, or up his back. Up go her thighs gently again, and press tightly against his haunches, he grasps her bum like a vice and with a long drawn breath — with a sigh from him — and perhaps a convulsive cry of "cunt," — out shoots his spunk against the portals of her womb which open to receive it, — her cunt at the same moment tightening round his prick and grinding it, and distilling over it on all sides its thin, salt, milky, juices. What sperm her womb does not suck up and absorb, unites with her juices, making a bath in which his prick lies weltering. — Some squeezes out, making still wetter the hair of both their genitals, and then with gentle and gradually diminishing wriggles, and backside movements of both, with gentle murmurs, sighs, and kisses, they lay quiet in each other's arms in luscious Elysium with limbs stretched out, and every muscle tranquil, — what senses they have left, absorbed in dreamy thoughts of prick, cunt, sperm, and fucking, and in loving delight in each other.

So they lay for a few minutes until he moves again, when the friction of his prick, even in her lubricated cunt, causes it sympathetically to tighten, tho but slightly only, for sated with pleasure that channel to her womb has lost its muscular power for a while. Yet the gentle grip it gives sends a thrill of pleasure through him, and his shrinking prick; this sends forth one drop more of lingering sperm now in its thinnest liquidity. It is the last. — Then his weight oppresses her, she moves, and his shrunken, wet, cock comes out drip-ping over her anus, and with a kiss he rises. — In doing so a drop falls on to her thigh, or on the thicket of cunt hair — it is the parting dew. She also rises, pulling down her petticoats and for a minute they are both silent and look at each other. — On his face is a smile of satisfaction. — She blushes and looks abashed at her doings, and is in the dreamy pleasure of a sperm saturated cunt.

If the happy couple have fucked before, and are in bed tranquilly together, the game is slightly varied. Their spend is over; but naked, limb to limb, he lingers on her belly, nestling his balls up to her and trying to keep his prick in its soft, smooth, wet, warm lodging. — He lingers on her long, the hair on both their privates sticking and drying together, so close and intermingled have they got. — His weight, which she did not feel whilst thrusting and moving up her and their postures varied each moment, now oppresses her; and she moves, or has a cough or feigns one, which shakes her belly and his shrinking prick uncunts.

Still he will not get off, and the red wet tip, is still dribbling out a little sperm which drops on her bum hole — or against her bum cheeks. Then following his withdrawal, — some of their mixed essences which her womb has not sucked into it, rolls out like a great thick tear towards her arsehole. He turns off of her. She turns on her side towards him and the spunk tear changes its course, and lodges on her thigh near to the arsehole end of the cunt. She need not put down her fingers to feel that her cunt fringe is wet, she feels unmistakably that her cunt lips are slabbered,

wet, and spermy; and it gives her pleasure to feel it there for it came from out of his body into hers. — She loves him for putting it there. — He also turns towards her, — his prick still shrinking, flabby, and sloppy, falls on his thigh and wets it, and he loves that wetness for it came from her cunt. Then belly to belly — or belly to bum — naked and touching, with soft bawdy words of love, and bawdy images floating dreamily across their minds. — She thinking of balls, prick, fucking and of the spunk lying in her cunt. He of cunt, spunk, and tongue sucking, they fall asleep — and that is fucking. But often times something comes of this cunt basting — not quite unknown, but mostly unthought of during the hot fit of lust and pleasure, and certainly un hoped for excepting by married women. Something which, had it been thought of whilst with clasped haunches, wriggling buttocks, prick thrusts, heaving bellies, sighs and murmurs, the couple were insensible to all but pleasure, their souls steeped in Elysium, — would certainly have made the lady at least a little anxious. That second or two's mixed spending, and spunk sucking up of the womb, sometimes causes the lady to be in the family way, and that day nine months, after much fainting, sickness, longing for all that is out of season and out of reason, with a swollen turgid belly — much spewing, five minute pissings, farting, shitting, and the whites: — an infant comes down that cunt, — the result of such fucking, and this is how it comes about.

High up in the belly of the woman and in recesses just outside the womb, are little organs or parts of her body, containing what are called ova — and which common people call eggs — it is a sort of enclosure in which a woman breeds eggs within herself, out of her-self, and parcel of her nature. Leading from this egg nest, is a little tube connecting with the womb, and at monthly periods, an egg is squeezed out of it into the womb through this passage, and it only wants to be touched by the man's spunk — when man and woman are both discharging in their spasm of pleasure, and lo! — the thing is done. That which had no life, lives, — the egg is vivified, the woman is impregnated, is with child. Then it will grow bigger and bigger in her, and her belly will swell, until in the nine months, out comes a child through her cunt. And this is the exact process and time when the egg has life given to it. — As far as is known, the thing takes place at the moment when both man and woman are in the greatest state of voluptuous enjoyment, and at the crisis and termination of the fucking. If the man alone spends in the woman's cunt, it will not do it. — If the woman spends alone, it will not do it. — If they spend some time after each other, it may or may not do it. — But as the fuck goes on, and their mutual pleasure increases — just at the moment that the woman's cunt tightens, just as the man shoves short or merely wriggles his prick as far up the cunt as he can -- the egg either being there ready, or being then squeezed out of the bag into the womb — the woman's juices exude from her into her cunt. — The man's spunk squirts, — the womb sucks in the male and female mixture, — the egg is touched, and life begotten. Thus in the delirious ecstasy of the fuck, the job is done.

Such is a prick — such a cunt — such fucking — such the consequence. — The fucking organs excepting to those who have them, would not perhaps be thought handsome. — No one thinks a dog's prick handsome, or a cow's cunt beautiful, — yet they are not unlike those of the human species. — No one who sees a dog fucking a bitch, thinks that their action is elegant, or their faces edifying, yet their movements are much like those of the human species. — The wriggling of the lady's buttocks when a prick is moving up her, and the up and down movements of the man's haunches, and the saucers he makes in his arse cheeks are not elegant, — their slabbered privates when they have finished not nice, — their faces during the operation not expressing intellect. In fact the motion is somewhat monotonous, is inelegant, almost ridiculous, and the end, sloppy and odorous; yet they both think the operation most beautiful.

And if a woman in stature, form, colour, skin, and in beauty of mouth, teeth, nose, and eye, were perfect; if her limbs were perfection, her breasts ivory — her breath sweet as a honey suckle, her voice tender, her temper perfect, and if in brief she comprised all that we call perfection in a woman; — yet were she without that hairy mouthed, slippery, half slimy, salt, and odorous cunt, a man would sooner sleep with his grand-mother or lie down with a cow than with her.

And if a man be tall as a guardsman, formed like Apollo, be strong as Hercules, and a grand model

of strength, beauty, and all that is attractive in man — if he even be gentle and kind to a woman — and yet had not that bit of distensible gristle, with its pendant balls, or if having it, it would not stiffen and swell at times so as to enter, fill, and plug up the cunt entirely, and shed into the innermost recesses and end of the cunt — that thickish, semi-opaque, gruelly essence of man's blood — she would not care a far for him, and would sooner sleep with a male monkey.

This is a description of the organs employed, and the object, art, and manner of using them, which is called fucking — together with its results. It is written in this simple, homely, yet classical manner; so as to enable the dullest, simplest, and most unsophisticated to understand it. It is specially suitable for ignorant boys and girls from twelve to fifteen years of age, — at which period they begin to think of such matters, and when they may study it with most advantage, because and at that age the world tries its best to obscure the consideration, and to hinder all real knowledge about ; getting to them. It may read usefully after evening family prayers also, by older members of the family, D whom at times, it may serve as an aphrodisiac, and it will spare many young, but full grown people, trouble and loss of time in searching for knowledge which ought o be known to all, but which owing to a false morality, s a subject put aside as improper.

[At the time I wrote this, I had but little of the anatomical knoweldge of the sexes which I now possess, and vulva — vagina — clitoris — and other terms or their exact signification were only partially known to ne.]

Vol. 5 Chapter XI

Camille again. • Intentions of fidelity broken. • About myself and good fortunes. • Shall I print my liaison with Victoria? • Miss Victoria B*c*n. • About omnibuses generally. • A foggy night. • The late omnibus. • Dark inside. • Vic's hurry. • Her friskiness. • The end seat. • The unknown lady on my right. • Thighs felt. • Cunt touched. • Vic's garters. • Risky gropes. • With Vic in the fog. • Against the railings. • Baulked. • Her convenient cousin. • Two assignations. • The unknown lady at J*s St. • Her form. • Cunt. • Large clitoris. • Belly indications. • Hot arsed. • The gin bottle. • Views in the looking glasses.**

Directly I was well enough, Camille gratified my concupiscence. She was a sort of magnet to me at times, and her philosophical licentiousness in act and talk charmed me so much, that I thought I would keep to her, I soon however ceased to see her, for never in one year have I had more racy adventures, more charming intrigues, a greater variety in age and condition, and nicer women and girls to fuck. They fell to my embraces accidentally and without difficulty. So much so, that I am almost inclined to be conceited about my attractions, but will only remark that I was in the very prime of manhood, did nothing to exhaust myself, was always ready with my prick, and seem to have nearly, altho not quite, overcome the hesitation I have had at times, and which I have spoken of before. I first had an adventure with the sister of a friend, which perhaps I ought never to have put on paper; but writing these reminiscences gives me great secret pleasure, writing them indeed seems to have become a habit which I cannot break off. When written, I tore the paper in half which narrated this liaison, and a year or two afterwards carefully gummed the pieces together to preserve it. — Such was my inconsistency. (The lady and her brother are, I hear, dead and no harm can be done by narrating the liaison now.)

In my youth I knew a Mr. B*c*n. He was the son of a very rich man, tho only a merchant, and who lived in such style that we who lived then in the greatest luxury, until my father died, seemed poor by the side of them, and they rather looked down on us. — He how-ever failed and died, and his son came in only for a very small share of a splendid business. The son married, had three children — and his sister who had been expected to be a heiress, lived with them at the time I write of.

The sister had been engaged to be married. The day before the wedding, her intended died suddenly, her health broke down, she left London, and went to live with an aunt in the country. Then people kindly said she was in the family way, and hinted she had had a child. She was away I believe, but do not know, for many years. She was certainly thirty years old now.

At the time I write of, B*c*n's wife died, his sister came to take charge of his house, and he had come to live about a mile from our new residence. — I renewed our acquaintance, and an attempt was made to be on visiting terms, — but the women took a dislike to each other, and it dropped, tho they were quite civil to each other when by chance they met. — I and B*c*n however called on each other occasionally.

The sister was shortish, square built, almost broad, and was plump, had blue eyes, auburn hair, a superb pink and white complexion, and an unusually large mouth with good teeth in it. — She had a most unpleasant voice which seemed as if she was suffering with hoarseness, and had a fastish expression, and a peculiar look in her eyes, which I did not like or understand (— I see now it was a mask to cover up her unchastity, which was not satisfied as much as she wished) but she was pronounced handsome and strongly resembled the Queen, so here I shall name her Victoria. When with her brother at a ball at our house, I saw that she had big white breasts, the only thing which gave me desire to see more of her; but so little had I desired that, that had it not been for a chance, it is probable I never should have possessed her.

Omnibuses at this time were but little used by poor people, the fare to my neighbourhood from Charing Cross was a shilling [it is now three pence]; there were but few and they loitered almost as they liked. — The last one at night usually loitered till it was full, or until those inside insisted on its going on. — Some years before that time there were no lights inside them, the gas lighting on the roads of the suburbs was feeble, and when the roads were wide, the inside of the omnibus on dark nights was nearly, if not quite, dark. The oil lamp in the omnibus often went out, no one seemed to take any heed of it, and I have in the dark felt women's thighs, and had my prick felt by strange ladies with whom I exchanged words inside the omnibus, without ever being caught at it. Women who were fairly well dressed and seemed quite respectable played these pranks, and one of these incidents I am now going to tell of.

Nearly all omnibuses at that time held thirteen passengers, and had one end seat where a passenger sat with his back to the horses. — Those on the either side seats, sat with their knees half side ways. — Ladies, unless it was very hot weather, went usually to the end seats to avoid people passing them, and if I saw niceish looking women at that end, I went there so that my knees might press thoughts and sensations. [Real ladies went by omnibuses in those days, very poor people could not afford to ride.]

In Cockspur Street one pitch dark, misty, cold night in February — at about 10:30 p.m., seeing an omnibus I resolved to go home by it. A female wrapped up well, hurried past me towards it to secure a place. — "Why Miss B*c*n, is that you?" Flurried, I saw, by my accosting her, — "Oh yes, I hope there is room, I'm so dreadfully late, I don't know what my brother will say." — There was room, she went to the end, and I to the middle seat, she apparently did not expect I was going by the omnibus. — On the other side sat a lady who as well as I could see by the mere twinkling lamp, was tall, handsome, and bold-faced, and who eyed closely both me and Miss B. After delay the omnibus moved off, soon the lamp flickered, the conductor enlivened it, but soon out it went; and the omnibus was in darkness.

I could feel Victoria's knees against mine and liked it, and at once thought of cunt. I chaffed her about being late, and she made some lame excuse. — "How close we are packed, we are nearly as close as if we were in bed together." "Are we?" she said laughing. I got gradually lewed and bold — I had dined well — and put my hand familiarly outside her clothes on to her thigh. — "If we were to kiss no one would know it," said I, "it's dark enough for any naughtiness," said she laughing. As the omnibus passed a gas lamp, I saw her big white teeth — and her eyes fixed on me, and then I thought she had had wine, and gently I pinched her thigh, and begged then her pardon. "It's so dark

I can't see what I'm about." "Oh you hurt." "Hurt me in return." "Nonsense." I pinched her again. "Be merry, but be wise," said she. — Then I put her gloved hand high up on to my thigh. — "Pinch me," said I, and she did. — A cock-stand ensued. — "Pinch me all over," said I, placing her hand on the slope of the thigh inwards and near my tool. Then we both laughed, and I pinched her harder. "You are pretty merry," said the lady on my right. That brought us to our senses. — In the jolting and noise of the vehicle I thought no one could have heard us, and was sure no one could see us. — "What does the Lady say?" said Vic. — I told her. "Take care," and she pushed off my hand from her thigh. I put it round her bum and pinched what I could, but she had thick winter clothes on.

The omnibus stopped for full ten minutes for passengers at a large public house, where the lights showed us to each other. The person on my right began to talk to us. — She looked much and boldly at me. She was very handsome and perhaps thirty, and spoke like a lady. I came to the conclusion that she also had been drinking, for it was unusual for women to talk to a strange man in an omnibus. — I fancied her breath smelt of liquor.

The omnibus, when stopping, got crammed full, and went slowly and noisily jolting on its way over a quite newly macadamized road. — The mist changed as we got further out to a fog which filled the omnibus, and all was dark. — "How cramped my legs are," said the lady. "I like yours against mine, they are so nice, and it's so nice and warm," I replied. — To my astonishment she gave me a gentle punch in my ribs with her left hand. — "Oh for shame." "Stretch them out," said I, encouraged. "I can't." "Shall I stretch them apart for you?" Another pinch. "What's the best way of stretching legs?" "I don't know." "Why, put some-thing between them," I said. Another pinch. — All was said in a low tone. No one could have heard but us two, no one could have known what was going on. — A fat old man who stunk of brandy and water was on the lady's right, and he was snoring so loudly that people laughed. — Vic could not hear me, tho opposite to the lady, thro the noise in passing over the rough road.

She's randy, thought I, — who is she? — A kept woman perhaps, whose man doesn't fuck her enough! — and I wished Victoria out of the way. — I ungloved my hands, and put my right hand on her thigh. — She made no resistance. — "They are close together, they are cramped really, open them wider." — I can't, this old snoring man's legs are against mine." "Lift one over the other." She did. I kept my hand there and began gently pinching her thigh. — "That's your gar-ter," I whispered, feeling a little lump. "Are you sure?" "I'll make sure." Stooping a little, I dropped my right hand down, and pulled up her clothes. — There was such a weight of them that my hand could only get up gradually. — I felt her calf, and that it was, in silk. — She let me. "Oh your heavy clothes," I whispered. She put the leg down and far from the other, — half moved her bum as if to ease her position, — and the next instant her clothes being looser, I had one hand on to her thigh above her garter, and pushed it slowly higher up till my little finger was buried in the thatch of her motte, and my other fingers lay a little down grasping her left thigh, but I could not get them far enough to feel her notch, and the weight and pressure of her clothes against my wrist was almost painful. She put her hand down, but only to pull her clothes forwards fearing perhaps that passing a gas-light might disclose our position. All that increased the drag on my wrist and arm, for I was using my right hand, that being next to her, and my knuckles were outwards till I reached her knee and now was only sideways on her thigh — a difficult position, with heavy clothes against it.

At that moment Victoria remarked, "How dreadfully we are cramped, there must be more people than there ought to be in the omnibus." "I'll sit forward," said I, bringing my bum to the edge of the seat, and pressing towards the woman on my right, gave Vic more room. "Thank you," said she. Now my hand got more to the front, and slipped side ways between the lady's thighs like a leaf, and the tops of my longest fingers lay just touching her warm cunt lips. — The man next to her at that minute awakened and called out, "Stop, stop," and rose up. I withdrew my fingers like lightning, down slipped her clothes, and no one to this day perhaps but she and I, know of our little lewed game.

The old man got out, and also one or two passengers which gave us room. "Can you get a light,"

said some one. "The oil's out," said the conductor. "Can't you get on quicker?" "You can't see a yard afore the Posses noses." On went the omnibus. — My cock was now standing like a horn. "Take off your glove," said I, in a whisper. I had on a great thick winter cape or cloak. — Pulling out my prick I lifted the side of my cloak and put her hand round it. — "Oho — you," said she, and began feeling and squeezing it, and at last frigging it; but not wishing that fun, I stopped it and hid my machine.

Then for a minute I talked to Victoria to prevent her wondering at my speaking with the lady. "How shall I get home?" said Vic. "I will see you home." Again my hand went on Vic's thigh outside and pinched it near her belly. — She didn't resist my lewed tricks. — The idea of playing them both with an omnibus full, de-lighted me. — The idea of Victoria knowing nothing about my tricks with the lady added to my pleasure. Secure in the foggy darkness, and with more room, and her thighs opening wide to let me, I now had a sort of backhanded feel of the lady's cunt. — I could not twist myself round away from Victoria, so sat nearly at the the edge of the seat, feeling the lady's gap, till she suddenly pushed my hand away. Then again I put her hand on my prick. "Do you live about here?" said she. "No, the other side of the water — I am only going to night to a friend's where I am stopping for a day or two." "Who's that lady?" "His sister — and our meeting was a mere chance." "Is that true?" "Certainly." "Where do you live?" "At ****,P' I re-plied, and — "Do you live about here?" "No," said she. "How will you get home in the fog?" "My husband will meet me at the Turnpike." "Are you often at Charing Cross?" "No." "When shall you be again?" "The day after tomorrow," said she, after hesitation. "Meet me, and let's have a talk together." — In a few words more she agreed to be near the Nelson Monument at half past six, two days afterwards.

"Stop, you've passed the Turnpike," said the lady getting up. "We aren't there yet," said the conductor. "Stop, I'll get out." — Quick as thought, I had slipped my right hand up her clothes on to her backside. — The omnibus stopped with a jerk, and it threw her back into a sitting posture, half on to my knees half on to Victoria's. Begging our pardon, she got up and out of the omnibus— it was so dark that I could not distinguish faces from bodies.

Two minutes afterwards the omnibus journey ended, and all got out. The fog was so thick that the street lamps could not be seen fifteen feet off. We had been an hour and a quarter, doing a half hour's journey. I gave Vic my arm, intending to escort her home, and felt awfully lewed, and somehow sure that she would permit a liberty, tho I was surprised at that discovery. She seemed to me all at once to be a frisky bitch, in-stead of my friend's sister, the daughter of the wealthy merchant. I kissed and was kissed — we stood still in the fog — I pressed my hand against her belly. — "Let me," said I. "What?" "Do it." "Oh likely," said she, laughing and pushing away my hand; but putting my arm round her, I pressed her gently up against the railings of some gardens abutting on the road; and got my fingers on to her cunt. — "Let's do it." "You're mad." "None can see us, no one is out." "I won't, people will pass," she said, in a low tone, but her thighs were open. I was sure she was lewed, and that she was enjoying the friction of my fingers. Pushing aside the lower part of my cloak, I had my prick ready, and was pulling up her heavy winter clothes, when men's voices were heard, and two came along talking loudly. We moved on, dropping both petticoats and cloak over us. What the men fancied I know not but jeeringly, one remarked, "I hope we ain't disturbed you." — Lost in the fog in a minute, we still heard their voices and laughter and "fuck" said very plainly, but we were quite disconcerted, and she would let me do no more.

Then I asked her to meet me — and she named "the day after tomorrow" — I had just arranged to meet the unknown lady on that day — no, I was engaged. — "It must be this day week then." "Agreed, and at half past five, it's dark then." Suddenly she said she was going to sleep at her cousin's that night — and in five minutes I left her at the cousin's door. — She had said before that she didn't know what her brother would think about her being out so late.

Victoria's permission, her behaviour when in the omnibus, and now her sleeping away from her home set me wondering, for she seemed so much up to snuff. The next day I made enquiry about this cousin, and heard she was the widow of a clerk in the Bank of England who had been dead about two years, and had left her enough to live upon — but she let her first floor. — She had lived

there some years, and all looked respectable, but as to Vic it was clear that she knew she was going to meet me for fucking, and I was staggered at her doing so, considering who and what she had been, and what she was now, — and this cousin who came to my knowledge thus suddenly, — staggered me, she seemed like an accomplice in Victoria's pranks.

On the appointed day, I was by the Nelson column, and saw a well grown woman walking quickly with her veil down. — She walked past me, I followed not recognizing her, but knowing that if she returned when she got to the end of the square, she would be waiting for some one. — She did. — I bowed and said "Kensington." "Yes," said she lifting her veil with a laugh, and putting her arm at once in mine. — In five minutes we were in my favourite house — she seemed agitated and kept her veil down, saying "Let's walk quickly," — which we did.

She threw off veil and bonnet directly she was in the room. I kissed her at once. How delicious is the first illicit kiss of a pretty woman. — "I'm so glad you've come, I half doubted you." "Ah who'd have thought it," she replied. Down on the sofa we sat questioning each other, mutually curious. I dare say both told lies enough, she more, I expect, from the sequel than I — having certainly more to hide.

But almost directly, and whilst chatting, my hand went on to her cunt. Her fat thighs offered no obstruction to my fingers, our mouths joined, and we were silent. She in the voluptuous enjoyment of being felt, I in feeling her hot slit which speedily moistened with lust. Then I gave her my prick to handle, it was throbbing for her, and soon was ungovernable. A prick shows its lust at once to the female, a woman's cunt gives less easy indication to the male.

"Let's do it," said I rising. — At once she began undressing I did the same, and in shirt and chemise only, in a couple of minutes we mounted the bed. "Let's see your cunt love." Open went her thighs, I saw for a moment a full lipped red gash in a thicket of dark hair, my belly met hers, I clasped a fat arse, and in five minutes in tranquil pleasure, my prick lay still, weltering in a cunt as full of spunk as ever cunt was, and she speechless was kissing me softly in a voluptuous satisfied manner.

Tho there was a large fire, and two gas lamps burning, she wanted to get under the counterpane. Pulling off our shoes we did. With slabbered prick, and cunt brimming over, we lay down. Feeling each other, the gluey state of our genitals adding to our lasciviousness, and bawdily we talked. — "Do you like fucking?" said I. "Do you know any lady who doesn't?" — Was I married — was she — when was she first fucked — when did I first do it. — These and a few similar lewed questions seemed to come quickly and unpremeditatedly; this was one of the lewdest talks I ever had with a lady at so early a stage of acquaintance. In a short time by squeezing, fumbling, and groping, I was stiff again, buried my prick in her lubricated cunt, and we fucked and dozed off in each other's arms under the counterpane. We had not been in the room half an hour.

"I must wash," said she awakening, and as if it had only just occurred to her. — Getting up she did so — I did also. — "Now I must see your cunt," said I. "You may look At it," she replied laughing. "Take off your chemise." "I shall be cold." "Come on to the sofa." — Off went her chemise. "Take off your shirt." — Off I threw it. Then I looked at her cunt, and upwards and downwards from armpits to anus. — Oh those delicious investigations when made for the first time on a fine woman, or indeed almost any woman for the first time, for a lustful curiosity steals over me at the idea of seeing any female naked, from an infant to a middle aged one, — and she was a splendid tall creature, with large breasts, hairy arm pits, a dark fledged, full lipped, mature, bold, handsome looking cunt, with a larger clitoris than usual. It was indeed so much developed as to be quite a feature, but there were but small inner lips, hanging from it. Her whole form was fleshy and solid, her face handsome but bold, with large dark fiery eyes, and splendid teeth showing thro full lips, and now I guessed her to be thirty-eight years old.

I stirred the fire, and moved the cheval glass, so that in two glasses we could see ourselves reflected. — We kissed — I laid naked on her. — She rubbed her hand over my flesh from my naked rump up to my blade bones. "What lovely flesh you have," said she. "You don't like hairy

men then." — She did not answer, but burst out into loud laughter. — Then I laid half by her side, half sitting, and she the same. She seized my prick, held it fast, and put her tongue to mine, whilst I felt her cunt. But restlessly her eyes first turned to the chimney glass, then to the cheval glass, and I saw she was delighted at seeing herself with me naked in the reflection of the glasses.

"Did you never see yourself reflected in a glass naked with a man like this before?" "Never," said she, emphatically. "Do you like it?" "We look very beautiful, don't we," she replied. — Then I got up, lifted her limbs, put myself in attitudes for her to see, and pushed my prick in her face. — She held me to her, nestled her mouth in my balls, and kissed it long. — Again I laid on the top of her naked, on the sofa. — "Oh-o," said she sighing — "it's lovely to be naked together," and putting her hand down she inserted my prick in her cunt. — "Let's get on the bed, we have more room there." — She got on the bed quickly, as if she had not been fucked and within the hour thrice had my spunk bedewed her cunt. She had come out for a fucking and meant to have it, and was either a strong lewed one, or her cunt had been a long time neglected. But I set her down as having strong passions.

Then we reposed, for the third fuck takes it all out of me for a time, and it cools most women whom I have had. — So under the counterpane we got again, tho the room was hot as an oven — and kissing and tonguing we laid close to each other, she holding my prick with all its moisture, I feeling her large clitoris. Then we talked, till she turned on to her back, and I laid my head on her breasts as a pillow, and we slightly dozed.

I got thirsty and suggested wine and other things. — No, nothing but gin. — A bottle was brought and we drank it with water. — It's the only time that I have had a lady in a brothel who asked for gin — Then we put on shirt and chemise, and coals on the fire — and in semi-nudity sat again on the sofa, talking and kissing, my free hand (the left I may add) roving from breast to cunt. — After a time she slipped her hand under my balls, and we talked, her eyes fixed on the looking glasses. Now and then she moved her limbs to contemplate ourselves better, and every now and then she kissed me. I could get to know nothing about her. — "We haven't come here to learn all about each other have we?" said she. "You've been asking me enough questions." "And how much do I know?" she replied. — We laughed. — "How often are you fucked? — you can tell that," said I. — "Oh, once a month and twice on new year's day." "How often do you have a lady?" "After each of my meals — and twice in the night regularly," said I "Oh, you story," said she, squeezing my prick, and putting her tongue to mine. — I left off questioning, and we talked about bawdy houses, and the price of the rooms, about which she seems intensely curious.

More than an hour must have passed in talking, when the unknown gave unmistakable signs of her cunt being overheated. She ceased talking and looking in the glasses, her lips were close to mine, kissing and delicately tonguing. She gave soft sighs as if my feeling her cunt gave her pleasure, — and she frigged me, but so slowly and gently, that one could scarcely notice it. — "Shall we fuck dear," "Yes," said she, at once. — "Let me look at your dear cunt again," and I knelt down by the side of the sofa. — Her thighs opened wide — and for a time I gazed at the very red orifice. — Then (I had been thinking about it) , I began to look on her thighs and on her belly, where the ample curly hair of her motte ended, — to see if there were marks of childbirth. I kissed all about it whilst looking, to hide my object, and every now and then opened her cunt lips, and put a finger up her, for the amplitude of the fat gap and clitoris stirred my lust.

"What are you looking at?" said she. "To see if you've had a baby." She pushed my head away, closed her thighs, and sat up laughing. — "What does it mat-ter to you if I have or have not?" "Have you?" "Yes and no — you will know more perhaps by and by, — can you tell?" I replied that I could — and indeed for a year or two past I have been very curious on this point, and many of my courtezans I have asked if they had had a child, and if they had got them to point out to me the peculiar signs of an over strained belly. — My lady however did not refuse me further inspection, but I could not see any clear signs of it, — but risking it, I said, "I see you have." "Really! you are clever," was all she remarked, got on to the bed, and soon I forgot every thing in the probing of her luscious cunt.

Then we lay quite quiet, she with eyes closed — cuddling quite close to me, and clasping me as we lay side by side, as if in most voluptuous dreaminess. I was tired, but my brain always bawdily at work by the side of a woman, kept thinking her over. — So we lay speechless long. At length — "You are thinking of fucking," I said. "Yes," said she with eyes still closed. "Let's go to sleep." "I am frightened we shall sleep too long." Then I put her thigh up over mine, and my hand grasped the gluey gap. I rubbed her clitoris till she gave a shiver of pleasure, then she roused herself and washed her cunt. I looking on, noticed that it was a surface wash only. — Then with chemise and shirt on, we went back to the sofa, and looked at ourselves in the glasses. "Do you always wear silk stockings?" said I. [They were twice the present price — but silkier.] "Only sometimes," she replied.

Our talk was of all sorts of things, tho we still put sly but useless questions about each other. At length - "What does it matter if we like to meet here, who we are?" said she. The time went on, her conversation was most charming. — She drank moderately, — and had never yet pissed, till rising. "I must pee," said she, lifting up her chemise slightly, and looking for the chamberpot.

My leech came on at once. "Do it here and I'll see you." "I won't." "You must." — fetching a pot, I put it in front of the sofa. — She refused for a time, till she could wait no longer, and then pissed over my hand half a pot full. — "Look what that's done," said I showing a stiff stander. — Then I covered the whole surface of her cunt with my hand, and so dried it. — Odd tricks of that sort are always occurring to me. — "I never should have thought that any man would do such a thing," said she. — I told her some of my exploits with women and that bladder fluid, which led to further history of my doings with women, and on saying I had seen, and felt, and fucked, six or seven hundred. — "Oh, you story teller — I don't believe any man but the Grand Turk has, and oh! your making me pee on your hand — oh! it's incredible."

It was nearly ten, she said she must think of going, — but still we sat half reclining on the sofa, feeling each other and kissing. "I'll fuck you before you go." "Can you?" "Come to the bed, — no stop, — kneel on the sofa instead, and we can see ourselves." — She was amorous enough for anything. — I pushed the cheval glass and sofa about, till with the chimney glass we could see every movement. — Then stripping off our linen, she knelt, and after kissing her marbly arse, and fat protruding hairy cunt lips, we had ten minutes hard fucking, and she cried out — "Oh — how — stiff it — is," — and spent as I did. — Then with backside gently quivering, and I with trembling knees, we kept joined long, both silent and looking in the glass, till my prick slunk out of her cunt.

Immediately she poured out a tumbler full of very strong gin and water, and drank it right off. My suspicion about her condition in the omnibus crossed my mind. — Was she going home by omnibus? — "Certainly not." — "Why the other night?" "A whim." — She dressed quickly. Yes I'll meet you again on Saturday. She did not wish to be seen walking with me; but when quite dusk, she would be near to the end of the street, — I was to go to the house when I saw her, she to follow me in a minute. "And mind I can only stop an hour or so." — She made me promise then not to follow her. — At leaving I made some offers. — No — she herself would get a cab directly. No — she had plenty of money to pay for it. — "Let me kiss your cunt before you go." — I did, and we stood for a minute in front of the cheval glass, feeling each other's genitals, — our tongues meeting. Then she took another tumbler of strong gin and water and departed — leaving me very curious, but pleased with her full and voluptuous libidinosity, and the bawdy amusements we had enjoyed.

On the Saturday, it came off exactly as planned. We were shown into a back bedroom without so many glasses. — "It's not such a nice room as the other," she remarked. — I rang. — "The front is engaged, sir, the upper front if you like." — There we went. — (Her veil carefully down.) There the glasses were much the same. She began stripping instantly, I followed, and for a minute or two we lay on the sofa, looking and feeling; then she frigged at my prick so impatiently, and sighed so, that at once on the bed we went and fucked passionately, and her intense enjoyment added greatly to my pleasure.

She washed her cunt directly afterwards this time, and piddled. — Whilst sitting on the pot, "There

is a glass there," said she alluding to one against the partition. She hadn't noticed it before. — "Yes, and we can see ourselves fucking in it." With our tongues to-gether when fucking before, we had not noticed this possibility in the other room. — But now she frigged up my cock, looking over at us in the glass whilst she did so, and when next we fucked both our heads were turned towards it, and I lost her lovely moist mouth. Then we fucked a third time, and at each succeeding embrace she seemed more and more impassioned. I've never had a woman who held me so tightly to her as she did when copulating. — In a hurry she went off as before — promising to meet me on the following Thursday, and stop late. The looking glasses were an exciting novelty to her, as I have found them to other women. She said they excited her and that she had never seen herself fucking in a looking glass before. [It is a fact that then when in the actual movements of love I cared but little about looking glasses, my physical enjoyment in fucking was so absorbing, but I have liked them as I grew older.]

Vol. 5 Chapter XII

Vic at J*s St. • Inspection refused. • The unknown. • An unlucky meeting. • A disappointed prick. • Sperm on a looking glass. • A red night. • Lessons in music. • A sloppy cunt. • Vic's antecedents. • A dark night in the park. • Miscellaneous gropings on chairs. • A fresh fucked cunt. • A Scotchman's sperm. • Erotic recklessness. • A young lass. • On the grass. • The lady and soldier. • Sister Peg. • Sitting on a chair. • My fingers. • Fears. • The doctor.**

On the Tuesday at the appointed hour, I met Victoria and took her to the same house, the scene of so much of my amorous work. — She could only stop an hour, — must get home, — I might see that she really did go home if I doubted her. — She had evidently come for fucking, and didn't mince the matter, but she would only take her gown off and would not let me see her cunt, and got very angry, and began putting on her dress to go when I insisted. — She expected I should treat her like a lady. — "My dear I've had many ladies, and they all let me see their cunts." She didn't care, she wouldn't. I found her nicely formed, but tho looking large and full in her dress, that her flesh felt poor and flabby. — I mounted her, and found her cunt was excessively wet, but primed by three days' rest, I soon injected thick spunk, into her thin contribution. The sloppy sensation her cunt gave me, displeased me but I don't think that she had any ailment.

She well understood the movement of her buttocks when fucking, I found, but before I had had my voluptuous repose. — "Take it out — do now and let me wash," said she — and I let her.

Again we did it, and she laid with my prick up her as if she had forgotten it. — Then suddenly out she jumped and washed, then put on her things, and got ready to go. I took her nearly home in a cab, but was not satisfied with this hurry, tho placed as she was I knew that it might be necessary. She agreed the next time to stop with me all night, her brother was to be told that she should sleep at her cousin's, whose utility I began to perceive. — I was to write to her there, if anything unforeseen occurred to prevent our meeting.

The day came when I was again to meet my unknown. — She was such an amorous bedfellow, she so enjoyed my bawdy pranks, speechless when doing them with me in her intense enjoyment, that I anticipated the day of meeting with impatience. I usually rode to and from my home and Charing Cross, but it being a clear, bright, cold day, I walked, and near to the place at which the unknown lady had descended from the omnibus on the foggy night, and I was thinking of the pleasure of the evening to come, I met the lady her-self, with a child about seven or eight years old. — We were about fifty feet off when we recognized each other. — She grasped the child's hand, and ran across the road dragging it with her in the very teeth of the carriage traffic, hurried on, never looked back, got in-to a cab and drove off rapidly, and before I could make up my mind what to do, the cab was

out of sight. With a presentiment of evil, I went to the appointed spot — walked about for an hour, enquired at the house, went to the Nelson Column thinking I might have made a mistake in the place of meeting, back again to the Haymarket, and did this for three hours in a state of fury with unsatisfied lust, but she never came, and I never have seen her since. — At intervals for some days afterwards I walked all about the neighbourhood where I had met her, but never saw her. I had taken a great fancy to the lustful lady and was much mortified. — Had my accidental meeting stopped her, or had she ever intended to meet me again. — Was she single, wife, or widow. — Was her husband abroad, was she a kept woman? — That she was not a harlot was the only point about which I could make up my mind, and that she was a voluptuous, libidinous creature was certain. I wonder if a woman with a large clitoris is more lewed than others.

I went home angry and disappointed. — Why I did not have the pleasures of a gay lady I can't tell, I often can't make out my reasons for my behaviour in sexual matters. — there was a good fire in my room. I stripped naked and my prick stood rigidly, I could think of nothing but the unknown lady, and resisted a desire to frig — but walked about with my stiff prick, admiring myself in a cheval glass, and put myself into various eccentric attitudes, looking at it all the time. — Then all constraint left me, I stood up against the glass and wetting my right hand, the tip of my prick with my spittle, I enclosed its whole length with both hands, but instead of moving them and friggling the usual way, I pushed my prick thro them as if they were a cunt, oscillating my bum, and thinking of the un- known lady's backside and thick clitoris, and spent my sperm on to the looking glass. — Then mad with my-self for doing so went to bed. I once in my life did a similar trick.

Vic met me on the day appointed. I took a largish travelling bag, and she had a small hand bag. Hailing a cab we drove to the **** hotel, took rooms, had dinner, and soon after went to bed. — Beyond feeling her cunt I had no indecent familiarities in the sitting room, but talked bawdily, at which she professed to be shocked, — tho her face gave the lie to that; and I noticed that she had a sly habit of looking out of the corner of her eyes at me, which I didn't like. We had a good deal to talk about. — Mutual acquaintances, our childhood, and so on. When we went to the bed room and she had undressed to her chemise, said she, "I declare my poorliness has just come on." I am certain she must have known it was her time. And was a beast to have come to me.

I could never bear a woman in that state — and swore. She began to whimper, — it wasn't late, and she would go home. — I had been keeping myself chaste for days — so would not hear of her going — and spite of her ailments, fucked her two or three times. I dissembled my annoyance, but was glad when in the morning I had put her into a cab. I had never looked at her cunt, or attempted it. — We arranged to meet that day week again, when her courses would be over, she insisted they had come on suddenly.

The day came, we went to another hotel and to bed early. I found her limbs and bum fleshy looking, but very flabby to the feel, but her breasts were large, and her skin white, which made a good show. We quar- relied because she would not let me see her cunt, and I only had a glimpse of her motte which had plenty of a lightish brown hair on it.

She enjoyed her tailing. Her cunt was very roomy, easy, and wet, and got very wet directly my prick was well up her, and it hurt her when I pushed with vigor. After the first washing — she washed no more — and talking with her, in a jocular way I remarked that the reason why she would not let me see her belly and cunt was that she had had a family. — It was no business of mine if she had, she remarked in an offended manner, but of course she had nothing of the sort, it was an insult to suppose that she had.

A day or two afterwards I called on her brother and had tea there. — She played on the piano most brilliantly — it was exquisite — I made an assignation and we met a few days after, when I did all the fucking I could in an hour and a half. — Then she disclosed to me under pledge of secrecy — that she could not bear living with her brother, and that weekly she came, unknown to him, to a musical professor, to learn the rudiments and the art of teaching the piano, intending to go back to her aunt and give lessons in a neighbouring town when she was proficient.

I met her a few times after that in a hurried manner, and then had another night with her. She drank wine rather freely, and told me about the death of her intended, the night before her marriage, and that he had had her, that the fear of its being found out, after his death, drove her for awhile out of her senses. He had only done it to her three times, and she had never had any other man but him, and myself, — which I don't quite believe. I asked her what I should buy her, for I had never given her any present. She named something, but said she would rather buy it herself. — Her brother kept her very short of money, so I gave it. Soon after. "What will you do if I'm in the family way?" — Staggered at the question put suddenly — "Get out of it," I re-plied. — "How?" — I told her what I knew — she smiled and said, "You don't know much about it." — "I've got a dozen or two with child tho." — "Perhaps you have, but you didn't get rid of them — If I am with child you'll keep it won't you?" "If it's really mine and you wish it, certainly." "I don't wish it, and you won't be bothered about it — but you've given me a child, and I expect you have done so to many." — Then she told me such a lot about myself and my home, and disclosed that one of our dismissed servants had lived with her brother as servant, and every bit of tittle tattle that had been told by servant to servant for years, had come to her ears. — A precious libertine I was made out to be, but Vic did not wonder at it. This is the second time friends have heard scandal from servants I had dismissed, as I think I have said elsewhere here before, but am not sure.

Not being able to see her cunt, for she still refused that, I got intensely curious about it. I felt it continually, put my fingers up, and tried to compare my sensations as my prick went up it with those I felt when probing other ladies, — and am sure hers was an extremely large, loose article, and with but little of the muscular grip of most cunts, even when she spent. Moreover it got awfully wet, almost sloppy, and I began not to care about her but didn't know how to break off the liaison. As I became indifferent, she seemed quite the re-verse, began to name days frequently, and I had to make excuses. — The London season was on, and tho at home leading a life absolutely apart, we kept up externals, and went into society at times together, and I by myself a great deal, — so I got off meeting Vic on those grounds. Then she turned indignant. Had she thought I should behave so, she would never have met me. Our acquaintance dragged on till July, and then I went abroad and all ended.

Seeing her less, I had Camille once or twice; but ready for any opportunity, I soon picked up a plump servant out of place, and had her at intervals, and at one time I had three women on hand, at this period.

One thoroughly dark, dry, night, going across a park soon after darkness had set in, a woman accosted me. — I adjourned to beneath a large tree and felt her cunt. "Fetch that girl," said I, as another woman passed near me. She did and I felt her, and then a couple more, at a shilling a feel. I could not see who, or what they were like, but found them coarse and common. — I was that night a little in wine and thrilling with lust. "Your cunt's not clean," said I to one. "I've just been fucked," said she. "Where do you hick?" asked I, in perfect ignorance. "Any where — on the chairs — on the grass, or against the trees, or the hurdles. — Look, there is a couple fucking there." — I looked and in the dim light saw by a tree a man sitting on a chair, and a woman in a sitting posture moving up and down on him; looking on the other side I could see a couple standing up at work. No, the policemen never came, they were away from the road. why should policemen interfere, said the two park whores.

"Let me fuck you," said one. — I declined tho well nigh bursting — fearing disease in such poor creatures whom I thought could have but the commonest men. The couple fucking on my right moved away, and the place was taken immediately by others. "There is plenty of fucking to night," said the woman who now remained by me, hoping I suppose I should have her. — "I should like to see them doing it closer." — "Come up to the tree then, they won't mind, stand back a minute, directly he's got his prick up her — he won't notice anything, and we'll go close."

We walked rapidly to the rear, then up to the back of the tree, seeing clearer and clearer and the woman moving up and down as if pumping. As we got close she ceased, and the man went off

almost at a run. — "They have been quick, she's got a cunt full I'll bet," said my woman. — "Has he fucked you Polly?" "Rather," the woman replied.

Baudy wishes all in conflict, all in tumult rushed thro me. I scarcely knew what I wanted or did, "Let me feel your wet cunt," said I, and the next moment my hand was on it. It was like a paste pot (my old simile, and I know no better) and half way down her thighs was the same. Astonished at the quantity and feel, "He has spent a lot," said I. "He's a Scotchman," said she, "they always spend a lot and quick, they doesn't do it to a gal till they can't keep it in their balls no longer," said my woman. "And then wants it for nothing," said the other. "Yes they always wants it for nothing," echoed my woman, "cheap suits 'em, but they ain't long about it." I groped and groped, — till the spunk, by my feeling it drying up, almost glued my fingers to her cunt. — "Damned if you aren't made me hot, messing me about, fuck me." "No — no, I can't," but I buried al-most my whole hand in her cunt, thinking of the man fucking, and almost out of my senses with lust. Then suddenly reflecting, I withdrew my hand, wiped it on her chemise, gave them both silver and moved off rapidly, surprised and disgusted with myself, spitting on my hand and rubbing it hard then with my handkerchief; and at length on the grass where no one would see me, pissing over my hand to purify it.

Getting nearly across the park, and in sight of the entrance, my lust suddenly returned and I thought I should like to see more. The continual sight of coition going on had affected me lewedly, and with all my knowledge of London and experience of life, I had never before known of such amorous games being played nightly in the open, by many hundreds; so I walked back nearly to the same spot, and watched couple after couple go and fuck in the dim distance, and largely verified what the park whore had told me about the vast amount of nightly copulation there. She said a thousand fucked nightly.

Then with prick painfully rigid, and almost with an aching in my testicles, inciting me to ease them I walked away. It was not about a quarter to ten, and I had not gone far before I met a shortish girl who seemed one of the host of Paphians. For some reason, I know not what, I fancied and accosted her, and made her an offer to feel her cunt. She moved away from me. — "No," she wouldn't. — I laid hold of her arm, for her refusal stimulated my lust — "Let me feel your cunt and I'll give you ****." "No I won't go that way, my sister's there, and I don't want her to catch me."

We went then across the grass, across walks, and by some hurdles, a long, long, way where it was quite solitude, dark, and close to a plantation; and I felt there the girl's cunt, which was tight, and had but little hair on it — and I knew she was quite young by that, tho I scarcely seen her face; and whilst feeling I questioned her.

She was sixteen, her sister was gay, was in the park every night, and she wanted "to see about," like her. — But her sister had driven her back home, and hit her, and told her mother. She had as much right as her sister to be in the park. — She liked to be there "and watch the couples doing it." — She'd never had it done to her in the park, excepting by her young man who had done it to her for now a month, but he didn't give her anything for it. She worked at envelope folding, and was tired of that.

Feeling her tight little cunt and the little hair on her motte, and noticing her manner, I believed mainly what she said, and do now, credulous as I am about women's tales of themselves. — I friggd her — and talked about the couples fucking. — Desisting — "Go on rubbing me," said she. — "Let's fuck you," said I (all prudence gone), "on the grass, it's quite dry." — Down she laid at once, and in one of the tightest little cunts I ever had, and in a short time, and with exquisite delight, I spent my spermatic juices, — and she spent with. "Do you like fucking?" said I. "I love fucking, and why shouldn't I do it like my sister, and get money like her, she's always telling me about it." Her naivete was charming.

Still lustful, — charmed with the oddity and novelty of the night's excitement, and standing up, I felt the tightness of her vagina even with my lubrication, and gave her my prick to feel. — We

scarcely spoke, — each was intent only on stimulating the other. — Then came the old idea into my head. — "Is my prick bigger than your young man's?" "Oh much bigger, and longer, — but he isn't older than I am, not quite as old, he aren't sixteen — and he aren't much taller than me, — Oh! — isn't it getting big again." "Lie down." — Down she went like a shot, and my prick felt as tightly enclosed in her cunt as if it had been grasped by a fist, and we soon spent again. How the little lass enjoyed it there was no sham.

The last drop of my sperm had barely jetted up her cunt, when — "Oh there's some one dead" — and a slight shriek of a female roused us. — We got up. — A man laughed. "It's a couple at it," said he, and a tall woman and a soldier in red (that I could see) passed us. Her petticoats rubbed against me and a foot nearer and she would have trodden on us. — They passed out of sight in an instant. — "They are going to fuck," said I. — "Yes — I likes to see them doing it," said my companion. When Peg's gone, I comes into the park and watches them sometimes, and sometimes my young man comes, and we watches together — and then he does it to me, but he lives two miles off, and can't always get away.

I gave her a lot of silver, which overwhelmed her, but I didn't leave, for talking to her had a singular charm for me. — She told me all about the couples in the park. Where and how they copulated, and the price paid, — Her sister, said she, told her everything, yet wanted seemingly to prevent her from practising the art of sperm drawing. — The small price accepted for their favours, — and the number of men that a woman sometimes had nightly — was a revelation to me, and I did not quite believe it. I do now for I have heard much since.

Time went on. — I heard a clock strike. My desire for feeling her cunt and my own sperm seemed insatiable, and we talked on, and all about park whoring, till I determined to have her on a chair, as I had seen couples in the park for the first time in my life that night.

So I led her to the spot, and selecting a chair furthest seemingly from the spot most frequented by copulators, — I sat on it, and lifting her clothes, I put my peg into her. She clumsily rose and fell at first, but nature soon taught her. She spent, received my injection in her cunt, and sat on my prick till it left her, and then kissed me. "Let us go further off," said she — I think my sister's about here, and I must get home before she does." She never fucked that way before, and I never had done it like that in the open.

I found now that I had not a bit of silver left, but was charmed with the little fuckstress, and "Give me the silver back," said I, "and I'll give you half a sovereign for it." — She did — but suspicious. "It's real gold ain't it?" "Go to a gas lamp and look and I'll wait here for you." "No — I won't, and you must be a real gentleman, and I'll be here tomorrow night, will you come to me?" said she. "No — You keep away and work, it's best for you." "I shan't, I only gets nine pence a day, and walks three miles there, and three miles back. — I'm tired on it."

I got home, my lust fever over, and in a terrible state of disgust with myself. I scrubbed my hand over and over again, I washed my prick and rubbed it till it was sore. When I have had such a mortal fear of disease I don't recollect. — Not since my boyhood I think. It was Pox-Pox, I dreaded. I soaked my hand next day in strong soda, plugged my nails with soap, then brushed it out, and was for some days in terror. Then I fancied my prick sore, and went to a doctor. I would not for days touch food with the hand which had paddled in the Scotchman's sperm, — and I had Victoria with fear lest I should disease her. It was a fortnight before my mind righted itself, and then I was still disgusted with myself for feeling the spermated cunt of he park doxy. Yet with this I had a strange desire to see how a cunt looked, as well as felt, with another man's sperm in it. I have often desired to see that lately.

[This was a lewed interlude, had without intention. Curiosity begat curiosity, which begat lust, strong, unreflecting, unconscious, and unmanageable. — Yet now I say what harm was there in it, what evil did I do to anyone — what to myself? — As a series of lewed, and sequential impulses, the affair seems to me now a psychological phenomenon, and nothing more.]

Vol. 5 Chapter XIII

In the Haymarket. • Cunt struck suddenly. • Sweet young Hefty. • An impatient couple. • A happy meeting. • Almost in love. • Mary S**s. • A servant by chance. • In Cockspur St. • Luncheon and lust. • Stared at. • At the accommodation house. • Nakedness. • Anonymous letters. • Fe-male spite. • A quarrel with Vic. • With Mary at F****f*** St. • Confessions.**

One Saturday afternoon I met a sweet faced girl looking twenty, fairly grown, and elegantly dressed. There was something about her which attracted me even in the distance. I kept my eyes fixed on hers from the moment I could distinguish them — and she on mine. — A sudden and strong desire for her seized me, tho I was not wanting nor even thinking of a woman. I wanted to see and talk with her, rather than anything else. We both slackened pace as we approached each other. — "Come with me," I said with sudden impulse. Half stopping, looking at me steadily for a few seconds, and then smiling, she placed her arm in mine as I turned round, and in three minutes we were in a handsome bedroom. — We had not spoken a word, until the servant had closed the door; I had got one of my well known rooms, at J****s St.

"I never was pounced upon like that before," said she. "I longed for you the instant I set eyes on you," said

"And I thought I should like you the instant I set eyes on you," she rejoined. We stood up kissing for a minute. She had beautiful brown hair, and light hazel eyes, with the softest and most voluptuous expression in them, and beautiful teeth. — Then taking off my coat and waistcoat, she, unasked, quickly stripped to her chemise — and a lovely creature she was. Slim but quite plump enough, with flesh like ivory, hard little breasts, sweetly shaped legs, and with one of the loveliest little youthful cunts, set in a small quantity of silky chestnut hair that I ever saw, and all seen in the most exquisite underclothing. Stripped to my shirt, her naked bum was soon seated on my naked thigh, and whilst I twiddled her cunt, and she held my prick, our mouths and tongues together uttered inarticulate soft sighs of love, without speaking, till I almost felt I should spend. We were speechless with lust and impatient to couple.

I pulled my prick from her, and my hand from her cunt. "We are in a hurry, — do you want to go soon?" "Oh — no, I'm in no hurry, but I want you to poke, let's do it dear and we will talk afterwards." — Again our hands were on our genitals, our sighs and salivas mixing for a minute, and then with one accord we went to the bed and fucked, murmuring our pleasure to each other. Recovering, — "You've a lovely cunt." "You fuck lovely," said she. "Oh I wish my prick would never come out of your cunt." "So do I, — keep it in till you do it again," thus we murmured our liking for each other, almost in each other's mouths.

Tho very late in the spring it was cool — and a fire was in the room. We sat after fucking on the sofa, with arms round each other and kissing. — The suddenness of our meeting, and poking, astonished us both. When had she been fucked last. Nearly a fortnight, ago — she was kept, and her friend had been away that time. "Didn't you want fucking my dear?" "And didn't you?" "I must wash, it's running out on to my chemise." "No, don't it's nicer the second time unwashed." "So it is, but give me a towel." — I gave it to her, she put it under her bum, we talked a minute only longer, then speechless our tongues again met, and then to the bed. My prick went up, — "Oh isn't your cunt smooth?" "Yes, dear — oh, lovely," — soon we were in ecstasy again, and then on the sofa we sat and talked. — Her name was Henrietta, and she was called Hetty. Soon again I had her.

Time rolled on, I got hungry. She wanted food, — but neither talked of leaving. At about ten o'clock, — my glorious stiff one (my prick will always stand to a nice woman even if it can't spend) rammed and rammed and fetched her but gave out no sperm. — "I'm done," said I. "And done enough, you have knocked me up," said she. Then we went to a shop, feasted full of lobster and

separated. I had never had a more exquisite five hours with any woman, young, old, modest, or gay.

She met me again by appointment a few days after. — I had ordered clean dry sheets on the bed, and we laid naked together in them. We were mutually satisfied with each other's bodies. This time I gave her a little dinner before we went there, so we were in the best possible condition, tho I doubt if we really fucked better, or enjoyed each other more than we did at first. We spooned each other. For the most part my taste and my luck as it seems to me, has run me into large arced, fleshy, fat cunted, well haired, big women, so that this little lady seemed lovely to me by comparison. Her cunt seemed to fit me so, — and the slight hair pleased me so, that I kept thinking about that charming variety. Variety was perhaps at the bottom of it all, for a fresh cunt is mostly delicious, or it always is so to me.

When fucked out and dressed, we sat by the fire. — She would not tell me where she lived, —it was a nice little house, but her man was nearly always with her, and had kept her a year, she had only been gay three months before he did so. Now she was only eighteen, and he was so good, and liberal, and kept her mother as well, so that she was frightened-of being found out. — She had never, she could swear, had any man since he had kept her but myself. — and, "Good heavens, I longed for you as I looked in your eyes, and the quickness, oh!" Here she repeated my words, and described my action. — She should never forget it. — "I wish you would keep me. — I should love you in a week," said she, "and would be so faithful to you. — I've never really felt I should like a man but you, tho I've only seen you twice."

If her friend had not returned she would meet me a third time. — If she did not, I was to understand that she could not, and that she had said good bye to me. She did meet me, and we had three hours of the hardest fucking I ever have had yet. — "Oh," said she, kissing me, "to think it's the last time I ever shall see you perhaps, there may be a chance, but I fear not." — We arranged where to write to each other. "But what's good," said she, "I shall love you perhaps." She never did write, I did, but got no reply. — I made her take some money which she had refused before. — She cried and kissed me, passionately when we separated for ever, for I never saw her afterwards.

She was so nice that I had at once the idea of asking her to be my mistress — I had the same idea about Lucy a year ago — but resisted it. — I was so unhappy that I longed for a home with a female in it, but had found that a mistress did not do much to diminish my unhappiness, so altho I longed for Hetty, gave up all idea of keeping her.

About a week after I saw Hetty for the last time, I was loitering about Cockspur Street, at about half past twelve, on a lovely sunshiny, tho coldest day in May, when I met three women walking abreast. Two were middle aged, and comfortably clad like small trades-women, the third was a strapping, healthy woman of about one and twenty, with dark bright eyes, dark hair, and clear skin, and clad like a well to do, quiet, servant. I wanted a woman that morning. Her face pleased me, and as she looked at me as I approached, I put out my lips as if kissing, and winked at her, just as I passed her. The others did not see this.

I turned round looking after her, and saw that she had small feet — (her petticoats were short), and showed a thickish ankle in white stockings. She had a steady movement of her haunches, and had in brief every indication of the form of woman I liked, and I followed them at a distance. Soon she half turned to look back, but seeing me, turned again quickly. In a minute afterwards they went into a public house. She's a servant out for a holiday and if game at all, wants a man, here is a chance — thought I. I like a young servant, and have had dozens of them. — So I walked into the public house after them.

They were standing in a compartment shut off from the rest of the bar. The two middle aged had ale — the young one nothing. I ordered a glass of wine and re-marked that it was a fine day. — "Yes it was," said she seemingly a little confused. Would she have a glass of wine. — She looked round at the women, one of whom nudged her. Then she said she would. Talking on, I asked if she was going to the Royal Academy to see the pictures. — She didn't know anything about the place but

said she liked pictures. I offered to take her. "It's only across the road almost — if your friends can spare you, let us go."

This seemed to upset the other women, one of whom said, "If we don't go at once, we shall be late." The young woman said, "Wait a minute," — and went on talking with me, and I repeated my offer. Impatiently another said, "If you come out with us Miss ****, you come, if you don't, you don't, — you know the ad-dress, he'll be home at one o'clock mind, and won't wait for nobody." Then out the two went. Said she, "I must go or they will be angry." "Never mind, come and have luncheon with me, and we will go to the pictures afterwards." "Perhaps they are waiting for me." I went out, could not see them, and then asked if they were relations. — No — one was her landlady, the other woman lodged there, and they were going to her sister's to dine at one o'clock.

Never mind. "You are a dressmaker aren't you?" She answered quite straight. "No, I'm a servant, and left my situation four days ago, but I shall soon get another for I have a good character. I've been after one this morning, and as I'd nothing to do, and Mrs. * * * asked me to come with them, I did, — Oh! but I've forgot the address, — isn't there a place called * * *?" — I could not help her — and didn't mean to if I could. — "What ever will she think if I don't go?" "Say you forgot the address and went home, but come and have luncheon."

She hesitated uneasily. — We went out, could not see the two women, and I took her quickly to the Cafe de l'E*r**e (one of the best eating and drinking places in London, and supported mainly by kept women and their protectors) . Soon an ample luncheon with champagne was before us. — We sat side by side, she tucked in the food, ate heartily, and got well warmed up with champagne before she had half finished her meat. Good food soon heats a cunt, I know as well as any man now, and heats a prick as well.

All she had told was probable, but where did she lodge — and where had she been in service. I asked this right off. — She told me both places, and they happened to be in the very quarter of London where I first lived after I had run thro my first fortune. — "Do you know * * * Terrace?" "Yes." "Well I have just left No. 3 — Mrs. S***n**s, I was housemaid there." — I knew the house perfectly — and where she had got a lodging was close to where my sweet maid Mary had lodged, when she left my service years ago, so I felt convinced she was telling me the truth. Her name was Mary S****s. How many more Marys am I to have?

I began warm talk very soon after she had got her belly full. Did she sleep alone in the lodgings or with her sweetheart. "Alone, of course." It was her first place in London. — Her parents lived at * * * * *. — "I know why you came to London." "Do you? why," said she laughing. "You got into a scrape at home with a man. She coloured scarlet, and seemed confused. — "That it wasn't." — But feeling sure that by chance I had hit the right nail, I chaffed her and added, "My dear what if you did — a woman's a fool if she doesn't have a man if she liked one. — We are made for each other. Miss S****s — may I call you Mary?" "Yes, if you like." "And no woman knows what the pleasure of life is, till a man's naked thighs have lain between her naked thighs."

"Oh — I don't like that talk." "You like the thing tho, don't you? — but tell me all about your country lover, did his thighs go there?" and I laid my hand broadly on hers underneath the table. — She did not much object to that hand — but "no" — there was no country lover she could declare. — "Have some tarts, don't you like them?" "Oh yes, but I'm nearly busting now, the food's so nice." Tarts were ordered and eaten, and another glass of champagne drunk, and by then she was frisky and a little loud. — I put my hand on her thigh at every opportunity, and closer and closer to her belly, — then gave a pinch, whispering that I felt the hair. — "Oh you story, don't do that. — How that gentleman opposite keeps staring at us," and she pushed my hand away.

A man was staring at us — so we changed sides and then the wooden enclosure hid us (scarcely anyone was there). We subdued our voices — but that she was quite lewed thro food, and wine, my talk, and her constitution, I now felt sure. — She laughed at every thing I said, I got from delicate smut, to plain words, then put her hand outside my trowsers on my cock — "Isn't it hard there," said

I and gradually exciting her, dared at last to ask her to come with me somewhere, and have a cup of tea and I would give her a new dress if she would only let me see her lovely legs to just above her knees.

She got up then. — No she wouldn't, she was surprised, — but there was lust in her eyes. She must go, and wished she could recollect the address. — What would Mrs * * * think of her now, and so on — "I declare I think I've had too much to drink." "You want to piddle I expect." "I want something badly," said she, laughing. — "There is no place here but I will show you where." — Then I paid the bill. — "What a lot of money it cost," she remarked. "I'll give you twice as much to see you undressed." — She shook me by the arm, "Now I won't have this." — We left — I led her to J***s St: You can piddle in here, and have a cup of tea — it will refresh you." "No." "Come." "I won't — I pushed open the door and pulled her in gently, saying as I entered, "Send us up some tea." Next minute we were in a bedroom. — "Oh," said she, "this isn't a public house is it?" "No," said I boldly, "this is where people come to fuck." "Oho — no — is it really a bad house? — you'd no business to bring me here. I won't stop" — but I pushed her into a chair! and there she sat.

The tea was brought. — "You haven't piddled." "Where can I?" — That point of modesty was gone. — "Here is the pot." "I can't before you." "I can," and pulling out my prick under her very nose — but so stiff that the piss could scarcely get through it, I some-how managed it, whilst she looked askant at me all the time. "There now you do it." "You go away then and don't look." "All right." — Putting down the pot I turned my back, but directly she began turned round to her. — "You rude man," said she, laughing. She was slightly groggy I now noticed.

"Is your cunt wet?" said I. "Dirty man, I won't tell you." "I'll feel," and stooping to get my hand well on to her thighs. — She struggled hard and made a noise, but I pushed her back on to the sofa and got my fingers well between her cunt lips. — That settled her at once

— all her gait left. — She no longer laughed nor squirmed, but seemed quite scared. — "Oh no — I didn't think you'd go so far as that, — Oh — really — now let me go — I won't have any tea — I must go to my friends."

But I know the trick when once my hand is on a woman's clitoris. — I dare say I don't vary it whether with a lady, a mistress or servant. Instinct teaches from that moment, and alone guides me. I have no system of what to do and say. How I wish I could see other men under similar circumstances. — "Don't struggle, it's foolish, let me feel (— I have felt it you know how)

— only for a minute, — kiss me." — Then twiddle till the pleasure pervades the whole gap, and I kiss so that the woman cannot utter a word. — "Feel my prick

— only for a minute. Do — there — isn't it stiff, — how it's longing to go up your cunt. — Do let me — I won't spend in you. — Don't fear — I'll pull it out when you like, if you'll only let me put it in for a minute." "Oh don't, I'm frightened to let you, — oh — leave off." — Then comes silence, silence only broken by soft, voluptuous kisses — then she is near to spending

— her cunt yearning for sperm, and wetting itself to get ready for the prick to enter it, helpless with desire she surrenders and the thighs open. Thus it was with Mary S****s, as with others before.

Silence and kisses — and the feeling of each other's genitals — but not for long. — In ten minutes after the tea had been brought in, there was Mary laying on the bed, silent, and with eyes closed, and her cunt full, and my dripping prick was dangling outside it, I on her belly, her clothes up in a heap above her navel. It was only about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I'm so sleepy," said she. "Let's get into bed then and get your clothes off." "I'd better go." "Don't be foolish, Mary — you've been fucked and I'm going to do it again, — let's enjoy ourselves, take off your things." — Rising from her belly, I undressed rapidly to my shirt. — She laid quite quietly looking on. "No," — she must go. — I dragged her off the bed by her feet, and then she undressed, and went to bed, I fucked her again — and then we both slept soundly.

When I awakened it was nearly five o'clock. She was still asleep. Gently as possible I uncovered her

to her waist, and saw a lovely pair of hard breasts, and dark hair peeping out from her arm pits. Carefully I drew the clothes over her again and slid my finger on to her cunt which was wet and sticky, as delicately as if with a feather. I rubbed her clitoris for such a time, wetting my finger lower down when it grew dry. She was soundly asleep, but the sensation I was awaking in her began to make her restless. In her sleep she put her hand down to her cunt. I drew away mine. — "Who's that," said she suddenly awakening. "I, my love," and I moved on to her belly with a stiff prick again.

There is nothing I love better than to frig a nice woman when fast asleep and watch her randiness come on, her thighs move, her hand go suddenly (they all do that) on to her cunt as she awakens, after gradually getting more and more restless and excited with voluptuous desire, caused by the friction.

"What's o'clock? oh I've been dreaming so, let me get up." "After we've done it again love," said I — inserting my prick in her lubricious cunt. — What woman with a prick well up her can insist on getting up? Then keeping my prick in, raising myself on one elbow to look at her, I talked voluptuous talk. — "O-ho," sighed she, and her cunt gave a squeeze. Then we had our third pleasure and she seemed on the point of sleeping again.

But as if suddenly recollecting herself, — "Oh let me wash, Oh — I'm nearly naked," — and getting out rapidly she washed her quim saying, "Oh sir, you gave me too much wine purposely to make me do what I've done." Then she began to dress herself, but folding her arms and kissing her I prevented her. "Don't be foolish, it's too late." "Oh you gave me too much wine purposely, and you did it to make me let you do that to me — it's a shame."

I had really done nothing of the sort, not thinking from her manner that it was needful, for I fancied she wanted a man; she had kept hand in mine and pressed it before she had begun to eat. She certainly had drunk a good lot, but beyond laughing and talking much, had not given a sign of being tight, until she went to sleep. I denied it, and got her to be reasonable. Her land-lady was not to be home till eight o'clock, so what hurry? Let me see your lovely cunt, and I kissed down from her breasts to her navel — and then up-wards from motte to navel. "Now don't be foolish, let me look at it, I've fucked it, I've fucked it three times." Soon I held the lips open and looked, kissed and examined it, and then, with heated genitals, on the bed we fucked. Each fuck takes longer in completing than the previous one. The pleasure is less rapid, and what voluptuous rests, and talk, and kisses we get, which we cannot pause for in the first coupling. How long one's prick lays stiff and quiet in the folds of the warm cunt before it recommences its exercise.

She dressed. — "Don't look at me — my things aren't quite clean," said she. — And then we left. — She made a promise to meet me the next day at the same hour. — I put her into a cab and gave her money to pay for it, promising her a new bonnet the next day.

We met, lunched, and enjoyed ourselves as on the previous day. "My linen's quite clean," said she, "I was ashamed of it yesterday." — In my hot lust I had not noticed its being soiled, if it was so. She was a nice creature, with fat thighs, large and well shaped calves, with nearly black hair on her cunt, crisp, thick and curly, but not much of it. The handful of flesh which forms the cunt pad between her thighs was full and fleshy, but the lips did not project roundly. That sort of cunt always was pretty to me. — She had more pleasure, seemingly, than many women have in looking at my prick. — Whenever she felt it she kept her eyes upon it. "Let me see it get stiff," said she, when it was under the clothes, on one day afterwards. Her manners, tho only those of a servant, pleased me. She seemed delighted and proud at being taken for a dress-maker, which I had said to flatter her.

For two more days I had her, but could not give her so much bumbasting as she had on our first encounter. I couldn't manage that on two days running, but a couple of fucks satisfy most women. — Then she got a situation. — "What shall I do if I'm in the family way?" said she. — How I hate to hear that said. It's the penalty of having any woman but whores. I told her my name, and the club to write to, and promised if in trouble that way to help her, but she never applied to me.

As we went into the cafe, on the second day, I passed a distant relative with whom I was on indifferent terms, and who eyed us well. — About the fifth day, after I had had Mary S***s this occurred at my house. "Here are two letters which concern you," and they were laid on the table. Both were anonymous and addressed to her. — One said that the writer had seen me going into the cafe with a woman, and named the time. The other that I was seen putting a lady into a cab. Time and place also stated.

I said it was false — she might believe it or not as she pleased, that I guessed who wrote them, and so forth. — "One is in a woman's hand writing tho disguised." "I dare say the same enemy." — There was no scene about it. — I wondered who wrote the second letter, and concluded it was written by the same man's wife. — "Well give them back to me." "Certainly not, I shall not leave you such means of injuring my character. Perhaps tho, you wrote them yourself." — So I destroyed them.

A few days after I met Victoria, and thought she seemed curious in manner. After we had been in the room for a minute, — "I hope you enjoyed yourself when — where?" — I had been seen, she had heard, helping a female into a cab. — I denied it — who told her so. — Her cousin. — "Your cousin is a liar and very convenient to you." "And to you also. — No, you shan't do it to me." — We had words — but she liked a prick too much to refuse it altogether. — So yielding I was beginning the grope, when, — "I will see your cunt" — but she would not let me see it. — I fucked her with-out, and directly after we parted in anger. — I am certain now that she saw me herself with Mary, it was her usual day for being at the West End, but she never avowed it.

I took Mary to another dining place afterwards. Then we went different ways, and met at another bawdy house for our enjoyment.

Mary always kept saying that I had given her too much wine on the first day, and she didn't know what she was about. — One day towards the end of our acquaintance when she repeated it, I said I was sure she was as lewd that day as she could be at the moment I met her, and that I saw it in her eyes as she looked at me, and in her manner when in the public house. She with a laugh, "Well you did look like such a nice man, I did look at you — and you looked so at me — that I wondered if you liked me — and I did feel as if I wished you were my husband." "You wanted fucking," said I. "I didn't know what I wanted," and that was all I got admitted.

She wished she could go to see her parents before she went to her situation, so I gave her the money to go — as well as other presents. She came back two days before the time, and two good afternoon fuckings we had. She was to have a holiday once a month, and said that she would willingly meet me — I said I would if in England — but I did not — I knew her new address, but in a month after had other fish to fry, and so tho I intended it at the time I spoke with her, I never had her again.

She was not a virgin, but I don't think a regular fuckstress, and I think had not had it for a long time; she enjoyed not embraces so strongly. After the first day she was much less ready, and more modest, no doubt the wine was in her on that first day, and that her system was craving for a fuck. Had it not been for that, I doubt if I should have got her, but who can tell. The cunt which has once had a prick up it will always have it again, and she helped to amuse me nicely for three weeks.

Vol. 5 Chapter XIV

Thoughts about myself, my skin and prick • At a Swiss village. • The hotel full. • A thin partition. • An amorous couple. • Ach mein Liebchen. • The chambermaid listens. • Consequences to her. • Against the window ledge. • The maid's occupation. • The loft. • A splintered foot. • A peep-hole made. • Young ladies bathing. • Three times a day. • Departure.

About this time I began to think more of my self than I had done — which seems a strange thing to me. I had to a large extent, though not quite, got over that mistaken notion about the size of my prick, — so many women having asserted it was a handsome sized one. And several gay ladies having shown affectionate attentions to me, from that I inferred they would not have done so had that supreme article of feminine worship been inferior. I might also say the same of a few ladies who were not gay, but whose cunts know pretty well the difference between a prick and a cucumber. For all that, I have been for a short time and more than once, temporarily impotent thro a nervous fit on this point.

I have within the last few years heard much admiration expressed of my face and figure. — I heard this both directly and indirectly, from chaste, as well as unchaste ladies. — "He might with his face and shape have married so and so, and she was dying for him, but he never knew it," — was said of me. Another had praised my face, form, and my demeanour, — Camille told me that her maid always spoke of me as "your handsome friend, madame," when she forgot the name I went by. I had, I know, a skin which for colour and smoothness, was like a woman's — dozens of women had smoothed, stroked, and admired it to my face.

— One said it made her spend, directly she rubbed her hand over my back when I was fucking her. Another used to kiss me all over and ask me to turn on to my belly, so that she might kiss my backside, which was equally smooth.

For all that I had but little conceit of myself and fancied I was too thin. — Another stupid fancy, for I never was what could be called thin, tho I was lithe.

— When I heard that any woman had mentioned me in a flattering manner, I used to wonder if it were true. Then I had a desire more and more frequently come over me, to see other pricks, and satisfy myself by comparison, whether mine was a full sized one or not, and I wondered if they fucked after my fashion or how, and if they spent as much — and how they looked when spending — much curiosity about males in coition seems to have laid hold of me, and I don't see any-thing wrong in satisfying that curiosity.

Sick of London, I left in July with a friend, and spent much time in the Swiss mountains. He was married but very fast, and we went to boudoirs together. Geneva, Berne, Lucerne and Zurich saw our pricks. We found it economical, for the regulation price was but about five francs a lady, and also safe (A clap when one is traveling is the worst of ailments.) — for they had just about that time put the Paphians under medical supervision at least in some of the Cantons. — Then he left me, and for some time I remained in the mountains alone.

Traveling where I listed, I reached G***d**w**d in Switzerland. The hotel was full, but they put me into a nice house exactly opposite. One of several, I found, hired by the hotel keeper for beds only during the sea-son. The owner occupied only the ground floor. The upper floors had about eight bed rooms, and very thin partitions were between some of them. I was annoyed at having to cross the road for my meals, but the land-lord said I should be very quiet where I was, and could have coffee, etc. brought to my room if I wished. Tired, and it being rainy, I had food sent in. A waiter brought it over, and the servant of the house took it then and served it, that was the custom. I did not notice that any one was so served there but myself.

The servant was a coarse, well grown, fair haired, blue eyed damzel, about twenty years old, and seemingly a peasant hired for the season. She had a bold look, as if she knew quite well what was what in man or woman, tho she did not look loose. Being alone I soon chatted with her in French — asked her Canton (it was a German one) how her sweetheart was, how her last baby was, and such like chaff. — She got neither she said, and enjoyed the jokes especially about the baby. — no, and she didn't want one. Where did she sleep? "At the top," she replied, pointing to the roof. — I should go up and sleep with her, and she wasn't to put out the candle, — laughing, she said she was never allowed a candle there, for fear of fire. — "In the dark? why then you're obliged to feel your way about, to feel for the water jug." — No, she didn't wash up there. — How could she find the other bit of china. — She could find all she wanted — she knew I meant the pot. — I said, "I'm going up to sleep with you, mind, to-night." "Oh that would be fine." She had better take the ladder away, she said jeeringly, — by which I found that she slept in the roof. Then she left the room.

When I had finished, I called out — there was no bell. — She was sitting on a stool outside waiting. — "Take away, maiden — and here's a ribbon for you," — giving her a bit of silver and a kiss — she took both quite quietly. — "Give me a kiss and I'll give you an-other silver coin." Without hesitation she did. Then I gave her a lot more, and as she was going out of the room with the pay, I pinched her bum hard. She kicked up behind and laughed. — "Who is in this house but me?" "No one yet, but I dare say it will be full presently, unless the rain stops travellers," she replied.

Tired and intending to rise early, I went to bed. — It was barely dark, and I scarcely was asleep, when I was awakened by a violent bang. It was a trunk thrown down, and then were voices, a door closed, and a German couple began to talk so loudly that they might have been heard across the road. Then I be-came aware that the partition between the bed rooms was but of boards. — I could hear all they said, tho I understood but little, and was about to knock and ask them to make less noise, when I heard a pot put on the floor, and a strong female piddle rattle, and at the same moment the male pissed, — it was a duet on porcelaine. They were undressing I guessed. "You sleep that side," said the woman, from which I inferred it was a double bed, and the next instant I heard them mumbling prayers together.

Then into the bed they got, and to my horror the bed creaked, and made much noise when they moved, as bad spring beds abroad often do. After a minute's tranquility during which I nearly dozed off — I heard two or three loud kisses, the bed began to creak with a regular cadence, and I knew they were fucking — louder and quicker came the noise, I could count each thrust, I could tell the energy by the noise each made.

— "Ach mein Lieber," cried out the woman. — "Ach,"

— and with a loud cry of pleasure from him all was quiet. I was delighted with the entertainment.

My bed was close to the partition and there was in fact but an inch or so of board between us, and tho the amorous sounds amused me, and gave me a stiff one, yet I was glad to get to sleep, and was just dozing off again, when the infernal bed began again creaking. They had not finished a quarter of an hour before they recommenced, and again were fucking with an energy, kisses, and noise that I have not often heard during that operation. — I was awakened three or four times during the night by the happy amorous couple, whom I wished at the devil.

Before six o'clock I arose, ordered some coffee and eggs, — and the servant brought them to me. — "Who was in that room?" I asked. "A lady and gentleman." Said I, "They are just married, it's their honeymoon. — They have been love making all night and kept me awake." — She laughed — "Hush," said I, "listen — speak low — shut the door." — The girl shut the door not quite knowing what I meant. The bed began to creak, louder and louder. — "They are love making," I whispered, — quicker and quicker was the shaking. "This is it my dear," said I pushing my belly back-wards and forwards. — They both kissed loudly, the lady shrieked out, the man shouted out something. — The girl who was German understood it, put her hand to her mouth and rushed out of the room. — A minute after I opened the door gently, — for I wanted her, and meant to bribe her to let me, and

caught her peeping thro the keyhole of the door of the happy couple. She rushed off.

I finished my breakfast, called for her to take away, and she came in to do so. Breakfasting, I heard the happy couple washing, pissing and dressing, — apparently quite unconscious of any one overhearing them. — And as she entered I heard them leaving their room, pooped out, and saw a German about thirty years old, and a woman of about the same age, both quite plain and common in face, dress, and manners.

"Do you make that noise when you make love?" said I. — The girl laughed. — "Did you see them doing it thro the key hole?" — "No," said she. "They were at it tho, weren't they?" "Were they?" said she. "Yes, and you and I will, my bed doesn't creak. — Come along, here is half a louis for you, put the tray down,

— and I put my hands up her clothes. "Don't, mistress will hear, said she laying down the little tray and looking at me.

I flew to the door and bolted it, pushed her on to my bed, and in a minute my spunk was in that maiden.

— She had a spanking backside, a good fat little cunt with thick hair on it, and I enjoyed her much; but a week or two's abstinence, and the excitement of hear ing the couple grinding, and her fresh cunt, fetched me too quickly. My companion had the wetting with-out her share of the pleasure. I like in these stray amours for the lady to enjoy it as well as myself, with a whore I am mostly indifferent. The maiden arose as my prick left her belly, took up my tray, and left with it without uttering a word.

I had washed my prick, had finished dressing, and was thinking of going out in about half an hour after this event, when I heard a quiet knock at my door - it was the maiden who came in smiling, "Look, said she, "that is the Herr and Frau who are in the next bedroom — and thats my mistress talking to them.

—The German couple and the mistress were under a balcony of the hotel having, with others, their break-fast in the open air. — We both peeped long. I put my arm round the servant. — "I mustn't be seen, said she. "Didn't they fuck, said in the lewedest French I could manage, "they fucked six times. "Mein Gott, said she. "Is the house getting full?" "There is no other traveller in the house — this day last week it was full, it always is on Saturdays, and she lingered. — She wants fucking thought I, and my prick rose at the idea. I kissed her and put my hand up on to her cunt. — "You've washed it. "Yes." "Get on the bed and we will fuck again." "I'm frightened lest the old lady should come back — I'll see in a minute if she goes down the village, she usually does in the morning. — She leaned her arms on the window sill, and peeped through the curtains. I peeped also, my arm round her, and gradually I put my hand up her petticoats from behind, felt her bum jutting out, and pushed my thumb into her cunt. After wriggling and pushing my hand away once or twice, she let me thumb it quite quietly. "What a time she is taking," said the girl, — "oh — don't — now what are you about."

'Be quiet dear — I'll do it whilst you watch. Now be quiet, I'm not looking, I'm only feeling and I'll rub my prick over your fat bum. — I managed that, my prick stiffened, I rubbed the tip a little in the bum furrow, and in another second or two I had driven it right home up her cunt. Then I rested, she peeping thro the curtain, I leaning over her, charmed with the novelty of the position.

She objected, — said "leave off, but did not extrude me as a woman can do, when a man is up her in such a position. A cock and cunt when joined can't keep still, in a minute I felt her cunt contracting, my prick then wriggled up her involuntarily, her backside replied and I gave one or two thrusts. — "Oh — don't — wait — till she's gone, — said she gasping. "I will mein Liebchen," — but our genitals excited each other to the climax. — With a sigh she ceased looking at her mistress, laid her head in her hands on the window sill, and juttred her bum further out, I pushed my prick hard home, I got my hands under her clothes and round her belly, and without another word we fucked

ourselves into blissful silence.

Our senses returned. With my prick still stiff and in her, "Can you see your mistress?" "Yes," said she, peeping again, but keeping her backside close up to my belly, — "She's not gone, — she's talking to the land-lord and the couple — they are eating still. How many times did they awaken you?" "Six quite." — "Mein Gott! — and they are not young people, said she. — Then finding the spermy mixture was dripping, I lifted up her clothes so as to see her arse, withdrew from her what remained of my prick. She turned round, and we both laughed." "I must get my breakfast," said she, "and make the beds."

I wanted her to sleep with me that night. — She was frightened — I might sleep with her. — I was not likely to be caught. — There was but one floor above mine, and thence a step ladder led to a loft in a high pitched roof, in which, as I found, were two common beds. — "You can't miss your way," said she, "but you must come down before it's light and without shoes." — I did not much like the look of the place. — Hay and straw, wood, and old clothes, field implements, all were put up there — but I said I would. "But shan't we be alone, to-day some time?" — The Germans might come back, — her master was away, the mistress only came up to see that the rooms were in proper order, and perhaps she would go to mass. — "Ill wait for that, said I, — "we'll talk about night afterwards."

Having had enough pleasure for the time, I went to the hotel to see the gardens, and saw the German couple who were big, and the woman bony and as plain as a mop. Somehow I wondered at their copulative powers. — They didn't look like it. — Then I took a walk of some hours, returning just before it began pouring with rain. — Hungry as a hunter, I feasted, and then with a book went back to my bed room — saw the mistress of the house at the window, and from my room saw the amorous couple feeding with great glasses of beer in front of them. — Half an hour after, I saw him smoking a pipe, and still glasses of beer were before them.

I kept thinking and thinking of the maid servant, wanting now to look at that cunt and backside of hers — which I had yet had but the merest glimpse of. I could not think of any pretext to get her up — Coffee, I'll have coffee — so I shouted out. — "What do you want sir?" said the mistress from below — "Coffee." — "My servants up stairs dressing, will you wait a minute, Mein Herr?" "Willingly." — she was in the loft then, but I did not risk going up. A few minutes after, she appeared with the coffee; — I pushed one finger thro a loop made with the thumb and fore-finger of the other hand, — she grinned quite understanding. — I felt her thighs, she shook her head and at that moment I heard the Germans lumping up stairs, "Quiet," I whispered.

Almost as quickly as I write, I heard heavy boots thrown down, and the couple piss simultaneously and mount the bed. The maiden stood like a statue staring at the partition, and grinning. Lecherously, I put up her clothes one hand on to her bum, the other on to her cunt, and almost motionless, in that attitude we listened till the couple had done fucking. — Then without a word she took up the tray. — "Come into one of the other rooms, said I, "there is no one there. "No. 5 — presently," she whispered, and went off with the tray. — The couple seemed sleeping.

I put on slippers and waited, door ajar, for half an hour. — The rain ceased — the Germans went out. — The girl appeared and went into No. 5, I followed, and soon I was inspecting all her charms that were naked, and feeling all I could get at. — She'd got clean Sunday clothing on, and looked very nice. — Madame had gone out. "She always does of a Sunday afternoon," said she. And with that intimation we fucked — I tongued her, for she had a fine set of teeth, and we had a pro-longed and delicious exercise on a bed that did not creak. There is nothing like novelty in cunt. — A fresh one almost always seems to have a charm, how-ever plain the owner of it may be.

Then she came and talked in my room, after she had washed her cunt in the loft. — She told me all about herself, and where she lived at home. She had been married, and her husband was killed by accident a couple of months afterwards and now she was a servant. — On that dull, dark, rainy afternoon, she was a great amusement to me — every now and then I had a feel and kissed her

belly, and looked at her thighs and motte. "If you'll feel me nicely I'll do it again," said I. "I think I'll bolt the street door," said she, "in case the old lady comes back, — I can hear directly." — It was done, we laid on my bed now, and after I had looked at her bum and cunt from behind, then side by side with lascivious endearments, in voluptuous silence, we amused ourselves till we fucked again. — Then she ran downstairs and unbolted the door.

I stayed the rest of the day at the hotel, weary as people are when stopping for rain, and went to bed early, intending to leave next morning, and my lust satisfied, to sleep quietly. — The Germans fucked, then were quiet for an hour, then they again awakened me with their exercises. Aroused by that, I thought of the servant till I wanted her, and stole upstairs quietly with naked feet to the loft. She gave a loudish hollow when I awakened her, but let me between her thighs in a moment, and both nearly naked, we fucked again. With one of those fits of curiosity about such matters, which at times come over me, I put my finger up her cunt to feel if I had spent much, and was pleased with the investigation. — For some weeks I had but little coition — my sperm collectors must have been in first rate condition — and I did not hurry one pleasure quickly after the other.

Going back to my room, I ran a splinter of wood in my naked foot, and instead of leaving next day had a doctor, who told me that unless I laid up for a few days, my mountain walking would be over for that year. — The weather got fine, travellers left, and the landlord offered me a room in the hotel, which I declined, thinking that a handy cunt in that little village was better than a handsome bed room.

The Germans left — the house was empty all day — all my meals were brought over to me, and either when she brought them, or took them away, I had her. I seemed to have known her for a year. — "Ill fuck you after dinner." — She grinned, and at the appointed time, if all were safe, her charms were exposed at the bedside, and her cunt spermated. — She lifted her own petticoats up now, ready for it.

At night the house was crammed with travellers, and two English girls occupied the adjoining room. — "What a nasty uncomfortable bed," said one. I kept quiet as a mouse, but the only satisfaction was in hearing them piddle. They went off on mules at about 6 o'clock, but they were coming back at night. The whole house was empty by about 8 o'clock, — the land-lady went over to the hotel keeper, as it seems to have been her custom. — Then smitten with what had occurred on the Sunday, I turned the servant's buttocks towards me from the bed, and fucked her that way. She liked the variety seemingly. Free and easy as she was, and lustful as her youth and health made her, there was a wide difference in manner between her and a harlot, which made her very agreeable, — and then her thrilling pleasure when she spent pleased me much, she liked my fucking her, and gave way to it.

I told her I should bore a hole to see the young ladies. — She said that was shameful and seemed astonished at such a suggestion. — I looked in their room, saw how the furniture stood, bored accordingly, and was re-warded by seeing them both naked, tho only for a minute, as they put on their night dresses by candle light. I guessed one sixteen, the other seventeen years old. The next morning I saw better in broad day light. — One after the other washed to her waist, then dropped her chemise. There was but one basin — each was naked for a minute or two and washed her cunt. I noticed the little splits, and the difference in the quantity of hair on their cunts, and was instructed and de-lighted, wishing much that I could put my penis into both of the thin sylphs, and I told all this to the servant before I fucked her.

For some reason the girls went to another room, and their brother occupied it (the parents were in the house), a youth of about eighteen who snored hard. — He stripped and sponged himself in the morning (there was no bath), and suddenly his prick began to stand as he washed it in the basin. — It got quite stiff as she rubbed it dry, he pulled the skin backwards and for-wards thoughtfully for a minute and looked at it. What was he thinking about? Then he went on dressing and the whole family went off on mules. What feeling is this, what desire comes over me? — I thought of the sailor boy, of feeling cocks in my youth, of the French- man whom I had frigged, and I feel that I

should like to feel that young man's prick, and to see him frig, or to frig him — or to see him with a woman. — I chased the thoughts away, but they returned. I thought of similar things, and conceived plans to gratify them all say. — What harm is there, thought I. — Then I re-solved to look no more, to forget it, and I plugged the hole with paper, nor did I look again. I felt tempted to do so, but tho he was there nightly till I left, I did not.

Having but little to do, I amused myself by writing this at intervals. — The house was usually empty by seven a.m., and full again at night. At eight or nine a.m. the landlady inspected every bedroom, and never came up afterwards. I tailed the willing chambermaid twice every day and once or twice more frequently as opportunity offered, still keeping my rooms in order to get at her more easily. My foot got well, and on a Saturday I left, having had a week or two's good quiet cunt, a coarse affair it was, but I enjoyed her much, and she could have taken double what I gave her. I gave her some gold ornaments when I left, which de-lighted her.

And the Germans, — I envied his powers, for I am pretty sure that he fucked her seven or eight times each day they were there, but they only remained three days.

Vol. 5 Chapter XV

At L*s. • An useful keyhole. • A middle aged couple. • An American family. • Eighteen and naked. • Forty in chemise. • Family jars. • The confectioner's shop girl. • Her sister. • Two at a time. • Nervous impotency. • The sponging bath. • Aunt and niece. • At the musuem. • The mutilated statue. • Is it male or female? • Are Americans hairy? • The aunt's bed room. • Coy but willing. • Amy undressing. • A voluptuous night. • Fat, fair, and forty. • A mature cunt. • Wise precautions. • To Paris. • To England. • My abstinence from women.**

This tour I became more and more curious about the doings of those in the adjoining bedrooms. I used spy holes whenever I found them, opened others which had been stopped up, and at last even ventured to make some of my own. — But in three rooms out of six, these little peep holes had been made. If I found the bed-room assigned to me had no communication with ad-joining rooms, I changed it on some pretext, and again if not then satisfied. I found that second class hotels gave me greater opportunities for satisfying my curiosity, they being mostly frequented by foreigners, who have not the absurd finical notions about nudity and the necessities of nature, which my own countrymen have; but whom I incline to think are on the average as moral as we are for all that. To use the opportunities advantageously took time and trouble. I had to ascertain what time my neighbours got up or went to bed, or used their rooms. Many a time I have jumped out of bed to peep and saw nothing. At other times when I intended to rise by day-light, and watch (for I was ready for any amount of trouble to see a woman naked, and would have sat up all night to do so), I over-slept myself, and lost my chance. — Yet nothing discouraged me, and I saw a lot of women in different degrees of nudity, saw them piddle, wash their quims, and undress, yet the great bulk tho highly pleasing to me, are not worth writing about.

Travelling for the most part quite alone this time favoured me. — When with a friend, we too often had rooms next each other. — This time I often had strangers on each side of me, and tho that meant noise and disturbance, I preferred it.

The oddest thing, as it seemed to me, was that some-times with holes in doors as big as small peas, the occupants rarely seemed to notice them. — The middle aged sometimes used, but young women rarely. — They were mostly tired or excited, or in a hurry to dress or undress, or to get to food, or move off, or do something, and seemed to notice nothing in the room. — When they had time they almost invariably looked out of the window. This journey was nearly all during warm, light weather.

At the town of L***s in France I had a large room. There were but few travellers. I found not only the entire key-hole of the door dividing mine from the next bed room was free from obstruction, but peep holes were in plenty. — In the morning, awakening, I heard the voices of a male and female, instantly jumped out of bed, and saw a middle aged couple dressing. They were having an altercation, and washing, I think, side by side at the same wash stand, which I could not see. Suddenly the lady stripped off her chemise, put a basin on the floor, and soaped and washed her cunt, talking to the man all the time. She was five and forty quite, had a bum as big as a tub, huge thighs, and lightish brown hair in great quantity, on a cunt which as she squatted, looked enormous. The sausage lips opened till they must have been three inches apart. Great nymphae hung down inside them, and then the red gap looked altogether like a cut in a big bit of meat. — Instantly, — so quickly do comparisons make themselves, I thought of the cunt of my aunt, seen at Hampton Court when I was a boy.

At the same moment appeared by her side a man about fifty-five years old, stout, naked, with a very big prick covered with soapsuds, and there they wrangled close together, she lathering and rubbing her cunt, he his prick. Her cunt got so white and held so much soap, and there was so much hair, that it looked like masses of wool hanging between her thighs. For a minute still squatting, she left off rubbing it, and he holding his big prick in one fist, ceased lathering it whilst they talked. — Then she slopped her cunt and took away the basin. — He went out of sight, and both in half a minute came into sight again with towels, rubbing their privates vigorously, and continued their quarrel. I laughed heartily, but did not care about seeing any more. They were I found from their intonation, Americans. The sight was a comic one.

They must have changed their room or else have left the hotel, for after a midday table d'hote, it being scorchingly hot, I went to my room for a siesta and was just dozing off, when I heard a young female laugh, and my eye was at the keyhole in a second. I saw a nice girl seemingly about eighteen years of age, naked all but shoes and stockings, laughing loudly with another big fine woman seemingly about thirty-five, who was divesting herself of clothes, but only stripped to her chemise. All the outer blinds were closed to exclude heat, yet such was the brilliancy of the day, that it was quite light in the rooms. They sat down at a table and began to work. The naked one remarked that they had better see to their things than go to sleep. "It gets pretty well as hot as it is down south," said she. — Every now and then she went to a trunk which was out of my sight, and brought back clothes, so I had good views of her body on all sides, and this went on for an hour.

They talked soon about a marriage, and quarrelled. — "Your father will never give his consent," said the older. "He shall," said the younger, "I guess I'll make him." "Why he's brought you here to get you out of Dick's way." "I'll bet Dick will follow me." "There will be a kick up if he does." "I don't care." "He's not good enough and look at his beggarly family, he only wants your money." "He may have it. — He loves me and I love him." — At length they got to high words, and moved to a part of the room where I could not see nor hear them. — In two or three minutes they came again in sight, and the younger one said. — "If father won't let me marry him, I'll have him without marrying." "There! I guess it don't matter much to you so long as it's a man, if you are so hot as all that." "You needn't talk about being hot, you let ** ** do it to you when you were much younger than I am." "It's a lie." "You did, and two years after, mother caught * * * in bed with **** " "It's a damned lie," shrieked out the other whom I heard, but then could not see. "I've heard mother say so more than once, and * * * said so before she died. "I won't stop with you, or travel any longer with you, I'll go back," and the elder began to bellow. They both talked together, it was quite a jangle, and they moved. "Don't make that noise, some one is in the next room perhaps," and naked, the younger came towards my door and listened. — I covered the key hole with a coat, but she must, I think, have looked there. Their voices dropped soon after, a door banged, and I fancied one was alone.

Tired of looking I laid down and slept. When I looked again, there was the young lady sitting still naked at the table examining a bonnet. She put the bonnet on, and went to a looking glass, and I had the pleasure for the second time in my life as well as I can recollect, of seeing a naked woman with

a bonnet on. It started a litch in me which I satisfied at a future day — and the sight now made my cock stand suddenly. It had not done so before at seeing the slim American lass naked.

Tired of looking, for I neither could see washhand stand, chamber pot, or bed, and so missed the delicate operations the lady performed there, I ceased looking, and hanging a coat so as to cover the keyhole went out. — At the table d'hote dinner I sat near to the young lady, who was one of a large party, and gathered that the middle aged couple whom I had seen in the morning belonged to the family. He was an American merchant with a branch business at L***s. The woman who had stripped to her chemise when the young one was naked, was called aunt. She had been married, I gathered, and looked a lecherous she. — It was delicious to be talking to the young lady, knowing what I did of her sweet neat body. It was their first visit to Europe.

After dinner I was outside the hotel, sitting and smoking, when a fine looking, dark eyed girl passed, and I went home with her. — She was a shop girl she said, and told me where she was daily to be seen, but it was impossible to live on her wages. — She usually went home past the hotel because gentlemen there noticed her, and she had many English, but did not know the difference between Americans and English. It was a sweating night and we stripped. — As I entered her rooms, which were very comfortable, a nice looking young woman there, after exchanging a few words, left the room hastily. She did not look as if she were the servant. When in my shirt, "You've a good large bed, your lover I suppose sleeps there with you," said I. "No," — sister did — that was her sister. — A litch for having two women together came over me, for a long time I had not had that. — "Let her come, and we will all three be naked together." — No, her sister would not, she was not gay. I pressed my wishes and asked questions. — Yes, her sister was kissed but was not gay. — A gentleman made her an allowance, and saw her several times a week in the day, and she worked in addition at some silk industry in their room. He would not let her go either to shop or factory — her sister was lucky she thought.

This only whetted my lust. "He won't know, ask her, and I'll give her ** — and the same to you" (it was double the agreed compliment). She hesitated — went to her sister, returned and shook her head. — "No." — I doubled my offer. — "Ask her to come in and talk with us then." She was a long time gone, but returned with the sister. — "Now, ma chere, let me kiss you — let me see you undressed, nothing more, for an instant — let me feel you." "No." — Then I raised my shirt and showed my pego in grand condition. "Feel it" — "feel it," said my woman. The sister laughed, laid hold of it, and let it go after a good feel. — "Viola," said she. — No she would not lie down with us. "Won't you have this?" said I taking two Napoleons out of my trowsers pocket and chinking them — "Come Victorine, who will know?" said the other. — The sight of the gold I suppose settled it, both left the room, she consented.

Directly they had gone, a nervous feeling came over me at the idea of fucking one, whilst the other looked on — I wished I had not asked, and my cock began shrinking. — It was in vain I handled it, and when they came in, in their chemises, desire had gone, and I was in a state of nervous fear. — Then both laid on the bed, I looked first at one cunt, then at the other, I stiffened but then shrank. — Then I mounted Victorine and rubbed my cock against her orifice, but it was of no use. — "Turn your head and don't look," said I angrily at first, fancying that might take off the spell. — She turned it away, and then I felt her cunt whilst I lay on her sister, but all was useless. "I am a damned fool," said I, "it's over excitement and I can't do it some-how." — We all got up — the women laughing. I hid my cock under my shirt, but remarked — "You saw how stiff it was." "Yes, I did," said both of them together. "And you both felt it." "Yes." At that, comfort came over me, I did not feel so much ashamed, and we sat together looking at each other like cats in a gutter, till — "Go you, but leave me with Victorine, and come in when I call out." — The woman went — Victorine and I laid down on the bed, — I cuddled to her in the heat — we felt each other's machines, — we put our tongues together, — and under the soft, quiet dalliance my cock rose to its duty. — I felt my sperm moving, and shouted for the other woman who came in. — "It's in her cunt ,look," — and I pushed one of Victorine's legs high up. — "C'est bien vrai." "Lay down," I said. She did. — I withdrew my prick from Victorine — who objected, — and inserted it in the other's cunt, brought

myself nearly to a spend — pulled it out and put it back in to Victorine, and spent up her, grabbing at the other's cunt with one hand whilst I did so. — My manhood was established, my voluptuous joy complete.

Then until midnight, I kept up the game, putting my prick into both cunts before spending, and discharging in each alternately, and departed in much contentment, and leaving them content. — Next day I saw the one in a shop she had named. — She nodded familiarly to me as she saw me. — There were half a dozen young women there. — I wonder if all played the same game of a night.

The adjoining room was dark, and all was quiet when I arrived at my hotel. — Next morning I heard a hubbub, and something sound like a gong. Looking, I found that a large sponging bath had been put down, and saw with much pleasure the young lady take her bath, squat and rise, squeeze water over herself in various attitudes, and rub her dainty little bum, belly, and adjuncts dry. Then she shouted out, "Wait a minute," and when nearly dry let in the other lady who was in a wrapper, and she used the bath, which I heard after was their own.

[At the time this occurred such baths were a rarity at foreign hotels — if any, they had one or two, and you had to wait long to get one. — The English mainly used them, and at length forced hotel keepers all over Europe to provide them. At this epoch frequently a bath formed part of an English family's luggage.]

The young one had not put on her chemise when she opened the door. — The elder had not the other day taken off her chemise, as I imagined, out of modesty, — but now she threw off her wrapper and her chemise and stood naked as born, and a very fine made woman she was, with a huge triangular bush of dark hair at the bottom of her belly. She bathed and rubbed her cunt and all dry, delightfully in my sight, and then both had breakfast in the room. — The elder one made my cock tingle, tho the younger had not — and I thought I would try my luck with her, for that she had licked the rolling pin a good bit I was sure, from what I had heard eavesdropping, and what I saw in her face. But I wanted to leave L***s, and go elsewhere, so I must either have her soon, or not at all.

I dined close to home at the table d'hote and got to a certain intimacy, but there was no chatting after dinner in a garden, nor any means of getting to speak to her alone for long. I saw no chance, but shall have my luck with women I believe, all my life.

There were three men of the party and four ladies. The aunt was the oldest lady. — After breakfast next morning one said — "It's too hot to go out till eventide. — We made a mistake in not coming here later on." The men said they should go by steam to some place. — Aunt said, "I can't stay in all day, I don't mind the heat, and will go to the museum for an hour or two." -- In an hour after there she was, and there was I as if by chance. — "My nieces are lazy," said she, "if I come to foreign parts to see, I like to see." — She was well dressed, but of a common breed.

We looked about together, and then sat down. "It is hot." "Not so hot as yesterday, for after luncheon, I stripped to my shirt and sat in it till dinner time." "And I did to my chemise," said she laughing. "I wish I had seen you." "Do you tho?" said she, making eyes at me. "Yes and you might have seen me, but we men show too much, our shirts are short." "That depends," said she, chuckling and looking lewed. Then we had a discussion about statuary. — She liked the nude, she said. I ran as closely to the border of decency as I could in talking about it, and she seemed to like it, and my letch for her grew stronger, tho she was middle-aged.

We looked round again after a rest, and came on the fragment of a male bust in marble, the prick of which had been knocked off; but the balls remained, and what is rarely seen, all the hair round the prick had been sculptured and was there.

As we looked, strong words occurred to me, but I hesitated — p'shaw — if she is offended she can but show it, and I leave L***s — if not, I'll go further. — We are really strangers — I'll see if she is game or not, thought I.

"It's a woman's torso," said I. "No," said she, laughing, "where are your eyes?" "Ah — yes — I see where it ought to be, it's knocked off, I wonder what Greek maiden has it." "Oh for shame," said she, leering at me. I took no notice. — "See how rare — I wonder, what is the period of the sculpture?" "What is rare?" "They have shown the hair round — you may see hundreds of pieces of antique sculpture without that." "Oh my — we are getting on I think," and she left me, and sat down. In a minute I was at her side.

The ice was broken, I felt now sure she wanted to hear talk suggesting sexual pleasure, and I followed suit. — "American ladies have a great deal of hair haven't they?" "I don't know." "You have." "How do you know?" "I'm sure of it from the look of you — haven't you?" "I don't know." "Will you ascertain? — but not here." "Oh — it's time to go to luncheon." "We'll go back together." And we did. I felt sure now she'd let me have her.

After luncheon we all loitered a little in the reading room. "Where is your room said I. "It looks out on the back." "Ah you are cooler, mine looks on to * * * * it is hot, but what a nice view." "What's the number?" she asked. I gave it. — "Why that's next to my niece's." "Yes, I can hear her." She looked hard at me. — The other ladies had just left the room and she rose. — "Are you going to the museum to see if the torso is male or female?" said I.

"No — to my niece, Amy's." "And I to have a siesta in my shirt." — She looked so hard at me that I felt sure some suspicion crossed her mind. We went up-stairs together. As we got to my door. — "This is mine," said I, "look, — it is large and so nice." — She coolly walked in and went straight to the door between the rooms, my clothes covered the key hole, but with-out any hesitation she pulled them aside, peeped thro the key hole, and then looked at me. — "Oh you have been peeping." "Yes, and saw you both naked this morning, bathing," said I boldly. — She burst into a quiet laugh, holding her sides and sitting down. — "We've come to Europe to learn something I guess." "I guess I want you," said I, and gave her a kiss and put my hand up her clothes. — "Hish, she'll hear — don't make a noise," said she. "If we are quiet they can't hear there, my bed is close to the corridor. — Now don't be nonsensical, I saw it all this morning, all the dark hair, and your splendid thighs, and bum," and I pulled my prick out.

She dallied for a minute and did the coy — "I'm surprised at you, — What a shame" — and so on, and squirmed slightly, whilst she whispered her objections, but never dislodged my fingers from her quim, — and laid hold of my prick. — Then she soon got on to the bed quietly, I on to her, and a well fucked cunt received me, — but she was a charming wriggler, and I enjoyed her. — And didn't she like it.

We lay talking in whispers for a time. — "Will you wash?" "No — I'll go to my room, I'll see if any one is in her room." — She peeped at her niece's. — "I can't see her." "Come back to me." "I will if I can in half an hour, but leave your room door ajar then." I did, and she returned in an hour. — "Be quick," said she — and quickly we copulated. "I've passed several times," said she, "but there was always a chamber-maid or some one about." "Let me sleep with you to night." "We'll talk about it after dinner," said she. — Then suddenly — "I wonder if Amy's there," and she peeped again. "No. — Could you hear us talk?" "I could not distinguish a word you said, tho I heard you," I replied.

"Not tonight," she whispered to me over a Galignani after dinner — "we are all going out." I was not sorry, for I had fucked rather hard the night before, having been over stimulated by the two cunts. — "Don't stop the key hole." "I will," — but she didn't I saw both women naked the next morning — but they spoke in a very low tone. I am sure that middle aged lady enjoyed being looked at naked when bathing.

Next day, she said she would leave her door open a quarter of an hour after her niece was in her room. — She would not come to my room. — If I was out of my room no one would notice it, but suppose one of their party wanted her, nad found she was not in her bed-room, how could she explain that. She was a regular cunning, cock huntress I am sure, and have no doubt that wherever she travelled she got her lower maw well satisfied by fresh pricks. She had lust in her eyes, was

baudy to the backbone.

After watching Amy undress at night, I was soon in the aunt's room and passed a lascivious night with her. — She had a beautiful chemise on; her hair was nicely tied up. She was perfumed, had gold bracelets on, and silk stockings and slippers. That middle aged one knew how to excite the male. — She was quite free now. — The other day she would scarcely let me see her cunt, — now she opened her thighs wide to my admiration.

It was one of the largest vulvas I have seen. The mons was like a pincushion, the lips were thick, it opened wide as I clutched it, the whole palm of my hand I laid between the lips, whilst my wrist rubbed her clitoris and my middle finger curved up a little into the vagina. It pleases me much recently, to feel the entire surface of a cunt that way, to grasp the whole, to wriggle my hand over all parts at the same time, it's an unusual mode of frigging and I think it pleases the ladies. — For a minute I lay in that enjoyment with her, our tongues meeting, and, then I mounted her. Her hole instead of being very large as I expected, seemed delicious. She knew exactly at what level to place her legs to engulf me, not a quarter of an inch of my prick was out of her fat cunt, and instead of thrusting and ramming away, I nestled it close on to her elastic orifice, with a steady quiet pressure, till the upper wrinkles of my testicles were almost in her, and the upper hair of my prick tickled and irritated her clitoris. — So I lay enjoying her, wriggling, not thrusting, and thinking about her large looking, hirsute charms. "Go on dear," she sighed impatiently and fucked me with a cunt movement once or twice. Then, immediately, "Oh — I'm sp-en-ding," A violent, but momentary oscillation of her buttocks came, and I felt her cunt relax under its own moisture.

"You've spent." "Yes, you haven't — take it out and wait a minute." I pulled it out pretty wet. She kissed me, I turned on my side, she felt my prick, I her wet aperture, and did the old fashioned frig on the clitoris. — "Weren't you in a hurry," I said. "Yes," she replied with all the frankness of a doxy, "I wanted it so to day." The next minute I was up her and never spent in a more delicious cunt, its size and hairiness was a novelty. — She spent with me. — "Let me get up and wash." "No." "I will." She uncunted me and did so. — "Why that?" "Oh you know — to prevent consequences." "But it won't." "Not for sure, but it's wiser." "Have you ever had a child?" "Never." "Are you a widow?" "Yes." — This is exactly what took place — and word for word what was said at that minute. I did not know before for a certainty that she had been married, and have only her word for it now.

Then I had a full inspection of her charms, and as I expressed admiration she seemed delighted. She let me bring candles closer to see, and she had all to be proud of. She was a tall, stout woman, with a good looking face, half German in type, fine limbed, and with white flesh, her hair was dark, the thatch of her cunt was large in quantity, and thick and curly. — I have never seen more hair on a woman. It went straight across her belly, half way to her navel, it lay thick and curly down the lips, filling the cavity between the cunt and the thighs. Since my adventure at the railway station, I have rarely looked lower in a woman, but my dislike to the frowsy regions seemed to have left me now, and I looked curiously at her bum-hole, and found it surrounded with thick, short, dark hair, crisp, and curly, which went right round the cunt and joined the arsehole edging.

Holding the lips apart I found that the prick hole looked no larger than that of any full sized matured woman. — Why I expected to find it larger I can't say, but I had. — I put one, two, then three fingers up it, and believe I might have put more. It distended easily, yet the cunt clung to my fingers and tightly. — In her armpits was not so much hair. — "Turn over, love, and let me see those lovely buttocks." She did, and pulling them with difficulty apart, — I saw dark hair from her bum hole to her bum bone. "Are you satisfied?" said she, as I kissed the white marbly flesh. "Yes you are lovely, exquisite," and I laid by the side of her on, alas, too narrow a bed, and we talked till nature made us join our genitals again.

"How old am I?" said she in a conceited manner, when in the preludes of a fuck our hands were employed on each other's privates. — "Thirty-three," said I, wishing to please her. "That's my age exactly." — Aye, I thought, and seven years on to that. I am sure she was forty, tho in splendid

condition. I mentally compared her with Mavis, Fisher, Pender, Mrs. O*b***e, and a dozen big women, some of whom I know were thirty-five, — and from face, form, cuntal indications, and others between the bum bone and navel, am sure she was forty. — But I have rarely had a finer night's amusement than I had with her, and I fucked her every hour until six in the morning. We were then both fucked out.

There was the difficulty in getting away — for half an hour was I peeping for an opportunity. — At last the coast was clear, the servants had gone off in various directions — out I stepped, and as she closed the door behind me, out stepped from a bedroom opposite, the chambermaid. — She gave an astonished look then turned her head. — I left L***s that night, and never told my middle aged beauty that the chambermaid had seen me leaving the bedroom, thinking it could not be helped and would only make her uncomfortable.

I am beginning to judge of the age of women by the look of their cunts and buttocks. — Age is indicated there, as much as by face and breasts. The growth of hair on the motte, and the state and color of the bum cheeks, valley, declare almost unmistakably when a woman has turned thirty, I think I might bet on it.

After this adventure with the American family, I went straight to Paris. There I had a half dozen women perhaps, at the Rue des M**I**s — but certainly not more, for my stay was limited to a few days — and came on then to England. If I had women on my return I have no memoranda about them — and am under the impression that I had one of the short fits of virtuous abstinence which occasionally overtake me, and to which I attribute having kept my health so well, amidst so much fucking. Then, two or three little lasses fell to my prick, in the most unexpected, exciting, and delightful way— but this result was no doubt owing to a predilection which had been growing on me. — It is by setting one's mind steadily on the object, that so many chances have been found and utilized by me — but how comes it that latches for this and that seem at times to seize me suddenly?

I have often thought since of Aunt W***t*r and her delicious cunt, and recollect that several middle aged women seem to have had the most perfect voluptuous cuntal grip of my prick, spite of the seeming capaciousness of their vaginas. Is it that their cunts grow fat inside, as they increase in flesh generally? — Certainly I recollect many young women, whose small, inviting looking orifices felt loose enough inside, and never gave me so much pleasure.

Aunt W***t*r was by nature lascivious. It pleased her to bathe knowing that I was looking at her, and her niece as well, — "Your seeing her won't do Amy any harm," said she laughing. I fancy they were a hot cunted family, but the demeanour of all the ladies was irreproachable, but the indifference with which an aunt and niece exposed themselves naked to each other astonished me, and their lax notions about fucking, which the conversation between the aunt and niece disclosed, astonished me more.

Vol. 5 Chapter XVI

A latch for juveniles. • On big and little cunts. • In Lc**t*r S****e. • Polly Carter, the young box-maker. • The brothel. • "Show us yer thing." • Willing for half a crown. • Free, easy, and lewed. • My quick spend. • Her disappointed cunt. • Re-medial frig. • Hot cunted. • Her occupation and habits. • Of female boxmakers. • A father eluded. • Jemima Smith. • A chance virginity. • I personate a doctor. • Split up and spit up. • A friend's experiences. • Who first fucks poor girls. • Jemima on boxmakers' morals. • A mother dodged. • A cheated gin bottle.**

I have now great knowledge of the full grown, full cunted, thoroughly developed woman, my taste

has mainly run in their direction, but recently I thought of the younger ones, and that I should like to try those less practised in the art of love, those with forms immature, with smaller and unfledged cunts, and with less cunning and experience in the ways of men, and with a curiosity to satisfy about the male. — For all that, I continued my attentions to the more matured females, and the nascent lech for a juvenile split went into abeyance.

Again the lech for a youthful cunt came on strongly. The idea of seeing a little delicate unfledged slit between two little thighs, instead of the bushy haired, five inch, fat lipped gaps, began to give me a fever of anticipation. I hesitated still a while in procuring my-self that voluptuous satisfaction. Why I can not say, but I have been subject to lustful vagaries, hesitations, diffidence and timidity, as well as rash impulses in love affairs, which I cannot account for. So irrational and contradictory at times have they been, that I have been astonished at myself, so will not seek reasons for my hesitation at this time. Moreover my numerous Paphian friends have at times told me of similar male eccentricities, so that I come to the conclusion that many men are as absurd in their behaviour. But chance brought my lech to the front, and to accomplishment.

One night towards the end of November in L**c**t*r S***e., I accosted a lass who looked between fifteen and sixteen years old. She was walking very fast, and I was not quite sure whether she was on the town or not, but know that girls out by themselves at that time at night more frequently than otherwise get their cunts filled for love or money, before they get home.

"Come with me," I said walking by the side of her. She slackened pace, but did not reply. I repeated it, she stopped, hesitated, looked at me and replied, "I can't stop long." "You shan't, but come." In three minutes we were in a house new to me, but actually at the angle of L**c**t*r S***e, tho with a side door. — (Now covered with a fine building.)

I saw directly we were in the bedroom, that she was a work girl. — "I can't undress, it'll take me such a time to get em on agin." "Yes you must." "Just help us then, it's in a knot behind." — Off her clothes went hurriedly. She was poorly dressed, and not too clean, I had not expected anything else. "I'll take off my boots cos they'll muddy the bed," said she in a gossiping manner, and was soon on the bed in a dirty chemise only, and was a fairly good looking, dark eyed and very dark haired girl. I threw up her chemise and saw a cunt quite girlish in appearance, with a little bush of short, dark hair, about as much as would cover a half crown, surrounding the top of her split and dying away altogether a little way down the lips, which were fattish and pudgy. Whilst standing and looking at it (her thighs obligingly open without my asking), "Show us yer thing," said she. On producing it, she sat up and felt it earnestly, in quite a simple way, as if it pleased her. "Pull the skin off." I did and she chuckled. — "Ain't it red?" "Do you want it?" "Shan't tell yer; do it sir," and she fell back laughing. Her manner was funny, lewed, but very natural, and not a bit like a harlot's. — "When were you last done?" "My last overtime night, a week ago." "Are you quite well?" I asked touching her cunt. "Oh I arn't got no illness, yer may see for yerself, sir."

I mounted her quickly, being full of sperm that night. The little cunt excited me — its tightness pleased me, tho I don't like very tight cunts generally — and her manner shewed me that she wanted it and that she was not quite a strumpet. "Let me feel it in," said she putting her little hand down between our bellies when I was up her. Then instantly withdrawing it, and oscillating pleurably her little backside in unison with mine, all on a sudden I spent copiously in her little cunt, too quickly for my wish, but as I often have done with a fresh girl when I have been three or four days without spending previously.

"Oh go on pushing I was just a commin, said she, peevishly, and working her cunt up to me, but my prick shrinking rapidly uncunted and I turned off of her. — "What a shame, and I was just a comin," and she began frigging herself, laying on her back, just as I had got off of her and thighs open my sperm oozing from it. And looking hard at me she frigged herself till she spent. There was no sham about it, she had been baulked by my rapid spend, and finished her pleasure by the aid of her fingers, looking at me and I dare say thinking of my prick.

"It's just as nice that way," said I. "No it ain't, I likes to do it when the man does." And then she told me she worked in the city, left at six o'clock nightly unless busy, and then worked till eight o'clock for which extra she got four pence. — She went there daily unless they were short of work. — She was fifteen and a half, and had been fucked about two months, "on Michaelmas day." A lot of young girls worked in the same warehouse, and they all did it with chaps she believed, tho some of them said they didn't. One of the apprentices did it to her first. He was about sixteen and she would not let him now, they had quarrelled, "Besides, he never gived me nothing." — Her father knew the time she ought to be home regular, and kept her in, and gave it her pretty sharp if not home at proper time. But when she worked overtime, he didn't know exactly when she left. — "And then you get fucked." "Yes, if I'm lucky— but not often." — Yes she liked it — "It's such pleasure ain't it?" said she, looking lewed, — "but I must go."

I told her to lay still and I would fuck her if she liked but not otherwise. The edge of my lust being taken off, I could talk coolly about that hot operation, and she amused me. — "Yes, I'd like it, but what's the time?" I told her. "Well do it agin at once then." "My dear I can't yet." — She had not moved an inch during our conversation, which was nearly word for word as written, but lay with her fingers still twiddling her wet clitoris, and my sperm showing, I leaning on my el-bow laying by her side and looking at her. — It was a common bawdy house where they allowed young girls to go, the light was poor, the bed dingy, the girl's stockings dirty, her chemise as bad, and my dainty prick seemed for the moment to have had enough of it.

But her youthful cunt her evident lust, and coarse frankness made me wish for her again.

"Frig my prick up there," said I. — She laid hold of it and frigged so clumsily that her art was useless. — "It won't get stiff," said she, in a disappointed manner. "Well, you don't want it again."

"Yes, I'd like it." "Well — I'll try myself," and I knelt between her thighs, pulled open her cunt lips and looked at the thick libation which bedewed its surface, all the time asking her questions about her sensations, and frigging myself briskly. As I did all this I stiffened, forgot about dirty bed, chemise, and stockings, and was soon covering her little belly with mine and churning up my spunk in her tight little cunt till the grip of it fetched me, and she spent demonstratively with me. Didn't the young bitch like it?

We washed. Then I put her on the bed and looked at the clean little quim and paid her. She would meet me the next night at the same time, and would buy a clean pair of stockings (I gave her the money for them as I have done a dozen girls), she had none at home clean, and she dare not put on a clean chemise till Sunday, her mother would know why if she did. — She reminded me much in her little dodges, and her talk, of yellow haired Kitty whom I knew some years ago, Kitty was a lady naturally — this one a coarse little bitch — and as hot arsed as ginger.

The first thing she did the next evening when I met her, was to put on the clean stockings before me, and when we had finished love making, she took them off — her mother must not know of them. She had evidently made some attempt to get herself clean and bet-ter dressed. — "Yours is a beautiful cock," said she, as she felt it clumsily. — I fucked her twice to her great pleasure. "Oh ain't it nice a doing it," and we parted. There would be no late work the next night she said, there might be next week, her father knew sometimes for he worked in the city too, and sometimes he called at the warehouse to know if his girl was going to work late, he thought to catch her out, but didn't always. She grinned as she told me. Nothing but locking a girl up in a room by herself will prevent her getting fucked, if she means it; and the opportunities of doing it among the humbler classes are hourly — as I know pretty well. You may get any of them, if you don't mind your time and money. — Well — it is what the two sexes were all made for, — to give pleasure to each other.

Then she told me she would be at half past six o'clock in * * * * * on other nights, that it took her exactly half an hour to walk there. — They left off work as it struck six, and at a quarter to seven if she wasn't in doors, her father "larruped" her unless she could tell why. Her name was Polly Carter.

Fresh as she was to me — new as her cunt was to me, I seemed to have had enough of her, yet out

of curiosity only, I waited there on a day soon after at half past six. She came along with two other girls of about the same size and age seemingly. She saw me and nodded, the other two looked round after me, as if she had told them of me. — I let them go out of sight when — "Perhaps one of the others will let me have her," came at a jump into my mind, and following rapidly I overtook them, and saw her parting with one, whilst she and the other turned up W**d**r St.

I was on cunt hunt at once. The novelty of their youth again set me on. I overtook the girl who was alone — introducing myself by asking if she knew where Polly Carter was. — Yes she had just parted with her. "I'm her friend, and have seen you with her, but I wish you would tell me something about her." "Oh you're her young man," said she surprised. — What did I want to know — I told her that we could not talk there in the street, would she come with me and I would give her half a crown. She hesitated long, asked one or two questions, but at length agreed, for I pressed her, and said five shillings. We went to the same house. In the room she looked round in that curious way which I have noticed fresh but frisky ones always do, at their first introduction to a bawdy house. Getting familiar, sitting, I asked her plain, then suggestive, and at last smutty questions about Polly Car-ter and her sweetheart; cunningly she fenced me, she didn't know Polly's business, or what she did, or didn't. She knew that she didn't do wrong things, if other gals did. Then I said, "My little darling I've fucked Polly on that very bed." "O, you liar you haven't," seemingly quite startled. Then she told me her name was Jemima Smith. She was called Jemmy.

I repeated, described Polly's stockings, petticoats, legs, backside, and cunt, in the plainest language. To all she only said, "Oh! Oh!" then laughed at last. She seemed a knowing one, affected no ignorance, yet there was something in her manner I could not understand. "Well I've done Polly no harm, nor should I any girl, I know how to prevent that as a doctor." "Are you a doctor?" "Yes." "I wish you'd tell me what to do with my arm then I tore it agin a nail yesterday, reaching a heavy bundle down from a shelf." "Take off your frock then." — She did partly, bared the arm from armpit to hand, and shewed a bad tear of the flesh. I took paper from my pocket book, and wrote a simple thing down which I knew to be good for slight wounds, and gave her a shilling to buy it with, telling her she need only ask for two pennyworth — "but you must kiss me for it." She did willingly — "And here are the five shillings, but you've told me nothing, tho I'm sure you know who fucks Polly Carter." "I don't really but I guess," and she named some youth. Then she got curious about my doings with Polly, and I told her as much as I liked, dwelling voluptuously on the pleasures we had together. She listened eagerly re-marking at times, "I don't believe it," but her eyes twinkled, and at length she was silent listening. She was now quietly lewed. I asked who had done it to her. — "No one," she'd swear. I was sure some one had, and if I saw her cunt could tell in a second, having seen scores of girls' cunts, virgins and no virgins. "Have you really?" "Yes," and was sure she had a pretty cunt. "Let me see, and if you are virgin, I'll give you half a crown." — Again as if doubting, she asked about my doings with Polly — and then sat reflecting. — All girls at one time in these sexual crises seem to be silently reflecting.

I told her more, and invented a little, and kissed her voluptuously, asking to let me see her thighs — only for a minute. — No — she would not let me, and I hadn't seen Polly naked she was sure. — I told all again, and described Polly's form, till at last she believed, I think. Then little by little, I pinched her thighs and bum out-side, got out my prick, got her to feel it, and used all the other little endearments and artifices of love, till still refusing, and chuckling at my attempts, my hand at length roved under her petticoats, over naked bum, belly, and thighs, and from navel to knees. I felt that her motte was not rough, and at length after re-fusing me, she on my solemn promise not to tell Polly, let me put her on to the bed. With thighs wide apart, and with a little flinching which I stopped by repeating that I was a doctor, and not to be humbugged, I pulled a pair of delicate pretty pink-lined hairless lips apart, and saw she was "Virgo intacta."

It was such a lovely pair of lips, enclosing such a sweet coral pink little delicate cunt, with the mere signs of nut-brown hair showing on the motte above, just at the parting of the flesh — just where the lips begin to form and swell, at the bottom of the belly, that my prick rose throbbing furiously. I felt mad for her, and that if I could get her no other way, I would ravish her. I was astonished at my

chance, not having for a moment anticipated her being anything but one of the thousand little wenches in workshops and manufacturies, who working by day, are strumpets for gain or pleasure at night. She had come into the house with me freely, like any little whore. — I felt sure that if she squealed, no one would take notice of it, so have her I would. Just as well I might as some boxmaker, I thought, for she and Polly worked at making card-board boxes.

As I looked at her cunt, she now lay quietly and without a flinch whilst I praised it. — Then I let her get up, shewed her my erection, and told her the cause, and gave her another half crown to give her confidence in my promises and offered a bright sovereign, if she'd let me do what I had done to Polly, to whom I may add I had only given half a crown for her favors. I chinked the sovereign on the table before her.

The gold upset her, the sight of it I find upsets a woman when the mere promise won't. She was quiet, all but saying "no — no —no" — but she felt my prick (half sitting on my knees) curiously, and listened to my account of the pleasure it gave. — Yes she knew what some of the girls said about it — but no. — Yes I might go on feeling her, she didn't mind that, but "no

— oh no — it would be found out." She had sisters. Her mother might. — She had no father. — "Why your mother does not look at your cunt." "No," and she laughed outright. — "Well, lay down then and let me rub my cock tip against it, it will give me pleasure, and you a little, and that can't hurt you." — Saying no

— yet with scarcely any resistance. I placed her on the bed. Soon she let me lay upon her, with my prick against her little pink cunt, for which posture I had promised her a shilling, telling her at the same time, she was a goose not to get the golden sovereign.

The animal was now I expect pretty well roused in

her, by feeling my prick and my delicate fingering of her cunt. — Young as she was she seemed voluptuously subdued. — "You'll hurt me." — I swore it was all pleasure and no pain. — Then she was silent and her thighs opened wider under my pressure. As quietly as I could under the sexual excitement, I lodged my prick, but without pushing or pressing too much on her, then gathered her little bum in my hands, sunk on to her belly and thrust. Stiffer than horn was my engine. — "Oh, you hurt. — Don't. — Oh — oo," she cried out, and struggled, but I had her arse in my grasp like a vice, she could not move an inch from me, I drove with ten horse power against her virginity, and in half a dozen rapid lunges, I felt my prick gliding up the little cunt; the barrier was gone, but all was tight, soft, and lubricious. She moaned almost in a whisper for a second or two, and then lay quietly under me, as I lay with my prick for a minute quiescent up her, directly it had probed to its depths.

Then in the little lovely tube I fucked with measured pace. What a tranquilliser the prick is to the most restive lasses when once it is up them. — She was quite still now. (They all are at this stage.) — My prick began to throb as if it would burst, quicker I fucked, a strong gush of spunk filled her, and I sunk quietly down, unable to kiss her, for as she lay she was too short. — What sameness in all these devices, cunning attacks, lies, promises, voluptuous talk, feeling, frigging and victory. All nearly the same yet ever successful, ever fresh ever delicious — and to both employed.

She lay quite still, I uncunted, found blood on my handkerchief which I had put under her bum, and blood mixing with my sperm which covered her cunt. I got warm water, and washed her cunt myself. — She let me do everything. — Then she looked quite serious. — Then when I put the sovereign into her little hand, she smiled.

This all took place in little more than an hour. Never had a virginity come to my penis so rapidly, so unexpectedly. When she entered the house with me, I should as soon have expected to find a prick under those little petticoats, as an unbroken hymen.

My friend L***s has often told me that he has picked up half a dozen virgins in the streets. That a sovereign, offered to lasses looking in at a Linen-drapers, will get them to a house, and that the sight of the gold vanquishes them. He looks out for them quite young, for that turned sixteen they

are scarcely ever virgins. He thinks from a large acquaintance with these youthful strums, that their cousins and friends (all boys — mere street boys of their own age), get the virginities for nothing, and before the girls are fifteen years old.

The old woman with whom Mary Davis lodged some years ago, I recollect telling me much the same; but I neither quite believed her, nor my friend L* * * *s, fancying that he was a braggart, tho I believed him to be an old hand at mastering females. Much talk with gay women, and my own experience makes me believe both now, and that nearly the whole of the girls of the lowest classes begin copulating with boys of about their own age, when about fourteen years old.

Few of the tens of thousands of whores in London gave their virginities either to gentlemen, or to young, or old men — or to men at all. Their own low class lads had then'. The street boys' dirty pricks went up their little cunts first. — This is greatly to be regretted, for street boys cannot appreciate the treasures they destroy. A virginity taken by a street boy of sixteen, is a pearl cast to a swine. Any cunt is good enough for such an experience. — To such an animal, a matron of fifty or sixty would give him as much, if not more pleasure than a virgin. I am sure of this even from my own experience, for I cared nothing whatever about the virginities I took early in my life. It was cunt alone I cared about, and any cunt for my pleasure then was good enough.

She now seemed in no hurry to go — her mother would think it was overtime, but she would rather go if I'd let her — The irruption into her other privates, I saw had given her a shock, but I lusted for her again, and wanted her to wait till my prick stood — and such was my mental rousing by what took place, that as I talked with her, I began to wonder whether by her help I might not get another young virgin. I asked her to drink — and giving the servant money, she returned with some gin. The girl eyed the bottle, and as soon as the servant had left said "Oh ain't she cheated you, you gave half a crown, and there ain't eighteen penny-worth there." It's extraordinary the knowledge these young bitches have about drink. I have found it so with young ones before this one. They seem always on the look out to escape being cheated.

She took a glass refusing more, even that she said would make her head ache. Her cunt was still bleeding. When on saying I meant to do it again, "Oh you shan't it will hurt so." — I had more trouble in inducing her than I had at first — but at last my prick was safe up her tight little vagina, and tranquilly fucking

I spent, but without giving her pleasure, tho I prolonged my exercise to the utmost in hopes of fetching her.

I parted with her, promising half a sovereign if she would meet me on the Monday following at the same time, and tell no one else, and specially Polly Carter or any other of her fellow work girls.

Until I met her again I could think of nothing but this tight little hairless cunt, wondering at the facility with which spite of its smallness it admitted my prick, and comparing my sensations when up it with those I felt when up the full sized article; — Mrs. W***t**s fat full fledged cunt was most vividly in my mind when comparing, that being the most recent one of mature size which I have fucked.

Vol. 5 Chapter XVII

Jemima's first pleasure. • "Get me a young virgin." • Eva Kelly. • A cunt with five black hairs. • Jemima fucked. • Eva a witness. • She refuses me. • Departs a virgin. • Polly Carter again. • Re-view of my year's amours. • My taste for women piddling gratified.

Thinking I might possibly get into some trap thro this little bit of juvenile fornication, I waited in a cab on the Monday at the end of the square. The same three girls came along together. My cab

followed up, and Jemima Smith, after bidding good bye to her companions, turned down her street and dawdled, evidently waiting for me. The street being clear, I alighted and she followed me to the house.

I had called at the house, and told the woman to let me have a clean counterpane and two candles. After pausing for a minute and looking at me, she said, "We have another house next door, but they don't let young girls go in, but if you don't mind paying, and as you're a customer I'll tell 'em — and you go in first and let the girl follow." I went with her to the house and saw the room. Jemima Smith came to me there. She looked very dirty by contrast, in a handsome clean room.

She was full of talk now. No, she hadn't told any one — not she. She made me tell her all over again about

Polly Carter, and then let out more about Polly and some other girls. My fucking had loosened her tongue, she willingly took her clothes off, her arm was better, she examined my prick curiously, and was thoroughly complaisant, I fingered her little cunt till I heated it, and then put my prick in her face. I love, when cool enough, to do that with women, to watch for their signs of pleasure, till my own pleasure destroys all power of observation. I had friggèd her about till she must have been nearly spending, and now was delighted to see her eyes close, and mouth open with pleasure. Then I dropped full on to her and when fucking, stopped suddenly. — "Does it give you pleasure?" — She never answered, and at the next plunge or two, my spunk was flooding her. I could not feel any gripping of her cunt, but heard her sighs and pleasure in her breathing in my ear, as my head lay by her side. She had spent.

"Did you have pleasure?" "Yes." "Do you like fucking?" "Yes." "Shall I fuck you again?" "Yes." "Does your cunt feel nice?" "Yes." "Is it wet?" "Yes." "Shall I pull my prick out." — "No." — "Did it hurt you?" "No." "Have you fucked since I did it the other day?" "Why no — course not," said Jemmy surprised, and roused at last out of monosyllabic and voluptuous taciturnity.

Then I fucked again and she spent with me. Then she told me about herself. She was turned fifteen, other gals at the factory she thought had had it done to them quite as young. — She feared her sister, not her mother, for she slept in the same bed as her sister who was eighteen, not married, and who had had a child, since dead. Her sister had felt her cunt not long since and knew that recently she was a virgin. — She didn't want her to find out that she had had a man, for she might tell her mother, tho she thought not, but she had some fear of her sister. Then we parted.

Three nights after, she had made herself smarter and cleaner, for she was dirty enough the first night. We both stripped, and I set her on the top of me fucking, to her great amusement, but she could not manage it all to my satisfaction, and I had to mount her: and having friggèd her and fucked her three or four times, looked at her little cunt, and felt and fingered it inside and out, and in every way for three hours; we parted, and I began to have had enough of her, and to be satisfied with youthful cunts.

Yet I met her again. She had told her sister who only hoped she would not get in the family way, and advised her to wash it out directly I had finished up her. Then saying I was going out of town, I did not see her for a fortnight, during which time I had a letch for another little virgin. Then I met and asked if she could not bring me one, offering her gold if she would. Her own compliment was now half a crown. She would try she said, but there was only one gal she knew of, and she didn't work with her, but they often talked together about men and women doing it, and she'd like it done to her she' knew. Giving her a few days, again I met her. The girl would come, and Jemima said she was sure she hadn't had it done to her, for she had seen her cunt. But before Jemima, tempted by the gold, consented to bring her, she remarked, "What do yer want another gal for."

One night soon after, she came with a girl of about her own size and age — her name was Eva Kelly, and she was I think Irish. — I didn't like her, for she looked half starved, bony, and dirty, besides she seemed cunning, and much too knowing. Her first want was to know what I had done with her friend Jemmy, who at my request, shewed her cunt to me and to Eva, who also saw my

prick go up it for a second or so, and seemed gratified by the sight. Then yielding to my solicitations, and the sight of the gold, I got Eva on the bed side with petticoats up, and I examined her orifice.

It was a funny looking little cunt, wonderfully small it seemed for her age, and with four or five straggling short dark hairs about it. — She let me pull open the lips, which were scarcely lips, — and certainly she was virgin. But when I tried to put my finger up the interior, she closed her thighs sharply and got up, and tho at last I promised her two sovereigns, she would not let me have her. She felt my prick, and looked at it with seeming pleasure, let me pull up her clothes and feel about her, but lay down on the bed with me she wouldn't. — In vain Jemmy said "I'll let him do it if you will, you said you wanted it didn't yer now?" Perhaps I did and perhaps I didn't," she replied to every remark, adding at times, "but I shan't tho, I'm afraid."

Jemmy laid down and I fucked her, Eva witnessing the operations, feeling my prick before it went in, whilst in, and also when it came out reeking from the cunt. — All was of no use. I put my sovereigns into my pocket angrily, saying I'd give her nothing for coming. — She looked I thought disappointed but said nothing. "Come Jemmy let's fuck again," said I after a time — and laid her at the side of the bed. "I'll give you half a crown to let me see your little cunt whilst I fuck Jemmy." — "Do," said Jemmy. — Eva consented, and I shagged Jemmy, looking at the other one's beggarly cunt. She held it open without any hesitation like any harlot. — Again I begged and took out the gold, and fingered her little quim as well, but "No — shan't — I'm afeared," — quite settled the matter, and I neither had her nor saw her after that night.

Jemmy said she could get me no other girl, for she wasn't friendly with many girls — but didn't she get quickly on to the bed when I said, "Let's do it." — After one or two more meetings I got tired of her, and just at that time she said they were short of work, and she had nothing to do, her mother would keep her tight till she had work again, and she couldn't be out after dark.

My desire for Polly came back, and I waited for her one or two evenings without seeing her, which in-creased my desire. At length I got her, and we had one or two glorious hard fucking evenings. Then I tired of short girls — little cunts, ragged stockings, and dirty linen. I avoided the lot, and never saw more of Polly Carter, but met Jemima about a year or two after-wards. — She was then gay — tho she said she still worked a little at the box business. I asked after Polly having a desire for her again. — She and her parents had gone to America. I fucked Jemima.

This bout was a pleasant variation, and helped to fill my imagination with a variety of lewed images. It was pleasant to think at the moment of voluptuous enjoyment, of the naked, tight little cunts, when my belly was closed on the thick haired motte of a full grown woman, and the curly hairs of her cunt were twining and twisting into the hairs on the root of my prick stem. (The past year as I look thro my manuscript, seems to have been one of the most fortunate in my career. The year before was nice and varied, tho spoiled perhaps on reflection by adultery with my cousin — but in its frequent change and variety of women, it cannot compare with this. Nice servants (for I had one or two about whom I have told nothing). A lady unmarried. A lady married — a lady kept — an amorous harlot — shop girls, three girls all under sixteen, and a little virgin, — so the sex from forty to sixteen years of age, I tailed — and what is to me more pleasurable than ever now, — with delight to all the recipients of my prick, as well as to myself. I scarcely touched gay ladies (and only saw Camille for a week or so), excepting when abroad and scarcely then. — I had a frenzied orgy in a park, and a libidinous curiosity about male sperm, which surprises me, tho I cannot say why, — for all curiosity about the smallest detail of sexual intercourse is legitimate. — It is fitting that man and woman should know all and every thing about copulation, if they desire to do so.)

But I have omitted many short amusements which I noted at the time at great a length, and abbreviate now, by saying that I often times when out late, gave women a trifle to feel their cunts, and then if they were able to accomplish it, a further gift if they would piddle over my fingers. It always delighted me to feel the sherry tinted jet strike on my fingers, fresh and warm as it issued from the cunt, and many a few minutes' gratification I had in fingering first, and taking the wash

afterwards, and many a lady (and many well dressed enough) have I given a glass of wine to, and a cab fare, which she otherwise might not have got, excepting for this lech of mine. — Yet I went home with none of these piddlers of whom I find record, nor did more than what is now described.

At the beginning of this year in the cold weather, this delight in seeing women piddle was strong on me. — I saw a couple of dozen do it in one week, and so much did the lech increase on me, that I longed to see women whom I had fucked do it, and went to see Camille for that purpose alone, tho many a time I had seen her evacuate it and had held the basin under her, and a candle near it, whilst she opened the flood gates of her bladder for my libidinosity. She upbraided me for not going to see her, and wondered what woman had supplanted her.

Vol. 5 Chapter XVIII

Camille again. • The philosophy of fornication. • My plentitude of sperm. • A discharge on writing pa-per. • A woman in a hurry. • Light haired and veiled. • "Mind my chemise." • A crop of crabs. • The effects of a good dinner. • The Haymarket at 1:30 a.m. • A cab fare asked for. • Half a crown for a hick. A frig for love in the street. • A fuck to follow. • A big Irishwoman. • Hairy as a King Charles. • A free examination. • A cunt of wondrous hirsuteness. • The Irishwoman is a riddle.

Again I sought Camille's society, who helped further to destroy any lingering prejudices I still had about the ways in which the sexes may use their genitals, either in giving pleasure to each other, or men with men, or women with women, and she told me so many erotic incidents of which she had heard or known, that I feel certain now that whatever men and women may say in public about this and that being immoral, dirty, abominable, and so on — that by themselves, they give free reins to their lusts, and gratify their sensuality in any way which they find gives them pleasure. Who can object to this. Your body is your own, and you may use it as you like. Its usage concerns no one else but its owner, and whether the individual reaps pain or pleasure, is his affair alone.

I was much out at parties just then, which diverted me in a degree from sexual vagaries, and for perhaps a month saw Camille only, and but twice a week, so was in fine condition when I had her. To make sure, I used to write to say when I should call, and always found her ready awaiting me. I used to fuck her with great delight in which she participated, for she undeniably is still fond of me, and that I must have been in fine condition, I am sure from the quantity of sperm I shed in her — she used to remark it. — "Ah mon Dieu, what sperm, there is enough for two men." — She several times said this and I verified it by inspection of her cunt occasionally, for it pleased me to think of my strength and health. — For all that, one day I friggd myself over a sheet of writing paper to see how much sperm issued, and its quality.

But I could not keep to her alone, and one night going to Camille's somewhat early after a club dinner, I saw a full grown woman, with her veil down, walking along quickly. She indeed passed me as I was walking leisurely. — I saw that she was light haired — but what really attracted me I can't say, whether the mystery of the veil, or her quick walking, or her light coloured hair, but quickening my pace I walked by the side of her. "You're in a hurry to night my love," said I, to which she made no reply, but looking at me went on.

Not quite able to make out whether she was gay or not, her manner stirred my lust. I forgot all about Camille, to whom I was going, and asked her to come with me. Then she slackened her pace, "No" — she was in a hurry. I laid hold of her arm which felt nice. "Stop a minute, let's talk." — She stopped, then lifted her veil, she seemed to me pretty, and my prick stood. — "My God, you've made my prick so stiff I think it will burst." — She laughed and said, "Tell me the exact time." — I did — "Is it far from here?" It was not my usual quarter, but I knew a house not far off. — "I can't

stop long then," said she, dropping her veil. — Taking her arm, we were soon in a house known by the name afterwards of a celebrated battle, a nice quiet handsome house it then was.

She wouldn't take off her clothes, tho she did her bonnet — she was in such a hurry, but pressed, she hurriedly took her gown off. — She was a tall fleshy woman, and the sight of the light hair on her motte, and nearly a week's abstinence — put me into such a state of lustful impatience, that I could not allow my-self those delicious preliminaries of copulation, which are nearly as delightful as the carnal conjunction itself. — It was increased by the way she grasped my prick and kissed me — so in a minute my prick pierced her. She met me with ardor, and far too soon my sexual spasm came on, five or six throbs each sending a spat of sperm into her, finished my voluptuous crisis, just as she said, "Oh — don't be so quick, wait for me." It was too late, nor could the energetic action of her own cunt and backside — coupled with my efforts, avail her. "Oh — why were you so quick," said she in a dissatisfied tone.

I told her as I lay up her, that I had had no woman for a week — "What a lot you've spent (as Camille had said), pull it out and give me a towel, I don't want my chemise in a mess." "No keep it in, and I'll fuck you again." "No give me a towel, I can't wait." "You must. — There, I'm getting stiff again — lay still and I'll give you my pocket handkerchief." — In our joint impatience, I had only taken my great coat off, and was on her with my other coat on. In it was a pocket handkerchief, which I managed to get out with one hand, whilst I clasped her still to me with the other. She lifted one thigh high, I pushed the handkerchief under her bum, my prick had never left her, we recommenced fucking, she spent almost directly, and again spent when I had my second emission.

"Now you really must let me go," said she, uncunting me. Then she washed her cunt, had her bonnet on in a second, put the sovereign I offered her without a remark into her purse, and went off. — She agreed to meet me the next night, "Close by." I named a time — no, it must be her time, or not at all — so I acceded, left, and did not go on to Camille.

The next night she met me veiled as before, stripped to her chemise, and seemed to like it. She had fine big breasts, large arms and thighs, and her motte was covered with thick sandy coloured hair, her cunt was fat lipped and I guessed her twenty-eight. — Yes, her exact age, she said. — She didn't much like my looking at her cunt, and refused altogether to turn bum up-wards. — She was very poorly dressed, and had common stockings and boots on. — Was she often about here — "No." — "Where then?" "Nowhere." "I'll meet you if you write," and she told me where to, — it was two or three miles off. — I could not make her out but risked a question. "You're gay?" "No," said she laughing. "You don't want money then." "I shouldn't be here if I didn't," and still she laughed. — This was after our fuck, and I was lying by her side on the bed.

Whatever she might have met me for, she was deter-mined to have fucking enough, and didn't want to talk. We had been quick about the first spend, — lust allayed, I wanted a look at her cunt. — "No it's nasty." "But wash it, I want to look, it's a lovely yellow haired cunt." "Yellow haired cunt," she repeated, laughing as if I had made a good joke.

Altho the same in the essentials, tho the end of it must be the insertion of the prick in the cunt, how varied are the manners and words of different women on the approach to that end. It is that variety which so charms me. — "Well — wash it — do." "Presently, you'll do it again to me soon, I'll wash after." — And putting her mouth to mine, she put out her tongue, and clutched my prick with vivacity, and evident intention to make me stroke her again, as soon as she could. She was one of those who do not rely on words to excite a man, but did it by kissing, tonguing and squeezing my prick and handling my balls, and soon was successful. She had put a towel under her backside at the first fuck, but I had not spent as much as on the night previously, when my spermatic accumulators were full. After fucking her a third time we parted, but not till I had had a better look at her cunt, and found the lip lining and clitoris pink rather than red, which I don't recollect having seen in the cunt of a woman of her age and size, before.

Lust for the sandy haired, pink tinted cunt still was on me, and one day I had her again, about which

there is nothing unusual to narrate. On the following morning I had an irritable, uncomfortable feeling round my prick, the next day an itching, and then found I had a crop of crabs. I could not get rid of them for some days, and actually went to a doctor about them, so infested was my prick. Then a disgust at the woman came over me, for I knew it must have been she who gave them me. I wrote to her no more, have never seen her since, and don't know whether she was a whore or not. I have a notion she was a widow. Certainly she wanted fucking badly. Why did she so scrupulously keep her veil on — it was not that she was ugly, for she was really hand-some.

I had some sort of idea that the brothel keeper knew the woman, and I asked. — She said that she didn't, but looked so long at me before she answered the question, that I half think she lied.

A week or two after this I went to dine with a friend at K**b**n. He was a married man, childless, extravagant to a degree in expenditure generally, and particularly in fine food, and wines [he has since ruined himself]. A dozen or so of us men had every thing of the choicest which money could buy, and after sitting, eating, drinking, and smoking for four hours, we left him. It had turned out a pouring night, I had no carriage, his house was a quarter of an hour's walk from a cab stand, and his footman could procure me no cab. One of the guests kindly offered me a seat in his carriage for part of my way home — and at half past one in the morning, set me down at the top of R*g**t Street.

The deluge of rain had just ceased, and tho pitch dark, it was clearing up. Never in my life have I seen R*g**t St. so deserted. The rain had long driven every one home, and I don't think I met six people on its whole length as I walked down it, pleased with the novelty of its absence of life, and glad to walk off the effects in a degree, of my heavy gorging.

There was not even a gay woman to be seen until I got to the Haymarket. There, one or two only shewed, and one asked me to pay her cab fare home, and a well dressed woman she was — cleaned out, without a farthing, the Argyle had been empty, not a friend had she got, she must walk home if some one did not give her half a crown, and she told me where she lived at West Brampton.

A dinner such as I had had always heats my testicles in two or three hours, and as I stood looking and listening to the young woman, a wave of lust rushed thro my genitals, and I began to want a cunt. Yet I had no intention not to have her — for I had other views about the lodging of my penis next day. Then came on one of those bawdy inspirations I am subject to, and spite of the evident absurdity of the offer (looking at the dress and style of the woman tho she was not quite a first class), — jokingly I said, "I'll give you a half crown if you'll let me fuck you."

I rarely accosted a female with such frank bawdiness, but I was a little elevated, tho not in the least intoxicated. She seemed in a similar state, and laughing much replied. — "Oh! Lord, I haven't come to half a crown yet, you are liberal, but I'd sooner walk home if I get wet to my skin." — I laughed about it. — "Ah you don't want fucking." — "That's just what I do want, for I haven't had a man for four days." "You've been poorly." "Just what I have been or I shouldn't want half a crown." — After a minute's more talk, I gave it her, and had intended to do so from the first. "Here it is, and a shilling for a glass of wine, and now if you won't let me fuck you for half a crown, let me do it for love."

"Thank you," said she not moving, but, looking at me, and clapping the money with a chink from one hand to the other, and then back again. — "Did you expect I'd let you for half a crown?" "No my dear, but for love." "Well I'll let you for love. Where shall we go?" "What, to fuck you?" "Yes for love," said she quite seriously.

Taken quite aback, I thought she was up to some trick, the empty streets and the time of night made me suddenly suspicious. — "I was joking, I'm in a hurry, let me feel your cunt. That's all." "Very well, and all for love, mind." There was a narrow court leading into a wider one than (it still exists tho better lighted) which looked dark enough, and in a second we were in it, her back against a house, my finger on her cunt. — "You've got drawers on." "Well I can't pull them off here, let us go to O*e*d*n St." — I would not but between the loose linen I plied my fin-gers. — "I'll frig you." "No, fuck me — no one will pass — I want it — let me feel your prick."

I wouldn't let her—I got coy, began to want her—but didn't like a strange woman in the dark. — "No I'll frig you," and I commenced, putting my left arm round her waist and my stick against the wall. — She let me. — "Oh fuck me do, I want it so—oh I shall spend — you shan't feel me, unless you let me feel you;" and her hand sought my trowsers. But before she could unbutton me — her bum shivered, she caught me round the head, pulled me to her, kissed me and my hat tumbled off as she murmured, "Oh — oh — you beast — oh — you've made me spend," — and she was silent, whilst I picked up my hat.

"You haven't spent — I have tho." "You haven't," I said, tho I felt pretty sure she had done so. Then again I put my hand on her cunt, and after a broad handed fingering under the prick receiver, I satisfied myself that she had. "Why didn't you fuck me, I've never been frigg'd in a street before." "But you've frigg'd a man." "Only one or two — why don't you fuck me — come — fuck me for love mind, let's go to O*e*d*n St. or come home and sleep with me — I want you."

I had dropped her petticoats, but I was so lewed now, that I could scarcely restrain myself, and when holding me she began feeling at my trowsers again, my resolution gave way. — "We can't do it here." "Yes we can, no one will come thro here — if any one's coming we can hear them, do it to me — oh what a big one." — She had got hold of my prick, and then with-out another word, she lifted up her petticoats. — "Damn my drawers," said she. — The next instant my prick was in her cunt — and against the wall we fucked, the affair was short — and she spent with me.

"I hope you are all right," said I when my prick had left her. "Quite — don't be frightened, come and see me," — and she repeated her name and address — and that every night she was at the Argyle rooms. —

"Is it likely I should have made you do it to me if I was ill — come with me to a house and see me undressed, I'm beautifully made." — She tried hard to induce me but it was all useless. — She squatted, piddled, and I expect washed her cunt with that liquid as she did so. Slight rain began to fall. "I'd best get back," said she, and in the Haymarket she hailed a cab, and was going off — "Stop my dear you must have a little bit of gold." "I haven't asked for any," said she, "and now you won't come to see me, tho you've just promised — I want you to have me for love."

I had promised that I would go to see her, and repeated her name and address over again as she wished me, but certainly had no intention of doing so. She had a superstition that I should not after I had paid her, — but she took a half sovereign which I pushed into her hand — "I'll call on you soon." — "No you won't." "Yes I will." "No

,you won't," and the cab drove off as the "won't" died away in the noise. I never did call on her — or see her afterwards. She was a nice bright looking dark eyed woman, of one or two and twenty years of age perhaps.

I walked then down to the colonnade of the Opera house, when a smart shower came on. — I intended to go to my Club which had not closed, to get some soda water — but being without an umbrella, waited two or three minutes. Just as I was about to hail a cab, a tall, full grown, portly looking woman, whom I had seen standing at the angle by Pall Mall, came up to me, addressed me with a broad Irish accent, and asked me to go with her. The accent was so broad, and it was such a novelty to hear anything like it out of Ireland, and she looked so portly, so like a respectable trades-woman — and so unlike a Paphian — that being in a bawdy mood, far bawdier than when the other woman had asked me for a half crown, I stopped, talked, and then chaffed her.

Yes, she was Irish, and not ashamed of that, and had not long been in London. — I'd just had a woman had I? By her soul, I'd never had a woman like she was, nor seen a cunt like hers, she'd swear she'd more hair on it than was on any two women's cunts. — If I'd go and see it, and she hadn't told me God's truth, I should not pay her anything. — She was a married woman, but the times were so bad with them, that she must get her bread some how, would I come? — No she would not pull up her petticoats to show me in the streets — not for five shillings (which I offered). — "Yer a big baste to be after asking me to do it. — Divil a bit if I will tho, — but you may put

your hand up and feel a bit."

I accepted the offer, put my hand between her thighs, but long before I reached her cunt as it seemed to me, I felt long hair. Then she jerked her rump back, and pushed down my hand from beneath the clothes. — She had roused my curiosity, I chaffed on, she got angry, and extolled her own charms, and said there wasn't a finer woman in London than she was. After telling her where I'd just fucked — and she refusing still to do anything in the streets, to satisfy my curiosity — it ended with her saying — "Never — never in the street, I'd just sooner be dead — no — not for the half sovereign (which at last I offered) but I'll strip to ye, and ye may do what you like with me in a house, for half a sovereign, and glad I'll be to get it." — No, she was a stranger about there, and knew no house. — I took her to a convenient brothel in * * * * St.

"Give me the half sovereign," said she so soon as we were in the bed room. — A bilk thought I, but not caring whether I was bilked or not, for I had only taken her out of curiosity, I got the money ready. "Then if you haven't got a hairy cunt as you say, I suppose you'll give me it back" — said I laughing — "Sure God — there's no chance of your getting it back for it's hairy as a King Charles" (dog she meant). - "Catch" — and I threw it to her. She caught it — spat upon it, and put it in her pocket. — "Sure and ye'll say ye niver seed such a pussy as moine — ye'll be airfter giving me another bit of gould when you have seen it. — Shall I take all my things off?" — I nodded, and she began divesting herself of her clothing.

As she did so, she went on demanding my admiration of her charms, in a very singular manner. -I have known women very proud of their form, and who have shewn great vexation if I made any remark even inferentially disparaging them. I have known some who drew my attention to some particular part of their form, and which in most cases justified their self praise, but this Irish woman extolled herself from head to foot as she undressed — "Isn't that a foine arm? — look — here's breasts I needn't be ashamed of. — My foot's not big for my size is it? I've a splendid leg haven't I?" — and so on, and certainly she'd a good deal to be proud of. Looking at her under the colonnade, seemingly in a heap, she gave no promise of what was underneath, she looked what may be called a homely, motherly woman, and one I should never have lusted for.

"Let me see your cunt," said I impatiently. — "Wait a bit" — she drew off her chemise. "There — did you ever see anything like that?" — and indeed I never had, for I could not see the cunt at all, — but only a long pendant mass of darkish brown hair, which seeming to be rooted in her mons, hung down some inches below her cunt, and hid it entirely from view. It re-minded me of a patriarchal beard, and I laughed, which much offended her.

Astonished curiosity at once made me serious, for a cunt is never a thing to be laughed at, its view is too absorbing and stimulating. Quickly I got her on to the bed side. She opened her thighs quite wide, and pulling aside the shaggy covering, I saw a cunt of the usual mature type but with long hair (tho not so long as that from the motte) surrounding it. The hairs every-where had but slight signs of curling, the shorter ones at the upper part had perhaps a little curl, but the rest was long, and nearly straight and in large quantity. To please her I said it was fine, but I thought it ugly, yet the novelty stiffened me — "I'll fuck you," said I. — "Sure an yer may" — and she moved on to the bed. — "No, here, I want to see the hair round my prick," and bringing her to a proper position — up it went into her. — The hair mingled with mine, and hid every vestige of my balls as I looked down. — Then I pushed her thigh high up over my shoulder with my left hand, and held her to me with it, whilst I buried my other fingers in the shaggy thicket and spent very soon up her.

"You've not spent," said I still up her. — "Sure and I haven't, and I ought wid such a poker," she replied in the strongest brogue — and we went on talking till I found myself nearly out of her. — "Lift up both your legs," said I, and she complied. — I meant to do it when I asked her, and laying hold of the cunt beard (the best name for it) I drew it right across the orifice, which shewed, when my prick was out of it, my semen issuing, and wiped it with the hair. "I never saw a cunt which could be wiped with its own hair before." — "No and I dare say never will, and it's a baste that you be for adoin' it." Yet she laughed as she washed her cunt. I felt it as she rose from the basin, and it

was just like a wet mop. — It must always have been so after she piddled.

She dried it and again I looked. There was hair, and thick, near her bum hole, yet not in very unusual quantity — but all round the cunt it was long and ragged. It was about the ugliest cunt I have ever seen. — Straight hair on a cunt is always ugly. It usually curls, tho I have seen several with straight hair, and that on one or two very nice women. But this woman was proud as a peacock of her hirsute gap.

"Lay still," said I, as I sat contemplating it — for I now began to be curious about the woman, whom in all my midnight prowling I had never seen before. "Sure and you'll give me a trifle more if you keep me long" — I promised that. Then I lay feeling my prick whilst I pulled her about in various ways. She had only the usual quantity of hair in her armpits, and on her head; had a round, pleasantish Irish face, and not a bad form, tho too thick at the joints to be handsome. She however evidently thought herself a beauty from head to foot. She must have been between thirty-five and forty years old.

"You've had children?" — "Yes and three alive worse luck," — or she would not be at that kind of work, she'd got plenty to do with all she got, and ever would get she supposed — she had no regular friends — she wouldn't mind meeting me again — but she couldn't do it before half past eleven — no never — she wouldn't say why — no — what did it matter to me, whether she was married or not. Then I put down another half sovereign. — Then she, "Are you going to do me again?" — "I dont' think I can." — "Try — get on the bed and on top of me properly." — "Do you want it?" — "May be I shall," — and tho I didn't like either her, or her cunt, on to the bed, and on top of her I got, had another fuck, and hard work I found it. "Haven't I a nice pussy?" — said she, as I lay up her.

That finished the business, and we left together. Should she meet me — but not before half past eleven — I made no assignation, — said I should take my chance some night of seeing her after the theatres were closed, but I never did and didn't want. Next day I wondered how I had ever tailed her, so ugly did her cunt seem to me when I thought of it.

The woman no doubt was gay — but she was for all that not much like a gay woman in manners — not that she had any modesty. AM no — yet she seemed to show her nakedness out of conceit, not baudiness.

Vol. 5 Chapter XIX

Part of my manuscript destroyed. • Sunday night at a country church. • A pretty parlour-maid. • The dark pew. • A furious pego. • A grope, a frig, a spend and a sob. • Fist-fucked by a female hand. • No copulation. • A servant at a baudy house. • Mrs. Eliza F*m**g. • Supper at the Café de l'E*r**e. • A swell and his mistress. • A quarrel. • His rudeness. • Her silent contempt. • Left alone. • My politeness and reward at J***s St. • My morning's fuck. • Fears about my virility. • Momentary impotency. • Her blandishments. • Cunt seen, kissed, and smelt. • Immediate erection. • Her voluptuousness. • In the park. • The Lady Equestrian.**

My manuscript about this time and covering two months' adventures, is but a series of notes, very amply written, and containing all the material for continuing this narrative faithfully. — Yet I don't feel inclined to take the trouble to arrange or write it out in full.

I find that I got hold of a nice girl at church one evening, a servant of a friend where I was on a visit. The church was one of the old ones — in which the pews were still large, and many of them square, with high enclosures — and it was still lighted with candles and indeed there was no gas to

be had. — There were very few people at the evening service — (it was in the country) so that they only half lighted what few lamps there were. I had caught and kissed her on the road, and jerked at her belly about a few days before in the twilight, and had tipped handsomely, for I saw her every day during my stay. She waited with another female servant at table.

I knew the girl went to church in the evening — and saying I should go for a walk, went to church, tho only intending to catch her coming out; but I went into the church instead.

I saw the pew opener going up the nave, and slipped past to the aisle, where I knew the family pew was, and there was she. It was so dark that I could not easily see the print of a prayer book, and had not been there ten minutes before the nearest lamp went nearly out and our pew was really quite in the dusk — there was no one near in any pew behind us, and only one or two people in pews far off in the front of ours, which was so placed also that it was much hidden from the rest of the church on one side by a huge Gothic pillar.

I got near her for the sake of light as I shammed, — and before the sermon began sat close up to her. She edged away from me, which only put her nearer the huge stone pillar, which the pew abutted on, and hid us more completely when I moved up to her. How I did what I did, strikes me now as of the highest temerity, I never could have contemplated it. Yet I dared, and partly succeeded with a girl not twenty years old, with whom I had only once taken a suggestive liberty — and had only dared to kiss, and say I meant to sleep with her some night — (said in a chaffing manner). I cannot understand it, but I did all I tell of.

I was in a high state of lust — for staying where I was with a friend, I had had no chance of copulation, — and I am sure that my charming lass must have been in a similar state, and that mutual lewdness alone accounts for all that took place. When a man and woman are both thoroughly lewed, but slight opportunity is needed to get cock and cunt joined.

When I got close to her I began to talk smut in whispers. — "Oh — don't sir — they will hear you — now pray don't — there's — Mrs. * * * * — saw me come in — she is just in front." Gradually before the serman began, I got my hand on to her naked thighs. "Oh I'll get up and leave — oh now — if you — oh — don't — leave off." Then during the sermon I got my finger on to her cunt tip, and friggd her till she spent. — As she did so, she gave such a loud sob of pleasure that people must have heard it, tho perhaps they may not have noticed it — and she gave such a violent start of her bum forward that it came quite to the edge of the seat.

Before I had got her to that state of maddening concupiscence, she had felt my prick. I had to put her hand to it and make her do it tho, and no sooner had she spent, and had wetted my fingers well as I felt it

—(every woman opens her thighs for a second after her cunt exudes its pleasure), than at once I seized her left hand which was nearest to me, put it round my prick, and closing her hand with mine, moved it up and down and friggd myself with it. — It was an affair of but a minute and then I was satisfied — I had been about three quarters of an hour arriving at this result.

At the benediction I left — to avoid being seen going out of the pew with her, but waited in sight of the church door and followed her till the crowd had dispersed. Then in the dark road, when she caught sight of me, she began running, I after her -- soon I caught her, assaulted her again, — got my hand on to her cunt, and made her feel me, but could not make her let me fuck her. Then failing, I again put her hand round my prick (she willing for that) and friggd my-self with it.

I had no invitation to stay long with my friend, and was obliged to leave. It was with the greatest difficulty in that small house that I managed to speak with her without my doing so being noticed but I did, and promised to take her somewhere, and to give her a new cloak if she would come to London on her holiday. — I gave her an envelope with my address written on it, and she told me when her day was, but she never wrote or came to me.

In my youth in a similar pew, I have friggd one of my mother's servants, and she has friggd me —

but I had already fucked her, so that there was nothing much in that, and we both concurred in the amusement in church, but this young lass was I believe a virgin, tho I could not be sure of it.

Then in town I again got hold of a woman who said she was a servant — but who went with me to a coffee shop where they wrote up "beds" — and she I had. — I don't know whether she was gay or not, I think she was a half and half, but that she really was in service. She wanted a good bit of shagging, for she laid so quiet for a couple of hours with me, and said — "Oh fie" — at my bawdy talk, but handled my prick all the time, and never thought of getting up to leave it, excepting to wash once, till it was near ten o'clock, when she said she should catch it and made off rapidly. I put her in- to a cab, and paid for it, and gave her a little bit of gold. — It was a very pleasant evening — and she a very pleasant fuckstress. — It is a great pleasure to have women whose cunts seem to be craving for their natural food, as hers was, but I never saw her again.

Then mercenary beauties in silks, satins, and hand-some garters, had me. For some reason or another I avoided Camille seemingly, for I can find no reference to her. — The rest of this part of the manuscript, I commit to the flames, for there is nothing much worthy to keep record of, till I had a meeting with a most charming lady, who fell to my arms thro a quarrel.

One fine day in June, before luncheon, I met a young lady in Bond St. She was venal, and in half an hour or so she had been fucked, paid, and departed.

That night I went to the theatre, and afterwards to the Cafe de l'Europe to sup. — It was a favourite place of mine, such fresh, handsome, well dressed women being usually there. I took the only vacant compartment, which held four usually, and six at a squeeze — and had scarcely begun supper, when a gentleman and lady came in, and after asking if the vacant seats were engaged by me, sat down; the man by my side, the lady opposite him.

She was a well grown, splendidly beautiful creature, hazel eyed, and chestnut haired, fresh as a rose, and seemingly about three and twenty years old. I detected in a minute that they had been quarrelling. — "Order what you like, I don't want any." — "There is nothing at home for you." — "I'm not going home." — "Where are you going?" — "To ****" — "Well, order me something." All was said in an undertone.

The lady kept looking at me to see if I noticed, and I at her. — He looked right across the room sulkily. — A waiter came, but he wouldn't order anything. — She ordered lobster and champagne, and ate heartily. — He refused all but kept on talking. She lost her temper and in an undertone: "What we have to say, we'd bet-ter say outside hadn't we, or not talk at all?" — "Shut up then" — he replied, turning and looking at me. I went on with my supper seemingly not noticing, but furtively looking at her — she often doing the same to me, as if to see if I noticed — and vexed she looked.

A finely dressed, handsome woman, then came in, and coolly took a seat opposite to me, and next to the lady. She expected some one, she told the waiter, and I immediately entered into conversation with her. Then the other lady going on eating and drinking, looked at me more openly, and I fancied pleasantly. Just then, "There is * * *," said he, and he rose. — "Don't go to him," said she. "What the devil do you mean by interfering with me?" and he walked across the room to a man, and stood conversing with him.

The lady seemed annoyed and hurt, tears rose in her eyes but she checked them, and looked at me. I smiled, so did she. — Then she looked well at the other woman, and again at me, and afterwards she scarcely took her eyes off of me. I began thinking what a lovely creature she must be undressed, and my prick tingled. Then staring her in the face, I thought of her thighs and cunt, whilst my prick began to swell, and I left off talking. She returned my passionate gaze, as I expect it was, and coloured up, dropped her eyes, and looked after him, but soon looked at me again. I love when I feel lewed upon a woman, to keep my eyes on her face, meet her eyes with mine if I can — and think of, and wonder about every part of her hidden charms from armpits to ankles. — How many times have I been delighted to hear virtuous ladies say,, — "Oh what are you staring at me for?"

What would they have said had I told them straight?

He came back surlier than ever. — "Haven't you finished?" — "No." — "Well I'm going then" — an-other short wrangle in an undertone and he rose. — "Well, pay for the supper. Shall I wait here till you come back?" — "No, there is some money if you have not any, expect me when you see me," and throwing a lot of gold on the table he left. She left immediately after him leaving the gold there, but in two or three minutes came back and resumed her seat and eating. Then I began talking to her. The dashing harlot seeing that, got up and left. I was glad, for I had begun to think that that free and easy damzel had seated her-self there hoping to hook me in for a supper, or for the night.

I ventured a remark about her being left alone so. She took it up at once. She didn't understand being treated so in a public room, but then dropped the subject, paid the waiter and rose to go. — "I wish I could see you home," said I. — She stared hard at me for a minute, shook her head, resumed her seat, and talked for a minute or two looking into my eyes. Then she again rose after looking at her watch — "Let me see you home" — she shook her head and went away slowly, saying "Good night." The waiter didn't know the lady he said when I paid him, and in two or three minutes after she had gone, I left, and found her standing in the lobby near the entrance door of the café.

"You're not gone." — "No I can't make up my mind what to do," said she angrily. — "You are so exquisitely lovely I shall dream of you, come with me." — She hesitated a moment. — "Is it far?" — "No close by." — "Be quick then." Thinking of my recent experience, — "Hadn't you better follow me, it's close by." — "Yes, perhaps so, but be quick." Then it occurred to me that I had scarcely any money, and hesitated and looked in my purse. — "I'm sorry," said I, "but I've very little money with me." "Pough," said she contemptuously. I scarcely knew whether she despised me, or the money, but she placed her hand on mine. "Follow me then." — Out I went, looking back to keep her in view, and see that she was not fooling me. In three minutes were in my favourite house.

"Every room's engaged sir," said the woman, "Will you wait in here?" — opening the door of the parlour where I had so often sat. "I won't stop," said my lady, but the door was closed, and we were alone, with the sofa and the bed in the alcove, on which I had years before often seen Hannah sleeping.

Again one of those ridiculous, unaccountable fits of timidity suddenly came over me. I had had a woman there on that very day, could I fuck now — will my prick be thought small? These ridiculous ideas came into my head, and to my horror I found my prick was shrinking. Alone with this splendid creature, I neither kissed her, not attempted any of those delicious familiarities, which I had been dying to take a quarter of an hour before. I neither sought to see her limbs, nor talked voluptuously, but I sat thinking my prick was small, in a sort of terror, tho to hide it, talked about the temper her husband had shewn. "Never mind him," said she impatiently, just as the maid told us a room was disengaged. The next moment we were in it.

I kissed her and put my hand up her clothes. "Wait a minute," said she, "I want to pee so." — "Take off your things." — "I can only take off my dress for I can't be here long." Bonnet, and dress went off, and she sat down and piddled. As she sat in beautiful linen, I saw little feet in exquisite shiny brown kid boots, covering white silk stockings, and my prick began to stiffen. "I want it badly," said she rising and drying her cunt with a towel.

Leaning against the bed I felt her cunt, still timid, and conscious that my prick about which I did nothing but think, was not ready for work, and in fact was inclined to shirk it. — As she surrendered her charms to my hand, and put her lips to mine her hand went down to my sex and she whispered, "Let me feel it." I trembled with nervousness, pulled it out, and in a miserable way. — "It's not very big" — feeling awfully agitated as I said it — She handled it with avidity. Al-tho bigger, it was by no means stiff, and she gave a little quiet laugh, which finished my discomfiture. — I stammered out that I had been stiff and longing for her all the time she had been supping. — "When did you do it last?" — "Today." — She at once let go of my tool and it shrunk up. — "I'd

better go," — said she.

Tho she laughed when she said it, I was in agony at seeming so impotent — at my disgrace. — "No, my darling, no, wait a minute and I shall be all right, let me look at your charms." At once she got on to the bed, I threw up her clothes, and saw as exquisite a sight of legs, thighs, belly, and cunt, as ever a woman disclosed. I kissed her flesh all over, raised up one thigh so as to kiss her cunt, and on its divine scent going up my nostrils. I buried my lips between its lips, and my prick having at once risen to full erection, I laid down beside her. She grasped it and laughed — "Why, you said it was small." Then joining tier tongue to mine, we lay a minute in bawdy fumbings, till she whispered, "Put it in." — With a slow thrust it went up her, and too soon after alas, tho longer at the work than usual, I had bedewed her lovely cunt with my sperm.

Laying together cock in cunt, she asked me if I really had had a woman that day. I told her the truth. — She laughed, saying, — "Oh you vagabond and to bring me here for the second." — "Come in a day or two again and you shall have the firsts."

She washed, then I prayed her to undress to let me see her naked and I'd do it again. — "Not you," said she. — But I praised her so much, and begged so earnestly, that at length she stood naked before me, and I found her one of the most perfect of women, in the very prime of womanhood. From neck to ankle, she was superb. I have rarely seen such full large breasts so firm as hers. The swell of her haunches from her thighs to her waist was exquisite.

"You strip," said she laughing. — In a minute I was naked. — "Oh! what smooth flesh," and she began to kiss my breasts, and feel my back, I kissing hers; and so we stood naked, kissing each other's flesh, and looking and praising each other's beauties, till she closed on me, grasped my prick gently, and it began to swell. Then my finger went on to her clitoris, and our mouths joined humidly, and silently. "I can do it again." — "Can you?" said she giving my prick a gentle squeeze. She got on to the bed, and then lying on the top of her naked. I put my prick up her and rested it in her sheath and so we talked, for tho stiff, my sperm was not ready. Twenty minutes had not passed, since I had spent. But she was impatient, her cunt clipped, and with a gentle movement of her lovely buttocks she moved my prick backwards and forwards in her vagina. A few thrusts of mine followed, and again we were quiet. Again her cunt clipped, and she sighed, looking at me with dilated eyes — "It isn't small, oh, go on." — Then fucking hard, again we sank into oblivion, in thrilling embraces. — In a minute or two afterwards, she asked who, and what the woman was I had had in the morning, and I told her. She dressed rapidly, she must get home. Should we meet again, where could I write to her? Nowhere. — But where could she write to me? — I gave her a post office. She refused me her name. She would sign herself Amelia if she wrote, and it would be yes, or no, no words more.

If she came she would dine, and in a private room of course. Then she was a little more communicative. Her husband was going that week and the following, to * * * races. — Perhaps he might wish her to go I said — "I dare say he will, but I'll serve him out for to night." Didn't I know some more quiet house than the one we were at. I said I did. Then I scarcely knowing how to act, and emptying my purse to let her see it. "I have only a sovereign, but it will pay you for your cab hire home." Laughing she gave my hand a gentle knock, and the money fell. — "Another time." — "Perhaps — but I must go, don't come with me, I'll go out first" — and off she went. Her beauty and the strangeness of the meeting with her excited me much, and I was in a fever of expectation. Two days afterwards I was in the Park sitting and looking at the equestrians, when I saw a woman on a fine horse. She so resembled the lady that I started, but thought I had made a mistake, and was deceived by the riding dress. Then I saw the same man riding by her side.

A stranger next me, I then asked, if he could tell me who the lady and gentleman were. — "Oh, that is Mrs. F***m**g, she was kept by Lord B***I*n, they quarrelled, and now she lives with Mr. F. They say he has married her — but women often say that, you know." — "Was she ever gay for I don't recollect ever seeing her about town." "I think not," he replied — I waited but saw her no more that day.

No letter came, and I concluded that she was a hot arsed, free and easy one, who disappointed with her man and heated with supper that night, determined to get her cunt lubricated by any one who pleased her, that I being in the way the chance fell upon me, and that perhaps she often slaked her cunt thirst in similar adventures. Yet there was nothing in her manner to indicate the harlot, tho there was voluptuousness in her face. Then it was evident her name was Elisa F***m**g — tho it was not the name I was to call her.

Vol. 5 Chapter XX

At * * * * * Hotel. • Before dinner. • Her hidden beau-ties. • Reptitions after dinner. • Intervening amusements. • "Are you rich?" • She mounts me. • Subsequent assignations. • Her letch. • About Jemima mounting me. • Her disgust. • Her protector. • Her beautiful form. • She leaves London. • I go to Paris.

On the day before the appointed one, there however at the post office was a letter for me with "Yes," in it. — I took two rooms at the * * * * * Hotel and slept there that night. Next day to a minute she was at K*****b*****e. A female arm waved out of a cab (the arranged signal. At once I got a cab which drew up some distance from hers, she got out, dismissed her cab and walked to mine, and at six o'clock on a hot afternoon, the sun shining brilliantly, we were at the hotel. She wished it had been a smaller hote, fearing she might be seen by some one when alighting. To my disappointment, she said it was utterly impossible to stay the night with me.

I had ordered dinner at half past six, to give a margin of time and a blind. — "Oh what a time to wait, let's kiss at once." — "No — wait till we have dined" — but I could not wait for a look and feel of her secret charms. — AM the effect that the male fingers produce on the woman, when they twiddle that sensitive little red protuberance at the upper end of her cunt, a part so easily reached by the finger, so impossible to get it out of its reach, and so placed that man can always incite the woman to his will, and the great plan of propagation be unchecked. — She was soon yearning for my prick, but still resisted — "Not before dinner — pull down the blinds then." — "No love, let me see all, I must, I will" — gently pushing her back on the bed, I lifted her petticoats on to her belly, and stood gloating in ecstasy on the exquisite spectacle her semi nakedness displayed.

The strong summer evening light fell on her belly, and shot its gleams thro the crisp chestnut hair of her motte on to the flesh beneath, searching out the crimson line between the soft crisp haired lips and the furrow below, where her lovely big creamy buttocks pinched together, and hid the other round orifice in a brown darkness. I fell on my knees in rapturous delight, kissing, smelling, admiring and extolling it, — pushing the thighs wide apart, opening it, puting my finger gently in, pushing one leg up — peeping at her bum hole — smoothing her fleshy thighs, and the lovely limbs below, which were clad in the loveliest silk.

Then I went to the distance and contemplated the voluptuous picture — and freeing my throbbing prick from my trowsers, approached her again, impetuous with prick throbbing, and sperm well nigh ejaculating. — She rose up and laid hold of my tool. — "You haven't done it to a woman today" — and she laughed. — "No my love nor since I saw you last, all's kept for you. — But have you poked?" — "Never you mind, let's wait till after dinner, and I can get my things off." — "I shall spend, I must now," and I grappled with her, when knock, knock, knock. "Who't that?" — "Hot water air," said the chambermaid. — "Damn her," said I. She got up, I took in the hot water, which we didn't want. — She went into the sitting room, I almost pulled her into the bedroom again. — But her lust was strong on her, I threw her on to the bed, and lifting up her thighs over my arms, fucked her right off. What a spend. — "Oh you've filled me, give me a towel," said she laying still as I withdrew my prick. I did, she wiped her cunt, then washed it, and with lust abated for the time, and soothed, and charmed with each other for the pleasure we had mutually given each, we sat

down, and dined as quickly as we could, for we both had come for fucking.

Directly after dinner we went to the bedroom — stripped to shirt and chemise, and fucked again. — She was a lovely partner in amorous delights. — With what pleasure I laid by the side of the sweet creature, whilst her cunt reeked with my sperm, and we smoothed each other's genitals, and talked sensually, as well as about each other. — Curiosity about each other is inevitable between a man and woman so placed.

I love a woman who when laying by the side of me, never takes away her hand from my prick, unless for a momentary feel else where. The gentle restless movement of a soft little hand all about the prober, at one time soothing, at other times exciting, is exquisite. She was one of that sort.. After one of our pleasures, she put her head over mine, kissed me, and said in a low tone, "Are you rich?" I felt as if I had been stung, and told her frankly all about my means and condition — "Why do you ask me that?" — "I thought you were that is all," — but the question made me thoughtful, and destroyed my pleasure.

She saw that. "I've made you dull — never mind, what harm was there in asking?" — "None, you know the truth, but if you want a little money I'll give you some." — She replied that a little money was of not much use to her, as long as she was with her protector. -- "Don't you like him?" — "I don't dislike him, but I'd like to live with a man I could love." — I got no more out of her, we got very spooney, and my prick began again to rise as she felt it. Then she put one leg quite over mine, and soon after with a quiet laugh moved her whole body on to me. The lasciviousness delighted me. It's a long time since a woman has mounted me so, excepting at a bawdy house at Paris. I lay feeling all over her lovely buttocks so easily got at when a woman is laying arse upwards whilst she gave me billing kisses with lips and tongue, in silence. How exquisite were the sensuous thoughts which coursed through my brain at this moment.

"Shall I do it to you?" - "If you can make me rise love but you can't." - Putting her hand down between our bellies, she gently grasped my flagging, well worked tool, and brought its tip to her cunt, against which she gently rubbed it. Gradually it swelled, larger and larger, till at last its head entered the orifice, and with a gentle movement of her buttocks the next instant was quite up her cunt. "There," said she with a sigh of voluptuous satisfaction, and she lay quietly with my pego up her. Then her cunt squeezed gently, but in no hurry to finish, it only gripped at intervals, and kept up the lewed sensation in the sensitive tip, that sensation of increasing lust and power, which is so exquisite, and again we were quiet — her tongue gently meeting mine, then a kiss, then tongue again. What lewed thoughts were in her mind I wonder? Was she like me absorbed in the de- light of feeling my prick in her, whilst my hand smoothed excitedly over her lovely large ivory buttocks.

Nature will not have this quiet voluptuousness too much prolonged. Soon her belly began to heave gently, her bum to rise and fall, as she worked my prick up and down in her cunt, clasping my bum hard tonguing me sweetly as she did so, whilst I, deprived of my force, could only heave up my belly feebly to meet hers, till another pleasure left us tranquil in our delight.

As soon as our bodies uncoupled, her question again rose poisonously in my mind — and I spoke of it. — She evaded for a long time, and at length owned that she thought we could live together happily. But of what use without plenty of money. She didn't dislike her man, but couldn't love him, she never should. — It was a funny thing to her, how likings and dislikings arose. She liked me almost directly she saw me, and was now sure she should love me if we were together — but from what I told her that was impossible for two reasons, both equally important. If she lived with a man, he must be in the house with her, and go about with her. If he could not do that (and she saw that I could not) no good could come of it. She would not be kept and visited only. — She'd rather be free to do as she liked. — During all this talk, we lay side by side on the bed nearly naked, on the hot summer's night, prick in hand and hand on cunt, with that never ceasing gentle movement, which a couple amorous of each other give when feeling each other.

Then I told about seeing her in the park. She told me her name, and address, but with an injunction

never to write her, nor go to see her, I should injure her if I did. Lingering with me to the last moment we parted. Again I had her, and again; meeting at various quiet hotels and accommodation houses about every three days. If ever a woman met a man for fucking she did. She was intensely loving in her manners to me, sensuous, voluptuous, meretricious in a high degree, but did not seem to care about lewd words or talk. She would lay silently with eyes closed, one arm under my neck, at intervals pressing her lips to mine, and putting her tongue to them, all the while feeling my prick from tip to bum-hole. — When it got stiff, she transferred her hand to my flesh, or quietly and softly grasped my balls till the stiffness partially subsided, and then felt the stem again. She seemed in no hurry to fuck after the first two couplings, but rather to delight in delay, and thinking about sexual pleasures, whilst my hand roved all over her lovely flesh, but mainly between her thighs on that adorable notch.

If she had a special latch it was to mount me. — Few women care about doing that more than once or so. — She repeated it at each meeting. — "Oh my love I wish there was a looking glass so that I could see your lovely bum," I said one day when she had impaled herself on the top of me. — "Ah you have been to a French bawdy house, I have heard of them, you naughty man." For three or four years it seems to me (I can-not be exact), no woman had mounted and fucked me. — Why the caprice of putting that little bit of a girl, Jemmy Smith, on the top of me to do it? I never can answer to myself such questions, but I told her the story as she was mounting me one afternoon. — "You beast, do you mean to say you put a child like that to do it to you?" — and she got off me. — I told her the truth — she sulked, and would not do it that way to me herself again — but we fucked ourselves out in more old fashioned ways.

She talked freely about herself and men, said she had never been gay, but certainly had had more than one lover. - "Don't ask any more questions, you know quite enough, too much — you can't keep me, I wish you could and I'd leave him to-morrow, tho he says he will marry me" — and that brought our acquaintance to an end. — Her man was fond of horses and racing, was a gentleman, they were going to Goodwood, and to other races before that, and would leave town soon, she with him. — "I dare say we shall meet again some where." — "I hope so, but perhaps not" — she replied.

I had never given her any money. Our acquaintance altho apparently only made for carnal delight and assuagement, seemed to be taking an affectionate spooney tone. When she left, I could not part without giving her something — and I gave her at her wish, a hand-some, big, gold bracelet made in a peculiar manner and very fashionable then. She put it on her arm when with me, and I fucked her with it on. She hugged me, and put her tongue to mine for ten minutes in silence, before we parted, and she went away wiping tears from her eyes. I felt very dull.

Curiosity took me to her house — which I found to be a large one at K**s***t*n. — She went by his name there, and they lived in an expensive manner.

She was a lovely creature, tallish, with dark hazel eyes and dark brown hair, and exquisite teeth, had big haunches and an unusually small waist. Her form looked exquisite as I fucked her dog fashion, and whilst her bum was close to my belly, the gentle swell out of the buttocks from her waist and its outwards swell afterwards towards her breasts and armpits, as she bent naked over the bed, made the most exquisitely voluptuous spectacle.

This month or six weeks amusement was very pleasurable and healthful to me. Directly afterwards I went abroad, intending to spend some time there and much of it in Switzerland again, — but I did not carry out my intentions. I went straight to Paris — where I had again great luck in key holes — and the spectacle of amorous games. — It never rains but it pours. — After that a long time elapsed before I had any such luck again, tho at intervals I tried my best to gratify my eyesight.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME