

Vol. 7 Chapter I

Gertrude's history continued. • Lusts roused. • The sister's confidences. • The wounded Captain. • Gertrude's nursing. • Antonio's greed. • Margarettta's moral views. • The Captain's lust. • The price of the watch. • Gertrude reckless. • The Captain's exhibition. • Success by the bedside. • Margarettta with child. • Gertrude and Captain at Paris. • Her disappointment. • Her love for me. • Our secret meetings. • The Captain's sodomitic wishes. • They separate. • She marries. • His death. • Her fine qualities. • Of my treachery.

Next day the battle of Solferino was fought. Every hotel and house in the town was filled with the wounded French, most of the Austrians were taken elsewhere. Every body was compelled to help the wounded. — Gertrude, a strong, big woman, was glad to get an employment at the largest hotel, in which most of the French officers wounded were placed. — Her future pseudo husband with a wounded leg was among them; and it fell to her lot to attend to him in some degree when his soldier servant was not there.

So as to make room for worse cases (the hospital headquarters were in the hotel), the Captain, like others, was moved to a private house. He had money, he liked her attention to him, and for money she went to attend him there. One day, when better, he threw his arms round her, kissed her, and said he wished she was his wife. Soon after he let his clothes be so disarranged that she saw his cock standing stiff as he lay, and either was, or shammed being, asleep. — She looked at his cock attentively and felt a liking for him. The cock evoked her lust, and she went to her room and friggd herself.

Both sisters never mentioned to any person the shagging the soldiers had given them, but it had a very stimulating effect on both. — Margarettta, it seems, had never referred to Gertrude's escapade with her lover at Strasbourg, nor talked about marriage pleasures, nor seemingly, as I made out in my many conversations with Gertrude, done or said anything to make Gertrude long for a cock to be put up her. She wanted evidently to stop sexual aspirations, to keep her steady, and get her married as soon as possible. — Gertrude told me that she herself was late in her monthlies coming on, and had no great longings for a male, and had not friggd herself till seventeen or eighteen years old. — She had spent with her lover at Strasbourg, and she pined after him, but it was for him rather than for fucking.

An Italian was at this time paying attentions to Gertrude, of what are called an honorable sort. But she never thought of his fucking her, and no man had laid hands on her ankles even, still less touched her quim, since her Strasbourg lover, till the soldiers did. — That shock to her nervous system set her and her sister eternally talking about fucking. The very night of the affair, tho half dead with fright and fatigue, the excitement and irritation of her cunt and brain was such that she friggd herself. There was such difficulty in getting accommodations in the overcrowded town, which they could pay for, that the whole family slept on the floor in one room. Her brain would not let her sleep, fucking was on her brain. The old man and children alone slept soundly, she laid as if asleep, in hopes Antonio would stroke her sister. — Margarettta had told her that she also felt need to be fucked again. — Antonio had been out all next day to see about his affairs, the two women talked about fucking all day, and about the soldiers' pricks and spunk. They compared their experiences, and at last friggd themselves before each other. — Margarettta told Gertrude what sort of prick Antonio had, and how often he fucked, and Gertrude told Margarettta, how her lover first got into her. There was at last complete confidences about sexual matters between them. — Lewedness had taken possession of them, and it's not to be wondered at.

The next night all huddled together, Margarettta let Antonio shag her. — She knew Gertrude close

by was feigning to sleep, for the two women had so arranged it between themselves. — Antonio had hesitated for fear Gertrude should awake. — "Hush — no" — he said. But his wife, his cock in her hand, mused it up till he eased it in her. — Gertrude friggd herself — Margaretta imagined to herself a soldier doing it to her whilst Antonio operated. Gertrude's masturbations were accompanied by similar thoughts, about the many cocks which had plugged her cunt. — Working and attending to the wounded, then separated the two much after that night, but they talked of the soldiers when-ever they met. Some time after, Margaretta was ashamed of having let Gertrude know about her husband's fuckings. — Gertrude ceased to frig herself much, but now looked on men with different eyes, and desired to have one at her cunt, instead of her fingers. She wished she was married, for Margaretta had disclosed everything, even to the size and look of her husband's cock — the reserve which Margaretta formerly had maintained on such topics, for fear of encouraging lewedness in her sister, was gone for ever.

The sight of the Captain's doodle stimulated Gertrude's want of a male. — Soon he kissed her again, she kissed him, and a circumstance brought things to a crisis about two months after the battle. The Captain could then move about with crutches in his room, but could not get his trowsers on.

Antonio's house, barns, and stores were burnt, and he was nearly ruined, like hundreds of other peasant farmers. He had some money, but was not spending it. The Austrian officers had promised to pay for the things they had taken, and there was compensation to come — but they could not be realizable till the end of the war. — He and his wife worked in all sorts of ways to get money. His object was to get back to his farm, and make the place habitable again. A good opportunity then offered, but money was needed, and then her sister reminded Gertrude of her watch, chain, and money. — She agreed to sell it and lend the proceeds privately to Margaretta, but how to sell it was the difficulty. They went to a Jew, who offered something ridiculously small, and told them he knew that they had stolen it, and would tell the police. — "Ask the Captain to sell it — or buy it of you" — said Margaretta. "He is fond of you."

Another difficulty arose. What would Antonio think about Gertrude having the money? — "Say the Captain gave it you for nursing him," said Margaretta. — "No," said Gertrude, — "Antonio will think I've been letting him do it to me." — "What if he does?" — said the other. — Now she had never told her husband that her sister Gertrude had been poked by her lover at Strasbourg, and sent quietly to them on account of that; having a fear perhaps that, if he knew it, he might fancy a poke in the same hole himself. — Gertrude refused, but the sister became so pressing, said how kind they had been to her, what a help it would be to them all if Antonio could only get back and pay for roofing their cottage (the walls were standing) and they could start again, that she prevailed on Gertrude to try to sell it to him.

Gertrude asked the Captain if he would sell the things for her. — "Mon dieu," said he, "they are worth 1500 francs." — She was staggered — thinking them not worth a quarter of the money. — The Jew had offered her 100 francs. — Who gave it her? — Her lover before he joined his regiment. — The Captain at once said she was lying. — "He must have been a gentleman, and well off then, for there are armorial bearings on it — and the watch is of German make — why the watch alone would have bought your lover off the conscription." — She stuck to it that it was all true.

—"La, la, la, I see it. Your lover kept you and gave you it — now wasn't you his mistress?" — in vain she denied it. — "You come and live with me," said he.

—"We'll go to Paris, and be so happy" and then he began to talk bawdy — which he had never done before.

She in tears and agitation went to her sister and told her all. — Said the sister, who did not seem now to care about anything so long as they got the money to enable them to go back to the farm, — "Why not? you can't do better." — "Then I shan't marry Pietro." — "Well, he's only a little farmer — and you'll have as much money in a week with the Captain as Pietro will give you in a year." — Gertrude revolted at this advice, the sisters had a row, and parted, Margaretta finishing by

saying that Pietro could not marry till his father died, which might be years hence, and that if Gertrude liked to wait years for her fucking, she might — and more fool she.

But it was such a fortune to them just then, those 1500 francs or even half that sum, that her sister was at her about it soon again nearly every day. — Once she said she would tell her husband if she did not get the money. — Then Gertrude said she would tell him all about the soldiers having tailed his wife. But it never was told him, they were both too wise for that.

She determined not to accept the Captain's offer, and for a week resisted. The leg of the Captain got better, and he was incessantly worrying her to be his mistress. He would take her thro Italy and give her no end of pleasures. At last he said, if she would sleep with him one night only he would give her half his estimate of the value, and the other half for a second night. — She resented it with affectation of modesty, but the offer upset her very much. — The offer of sleeping with her made her long for the male, she told me frankly.

There had been another wounded officer in the house. The mistress with an old servant attended to him, and in fact all three helped both of the two wounded men. — There was only opportunity of a brief kind for the Captain to tail Gertrude in the day, for the House Lady was, or affected to be, prudish, and said that Gertrude might not to be assisting the Captain alone, and was constantly in the room with her. The other officer then left, sufficiently cured. — The mistress' husband was out all day, and their one servant was also out one day — the Captain was moving about the room with crutches, but had no trowsers on, and a great dressing gown covered him.

Gertrude was with him, and he renewed his offer of money. — She had a lewedness on her that day, she supposed, her cunt was yearning for copulation, and his talk put the soldiers into her head. He caught hold of her as she passed him, — he was sitting at the edge of the bed — and kissed her, held her tight, and talked downright boudiness. She boxed his ears, and then he talked worse. His crutches slipped down on to the floor as he tried to get his hand up her clothes. — She struggled, but was frightened to make a noise, as he touched her cunt. (Ah, those male fingers, how few women can say nay when they have rubbed the clitoris for a minute.) He opened his dressing gown and pulled up her clothes, his cock was stiff, but he could not achieve his end, for he could not move excepting on the bed without assistance. — She was dying for a fuck, but got away from him. — Then he sat at the edge of the bed, holding his cock, began to cry, asked her to pity him, and said he would buy the watch and chain at once if she would. — She refused still, but helped him on to the bed. When there, he got his arms tightly round her, and pulled her up on to it. (She did not need pulling for she wanted it badly) then freely she opened her thighs and let him fuck her. — I'll bet there was lots of spunk on her thighs when she got off that bed. Thus she tasted cock again, was twenty-one years of age, big, healthy, and needed fucking, and she laughed when she told me that as soon as he had finished she went down stairs, saw the landlady as a blind, and then quickly went back to him, and when he begged her to go to him, she went without demur. He fucked her that and the following day as much as he could, and less than she wanted. She helped him with his wounded leg on to her. "I didn't care," — she said — "I was longing for him to begin again as soon as he'd finished, tho I didn't tell him so, but made him beg and pray me a little." — Then the old servant with whom Gertrude worked was away one night, and Gertrude went to the Captain's room and slept with him, risking the landlady catching her. It was her first, full, naked, flesh pleasure. — He kept his promise and gave her 1000 francs, and afterwards 500 francs more, which sum he actually sold the things for. She didn't tell her sister what had taken place till the Captain was well enough to move off. Then she lent her brother-in-law the money, saying that her intended husband had given it to her.

Margaretta then, in excess of gratitude, told her in confidence that she was in family way by one of the soldiers. That she felt sure of it at the time, from some sensations she experienced when she spent with him.

—She had denied before that she had had pleasure. It was not fancy, and that night she was anxious to get Antonio to do it to her, so that when the child came there might be no doubt about parentage.

(An old dodge this, I have had women who played that game.)

—"If ever you tell your husband anything about me and the soldiers, I'll tell him the child is not his," said Gertrude — Margareta said she should not be such a fool. Soon after Gertrude and the Captain left.

She was happy enough with him, tho disappointed that he had not married her, till he took to drinking. He always insisted that she had had a rich lover who gave her the watch, or that she had stolen it. — That he said once or twice when they had words. — One night, in bed, they had had friends and were jolly and randy, she was fool enough, under a pledge of secrecy, to tell him the facts about the soldiers. It astonished him, and he always was for a time talking about it to her. — Then, when drunk, she was sure he had told one at least of their friends. They had had frequent rows about it, and she had threatened him that if ever he told it to a man and she knew it, that she would let that man have her. — That occurred a few months before I knew them. — She had asked him if he had told me. He denied it, but confessed he had told that he had heard of a woman having been ravished by soldiers. — That was nothing, he said, in war. — The French soldiers often did it. He had heard of cases where they had both fucked, and bugged as well, a mother, and a whole family of girls before their mother's eyes. — It was fair in war, some thought.

This history, not a word of which I disbelieve, was not of course told me in the consecutive way I have narrated it — I never knew a woman who would or could tell straight off, intelligibly, all about her first fucking, or any fucking affair. First the broad facts were told me, then the little incidents as I questioned her from time to time. It was first told me on the Sunday, when I stayed the two days and nights in his absence, and we lay naked in each other's arms, kissing and feeling and fucking, and talking over this story, till I knew it by heart. Many a time after, when we met, I questioned her and stirred up our lust by talking over the incidents.

Afterwards, she told me about her first poking by her lover (an ordinary commonplace affair) and all her feelings and thoughts about copulation. — She would tell me what passed thro her mind when I was poking her, for she was frank and open, and I soon reasoned her out of the idea of there being any shame or disgrace in our voluptuous pleasures, or in talking about them, or disclosing frankly what we thought, how-ever lascivious it might be. — I came to the conclusion that she had not been a woman of ardent temperament until she was about twenty — I think I have known that to be the case with some women of high susceptibility, who only became voluptuous when full grown, and their passions were fully evoked by the male. — But women are so cunning, so taught early to hide all their thoughts and feelings about sexual affairs, that I may have been wrong in the opinion I formed. They are so damned cunning about their cunts, and their prick hunger — are women.

My liaison lasted with her many months, during which time I was tolerably faithful to her when at Paris. — Not when away, for I had Amelia German and others. The difficulty of getting at her gave a zest to my pleasures. I could not often call when he was out, for it might have got to his ears through the concierge. The difficulty with her servant was more easily got over, for I arranged to go to her when the servant was out, but the concierge, who watched every one who went in the house, might at any time have told the Captain that I was a frequent visitor. To have attempted to tip him might have put him on the scent. — I was living at a hotel, and she used to come to my room in the day time, — stop an hour, get her cunt basted, and go. — When I thought it would be remarked — I moved to another floor and part of the hotel, on pretext of not liking the room — and so had a different set of servants.

Then I changed my hotel to avoid suspicion, and at length took lodgings where they were not particular. There we used to go to bed and enjoy ourselves fully, two or three times a week. — I liked her embraces very much and used to love looking at her cunt, which was remarkably small and pretty and had the crisp close, curly hair on it I so much admire — her breasts were large but wonderfully firm, and sucking her nipples would make her randy in no time. — She could make herself lewed by pressing or playing with her own nipples — she once told me. — We are many of us strange in our ways of rousing our lusts, and I used to lay kissing and sucking them, and rubbing

my hand open flat over the whole of her cunt with my finger just up it — pressing and rubbing hard the clitoris with the palm. Then she would tell me anything, everything, answer every question of detail of her military fucking I could suggest, and bring to her mind incidents she had not mentioned.

She grew fond of me and begged me to keep her. She had never much liked her man. — The money, her sister's advice, and her own lust, she admitted, had made her let him have her. — Tho he was very kind, she didn't like his habits, and his drunkenness made him at times a beast. When he was drunk, he used to fart all night to an extent that disgusted her, and she used to leave the bed and lay on the sofa. — He would not marry her, which he had solemnly promised to do — and he now wanted to sodomize her — which she resisted. — Of course I had only her word for this — I wanted to go back to England and could not keep her. — We had a scene. — She did not upbraid me, nor say anything offensive — she only wept bitterly at her loving me without return. — Then she said she would keep with him, if I would only go and see her once a month. — That was impossible. — Then she declared she would go home to her parents.

I went to England, and soon longed for her so that in a month I went back, and for a fortnight or so we had a jolly time. She wrote to me on my return to England as she had promised. — From her, and from him after-wards, I learned the result. She left him. He behaved very handsomely to her for a Frenchman, and she went home to her father. — Two or three years after that she married, or so he told me. — His drunkenness ended in his losing his appointment, but he was a man of some property, went to live near his relatives at Chalons, and I lost sight of him.

To omit nothing. — She told me that her sister's child had blue eyes and light hair — As Antonio, his family, and Margareta and her family, were all dark eyed and haired, this caused astonishment. — Only the two sisters knew that it was German sperm which had caused that. — Antonio prospered, but Gertrude could not get the money back she had lent him. — She wrote by my advice to her sister, saying she would, unless she were paid, tell how the child came to have blue eyes. That brought a return threat, — but it also brought some of the money and promise of the remainder. — Gertrude whose monthlies were, I think, regular, and who never had an ailment of any sort, did not get in the family way by any of the pricks she had up her, including mine.

So ended my acquaintance with one of the most charming women I ever had. — One beautiful when dressed and beautiful in bed, with a lovely cunt, and who was a lovely fuckster. — She was a careful manager, a good cook, fond of her home, and had every quality a woman needs to make a home happy. — I doubt most women's words on fucking subjects, for when a woman has had two or three men — a fresh bit of meat up her cunt, put in on the sly, and with or with-out the chance of a present, is a treat few can refuse themselves. — A knowledge that another prick has rubbed up her lends an additional charm to and fills a woman's impressible mind with voluptuous images and sensuous delight and adds to the pleasure when the regular legitimate prick is working its way. I firmly believed that I knew of every male Gertrude had had up to that time.

There was one drawback, — I never could bear to be shaking hands with him, when I knew I was tailing his woman behind his back, it was treachery. I felt it then, and do so still. I have not always felt so in similar cases (why in some and not in others I know not. This is a plain narrative of facts, not a psychological analysis.)

Vol. 7 Chapter II

At Aldershot. • The postage stamp. • The Major's mistress. • The Railway carriage. • Carnal hints. • Carnal practice. • A pretty foot. • At the garters. • Head near tail. • A seductive priapus. • Upon the floor. • Upon the seat. • After dinner. • The Major's tool. The lady's vulva. • A screaming gamahuche. • Good bye. • Madeline the milliner. • My amatory career. • The sexual law. • The Crystal Palace. • After the dinner. • A brooch and garters. • A thigh recipient. • Overflowing testicles.

In the month of * * * * I had been at Aldershot to visit a friend. He came back with me to the railway station and left me there, the train to London had not arrived. — When it did, and just as I was about to enter a carriage, a tall, dark-eyed, handsome, and elegantly dressed young woman came up in haste and asked for a postage stamp of the guard. He said he could not get one, there was no time to go to the station master. The train was a quarter of an hour behind time. "Oh! do, pray, it's most important," said she. — "I'll put it in the box Ma'am without a stamp." — "Oh-no." — At the instant I pulled out my pocket book and took out a stamp. "Here's one, give me the letter." She handed it to me, and I put on the stamp. "Wait, guard, a second only," — and I rushed to the station master who just then appeared, and gave it him, turned back, saw the lady looking anxiously out of a first class carriage, jumped in to it with her, winking at the guard, who locked the door, and almost before I was seated, the train went off. It was an express to Waterloo.

The lady said she was deeply indebted to me and explained, as if in apology, why it was so important the letter should go off that night. Of course we got into conversation, and confidence beget confidence. — She had been to see Major * * * * of the * * * * * regiment by arrangement, and on arriving there found he had gone away. A telegram had sent him off to his mother who was dangerously ill — "Here is his letter," said she, and I read it. It was in very affectionate terms, and signed — "John."

Then I found out, tho she did not admit it in those words, that the Major kept her — I am too old a bird to believe all a woman tells me, but her tale seemed probable. Not that she volunteered much, but in talking it all came out; and I in return let her know some-thing about myself, and the reason of my being at the camp.

Gradually I ascertained that she had not seen the Major for a fortnight. His regiment had moved from ***** to Aldershot recently, and whilst arranging for moving, it was useless for her to have visited him. He liked all to be quiet when she went there, he objected to his brother officers knowing too much about her, and he did not know where his quarters for a night would be, and so it was impossible for him to get to town to her. — All was I knew quite in the order of things, when a regiment was changing quarters. It taught me at the same time that this fine young creature, who didn't look more than three and twenty, must have been without a prick for a fortnight, unless she had had one that did not belong to the Major; and therefore must want that article badly, unless she had friggged herself vigorously or been licked by her maid, if she had a faithful fanatic at such amusements. — But I did not reason with myself much on the detail. — A fort-night without a lover, was enough to make me know she then must want a poke. I came to that conclusion before I had been in the carriage ten minutes.

The sensual fire which always seems smoldering in my balls then began to bum brightly. I had sat opposite to her, looking at her; now I moved to her side, saying that I didn't like the wind in my face. Leaning on the arm which divided the seats, our faces were now closer together, and our breaths mingled. She had turned towards me, as I had towards her. But there was no desire in her eyes. — They were a dark pair, bright, but quiet looking. — I noticed that she was thin, had but slight signs of breasts and not much of back-side. — Those two exquisite parts of a woman that I

love to see full and round, and feel solid and smooth. She didn't seem my sort at all in form, but her face was lovely. Then I noticed that her foot looked thin and narrow, tho not very small, and was in a natty boot, and she had a little hand. Altogether she seemed a sweet and pleasing variety of the sex, and as I thought of her part by part, my cock swelled slightly.

"You miss the Major — you expected a husband and must remain a widow," — said I, delicately feeling my way — "I wanted to see him of course." — "Of course, and it's hard to be disappointed as you meant to stop all night." — "Yes, and had brought my things, but only to stop two days," — and she pointed to a small valise, which had been put on the netting above us. — "It's only a change, for he expected to come back to London with me." — "To where?" said I. — Smiling, she replied, "To our house." — "Let me go to the house with you, he won't be there." — "Oh, I dare not, what a proposal." — But I saw a voluptuous smile in her face. "Let's make this a house" — I was getting warmer. — "What a house," said she, turning her eyes away, and I saw she understood me. — "A railway carriage isn't much like a house." — "Or a bed, but I've used one as both before now." She laughed heartily. — (Neither sleeping cars, nor any convenience for night travelling then existed on any railway in England.)

She turned the conversation to theatres, but soon I got it to the amatory tone again — asked what she'd do sleeping alone, and got the usual evasive replies which a woman knows how to give when she doesn't want you to see that she understands you. But all my questions and suggestions were to the bed and male society, for I know the subject heats a cunt that has been once fucked. — I played with her hand and buttoned her glove. — She let me do all that. — Then risking it, as lewed intentions made me bolder, "You must give me a kiss for my postage stamp." — "No thank you, not for a penny." — "You'd have given me fifty sooner than have lost the post." — "That I would," and she laughed. — "Then I'll have them now," and putting my hand round her, I pulled her to me and kissed her half a dozen times; there was but little difficulty in doing it. — "Now you kiss one of the fifty." — "No thank you." — Then I asked her to dine with me. As she wasn't expected home, there would be no dinner there. — No, but she should get some tea and make it do.

I got as close to her as the arm between the seats (a fixture) allowed. — My leg met hers, and she didn't move it away. Carelessly I laid my hand on her knee, and, pinching up a bit of the silk dress, admired it. — A minute after. — "You garter below knee," I said, determined to see how far I could go, for three quarters of an hour would take us to London, and there was no time to lose. — "That I don't, I garter above knee, how rude you are." — "My God! I feel rude, and can scarcely sit still," — and, again taking the seat opposite to her, praised her foot and boot, and asked who her bootmaker was. — "I shan't tell you." — "Well, let me look at your foot, it's a slim and pretty one." — Up she put it on the seat by the side of me. — I felt it, pinched the ankle, and as she didn't flinch, rapidly ran my hand up to her knee, felt the garter, and just the flesh beyond, before she put her foot down.

She was angry, I was taking a mean advantage — I apologized, I could not help it. — "Your beauty has put me in such a state of desire that I'm in actual pain for want of you — how smooth your flesh is — and you do, I find, garter above knee" — and much more. To all she made no reply, but kept first looking out of the window, then at me, and so on.

Again I asked her to dine with me — would she give me her address. — "I won't, I dare not. — It would do you no good, and it might do me harm."

There was something in her manner which for the moment kept me at a distance from her. — But soon I went on quietly again, talking of the officers in camp who had their mistresses there, and told of one who made such a noise when with his lady, — "Embracing her in bed, you know," — (I perceived that she knew well what I meant) that several heard him outside the hut, and chaffed him about it at mess. — Something of that sort had been told me, and I exaggerated it, and at intervals I felt my ballocks outside my trowsers, looking her in the face, till she turned her head to the window and smiled at my remarks. I knew that she guessed the condition of my pego, that some of her smile was at that, and felt sure that lust was stirred in her. Now every second she looked at me, and then

out of the window, then at me again, and I saw in her eyes voluptuous wants.

Then I seated myself again by her side. I soon clutched her to me and kissed her and said I was madly in love with her. — "It's your fault — my God, what a state you've put me in! — Show me your lovely foot again." — Coquettishly she put one foot on the opposite seat, I stooped, and had my hands on her thighs in a second. She crossed them catching my hand between them, but it was embedded in the hair. — I had not only broken ice but gone clean thro it, and went on trying to force my hand further. "My darling, let me feel your cunt, only for a minute, let me feel it, just feel it, and I'll take away my hand."

"You shan't, I'll get out at the next station — Oho — ho — you — shan't" — she cried as I threw myself on my knees, lifted her petticoats, and got my face on her thighs. Tho she resisted, my lust now unbridled made me strong. — Violently I got her thighs apart, my head between them, my nose on her motte, my lips near her clitoris. I could not get my mouth lower, but smelt the stimulating smell of a nice cunt that was yearning for a fuck — I am sure that the cuntal aroma in the sweetest women, intensifies, gets ranker even, when want of the male is on her. I cried, "I can smell your cunt, it's delicious, open your thighs, let me kiss it, do, love." I tried to pull her forward, but did not succeed, but I kept my head on her thighs and motte for some minutes, feeling round her buttocks, talking lewdness under her petticoats, till she ceased striving against me.

My head still where it was, I pulled out my prick, and rubbed it hard against her calf. "What am I rubbing against your leg? — Oh, let me have you." — "Get up, get up now — don't be foolish — Oh! if the guard should come. — I'll call out for the guard."

Up I got recklessly lewed, and sat down; my prick standing up stiff in front of her. Her eyes were humid and she stared hard at me. — "Oh, take care, here we are at the station." The train just then slackened pace, and seemed as if going to stop. "Oh! how you frightened me, suppose it had stopped. — What should I have done? — how foolish you are." — "I'll put it bye if you'll feel it, — feel it," said I. — Taking her gloved hand, I put it round it. How smooth the kid felt to my sensitive rammer.

Soon her glove was off and she was feeling it with her naked hand; whilst my fingers were rubbing between the lips of her cunt, and how moist it was — I pulled her to me and kissed her. "Let me have you, let us fuck, love." — "I won't, how can you talk so, we can't here. — Now leave me alone. — Oho — don't — do leave off. — We shall be seen." — We whisked past a station. "Oh, if my husband knew, I should be ruined for life. — Oh — I will dine with you then, and you shall after dinner. — I can't take you home, I daren't tell you where I live. — Oh! — I will after dinner — oh — now," — and her backside and thighs moved with that uneasy yet voluptuous movement, that restless, wriggling of belly, buttocks, and cunt that a woman can't help giving when a man is frigging her and the luscious sensation of complete lewdness, and the want of fucking, are coursing through her body.

I thought she might give me the slip at the station, and my chance would be lost. — I saw victory before me now and frigged on. — "We'll fuck now, love, all's safe here." I rose up standing before her, my prick al-most touching her face, as she sat with her eyes fixed on it, whilst I begged her. — "I won't, — I can't lie down on the floor." — "Take off your bonnet then and sit where you are." She did. — I put cushion after cushion on the floor, to bring myself to a convenient height, then, kneeling down, I opened her thighs, threw up her petticoats, and, gently pulling her forward till her cunt was well away from the edge of the seat, and she was leaning back, I inserted my prick. Altho the angle at which it stood, and that of her cunt was not quite favorable, it glided up deliciously and plugged her to my balls. — Then, putting my arms under her thighs, I fucked her. — We looked in each other's faces till our eyes closed in the swooning pleasure of the crisis my prick gushed out its sperm, her cunt tightened, gripped, and liquefied, in the blissful spasms of spending, and mingling our sexual juices.

Recovering ourselves, she gave no signs of desire to uncouple. Looking speechless in each other's

face (How I longed to know what she was thinking of), we held together. She was thin, but neither skinny nor bony; her backside not being great nor her cunt fat lipped; it was well on to me and kept my prick wonder-fully up her, spite of the movement of the train. (Some thin women, I have since noticed, can.) In the lovely warmth and embrocating moisture of her cunt, I lingered long; but at last withdrew my softened priapus from the Paphian temple. Putting my hand under it as I did so to receive it, a little flood of spendings rolled out after my prick left her. Telling her to be quiet, I got out my pocket handkerchief and put it to her cunt, which she wiped with it. Then I wiped my hand. "Ah, it's nasty," — said she. — "Nonsense, my love, neither prick nor cunt nor spunk are nasty at any time." — Then we sat and talked. — "It was awfully quickly over." — "It was — where is my bonnet?"

"That's the consequences of asking for a postage stamp," said she. — "Lucky for me," I replied — We then talked about the Major ****. "Oh don't mention him, poor fellow, he'd shoot me and himself too, if he knew what we have done. — I've never before been unfaithful." — "But he won't, my dear. — Let me feel it." — "No, don't, it's so wet still," — but I did, and was feeling it, and she my prick, and just then the train went slower and then stopped. — We thought we were at a station, but something had gone wrong with one of the carriages. Then a carriage was detached, the passengers distributed in other carriages, and the train moved off again. The guard had locked our door.

Whilst waiting, she stood looking out of the window, I sitting felt her bum, and by the time the train moved off, was game for another fuck. — She refused. — I insisted, pulled her up from her seat, and getting her to kneel upon the seat diagonally, with her backside towards me, I fucked her standing, and never enjoyed a cunt more. — "Oh! if Major **** knew," said she again. — "But he never will, my love, for you've no tongue in your cunt, and it can't speak." — "Well, I never did hear such a beast." — "You compliment me," — I went on talking bawdy, and she burst out laughing.

When we arrived at Waterloo, she wanted to leave me. There was no dinner for her, for she was not expected home, so I drove to K***s, got a private room, and ordered dinner. — We washed hands and face, and prick and cunt got their share of soap and water. — Then: "Now I will, it's of no use your struggling, you shan't leave this room till I've seen it" — and I did.

I saw her slim but well shaped thighs, and a small looking, rather pouting, but thin lipped cunt between them. It had not much hair of a nut brown color. — Clitoris and nymphae were scarcely visible. — It was not a lovely cunt, tho no fault could be found with it, but it was a novelty, and again I stiffened, put my prick up, gave a dozen or two shoves, but not feeling impetuous desire, withdrew it. — The bed room was only given us to wash in, and we could not have it afterwards, so we got thro dinner as quickly as we could and drove off to a house. When we got there she was a little groggy.

At dinner she refused wine, saying that a little got in-to her head. — I thought it sham, pressed her, and filled her glass. — The champagne was good, and this was the result. — "Oh I've drank too much, how shall I get home?" — "No you mustn't — I won't tell you where, — I dare not." She scarcely seemed to lose her wits, tho staggering, and I couldn't get out of her either where she lived or her name. She laid on the bed at once, let me undress her, and said she was sleepy. "I'll fuck you first." — "Yes, fuck me." — It was the first lewd word she'd uttered. — But a whim seized me. "No, I'll gamahuche you." — "What's that." — "Lick your cunt, may I." "The Major does it more than anything" (laughing.) "Doesn't he fuck you?" — "Sometimes" — I pushed my enquiries about his sexual tastes.

I am always curious about other men now — "Has he a big prick?" — "I don't know, I think it's little," and she laughed. "Where do you live?" — "Shan't tell you, ain't you going to do it?" — "I'll gamahuche you." — "No, don't, it makes me scream." — "Scream?" — "Yes," she said thickly — "It hurts me as well." — Nonsense I thought. — Bringing her to the side of the bed, I wiped her cunt with a towel and began the libidinous exercise. It must have been because there was scarcely a

vestige of clitoris or nymphae which made me, for never have I yet seen a vulva so devoid of those appendages. When the lips were opened, nothing was to be seen but the red lining and the vagina.

I found the excitable spot just above the little bone, and licked away gently. She soon felt my tongue, tho I thought she was nearly asleep. "Oh don't! — oh put it in me." — I went on furiously, — "Oh! — I'm coming — leave off — he — ha — hi" she yelled. "It hurts hi — I'm spending" — and she clutched my hair till I thought she'd scalp me. Ceasing, all was quiet for a minute. I recommenced. She was a shorter time in spending, and I never heard such screeches given by a woman in her pleasure. — "Oh — hi — her — hi — hi - ha — oh, I can't bear it!" — She half raised herself, and then fell back, spending and exhausted. — "If you do it any more, I shall have a fit. I'm obliged to stop him sometimes, I've had fits through his doing it."

I was still between her legs, squatting on my heels, when she said she should have a fit. But that, and her screeching, tho it irritated me, seemed at the same time to stimulate me to continue. — I felt as if I must have been giving her intense pleasure, and that de-lighted me. I threw her legs over my shoulders again, grasping them tightly, buried my mouth in her cunt and recommenced gamahuching. — "Oh don't — I'll have a fit" — grasping my head, she tried to raise her-self up, but fell back again as I tilted her thighs with my shoulders, spluttering out, my mouth half buried in her cunt. — "Spend, spend, love, — spend." — On my tongue went, as rapidly as tongue could move. — Her bum shook, her belly heaved and jerked. — "Oh — leave — off — oh — my God — I am coming. — Oh

Ahrr — oho" — she screamed till the room rang, and just as her pleasure spasm ceased and her backside lay tranquil — a servant knocked at the door and wanted to know what was the matter.

The sexual excitement then seemed to have sobered her, and a strong cup of tea I had brought revived her. I laid her on the bed again by my side, and heard all about the strangely exciting effect of gamahuching on her. I came to the conclusion that tickling her clitoris with his tongue, was the Major's principal amusement and that he preferred it to fucking. — No doubt also from her description, his cock was a very small one. But as she sobered, she got less free in her revelations. — She had, however, declared that the Major two or three times had gamahuched her, till she had had some sort of fit — I never heard anything of the sort before, in any woman.

I stroked her twice more before leaving and really enjoyed her very much. Her cunt was deep and elastic, and such is the effect of novelty on me that I thought its thin externals gave it a great charm and added to my pleasure. — Certainly I laid unusually long up her after spending. Her cunt seemed to fit round my prick afterwards like a glove, and I put it in her and the sperm as well, till I withdrew. But her thighs and belly made it not such a luxurious bed to lie on after fucking as a stout, large thighed woman with a soft belly does.

(Tho I never heard a woman screech so loudly and painfully when being gamahuched, I have known more than one scream in a subdued but half maddened tone, but a tone of delight, when she spent, and several ejaculate the baudiest words and thoughts as erotic images rose up in their brain. — I myself cry out now in similar manner, when a charming creature draws the sperm out of me into her mouth. It is pleasure, to utter lewed words as my sperm issues.)

After the second fuck she was anxious to go, she had no latch key and began to wonder if they would be out, and up to tricks in her absence, as they didn't expect her home; but I couldn't learn who they were. — "No." She became as close as wax. "Give me some silver, I'm unnerved — now don't you follow me." — I gave it her and nothing more, and off she went. She made me no promise of seeing me again. — No. If even she might like it, she wouldn't, it would ruin her prospects. — If ever I saw her in camp. "If you're a gentleman you won't notice me. — I'm sure you wouldn't like to ruin a poor woman." — I was in camp several times afterwards, but forgot both the name of the Major, his regiment, and branch of service, so made no enquiries. — She named a place for me to write to, and gave me a name. I did write but never had a reply. She gave me a day's delicious amusement. — I have had many such, but without such curious incidents.

Some weeks before this affair with the postage stamp lady. I began a flirtation with a pretty creature named Madeleine S***h, without meaning anything but to have the pleasure of talking to and being with her. — It ended in a liaison, very short and very sweet, and there was a voluptuous incident in it occurring to my-self, and not of an every day kind — I have in the after talk of dinners, and in the salacious disclosures of men in club smoking rooms, heard of similar physical crises occurring to men, and once, if not twice, recollect similar things having occurred to me. — Perhaps under sexual excitement they have occurred to many men in strong health. But I approach middle age, so the incident rather surprised me, tho it was gratifying as evidence of my sexual vigor and strength.

Sometimes I wonder at the amatory course I have run — and whether these temporary connections with women, these liaisons of lust, are forced upon me by circumstances, or whether I am instinctively seeking them? Whether it is the women who bring them about — or my self? — Which is it? — I cannot answer. — I know certainly when I seek them, when I am cunt hunting, as I term it. — But so many women (not courtesans) have fallen to my embraces (and in this narrative I have only told of my amours of a special character), as it seems to me by pure force of opportunity and circumstances, pure chance as it were; unless those seeking to form them were the women. Does a thirsty cunt and a hard scrotum set men and women together, without either of them intending or thinking about coition, until lust steals on, and strengthens, and modesty gradually vanishes, till the barriers of conventionality are broken by one or both, and they bend under the spell of concupiscence till they fuck? — Is it not the law of animal life that the male and female shall blindly and instinctively seek each other for copulation? Is it not in the great scheme of creation that they should? If so, why should they be blamed for satisfying this imperious want, this universal law, this blind necessity of fucking? Why should man frame laws, legal and social, for hindering man and woman from coupling, blending, and satisfying their love or lust' whenever they like? — Love and lust are terms identical in meaning, synonymous; tho often the former is called pure, the latter foul. It is the priest who determines that. But again I ask myself, was it mine, or the women's fault, or rather by whose virtue, that we fell into each other's arms and copulated? — and whose fault or virtue was it, that Madeleine and I came sexually together for a brief while?

A few days after I had had the postage stamp lady, I went to the Crystal Palace (then a fashionable lounge on certain days, it not having been opened many years, expecting to meet a nice creature, a dress maker, who was about twenty years old. — She had worked at my house for years previously when quite a girl, but was now well grown and womanly for her years. — I had often noticed her years before, and one day gave her a sly kiss, and half a crown on some pre-text. — I lost sight of her when I gave up that home as a freed man, and then met her by chance one evening a year or so after. I found she was still a milliner, and seemed as modest as one might desire, took her, spite of her reluctance, to have a glass of wine, and, giving her my arm, walked some part to her way home with her. It was in the suburbs, and in the dark I gave her a kiss, which she liked, then tried to feel her unsuccessfully; tho I got a touch on her thigh and made her cry, gave her a sovereign, and a kiss which I made her re-turn, and never saw her again till recently, two years after my unsuccessful attempt at groping her. Now she seemed to me quite gay and frolicsome, she was an under forewoman at Mrs. * * * * * a dressmaker, and had she said, a sweetheart. She was a very handsome creature, with soft grey eyes and lovely auburn hair. — I got it into my head that she, like most milliners, fucked on the sly, a little for love and a little for silk dresses. She told me when I met her, which I did three days after my visit to Aldershot, she was going on Saturday to the Crystal Palace. I said I should do the same. She remarked that she knew that I could do as I liked now. — Her name as already said was Madeleine S* * *h.

To my annoyance, I found she was with a friend, a milliner, who looked to me as frisky, as if two pricks would suit her better than one. Getting hold of Miss S***h, I told her I was so vexed, for I wanted her to dine with. She was sorry, but her friend's young man would meet them at four o'clock. — Then said I, "Well miss them, and you come out and dine with me." That she agreed to, I went off, found a quiet sort of half restaurant, half tavern (houses of that class were just then springing up there), ordered dinner in a private room, paid half down at once, and went back to the

Palace.

It all came off as arranged, and at about five o'clock, when some music was over, which she wanted to stay for — we left quietly and had dinner. She eat and drank well, and seemed as frisky as a grass-hopper. — I'd not hinted at anything. Beyond the convenience of the sofa in the room, and my hoping it would bear the weight of two restless people, I had said nothing concupiscent in its tone, tho I was longing for her during dinner. For since the unknown postage stamp lady, I had kept myself from women. — The cloth removed, the waiter gone, I brought her to the window to look out, put my arm round her waist, kissed her, and said I thought she ought to kiss me for the dinner. — After a very little sham she did, and we kissed each other quite amorously. Then I sat down on the sofa where I meant now to experiment on her virtue, and pulling the table a little nearer, and pouring out wine, began.

As I usually do, I first told suggestive stories, then smutty ones, but without bawdy words. She laughed at them all. — "Oh, my! — He was up to his tricks." — "Oh what a shameful story!" and so on. — She didn't blush, but got excited, and I thought all was right. Ever and anon I kissed her. She wouldn't tell her sweetheart, she said, for she had one who was going to marry her. Then I began about her garters, asked if her lover had ever put them on for her. What next should I imagine. "Of course not." — Why should she refuse him? I asked. — "It wouldn't be proper." — "That's not the reason." "What is it then?" — "You fear he'd put his hand higher up between your thighs?" — "Oh, you blackguard, to talk like that." — She tossed her head. — "And feel your cunt, Madeline?" I continued — she gave me a smack on my head. — "If you talk like that I'll go." What a lot of women have said they would smack my head, and some have, but not very hard.

"What's the harm, my darling, even if your lover did, and what's the harm of calling it that if I say your thing, you know it means the same." — "Oh, you black-guard!" — I went on in the same strain and pinched and tickled her till she screeched. "Oh, you black-guard, leave off." — "The waiter will be coming in if you make such a noise," said I, getting up and bolting the door. — "Well don't you do that to me." "I can't help it, I'm madly in love with you." — For a time we were quieter, then I pulled her back on the sofa and began spooning. "You know your lovers' been in bed with you." — That he hadn't, she shouldn't be such a fool. — "Let me." — "What?" — My arm was round her waist, my lips close to hers, my hand on her lap. I grabbed at her clothes just above her notch. She must have felt the clutch on her motte, and I said, "Fuck you," and kissed her with mad lust on me.

She slapped my head hard now and threatened to go, but didn't rise. — "Did I hurt you?" — "Don't do it again, or talk like that, or I'll never speak to you again." — Again we kissed, I gave her more wine, and spilt some over her dress. — "You've ruined my dress," said she anxiously. — "Never mind love, tell me what it cost, I'll pay for another," — and I took out my purse. — "You were always kind, but perhaps I'll get it out." — "Well here's a sovereign to clean it" — she wouldn't take the money.

Some years before I had bought a lot of pretty, small priced brooches. — Most had been given away to servants and other women, and even to favorite doxies. I had one in my pocket now, and also had brought two pairs of beautiful garters with me.

Ah, what a repetition — how many times has nearly the same occurred — I seem to have been rehearsing it half my life, but thus it occurred now. "Now isn't that a pretty brooch?" — "Oh, it is." — "I'm going to give that to a lady friend." — "Oh!" said she in such a tone that I saw at once it had crossed her mind that I was going to give it to her. — "And a pair of these garters as well, on one condition." — I produced them. — "What's that." — "That she'll let me put them on." — "Will she?" — "I think so, I did so once before, and she's a nice little lady." — "Not much of a lady." — "She is tho, and married." — "She ought to be ashamed of her self then." — "Pough! my dear, who'll know but she and I? The last pair I put on her legs as she laid on the bed, and then I got on to the bed with her, and then." — There I stopped. — "You — are — a — regular scamp, I've been told so," said Madeline, blushing. — "Why my dear?" — "For tempting a poor woman so." — "Nonsense, my love, she tempted me, but which pair would you like?" — "This pair." — Then I

said I'd give them her if she'd let me put them on. — She refused.

I chaffed her. "You tie yours up with string don't you?" — "Wouldn't you like to know." — "Yes, and to feel." Saying which, I made the attempt, didn't succeed, and got another slap on my head. — She rose up, saying she wouldn't stop any longer, but after a little consideration sat down again.

On I talked in the same strain — all she replied from time to time was, "Oh, you scamp." But I thought she looked as if the talk was affecting her sensually, and she let me kiss her easily, after every time that she called me that name. — At length, by constantly asking her, the bait took. She selected a pair, and, with just the same precautions that other women have taken, one after another the garters were put on. — As I fastened the last, I put my mouth down, and kissed the little bit of thigh which was just clear above the stocking. — The sniff of the warm flesh exalted my randiness, lust then overpowered me, and pulling her back on the sofa, kissing her rapturously all the time, I got one hand up her clothes, and just felt the thighs and the hair of her mount. — She repulsed me instantly with a loud cry. — "Let me fuck you, my love. I'm dying for you." — "Oh, you blackguard, get away." — "Look what a state you've put me in," and out I pulled my glowing rod, which pulsated as if going at once to discharge the semen which lay in my balls.

Up she got, leaving me sitting on the sofa, with my pulsating crimson tipped, cunt-rammer out. "You mistake me altogether if you asked me here to behave like that. — I'll go at once." — She meant it. — No. She'd go back to the Palace by herself. It had been arranged that we were to find her friend there, and all go to town together. She said a lot more, all the time standing close by me, and looking every instant at my nodding engine — looking spite of herself I expect. I got her round the waist, and swearing I would go no further, got her sitting again on the sofa, and hid my prick in my trowsers. — She was upset. The sight of a good sized, stiff prick always upsets a young woman whether she has been fucked or not, and stirs up lewed sensations in her.

She didn't know exactly where to go to find her friend, or I believe she would have gone off without me — I now saw I shouldn't succeed in having her, and that she was wide awake. She had a sweetheart who was going to marry her, and wouldn't run the risk of getting with kid, I thought. I also felt sure she'd been poked. I've had a dozen young milliners, and only one was a virgin, and altho this woman lived with her parents and seemed respectable, I know that the more women living as she was are fucked out of doors, the more careful for a time they are to hide their games from their parents and employers. — Disappointed for the minute, I ceased.

It was getting dusk, she was anxious to go, I more and more anxious to have her. My prick would not subside, but threatened to spend in my trowsers. — It was on the Monday that I had had the postage stamp lady, and since then had been keeping myself chaste, with the pleasurable hope of deluging Madeline's cunt with rich spermatic juices. — Again I grasped and kissed her. "There is the brooch, I'll give it you, but am awfully disappointed, for I do so long for you, and no one would know but you and I." — "Don't be foolish, don't be a beast." — "Oh, let me then just feel your flesh, by the eternal God, if you'll let me feel your thigh, only half way above your knee — I'll be content, I'll go no further." — "You beast, let me get up," and she made a half attempt to rise. — Was lewedness subduing her? — It was a miserable small sofa, with scarcely room for one person to lie down, she was re- dining sideways, I holding her so that one of her feet was on the ground, the other nearly so, and she contemplating the brooch most of the time, was seemingly de-lighted with it.

I have often wondered since if it was the brooch which absorbed her thoughts and made her careless, or gratitude for it, which made her half indulge me for the moment. Or did she feel a sensuous pleasure in my attempt, secure in the knowledge that she could repel my hand when she listed? Was she lewed at that moment and therefore yielding? — What a pity that some visible sign of lewedness is not in a woman; that she hasn't something which will rise up and stiffen as a prick does. — A man has always that sign of his lustful state, and a woman need be in no doubt about it.

She went on looking at the brooch, pinning it on her breast, then taking it out to look at it, whilst I

went on kissing, coaxing, pinching her thighs outside, and at-tempting slight liberties. "No, I won't." — "Only one thigh — a little bit of the flesh only this side. Now do."

—Holding her round the waist, I hitched up that side of her clothes, and got my hand on to her thigh just above the garter. With both hands she stopped me.

—"There now you've done it, now leave me alone.

—I'm foolish to let you. Now don't. — Oh, what are you about?" and she dropped the brooch.

Rapidly I pulled away the only button which kept my prick within my trowsers, and out it stood rampant; raised her clothes on that side, put one hand under the thigh, with force hoisted it a little up, and turned more towards her, with the intention of letting my prick touch her flesh. I had neither hope nor idea of getting into her. — The thought alone of my prick touching her flesh filled me with voluptuous delight. — I pushed my prick wildly, now holding the thigh still more exposed with both hands, and pressing my body to it. — My prick spite of her struggles touched her. — She cried out loudly. "Leave off — oh you scamp, don't." — I heeded not, heated by the contact, I went on. — A spasm of delight shot through my prick, and an ungovernable movement of my buttocks shoved it to and fro. — Its tip rubbed against the tiny bit of thigh, pulsated violently, and before I knew if I could control it, or she free herself from me, shot out a torrent of hot, thick sperm on to her thigh. It ran down to one of my hands, whilst I sighed out. — "My God — I'm spending — it's on your — thigh." — Then I sank half fainting with pleasure, upon her shoulder.

"Don't — what are you doing — let me get up" — was all I heard, and by that time she had pulled down her clothes, covering up sperm and all, and I had fallen back on the sofa holding my prick. — The whole affair, from the time I got hold of her thigh, had not occupied the time it takes me to write a dozen of these lines.

Vol. 7 Chapter III

Madeline's lover Richard. • Mrs. Bt*n's mischief. • Complaisance in cab and house. • Bertha the fruitress. • Male chaffing. • An erotic vision in the shop. • Is she virtuous? • Madeline again. • A ruptured membrane. • Mutual fucking sensations. • Inheritance of a marbly rump. • A woman's virgin spend. • Absent at Paris. • Madeline's lover is reconciled. • Onanistic emissions. • French letters and cunt sponges. • The influences leading women to copulate. • Madeline's intentions and admissions.**

She rose, picked up the brooch, put it on the table, and put on her bonnet silently and hastily. I arose feeling ashamed, enclosed my still swollen machine, and said I was so sorry for what I had done, I couldn't help it, that it was her fault. — She made no reply beyond, "I'll never dine or speak with you again, you're a blackguard." "If you'd only let me." — "You're a scamp." I chattered on, she begged me to be quick, "I'd go without you but I can't find the place, what will Mrs. B**t*n (her milliner friend) think about my being late?" — I didn't want to injure her, so rapidly paid my bill, and we got to the rendezvous late, but not too late. — There was Mrs. B**t*n alone, her male friend had gone. — She approached Madeline and said, "Richard's been here and has gone off nearly mad. — I couldn't say you were not here, so told him you'd gone with a lady friend, etc., etc." — Madeline began to cry, saying to me, — "You've made plenty of mischief for me," -- and turned sulky. The two held a long conversation apart, Mrs. B**t*n seemed excited. — Madeline cried, till, with a rush for the train, we got seats.

It was then a long way across London, from the station to the neighbourhood where Madeline lived — I got into the cab with them — Madeline sulked all the way — I knew where she lived, and she insisted on being set down at the end of the street. Only her companion alighted with her — I bid

them good bye, hoping her young man wouldn't be angry long. — Madeline said it was a misfortune for her my meeting her at the Palace — and we parted.

I had heard from Madeline that her friend the milliner lived in the heart of London, not far from another workshop, and knowing she would have to get there, put my cab away from the end of the street, and on foot waited myself in sight of Madeline's house — I had noticed in the cab Mrs. B**t*n's glances, which were curious, and as much as to say, "I know what you've been up to together." She seemed also I think a little lewed — I had heard she was a widow. She was about thirty, and a smallish, thinnish, matured, well shaped looking little woman. — Really feeling anxious about Madeline, and hoping not to have done her any injury, I waited to catch Mrs. B**t*n to make enquiries.

It had taken a long time to get from the Palace to * * * (done in exactly half the time now, owing to railways.) It was about half past nine when Mrs. B**t*n appeared, and was astonished to see me. Would she take a seat in my cab, and I would drive her home. — She accepted at once. — In a minute afterwards. "What have you two been up to together?" said she inquisitively, and laughing suggestively.

"Nothing." I had known Madeline a girl and liked her looks, met her by accident at the Palace, and, going myself to have some food, offered her some. Nothing more. — "Was that all?" We had been a long time. — "I wish it hadn't been all, for I'd give twenty pounds to have her."

"Hush," said Mrs. B**t*n putting her hand right over my mouth. — "I don't believe you" — but I repeated it, said she was a lovely creature, but I wouldn't on any account harm her, and directly I got to

St. and sat Mrs. B**t*n down, I'd go to the Argyle and get a woman for the night.

"You're a nice boy. — I've heard of you before, you'd better go home now." "No," said I, "I'll have a woman first." In five minutes after I was kissing Mrs. B**t*n, in another five minutes was feeling her cunt, ten minutes afterwards was in a boudy house, and five minutes after that, a dose of sperm had been administered to the red lipped, hair encircled, moist, warm, aromatic organ, which she, like other women, had lying between her thighs, bum hole, and navel. — As quickly as possible afterwards, she had another dose. — Neither of us undressed, for Mrs. B**t*n, tho evidently liking prick exercise in her, and altho a widow, also lived with a friend and got home at early hours.

In the interval between the fucks she told me all about Madeline. — She believed her virtuous, and didn't believe she'd been fucked. I made her say those words. It is a great pleasure to me to make a woman who is not gay speak bawdily. — A young man, of her own condition in life, meant to marry her. He had come to the Crystal Palace to meet her, having heard by chance that she was going there. — Mrs. B**t*n's male friend incautiously said she had gone to dine with a gentleman, and the sweetheart in a rage went off, swearing he'd have nothing to do with her any more, and would blow his own brains out. Mrs. B. had told Madeline that she had told Richard it was with a lady she had left. That was to calm her — I have since fancied Mrs. B. was not a true friend.

I met Mrs. B. two days afterwards and fucked her. She took a little present this time. Madeline had heard nothing of her sweetheart, and thought she had lost him, so did Mrs. B. — I fancy from her silence that Madeline had said nothing about garters and brooch, or my spending over her thigh, she had said that I behaved as a perfect gentleman. "Well, I shan't meet her again at the Crystal Palace or elsewhere," I observed, but I tried to catch Madeline on her road to and from her work, and failed. I expected that she and her swain had made it up, and that she avoided me. I did not go near Mrs. B**t*n, and almost forgot all about the affair, for I was, and had for a month or two previously, been on the cunt-hunt, and now was on the trail rather smartly, which put Madeline out of my mind, and I had given up all hopes of getting her. — Dinner, wine, boudy talk, and trying to grope her, the sight of my prick, my spending on her thigh had all failed. — No, most likely she's been fucked, but sees the chance of marriage, and will run no further risks; so ran my thoughts, and in my heart I did not blame her.

[The narrative now goes back a little. — The liaison with Madeline has been told hitherto consecutively - (a custom usually observed in this history of my secret life). But one with a girl named Bertha, commenced whilst I was courting Madeline, — the amusement with the postage stamp lady already told of — and a Paphian ball yet to be told of, also took place whilst my amours with Bertha and Madeline were going on, and I find it difficult to arrange the narrative in my usual manner, so much were all these amours intermixed and also mixed in the manuscript.]

A few months before I met Madeline, I had been a good deal into the city speculating. — Buying some-thing one day at a very little fruiterer's shop — I noticed a pretty girl who served there. — She was a shortish, sturdy, dark haired, and dark eyed, and had a look and manner superior to shop women generally. I thought her twenty but she was not eighteen. I shall call her Bertha.

The mistress had two shops and was usually at the other and Bertha alone at this one. The customers seemed almost exclusively well to do city men, and usually bought their goods after midday. They chaffed her at times broadly, which she didn't seem to mind, and at times returned. — A look in her eye made me think she was amorous, women can't help feeling lewed, and how they manage to look perfectly modest with clipping, perspiring cunts, puzzles me. — At length I found myself going often to the shop, and then chaffing her like the others. — Then I noticed some of the men say "Keep the change, I can't bear coppers" — so to ingratiate myself I did the same. One day I snatched a kiss which she didn't seem to mind at all, and giving her a sovereign for some goods, and a half sovereign being among the change, I pushed it to her and told her to keep it. — She eyed me fixedly and curiously for a few seconds, and then refused it. "Oh, dear no, that's too much," said she, pushing it away. — On saying that I should take it out in kisses, — "That you won't." She would not take it, and a few days after being in the shop, which happened to have a quick succession of customers, the following occurred to me. — One of the strangest, and most complete, yet almost unconscious efforts of erotic fancy I'd ever had. It more resembled an erotic dream.

Without any sexual desires as far as I know, and certainly without any sexual intentions, I sat looking at her pretty face, and particularly at her mouth, which was unusually small, and with little handsome fat lips; lips which make me want to kiss them whenever I see them. — After awhile looking — I wondered if her cunt had thick lips. — I know the idea of their being fat on account of those of her mouth being so was absurd; and that a small mouth does not imply a small cunt, nor thick lips above, mean thick lips below; but there is no accounting for the association of ideas, however absurd they may be. Then I felt suddenly a desire to see her cunt and to fuck it, and sat thinking about its size, its hair, and its looks, whilst I talked to her and looked in her eyes, and her mouth. Then my cock tingled with lust, then swelled, then stood erect and hard for an instant, and just then she turned to some one who came in, to serve him.

Whilst she did so I shut my eyes, violent lewedness seized me, and I fancied my sperm was spurting into her — I had all the pleasure of imagination, without the physical reality. — I saw a lovely little fat lipped cunt, with a little bush around it, and fancied I saw the voluptuous pleasure in her eyes as my prick gradually entered. — Ah! what exquisite joint sensation of mind and body, experienced as the glans is first pressed by the cunt and feels its road. — No doubt the female experiences similar thoughts as her cunt feels the distention by the smooth prick tip, and she knows it will search it to its innermost depths.

Said I to her, "I've been dreaming awake about you, whilst you were serving those people." — "What was your dream?" — "It would make you blush if I told you." — "Then don't tell it." — Then I began wondering if she were virgin or not, and half thought not, for I saw a young man attempting to kiss her as I entered the shop soon after, and thought it improbable that a mere shop girl, serving well dressed men and gentle-men both young and old, could have so long kept her cunt to herself, under the temptations which I fancied she must be subject to there. I began to long for her, tho I was fucking * * * * * about that time, and varying her pleasures with Paphians both English and French, and a big German woman as well, tho I soon had done with her.

I came to the conclusion at last that she was no more virtuous than she should be, and that I might

as well be one of the happy ones. Yet I didn't approach the subject till one day, seeing another fellow kiss her, I said, "Hulloh, Miss Bertha, I'll tell Mrs. C*h*n." — The same young man I had talked with one or two days before was eating strawberries and laughed with me. "We all kiss you, don't we Bertha?" said he. — "No, don't you tell stories about me to that gentleman, I let some of you, and Mrs. C*h*n knows it, I shouldn't be here long if I made a fuss about every thing that's said to me. Miss *** was turned off because she did, and you lost her her place." Then she turned to a customer who entered. — I remarked to the man that I supposed she was pretty intimate with some fellow. "I expect so, and plenty have tried." Then, nodding to me, he left.

Directly afterwards she told me not to believe what that man said, he was a nuisance and was always annoying her, but was such a good customer that she didn't like to offend him. — "He wants to get to bed with you, Bertha." — "He's like a good many more then, but they'll be disappointed," said she, looking me in the face and not all abashed. — "Don't disappoint me or I'll hang myself." — "The sooner you do it the better." — This coolness astonished me. I didn't think about what a hardening moral process incessant amatory chaff is; how soon a young maiden learns to return it, and how pleasant veiled allusions to marriage, to the pleasure in having company in bed, and other indirect allusions to fucking, are, — how they keep the mind and body in a slight state of voluptuousness, particularly pleasing to a woman, who feels, among other things, complimented by the allusions being made to her; for a woman always feels pleased at a man's desiring to possess her.

Then I was sitting on a little stool in the shop one day, and she told me a lot about the business and her-self. — She lived with an aunt, and nightly went home by herself. Their business was generally over by eight o'clock, sometimes they kept open till ten, if the weather was bad for keeping fruit. — "Come and sup with me, and say you've been late at shop." — "No thank you, I know what you mean by that."

Another day I took her the last of my Neapolitan brooches. — She was delighted. Soon after she had to stand upon a stool to reach something down, and I risked putting my hand up her petticoats. "That's not fair," said she angrily, getting down. — "I didn't expect that of you." — "I'm mad for you, dying for you, I'll not leave you alone till I've had you." — "I've heard that said many times." — "Good bye, I shan't come again." — "Why." — "Because you won't let me." — "Good bye, don't be foolish, I should be sorry if you don't come, you talk nicer than most of those who come here, but I know all your little games. — There's a middle aged man comes here, who's had the impudence to offer to keep me, and give me five hundred a year; and I've seen his wife and his children here with him — a blackguard."

Thought I, she's a little out of the common, but if she's not been already fucked, she will be soon. I went there less often, then was away from town. — When I returned she wondered why I hadn't been. — "Because you won't come and dine with me." — "It will be no good to you if I do" — again I put my hands on to her ankles, and she seemed less angry — I did it another day, but couldn't get to her garters, she was too quick for me.

"If any one comes in and catches you trying that on, you'll lose me my place; kissing doesn't matter, but improper things do." — "Come to dinner with me then." — "Oh! you do so plague me. I will some day, but it will be no use to you, mind." — There the matter rested, for, having lost money, I ceased speculating, and did not go to my stock brokers, and amused myself by tailing my doxies.

Again I went, and, chatting with a man in the shop whom I knew a little of, he said that he thought Bertha up to snuff, and that Mr. * * * * had had her. She seemed very pleased to see me, and I, being very bold and hot that day, got my hand up her clothes on to her thighs, at which she was excessively angry and declared that if I ever made such an attempt again, she would neither speak to me, nor serve me, and would tell the shop owner — "and I will never dine with you." — Off I went and didn't see her for some time.

A few days afterwards, I met in the street Madeline (I cannot make up my mind whether she threw

herself in my way or not). We talked, and she began to cry. She had never seen her young man since. — He had written to say he had done with her, and it was all my fault, she said. I couldn't admit that. It was an unfortunate accident, nothing more. — She never would meet me or any one else again, but it ended that day in her agreeing to dine with me the day following, to talk over what was to be done.

At the * * * * * hotel, I took a bed room and sitting room, leading out of each other, and took a small trunk there; feeling sure that she had been poked, and was coming to poke, and that the hotel would be more comfortable than a bawdy house.

She was punctual, had a good appetite, and, tho crying at intervals when I mentioned her Richard, was in good spirits. — She was still dressmaking at Mrs. ****'s, but being out of sorts through the loss of her young man, had been fit for nothing; and her mistress had told her she must improve or go. Madeline seemed to me in a reckless frame of mind about that, said she must do what she could. If she must leave, she must; she couldn't help what her parents said, and so on. Hers was the sort of Devil-may-care manner which I have seen in women of her class who are tired of their work and position, and who want pleasure. — In fact as a main cause of that, and perhaps unconscious of it, want fucking; and are half disposed to get a prick up them at any risk. — Her coming to meet me again after what had taken place between us led me to think she might be in that state, and from her answers to, and sometimes evasions of, my questions, I came to the conclusion that Richard had been up the red inlet to her body, which she had between her thighs like other women.

Dinner over, we sat on the sofa and I began kissing her. — She was so far complaisant. Talking about Richard, she had heard he was now, "Sweet upon an-other young woman, and, altho she then whimpered, said she didn't care much. I found that it was the loss of a husband, and one who was so respectable, that she fretted about, more than the individual. I began to doubt then if she'd had Richard up her, and joked her about her not getting a bedfellow so soon as she'd expected, offered myself instead, talked about matrimony, on the absurdity of a man and woman who liked each other not doing before marriage all that nature prompted them to do, and how they lost pleasure, which they couldn't take too young. She sipped wine and got amative in manner, I held her to me, and our kisses were many. — "That's enough," said she, as if it had just occurred to her that she was giving way too much.

My prick now got on the ramp, and I resolved either to get her or let her go. Tho I'd promised her never to refer to what had taken place at the previous dinner, I asked her if she'd washed her thigh since, and if she looked at her chemise after it. — She coloured up and rose to go, I pulled her down, said I'd forgotten my promise and couldn't help it. — I'd like to do it again to her, or if she'd let me, do something better. — Women are so cunning, you never can make them, until they have long had a man, confess their lust; but I've no doubt that, with this talk, Madeline's cunt was beginning to sweat inside. The half bashful way she looked at me, and the ridiculous resistance to my kissing which she now offered for a second or two, made me feel sure that she wanted fucking at that minute, and was struggling against it. — Women can control their passions to a certain point, and then they droop, and yield helplessly all at once, I have found.

She really was angry once, yet returned each of my kisses. "Have you the garters on?" — "Yes." — "Let me see them" — and I made the attempt. — "No, no, you shan't," and she struggled, but I got my hand on her thigh.

She got it away, but in another minute her head was over my shoulder, I was kissing now her ear, now her cheek, and whispering bawdiness. — I had reduced her to silence, whilst speaking of my sperm on her thigh when it ought to have been in her cunt, and she have had pleasure as well as me, whilst my prick discharged it. — "Let me feel your thighs. — Do — if you don't I'll do that again." — "Oh don't," said she in a half whisper. — "Well, let me see your garters, I will," and, letting go her waist, I pulled up her clothes, saw garters and thigh, and, stooping, kissed the flesh before she could prevent me. She gave a slight cry, but next moment I was clasping her round her waist, again her head was on my shoulder, my fingers on her cunt, and I was whispering about carnal love into

her ear, and titillating her clitoris.

[How commonplace it all seems as I write this afresh now. — To how many women have I done as nearly as possible the same, and how many under similar circumstances have behaved like Madeline? It can't be varied. — A woman's a woman, a cunt's a cunt, every-where. Voluptuous sensations are common to all, lewdness makes the man attack, and the woman yield. All the world over it's the same, and ever will be. — Yet each woman who is fresh to me in copulating preliminaries gives as much pleasure to me as if she was the first I had. I feel as if I never had such sensual felicity before as at that moment, and was still to have with her.

Does the woman mean to let the man have her when she meets him, or from the moment he touches her cunt, or when, or at all, or does she unconsciously acquiesce, and gradually yield, as sensations overcome all sense but that of carnal voluptuousness? — Do visions of his prick entering the hitherto sacred precincts of her cunt pass through her brain as he gently masturbates her? Few women can answer this them-selves, I find.]

Absorbed in feeling her cunt, and the delight of giving the sweet creature pleasure, wondering if I dare put my finger lower down and try the passage, I titillated her in silence. All was silent now, excepting the gentle smacking of my kisses on her upturned cheek and lips. — I friggd gently between tightly closed thighs, till in that charming way a woman has, when she feels the premonitory thrills of the coming spend, and doesn't like to show her pleasure; she moved her face up from my shoulder with a start. — "Oho! aha! leave off now. — You shan't;" and, with a jut back of her haunches, she removed my finger for a second. I instantly re-commenced, friggd quicker, still quicker, harder. Now I ceased kissing her. "Spend darling, spend, love," I said, looking into her face, which was again on my shoulder. — Her eyes were closed, her mouth slightly open, rapid breathing and quick sighs of pleasure came from her. — Ah, that quiver of the thighs and belly, that tremulous shiver in her bosom, I knew it well, and the squeeze of the thighs on my hand, — tight for a second — then the convulsive opening of them, again the tight closing, and then the languid opening of the fleshy columns. — I knew it well, for I have friggd scores of the angels, and knew that Madeline had spent.

Whilst her thighs in voluptuous langour lay loosely, I slipped my hand between them and grasped her whole cunt, and my fingers lay between the lips. She started up and pushed my hand away. On it as I withdrew it, were the copious evidences of her pleasure. — "You've spent, love. — I've friggd you. — Ah! if my prick had been in you, how much more pleasure you'd have had. Come to the other room, let us — come." She sat looking at me full. What was she thinking of? Again I cuddled, kissed and fondled her, again my hand touched her clitoris. She was passive, my fingers moved over all the moistened surface, and then her thighs closed again. — "Come with me, come." — Gently and uninterruptedly I friggd on, murmuring "Come, love," till with a sudden rousing, she pushed away my hand, gasping out slowly and hesitatingly, "No — I can't."

"Feel my prick then," and I put her hand round it. She was now sighing, her head again fell on my shoulder with eyes closed, my prick in her hand, when I re-commenced friggd. — "Oh leave off. I can't." — "Come to the bed, or my spunk will go all over you again. — Oh, how wet your cunt is. — My love, let's go, or I shall spend." — She was almost insensible to every thing but lust and didn't reply. I rose, seized her hands, and gently pulled her up. — "Come." "No." — But gradually and easily I led her into the bed chamber — She wouldn't get on the bed. — "I won't let you now." — "What nonsense, then I'll leave you — get on love, and I'll only frig you." — On she got.

I got on the bed unbuttoning as I did so. There was no light excepting what came through the sitting room door. For a moment I friggd her, gradually pressing her on to her back, then slowly mounted her. — "I'll do it so. — I'll spend over your thigh so, and frig you after, be quiet dear." — She knew what I was going to do, tho she feared it. — My legs pressed her thighs apart, I lodged my prick and gave a gentle push, to my astonishment, it did not enter. With a little wriggle she murmured "Oh, don't!" — Then she is virgin! — Oh, the delight as I grasped her buttocks for a forcible thrust, had her firmly in hand, guided my prick low down (I know the point of entry well and lunged, — "Oho

— oha" — lunge — "oho" — lunge. "Oh, don't" — I felt that never-to-be-forgotten sensation which a hymen when splitting up gives a prick, the tightening round it, then the loosening, and the next instant the shaft was up to its roots in her cunt.

That was a short business, but not a quick fuck, for I had fucked the night before. — I enjoyed both the sensation and the idea of the virgin cunt which I had nipped, but fucked slowly till nature urged me on faster, and spent as her cunt tightened and her murmurs of pleasure reached my ear, as I lay with my head over her shoulder. Coming to myself I felt the stem of my prick yet up her, and sanguinary proof I found. "You have never been fucked before," said I. — "What?" — said she astonished.

(Some men, and some women say that females don't spend at the fuck which destroys their virginity; generally they do not, but I have had several who did, and can swear to it.)

I locked the bedroom door, which I had not done before, lighted candles, wiped her cunt myself with a towel, and inspected her jagged slit. — She objected, and I almost used force. — "What nonsense, to the man who's just fucked you." — Then she seemed faint. — We came into the sitting room, I gave her wine, and she sat with my handkerchief against her quim, for she bled unusually. — In an hour we fucked again, and soon after she went away still bleeding. She wanted to get home early; I stopped all night at the hotel.

Next night she could not meet me, the next she did. I could not get to the same hotel again, but knew of three where they shut their eyes. — At one I hired a sitting and bedroom. The dinner was not so good, but was wholesome, the wine excellent. — A charming tête-à-tête meal we had, and a comfortable bed there was to go to afterwards. "We are going to get into bed presently Madeline." — "Oh, no." — "Oh, yes you are," — and so it was. What a fuss she made, but at length, in chemise only and I in shirt, I forced her up on the bed, and, throwing up her chemise as fast as she pushed it down, and insisting on my right, I had her thighs wide apart, and gloated on her private charms, and kissed and smelt them (for I liked the smell of her cunt till my impatient prick would let me look no longer. Then into bed I got, and pushing up chemise and shirt to our necks, covered her sweet fair body with mine.

I recollect nothing in my life more exquisite, than the minute when my prick glided up Madeline's cunt the second time that night, with a slow movement which it pleased me to make. Going up it inch by inch, resting between each stroke, watching her face, hearing the slight cry of pain which her lacerated and still sore cunt forced from her, whilst voluptuous sensations higher up in her cunt coming at the same time, issued in a lovely murmur. A murmur expressing mainly the pleasure that fucking was giving her. Her irritated, heated, spunk-filled vagina was longing to relieve itself by a discharge of its lubricating mucous to meet my spermatic injection, and thrilled her with burning lust. I lay a minute, letting her enjoy the complete distention of her cunt, that pretty little cunt, tight, stretched and gorged with my prick, which never was larger or stiffer. Then I thrust hard, banging its red tip against the portals of her womb, which made her jerk her bum back but stimulated her to a crisis of pleasure. — All this time I was wondering at my luck at having her a virgin, and my stupidity at having thought she was not. Thus I lay in her arms, clasping and kissing, and thinking with that rapid evolution of lascivious thoughts which go thro my brain as my prick is in a cunt.

After our second fuck, as recovering from our elysium of lasciviousness I lay tranquilly between her smooth legs, and restlessly began feeling her satiny flesh from hips to thighs, and lower, I became conscious of much hardness of the lower part of haunch and backside; and still later on when we had exhausted our-selves in each other's arms, and she had washed and was preparing to put on her clothes, I felt her all about those fleshy parts, and looked at and kissed the fair globes, and found that her bum had an unusual hardness, a hardness far beyond what would be called solid, but was even marbly in its solidity; such as I have felt perhaps in half a dozen women, but not more.

She was conscious of it. It was solid when a girl, and in rising womanhood, sleeping with other young women, her hard bum had been noticed. — I suppose they felt each other, and why not? — I

have always hither-to found that substantial flesh, in the arses of stronger, coarser-built women. In this slighter and more delicate town-built woman it was an agreeable novelty. She had told that in a moment of jocosity, her mother had once told her that she also had one of the hardest bums, and that if she put a walnut on a wooden chair and sat with a naked bum upon it, she could crack it. — This I suppose was figurative, but possibly may be true. So Madeline inherited her mother's solid buttocks. I am not sure that such hard flesh there is beautiful. A slighter solidity, and more elasticity, is prefer-able to the feel, I think. It is pleasanter to clutch an elastic rather than an inelastic arse, when fucking.

She was a beautifully made creature; slim, with fine bones delicately covered, and had a most exquisite foot in size and shape. Her cunt was small both in look and feel and had but little hair on it. — In her armpits there was scarcely a hair visible. I don't recollect before seeing a woman of her age without hair there, tho I have seen some with very little. I never saw a more ragged jagged edged split than my prick had made in her hymen. She told me that, before fucking, she couldn't quite insert the tip of her little finger, in the orifice thro which her courses drained off. She had a fair sized clitoris and trifling inner lips, and that is all about her cunt.

She could not get out next night, but on that following she met me again. — We dined as before and took our pleasures directly afterwards. — What a difference in her manner! In the cab I felt her cunt and did what I liked, there was no fuss about the groping, and by the time I reached the hotel, we had felt each other till I was stiff, and she was moist and lewed. — How charming at dinner to set opposite to the pretty creature, knowing what was to follow, that there was no part of her body which I had not seen, that she knew the size of my prick, from its normal state of quiescence to its utmost and active rigidity. Such thoughts passed through my mind, and similar ones no doubt passed through hers, tho, with the hypocrisy so common among women, she denied it when I asked her.

She could not stop out till eleven o'clock anymore, for her parents became inquisitive. But a woman who wants fucking will risk anything to get it. So she after-wards left her business early on some excuse, and we went to a brothel, and I had her almost nightly for week or two. Often it was only one fuck she could wait for. I waited impatiently for her every night, so fresh and nice was she, so intensely did she enjoy me, and I her, in teaching her postures and the art of love in all its ways and shapes. Then I again got her to din- ner at a hotel, and in bed began talking about her future, and Richard's name came up.

Said she: "It's of no use now if Richard came after me again, for he'd find out that I've done it, and I couldn't marry him." I told her that half the men had never had a virgin, or had had only one in a state of tremendous excitement, and with a little skill that she could deceive him. — He'd gone off and had left his place, and she had quarrelled with her milliner friend, Mrs. B**t*n whom she heard had told Richard that she (Madeline) had gone to dine with a regular swell (my-self) who had met her by appointment at the Palace. Richard had written her that. — Mrs. B**t*n was jealous of her, for Richard was a fine man. Then Madeline got spooney on me and hinted at my keeping her. I was going over to Paris (which I did, to see for the last time the French lady whose ravishment I have told of. She burst into tears and hoped she wasn't in the family way. — I told her that in such an event, and she couldn't get her courses on, that I would provide for her (and would have done). But she now had taken to fucking, so that I feared in my heart that, when away, she would get another prick in lieu of mine. Cautioning her against that, I went to Paris.

I was gone nearly three weeks, on my return wrote her to meet me, and she did. — At first she would not go to a house with me. — When in one, I sat down on a chair, and, clasping her naked backside with both hands, pulling her towards me, and asking her if she wasn't longing for a fuck, and how many times she'd frigged herself in my absence, she, standing up, still with bonnet on, said she couldn't let me do it any more. — No, it was not her poorliness and she was not, thank God! in the family way, and didn't want to be, for Richard had come back to her, and would marry her in a year.

I was pleased, but it made me want to fuck her more than ever. — "Well, take your bonnet off." — "For a little time, but I won't let you." — A kiss and cuddle on the ample sofa, followed. — "Let's feel each other a bit, and stop, I will look at it first. — Oh! what a lovely little cunt!" — and I kissed it again and again. — Then I felt her, and she felt me, our tongues met, distilling their liquids, and we were both sighing with the languid pleasure our hands gave us. "I shall spend in your hand." — "No, don't." — "In your cunt then." — "Oh, no. — I'm coming Walter," — for she knew my name — I left off, not meaning her to come. The gentle wriggling of her backside and belly ceased, her thighs were quiet, we relinquished each other's genitals and looked lewdly at each other, she with petticoats half up her thighs, I with prick vertical. — "Let's do it, and I'll pull it out when my spunk's coming." — "Be sure you do, if I get in the family way you know I'm done for." — She got on the bed as nimbly as she could, for her cunt was craving for a stretch, was hot and moist with desire for the male.

The pause let our juices subside, but soon the pleasurable friction of prick and cunt roused them again. — "I'm coming love, are you?" "Aha — yes — aha — don't do it in me. — Aha." — "No — aha." — "I'm spend — ing!" — At the crisis we both forgot. She clasped me to her, her cunt constricted and held my prick with that peculiar, grinding grip which a cunt gives when spending, whilst my prick, with short wriggling thrusts, shot out my spunk into its proper place.

"Get out and wash quickly," said I, ere pleasure was well over or my prick done spending. Getting off her, I put down the basin, poured out the water, and soon saw the pearly lumpy, stringy sperm, which ought to have been still comforting her cunt, at the bottom of the basin. She looking as I did, rubbing her cunt with a towel, and hoping it was all out. — "That's the stuff which comes out of a man's thing?" — "You've seen it before?" — "Never." — "More was on your thigh five weeks ago." — "But it was all on my chemise when I looked." She took up the basin, and looked curiously at my semen. — "I hope it's all out, you didn't keep your promise." — "I couldn't, your cunt gripped my prick into you so. — You should have jerked my prick out when you found I was spending." — Madeline had certainly not had then enough experience to know to a second when a man is going to spend; I dare say she does by this time.

We talked, with passions appeased. "No, not again" — but frigging recommenced and altered her mind. — I called out for the servant and told her to bring a French letter, a bit of sponge, and a piece of thread. — All were brought, and the maid laughed. I gave Made-line the experience of a prick covered with sheep's gut, but neither of us liked it. So I pulled it off, and we fucked till consummation approached, and then put it on. We did the same with the sponge. I tied it by the thread, and pushed it up her cunt a little way, she further, and my prick pushed it right up — and so we fucked on to the pleasurable discharge. When I drew out the sponge holding my sperm, and she had washed her cunt out again, we agreed that our pleasure was much destroyed, both by the gut and the absorbent zoophyte — Madeline learnt something that night. I wonder if she has applied that knowledge since.

Fucking creates such a tie between man and woman, that, altho she said she wouldn't ever meet me again, added, "I'd better not, had I?" and altho I agreed not to ask her, yet I did a few days after by letter. — She came and was on heat — I knew it by her looks and manner, and told her she was lewed. She laughed and, colouring up, said she did not feel as if she'd like me. — This time, not wishing to injure her, I took a nice little round sponge, and my sperm spat into that absorbent, but we half fucked before I put it up. I got her to dine that night, and we were both in fine condition. Her parents were told there was late work (the usual mil-liner's excuse) and I gave her a sound ballooning. Her poorliness she expected on every hour, and such was the state of lewedness which our heated genitals got in-to that, at the last fuck, we did without sponge, for I couldn't that time spend with the sponge in her. — When my pleasure was coming on, and my glans touched the sponge, so intensely sensitive was I that it stopped me spending. — When I did, I pulled my prick out nearly to the tip and spent thus, she washed directly and took no harm.

That night we parted for good, and I made her take ten pounds — I was to see her again some time

after-wards as it happened.

I incline to think, now that a few years have passed since this intrigue, that Madeline came to the second dinner with me, intending to let me have her. — Her little struggles and resistance may either have been shams or timidity at the last moment, when I was getting to victory. Was it annoyance at the loss of her lover, a desire for a change of life, a speculation of be-coming my mistress, or even my wife — or lust? — Lust does not influence women usually so much before they lose their virginity as it does men (unless so hot cunted as but few are). It influences women more afterwards, when they know the delights of a cunt plugged by a prick. Curiosity is powerful with them, and numbers fall under a mistaken notion of their own powers of resistance. "I did not mean to let him do it, tho I didn't mind his larking or feeling me," said Maria ***** once to me. Many have said the same when I have closely questioned them. — That's it. — The idea of feeling and being felt by the man, the sensuous de-light increased because forbidden, — of having a little boudy chat about sleeping together, and so on, is permissible. — Even the hurried feel, the glance askant at the stiff prick, is charming, and all very well. But they don't reckon the consequence of the chance of his getting his fingers on to their clitorises and their not being able to get them away. — A five minutes' good frig, whilst a woman is kissed, and lewed suggestions whispered by the man, settle most women. That is my experience. Half ready to spend, lewed images in their mind, curiosity at work, they almost helplessly let the man do his will. — "Open thighs — enter prick — exit hymen. — All is over, my love. Swab up the blood stained sperm from your cunt, and prepare for the next ramming. You are a woman now, in for a penny in for a pound. The gates of pleasure are opened, let the promenaders walk in."

Indeed that was the sum of Madeline's confession to me when we talked about the affair. She didn't think I'd dare to try to do what I did. "Why did you come again?" — "I don't know really, I wanted to come and didn't want, I like dining with you. I wondered what you'd do." — "You didn't think I'd be quiet and respectful." — "No — I don't know really, but thought you might put your hands up my clothes, that I really did." — "And show you my prick?" "Well, I did." — "Now you were lewed and came to be fucked." "That I declare before Heaven I didn't, for I'd made up my mind if you did what you did before that I'd run out of the house." She didn't know her own strength of resistance, and they are nearly all alike. Nature has made them so. — Prick is potential. — Altho a woman cares less about seeing or feeling a prick than a man does a cunt, (for females have seen pricks all their lives, it's incidental to their sex as nurse, and they see them from their infancy), yet a stiff stander shown at the moment when the fingers have raised lust thro the clitoris, is an invincible persuader. "Open sesame," and the female opens. — It is her destiny.

Vol. 7 Chapter IV

Notable courtesans. • My amorous sexual habits and care. • A Paphian's ball. • Mixed female aromas. • Liz M*d*n at B*****t*n S****e. • Nelly ****, and Captain Blank. • The Captain's caprice. • Four in the dark. • In the Captain's leavings. • Three in a bed. • The next day and night. • Amorous tricks. • The Paphian bedfellows described. • Bertha visited. • The Glover's shop at Paris. • Dinner with Bertha. • At the Argyle. • In the cab. • An unfortunate maid of all work. • Bertha dines with me again. • Vanquished. • A story broken off.**

In the intervals of poking Madeline, I of course had many gay women. I changed my women often and had settled to no one of them as a regular, since Amelia German disappeared. I longed for one woman whom I could like better than the others, and go to when tired of strangers, but had no intention of keeping to one alone. — Fidelity to one woman, I am convinced now, is impossible from me.

Having had my game with cheap women, I went to the opposite extreme and had the dearest. Those who said, "I never take less than a fiver," and were not satisfied with that, caught me. I had half a dozen well known courtesans. Baby J***s*n was one. — A dark, fine built woman of about thirty, called Kate H*m**t*n, tho not the ancient bawdy house keeper, was another. — Sk*t**s took a fancy to me, but her foul tongue shocked me. I had a thin and lovely lady with exquisite eyes, since married to one of the rich ones of the land (and still alive and living in a square, and who shall be therefore nameless.)

I slept out more than at home for a couple of months, and then found my man also slept out, reckoning upon my absence. — This change of women was lovely, the variety in cunt, and style of fucking, an endless pleasure both to mind and body. — I rested from my amours at intervals, never took cock stimulants, but revived myself by repose alone, when my doodle and body gave signs of fatigue; but, excepting at intervals of fierce rutting, I did not overtax my body. — Two spends a night were usually my exercise, unless the lady longed for more (and they often times did with me), and then I fucked till my sperm ran thin and short, and I rested longer afterwards.

These swell Paphians gave dances among their set, hiring rooms for the purpose, making the balls strictly private to avoid interference of the police, and not fly in the face of the Law. A dance of that sort was given by a woman whom I knew. She hired well known rooms in G**** P****l**d St. for the purpose. There were men and women together, about eighty of us. The men paid for the suppers, and each paid also for a lady, and the pay was such that it left a margin, which enabled the hostess to pay for the rooms and band. — The men were all in evening clothes, the women beautifully dressed, and décolleté, and were such an exquisite set of young creatures as I have never yet seen elsewhere. — No introductions were needed, any man asked any woman to dance, altho, to avoid jealousy, that needed some discretion; and the women did not hesitate to ask men to dance with them. Every thing in fact was free and easy, but not immodest, until after supper, when it got more than free and easy.

Then the dancing became romping, and concupiscence asserted itself. I expect there was not a prick in the room which was not swollen and whitening with lust, nor a cunt which was not moist with randiness. — As I danced with one woman, the aroma from her naked bosom and armpits quite enervated me. — I swear that, struggling up through her clothes and mixing with her other exhalations, was a smell of cunt in lust. I felt almost a voluptuous faintness come over me as I inhaled it, and told her of it. "Don't you like it?" said she, holding me tightly as we twirled round in a waltz. Suggestive talk was now the order of the night, bawdy words escaped, the men kissed the women's shoulders as they waltzed, one or two couples danced polkas with their bellies jogging against each other, suggestive of fucking. — Then a fair lady quarrelled with a man, and broke out, — "I'm buggered if I let you fuck me tonight." — Whereupon the lights were lowered and the party broke up, for fear the ball would degenerate into a riot. The patroness was wise.

About half past three in the morning, I went home with Lizzie M****d*n to her house in B****t*n Square. A house she had to herself, for she was a swell, and partially kept by * * * * *, who thought, I believe, that he kept her entirely. — A lady of easy virtue, a friend of hers, who lived some long distance off and who was going home with a Captain * * * * she offered a bedroom to for the night, for the Captain was compelled to be at parade at * * * * Barracks early in the morning. We went home in separate conveyances, I in Lizzie's brougham. I had of course seen the other woman in the room, and the Captain also, but neither knew him or the woman, or who had come there for the night. — It was only on the road home that Lizzie told me what she had done.

Lizzie was a sweet, dark haired creature of about three and twenty. She had a short neck which rose out of most exquisite shoulders and breasts, had a pretty fat cunt, small waist, and big backside. A peculiar feature in her was the thickness of her head hair, as well as her eye brows, which were dark, and the broadest and thickest I ever saw in a woman. The same may be said of her armpits and cunt, tho in both places the hair was not long. Her cunt felt like a brush. She was a lewed devil, and on one or two occasions when I had slept with her before, fucked me well out before the morning.

She undressed quickly, as did I, and kept saying, "My God how I want a fuck," and — "I wonder if Nellie * * * * and the Captain have fucked yet. — He's got a stunning prick, she says." — Talking and laughing thus bawdily, she got on the bed, and I standing by the side was kissing her cunt, with her thighs wide open, and with my prick as stiff as need be, when knock knock. — "Lizzie, I want to speak to you."

Out got Lizzie, went for a minute outside the door, and came in laughing loudly as was the other woman. "Captain Blank wants to fuck me. — Come in, Nellie," and in came a pretty little creature about nineteen years old, with her chemise dropping off her shoulders and showing lovely breasts, and laughing like mad. We were all three indeed elevated enough. — "He be damned, that he shan't," said I. — "Oh — do let me go, he says he'll give me five quid." — I said that I would leave the house at once if she did, but getting softened, and desiring to please her, and the idea making me still more lewed, said I would fuck her first and then she might go, and I showed my stiff prick to the women.

—Nellie laughed. — "No, no, he wants her directly, and before she's had you or not at all." — "Then he won't." — Lizzie was vexed. "You have Nellie while I'm with him, you'll let him Nellie" — Nellie would, and for a second I felt as if I would comply — but, "No, he'll keep you all night, and I'll see him damned first. — Let him fuck you in here and I'll see him." — Both women roared with laughter at the suggestion, which was a mere chance one, and which I didn't for a minute think would be agreed to.

"Go and tell him, Nellie," said Lizzie hastily. She did — I heard her and the man thro the open door, laughing, till she returned. — He would if the room was quite dark. — Then sprang up in me a lewed desire which had lain dormant some time, to see and feel a man fucking, to feel his standard. —But I didn't wish to be seen nor known, so the idea of his fucking in the dark pleased me. "The room shall be quite dark, so that we can't see each other, but I'll feel his prick first." — Out went the girl with the message. He must have been standing at the open door of his room, for as he had the message delivered, he shouted with laughter, like a bull. — "Yes — yes" — I heard him say, and Nellie came back to tell us, and then went to fetch the Captain.

"Fuck Nellie whilst he fucks me," said Lizzie, as if she enjoyed the idea. — "There's no room." — "Yes if you get on the top of her." — I refused, being en- grossed with the idea of feeling his big prick. My blood was boiling with that desire, and impatiently I got into bed — Lizzie seemed thoughtful on a sudden, went to the door and shouted to Nellie to come back, and then, "Tell him I want my five quid first." —Nellie went and in a few minutes brought the gold. During her absence I felt Lizzie's cunt. — "Tell him to come in, and you put out the light, Nell." "You must be quite naked, and he will be so as well," he said. — Up sat Liz, and drew off her chemise — I threw off my shirt and cuddled her. — She felt my prick. — "Don't now, wait for him." Nellie then put out the gas, we were in total darkness, and she went off to fetch Captain Blank.

In a second, led in in the dark by Nellie, he was at the bed side. He was screwed, but knew what he was about, for he scarcely spoke, and then in a feigned, whispering voice. — He instantly put his hand to Liz' cunt, and met mine there. I removed it quickly, and stretching across her naked belly, felt for his prick and grasped it. It seemed big, and was as stiff as a horn. How I longed to see it. In a second he was between Lizzie's thighs, kneeling, then dropped down on her, and at once I felt the jog of her thighs and the oscillation of his rump, as he rammed up her like a steam engine.

Nellie just then in tilt dark came round to my side and said, "Let us do it" — and laid hold of my prick. — But I said, "No," — for the couple fucking engrossed me. I felt him all over, then knelt up, and putting my hand between his thighs and under his balls, felt his prick as it moved up and down, I squeezed his balls gently and felt delighted. I don't believe that he even knew that in his pleasure, which seemed to absorb him directly, his prick was in her.

Both indeed were too wrought up in lewedness for their pleasure to last long, or let me long enjoy libidinous amusement and curiosity. He soon sobbed out, "Cunt — fuck," — and she, — "Oh —

fuck me — spunk in me — oh — you beast — aha," — all came jerking out of her mouth, mixing with his lewed ejaculations and murmurs. Then the gentle wriggles of his arse, as I felt them in the dark, told me all was over, whilst I still held his balls, and her naked thigh laid motionless against my knees.

Then I cried, with lustful desire which seized me suddenly. — "Come Nellie, get on the bed, let's fuck."

— "Shan't then — come along Jack." — Without a word, Jack got off and left the room with her, leaving me and Liz together. — Disappointed of Nellie. — "Liz

— wash dear, and let me fuck you." — "Oh — I'm so sleepy I can't get out. — Fuck me, it's all right." Saying that, she laid hold of me with one hand, pulled me to her and with the other laid hold of my rigid prick. — "Oh! it's as big as his, fuck me." — "Did you spend with him." — "Yes, and want it again. Do it."

— "I shan't — wash." — "I won't, it's cold, and I'll frig you if you don't." — Nearly wild with lewedness, the next instant I was fucking in Jack's sperm, and few seconds afterwards we were both asleep. She had spent with delight, her pleasure, from her ejaculations, I believe were increased by thinking about the state of her cunt. I thought of my prick being where Jack's had just been, and not about his sperm being in her.

I awakened soon I think, she was snoring. Awakening her, we fucked again. Then I fell into the deep slumber which follows late hours, dancing, a good sup-per, plenty of wine, and fucking, that healthiest of exercises and sleep givers.

It was quite dark when we were awakened by heavy footsteps and loud voices; no servant was up. — "Who is that?" — shouted Lizzie. — "The Captain's obliged to get to parade, I'm letting him out." — The footsteps went down stairs, the street door banged, and then into our bedroom came Nellie in the dark. — Lizzie asked what the Captain had given her, and "Did he do you much?" — "No, he was screwed, and went to sleep directly he got into bed, after he'd had you. He only did me once, just before he left." — "Come into bed," said Lizzie. I joined in the request, and all three were soon in bed together, I in the middle.

I put out my hands and felt both cunts at once. — What a charming sensation to feel the palms of my hands full of crisp hair, and my middle fingers rubbing over two soft clitorises. — Nellie was fresh to me. — "I'll fuck Nellie." — Said Liz, — "Fuck away." — Nellie declined, resenting my previous refusal. "Don't be a fool Nell, let him, and let us go to sleep." — Nellie opened her thighs, and the next minute we were fucking. — Her cunt felt moist as I pushed up her. — "Did you wash?" — "I hadn't time, he only did me the minute before he went down stairs." Twice I'd fucked after the Captain, and this time in innocence. The Captain's sperm and mine had mixed in both their cunts. Then Lizzie turned her rump to me, my belly was to her rump, and Nellie's belly to mine, and in a minute we were all in oblivion. It was a cold night, and the warmth of the two beauties was deliciously soothing.

It was some hours afterwards and day light before I awakened. The women were asleep. Turning on to my back I felt Nellie's quim which roused her, and that awakened Liz. — "Get out and wash, both of you," said I. — "Why?" — "I've been beast enough to fuck you both after Captain Blank." — "What of that, it's not the first time you've fucked after a man, tho perhaps without knowing it," said Liz — We discoursed on the subject. Little Nellie, who had not been long out, listened whilst Liz, who with her six years' experience, told a tale of three men once having had her one after the other, and each time she had only given her cunt a dry rub with the towel, and neither man discovered that sperm was still in her cunt when they fucked her. "It makes me lewed when I think of it," said Liz grabbing my prick. — Nellie felt it as well, and for a minute we were silent. — Both women wanted fucking, Liz got out and pissed, Nelly followed suit, and I pissed after them.

We lighted gas, and both washed their cunts. We got into bed again, and I looked at both their

carnal man traps. Then I fucked Nellie, feeling Liz's cunt at the same time. She frigged herself. Then we got up and had breakfast.

The night's fun pleased me. Liz wanted her little friend to go away, but I offered a dinner and to stop the next night. Nellie went to her home and came back. I took them both to dine, and we afterwards passed the evening at Liz's playing cards and drinking champagne. They were both swell women. I made lascivious suggestions to them, which they were very indignant about seemingly. — It's the sham way with some of the upper class courtesans. — But a woman's a woman, most of them like lasciviousness and delight in a bawdy novelty. Before the evening was over, they'd both pissed over my hand, I'd frigged Liz, and she had frigged Nellie. We went to bed together, and I fucked Liz. When I awakened again, Nellie I found had gone to the other room. I went to her there. She said she couldn't sleep three in the bed, for every movement awakened her. I fucked her, fell asleep, and was awakened in the morning by Liz, who had sought me. She was very ill tempered about my behaviour, and jealous, but got over it when I fucked her again. It was a very pleasant two nights and a very expensive one.

I several times had Liz afterwards, and we always talked about Captain Blank's leech, his big prick, and my poking twice in his sperm. — Liz said she liked the second fuck with her cunt full of it, but begged me not to tell any of the harlots whom we both knew. — I told her about Gertrude, who had been fucked by the soldiers twelve times. It was then quite fresh in my mind, for I had not long parted with Gertrude for ever. — Liz professed to believe it, after saying for a long time that she did not, but I doubt whether she really to the last did believe me quite. Gay women tell such lies themselves that they distrust others largely. She used to say that I made up the story to excite her, and it had that effect certainly. "Put it into me," — was soon said, whenever we talked about Gertrude.

The Captain Blank was at the ball, and of course I must have seen him, yet I did not know him from others, and tho he had been in the same room with me, and I'd felt his prick, I could not the next minute have picked him out from other men. Liz M***d*n was as said a fine, fattish made woman, with a handsome fat and full lipped cunt. I think she'd had a child, and her nymphae were perhaps too large. She was up to every lascivious trick when she got lewed, and until then assumed dignity and modesty. — When she'd had a drop, she talked bawdiness like a book. I don't think she liked women, tho I'd been told she did by other women.

Nellie **** [in her interest I don't give her initials, for I hear she is alive and a respectable married woman] was shortish, plump, and with small but beautiful breasts. She was rather knock-kneed — her cunt was pretty and had but little hair on it.

On the second night, I amused myself with putting my stiff prick first into one and then into the other woman, to see which cunt was the tightest. — I didn't thrust, but inserted it and let it feel its way about when up them. Nellie was certainly the tightest, and I told Liz so whilst my prick was in her. I was beginning to feel much pleasure just at that moment, and going to withdraw, so as to give my libation to Nellie's cunt, when Liz grasped me tightly to her, twisted her legs round mine, and squeezing her cunt up to me, gripped my prick tightly with it and fetched me. "Now you may fuck Nellie," said she, and turned her bum towards me. — Women who give themselves up to sexual pleasure have infinitely more enjoyment of life for a time than virtuous women have.

Again I went to my stock brokers, and called on Bertha, who was at first much pleased to see me, then of a sudden was cool. Had I been out of town. "Yes, to Paris." — "Nice games you have been up to there, I expect." (All women think Paris a sink of debauchery.) — "Not many, but I've had my hand up a shop woman's petticoats." — "I don't believe you — where?" said Bertha anxiously. "At a glovers, in a little room at the back of the shop. She fitted on my gloves, I was sitting down, she standing up, and I put my hands up them, both back and front." — "I don't believe you." — "It's true." — "She's a beast," — said Bertha angrily, and turned her back to me.

Now this happened to be a fact, and I gave the young woman three francs, and the next day bought

another pair to get the same amusement. — If she got as much from each man whose goves she fitted on in the course of the day, she made a good income. — Taken with a letch for her, at night I fucked the damsel at an accommodations house, but finding her a common place, so-so in shape, large, and ugly cunted and a somewhat faded and fucked out sort of bitch, tho she had a pleasing face, I never had her again. But I couldn't make Bertha believe what I told her. She thought that my tale about the feeling (I didn't tell her about my entry up the woman) was a narrative in-vented to induce her to let me do the same with her. I heard that afterwards.

As I was going, "When are you coming to dine with me?" — I said jokingly, not meaning it as an invitation, for I had given up all idea of getting her. — "Whenever you ask me if I can get away," she replied. Amazed, I named day after day till one suited. Off I went rejoicing, and wondering who she'd dined with before; feeling now sure that she'd had the male persuader in her vitals, and that she had some sweetheart whom she met at times. The day came. I went to the city to see if there was any obstacle. She would be there. — "And mind, — I've told you what you ask me for, and it's no use" — were her last words as I went off. I took a bed and sitting rooms for the night, at * * * * hotel, where I've had many a dinner with women before, and at seven o'clock we were at table.

I had kept myself chaste since the dinner had been arranged, and my prick was in very stalwart state, yet I felt uncertain about Bertha's compliance. Her manner was so unusual, her freedom of talk, the way she let men kiss and chaff her, had told me she knew quite well what I wanted, but mightn't let me have it. — Indeed she did and said all with an air of freedom, and yet modesty, unlike any other woman I have met in such condition. She eat well, but with an air as if thinking of something else all the while. When I began talking suggestively she remarked, — "Ah! I expected you to go on like that" — for a time this quite disconcerted me.

Dinner over, we sat on the sofa. I began warm talk, she told me to be quiet, and wouldn't hear it, and got up to go whenever I attempted a liberty. She listened to and questioned me on my stories about women when not told in free language, but got angry at plain words. Then all at once she asked me to take her to the Argyle rooms, she'd never been there, wanted much to see what it was like, and how the gay women behaved. — I told her she might meet there men who knew her, and what would they think of her. She produced a thick veil, and said she had both bonnet and mantle that no one had seen. I refused. — "You say you love me, and won't do that simple thing." — "Let me feel your legs just to your knees then." — She wouldn't. — At length I took her to the Argyle. She had evidently come to dine with me with no other object.

She sat for nearly an hour closely veiled, and scarcely uttering a word — Women looked at her as did men, but I think no one recognized her. A couple of lovely harlots whom I knew talked to me. — When was I going to sleep with her again? one asked. — The other wondered where I'd been. — "I'm engaged to night."

— "Oh I didn't see," — said she, moving off, and looking at my companion, who then said she must go home

— I would see her home. — Well she didn't object, she wasn't ashamed of her home, and in a four wheeled cab we went off.

In the cab, she got talkative about gay women. What money did they get? was it agreed, before men went home with them? and so on. "You know two, it seems, and how many more." — "Twenty perhaps." — "Story." — "I do, and have slept with every one of them." — In the dark, and as she couldn't escape me, I let go the bridle of my tongue, said I'd fucked them, described their cunts and other charms. To which she remarked. "You don't get me in a cab with you again.

— No, I don't dine with you again," but said not a word more. Then my lust roused me fiercely, I tried to feel her, and got my hand half way up her thigh, but no further. — There, stout resistance and tears stopped me. We dismissed the cab at the end of the street. I saw her nearly to her house, but at her request, as her brother might come out or be going home, I left her there. I took the number of her house and watched her enter it.

That district of London was but little known to me, but I knew that five or ten shillings there, would go as far with women as a sovereign or two further west: and that all the fine handsome women of London are not within a mile of Charing Cross, and also knew that the West End whores mostly come from the east, when London born. Lewed to my marrow, and disappointed, I found my way to the main road, saw plenty of convenient creatures in simple attire, and offered a shilling to one to feel her cunt in a bye street, which she amazed me by refusing. "No, not for two shillings." She wouldn't be felt in the streets at all, give her five shillings and I might have her. Yet hundreds of women's cunts I have felt for a shilling and in the best parts of London. Further on I found one or two who were more complacent. A third woman I took into a public house to look at her, giving her a glass of liquor. It was to see her face. She was ugly and worn out, and I left her there. All was done in twenty minutes from the time I left Bertha at her house.

Then, perhaps because the woman had refused my fingerings in the street, I took a fancy to have her, went back, and there she was, standing at exactly the same spot. — "Yes" — she'd her own room, there was a house close by with a good room for two shillings if I preferred it, it was best to go there. I went to her room, and found it neat, clean, and comfortable. She undressed when I asked her without speaking, whilst I sat looking at her. Her linen was clean and neat and she was a well formed young woman of three or four and twenty, dark haired, and with but slight hair on her cunt. — In five minutes her cunt was a pond of sperm, which I had hoped to put into Bertha. She washed it, and I began talking. She didn't like being felt in the streets she said, she hadn't cheek, she should have it in time, the women said. — "Then you haven't been gay long." — "A month ago I was in service." — She didn't like gay life, she didn't seem to get on at all, and should try to get into service again.

She had half dressed when I said I should like to do it again. "I hope you'll give me a little more, then." — I doubled the fee. — "There it is, my dear — now let me look at your cunt." In my impatience for her pleasure, I had before scarcely seen it. After inspection, I laid down by her side, fingering it and talking. She was in a service at * * * *, about two miles off. She gave name and place with seeming exactitude. The son of her mistress did it to her first, and only two months ago, she didn't know how she came to let him, he was always after her, trying to feel her and showing his thing.

One day, his mother being out, she let him have her. She supposed she liked him and perhaps she wanted it, or something, for somehow it was all over before she knew what she was about. She was astonished at her-self. She was the only servant, and he the only child. This all seems very natural to me now, for some of the women I have had the first of yielded, I believe, with-out intention. — Liking, kindness, and lewedness at the moment, made them yield to me.

Then she couldn't keep him away from her. When at home, (he had some occupation out), he was always at her, and she was frightened when he and his mother were both at home. She was foolish enough to let him go to her bed at night, and the mother caught them there together and fast asleep. — Out she was turned next morning without a character. The son came to see her now, and gave her all he could, she believed, but he was only nineteen, and his mother half kept him. "Don't make a noise please, I'm the only woman in the house. I knew them before I came, and they let me the room as a servant out of place, I didn't go on the streets till I'd spent all my money. — They know now what I do, but won't turn me out as long as no one comes to me in the day, and I don't bring men home if I can help." It was a little tradesman's shop with three or four rooms over. This accounted for the room looking so different from the ordinary harlot's chamber, with its ragged, disorderly furniture, and trumpery ornaments.

The story interested me, it seemed quite likely, and was like a page out my own history in my youth. How I then managed to get into our servants has sometimes astonished me. "The fact is you wanted fucking and let him." — Then, as I had twiddled her cunt about, I began to want to enter it, and had made her also want it as well, for she handled my prick and in a whisper, "Do it to me." — "Do you want it?" — "Yes." — Next minute our backsides were in motion, and we spent

together. — "I've a good mind to sleep with you" — "I wish you could, but they won't have it here." — Then I departed.

There was something about this woman that so pleased me that I wrote to her, naming the time, and went to her place two days afterwards. She met me outside the house. She had told me her name, which I found also was written in big letters inside the lid of her box. She'd had one man if lucky each night, she told me, not more, "But I scarcely get enough to live." Yes, she spent with them — "Thinking about it makes you want to do it, but I wish I were dead." — "Let's get into bed together." — "If you like, but the sheets are not very clean, tho nobody's been in them but my-self, and I wash myself all over every day." We stripped, and I fucked her three times. She was getting thin, she thought, thro fretting, but she was in very nice condition. She enjoyed my prick, which added to my pleasure, and I heard a lot more of her history, of her misery the first night she was turned out, and so on. I told her I should know by a careful look at her cunt if she'd been fucked longer than two months. "Two months and a fortnight ago I was a virgin, you may look as long as you like."

I did, and am quite sure she hadn't been fucked long. I've had I can't say exactly how many virgins, tho I've written an account of all of them, but think a dozen and more, and have seen all their cunts after their defloration and some of them before. Certainly this woman's cunt looked as if it had been not long split, for the jagged edges were quite visible. I wished her to go home to her relatives, and gave her three pounds to go with. She said she would, and I think she did. I advised her to write from her home for a situation, and say she had never been in London.

I didn't go near Bertha for some days, feeling annoyed, and then took a fancy to watch her home from the shop, expecting she would go elsewhere; but for two nights she went straight and quickly home. Then I called at the shop again. "Oh," said she, "I thought you were lost." — Determined to tell her I had been with women, I began. — "I don't want to hear about your doings, tell them to some one else." — I had a long conversation, in which I reminded her (people coming and interrupting frequently) of what I'd said, and done in the cab; to all of which she objected. — "You only came to dinner to get me to take you to the Argyle." — "What of that? I knew what you wanted me to dine for."

I left irritated with the young woman, yet with a stronger desire to have her than before, and a half be-lief that I was wrong in my estimate of her virtue. — That belief became much strengthened by going to the other shop, seeing the mistress there, speaking slightly of Bertha's virtue, and getting a smart reply, that there wasn't a more virtuous, respectable girl in London, and that all her family were. "Aye — ye may talk, and chaff, but that's all the fun you'll get out of Bertha."

I lived my usual life for a week, then went to Bertha's shop, and two nights after she again dined with me. Now I made all sorts of extravagant promises to induce her to sleep with me. I no longer minced the matter. — After what I had done and said previously in the cab, no modesty was needed. She took scarcely any notice of what I said — seemed not to hear it, sat reflecting, and then all at once, stroking my face with her hand, begged me to take her to the Argyle again, she would go away if I did not. — Immensely against my will, I took her there. She sat as before with veil down, completely hiding her features for a full hour, quite taciturn. Then suddenly she turned to me and with a shudder. "Let us go away — I've a horrible presentiment that one day I shall become one of these women," and she almost dragged me out of the building.

"Come and have another glass of wine, you need not get back for an hour or more." "Very well," said she in a voice almost inaudible. — At a tavern she gulped down a glass quickly. — Outside I said, "Come with me, have pity on me, I love you so," and with her arm in mine I led her in the direction of a bawdy house. "That's not the way home," said she, stopping. — I hailed a cab, determined to risk everything. I saw the girl liked me, and began, as I thought, to like her more than I cared to own to myself — or was it mere lust? Telling where to drive to, I put my arms round her the instant the cab moved and got my fingers on her slit; for an instant she struggled, and then was silent whilst I titillated her clitoris and besought her to let me have her, in the salacious words which

come naturally to me when so placed, and I suppose to most men, when lust is powerful in them.

[She was a girl of great self possession, none ever knew better what she was about. In after years she shewed this under difficult circumstances, and that she was a true honest woman. — Lustful she was not, and the only reason I can assign for what followed is that she had an affection for me, and believed the promises I made her under the influence of lust, of a strong desire to have her, and no great belief in her virtue: promises I did not, could not, keep, and was punished for it.]

I stopped the cab at the end of the street, and, taking my arm, she walked quietly with me to the house. From the time I commenced friggling her to the time when the room door closed, she never uttered a word. — Now she looked round the room, then despairingly at me and said, "It's a Brothel, I shall come to be one of those women." — It was said in a quiet tone, as if she had made up her mind to courses which would ensure her being one. [She never was.]

Without a word she gave herself up to me. She only winced when I put my hands up her clothes, and when I put one down her bosom, but she never spoke. De-lighted, excited yet staggered with her submission, I uttered words of love and desire. "Let me take off your frock." — She did, but never spoke. She hesitated when I said, "Get on the bed now, love," but she got on tranquilly, like one doing penance and absorbed in thought. I had but loosened my trowsers, and thrown off my coat, fearing some sudden interruption, and as she got on the bed I did. Kissing her, I put my hand upon her cunt and tried to have a look at it. Then she sighed. "Ohoo — no — no, don't." Then instantly I threw my body on to hers, her thighs opened easily to me, and the next minute I was shed-ding my testicular emulsion into her. She lay quiet, with eyes closed and head turned on one side on the pillow. — My prick seemed to be stopped for a second by a barrier as I thrust at first, and then went up her rapidly, and as I came to my senses after my sexual paroxysm, my first idea was that she'd been fucked before.

As my prick came out, and I moved away, she lay with eyes closed and motionless, but with one hand pushed her clothes down over her cunt, and to all my endearments and questions and talk made no reply. I felt her cunt and looked at my hand, but no signs of bleeding was mixed with my semen. Almost directly I mounted her and fucked again, watching her now, waiting for her signs of pleasure. She shewed none till, just as my prick stiffened to the full and a premoni- tary throb of pleasure shot through it, I felt her cunt tightening round it. A few sharp, almost inaudible sighs escaped her, and she spent just as my spermatic emission wetted her cunt again.

I felt round my prick stem when its stiffness was subsiding, and dragging out the sperm with it, I covered her cunt with my hand, and withdrew it coated with our mixed mucous, but there were no sanguinary evidences of virginity.

She rose as quickly as I did, and began putting on her bonnet in haste. — "Wash, dear." — "I must get home as fast as I can." — "But wash first." She never looked me in the face, as I placed a basin by the side of the bed and turned away, respecting her modesty. In five minutes we were in a cab on the way home. She would scarcely speak, but she let me feel her cunt now, that cunt of which I had never seen but the mount, and for an instant only, as I moved from off her belly. She wouldn't say if she would meet me again or not, and was determinedly taciturn, even when we parted.

Next day I went to the shop. She had written to say she was ill, the shopkeeper told me so, and she was away for a week. I went every day to see if she had returned, tho I did not go into the shop to ascertain that. At length I saw her. She was as collected as ever; indeed, I never saw any sign of agitation in her at any time, or afterwards at critical periods. She at once agreed to dine with me, and when she did, I saw afterwards all her charms. Curiously I looked at her cunt, there was no hesitation in her letting me see it, and I couldn't make out from its look whether she was virgin a week before or not, and it was two or three months before I ventured to suggest that a prick had entered her before mine. — I never was quite quite sure whether one had or not, but think not.

[Here I break off purposely. I have given her a name not even phonetically resembling her own, and have avoided giving such description of her as would lead to identification. For the same reason I

burn the rest of my narrative relating to her. The liaison so began, was fruitful in events which both regret, and the consequences of which affect me still. She is still living.]

Vol. 7 Chapter V

A hairless cunted Moslem. • A shaven cunted Greek. • Three apprentice girls in a cab. • Alone with Winifred. • A sovereign bribe. • Cab riding. • The stationer's shop. • Sister Lydia. • The Gentleman lodger. • Piety against a wall. • Winifred on the watch. • The couple detected. • Sisterly arrangements. • The help of a book. • Winifred at a bawdy house. • Verification of her sex. • Hands crossing, fingers active. • Lydia's advice. • Winifred consents. • A commonplace termination. • Utility of a medical title.

I was again in the East of Europe, and, going down the Danube, reached Constantinople. — Outside my hotel there were two or three hangers-on loafers, in semi-oriental dress, who, when I and other visitors appeared, accosted us, offering their services to find men or women for us, or to show us about the city. The city was in fact their first offer. It was only when a little away from the hotel and from other travellers that the suggestions about copulation came out. I had been talking with a gentleman at my hotel, who had been staying in the city for many months and had heard from him that all Turkish women re-moved the hair from their cunts, so when one of these soi-disant guides asked me if I would like "a lady with-out hair on it" — for the fellow spoke not bad English, — I consented to go with him. He led me down hill into a torturous narrow lane, about going into which, had it been in a Western city of Europe, I should have hesitated to accompany a stranger. — But here all the ways were crooked, and it was broad daylight. Knocking with a stick at a door in a wall of a house without a window in it, and giving a slight but peculiar howl, the door opened, a female appeared, and, accosting him whilst looking at me, closed the door which she had opened and beckoned me to follow her. My guide squatted on a mat, and without a word or taking any further notice of me, began to smoke a cigar which looked as if he had manufactured it himself. Useful as I have found pimps, often as I have used them, I never could bear the animals to await me at a female's house, but dismissed them, either paying them then or letting them know (and they knew well enough) where they could find me for their pay. But in this strange city of a Moslem race where I did not understand a word of the language and where people disappear mysteriously, I felt rather glad than otherwise that he was waiting for me. — What does a man of that class think about when he knows he has led a man to a house where he may get a woman, I wonder?

The woman led me across a small dusty yard, in which stood one tree growing seemingly out of sand, up a flight of stairs to a room with two doors in it, one at which we entered, the other opposite to it. There she stopped, smiled, nodded, and held out her hand. — I understood Backsheesh and dropped a small coin into it. She looked discontented and I added another. Then, smilingly, she opened the opposite door, looked in, went in, and, turning round, beckoned to me. I went in, the door closed behind me, and I found myself in the presence of a dark eyed lady smoking a chibouque, with something like lemonade in a glass beside her on a small stool, whilst she lay on a long sort of divan about a foot above the floor.

Then began dumb play. Knowing she was a courtesan (though the guide had most volubly whilst going along with him said she was nothing of the kind), I didn't shilly-shally long. Thrusting my hands up between baggy trowsers as I sat down by her feet, I tried to feel her cunt, but felt nothing but linen. She laughed and held out her hand. I pointed to the door at which I had entered. She clapped her hands and in came the female who had of course been expecting it. They talked, I didn't understand a word of it, but saw it was about money, and it ended, after much gesticulation on all sides, in my paying about four times as much as I was told by my guide was the gay-woman's fee, and which I had already paid to the door woman. I knew I was being done, but had expected that,

and it didn't even annoy me.

Then the lady, the financial part of the business being arranged, gradually divested herself of all but her chemise, and I saw a plump, indeed a fattish female, whom I should have guessed thirty in London or Paris, with a face painted in all ways, but who really was handsome, and who, without more ado, opened a pair of fat white thighs, and disclosed her split or slit.

Cunt it was, but a slit in white flesh it really looked, for not a vestige of hair was visible. She had but a small clitoris (perhaps she'd had it cut off, I have since heard that such things are done in the East) and very small nymphae. — The cunt lips puffed out and I thought, on carefully looking, that I saw signs of stubbly hair, but could feel none. The cunt looked in fact like a long cut in a lump of dough, with a little red line indicating the parting. Pulling the lips wide apart, the red lining showed handsomely, and for a minute or two I amused myself with looking at it and feeling it. She was complaisant.

Then she investigated me, and said "Take off" — she evidently had had Englishmen, and suggested my taking off my trowsers, which I readily did. She felt and squeezed my prick, in the knowing manner of a harlot who looks out for ailments there. I knealt between her legs and shook my stiff stander in her face, and the next moment it was up her. There was something stimulating in the idea of having that hairless cunt. I put my fingers down and felt the smooth puffy lips which enclosed my prick, and soon left my mucilage in her vagina, to delight and soothe it.

She retired, and returned with a fresh washed cunt, pointed to an iron basin on a stool for my purification, and there I washed before her. Then in dumb play, and by a few words of English and much gesticulation, and the greater part of the time looking at and feeling her cunt, I passed away sufficient time to get another rise in my prick. The hairless slit received it, emptied it, rejected it in a slobbered state of exhaustion and unfitness for further sexual work, and after washing I left, escorted by my pimp — who wanted to know how I liked the lady.

I told my hotel acquaintance frankly all about it. — I've an impression he had had the woman himself, tho he didn't say so. She was an Armenian, he had heard, and not a Moslem woman, that Moslem women were not to be had. — That didn't matter to me, it was a hairless cunt, and I expect a Moslem woman, if this were not one, would have looked and fucked the same.

Afterwards, one night near the Bosphorus, I had an Italian woman, and a Greek also in the same room, both with cunts nearly as black as coal. Talking with the Italian and telling her what I had done with the hairless cunted woman, she said she would fetch one also. I fucked both her and the Greek, and a day or two after went to the same house in the day time, and in about an hour the Italian brought me quite a young woman without any hair on her cunt. I looked her carefully over from arsehole to navel, but not a hair could I see on her privates, tho I could feel a roughness.

I fucked her whilst the Italian, laying on the bed, showed me bawdily her horsehaired sperm sucker, and I came to the conclusion that a hairy cunt in woman is much handsomer and more voluptuously enticing than a hairless one. It is different in a young girl, tho even in a tender lass I think I like to see a slight hair on her motte. — But the tender pink of the split-lining, be-comes the hairless pad in which it lies, in the youngsters up to fourteen years of age.

[This adventure with the smooth hairless cunted ones, preceded my liaison with Madeline and Bertha. The narrative, by error in arranging the papers, has been placed after them.]

[Then chance threw in my way a young lass, it was my last piece of such luck before a great change took place in my social life.]

About five o'clock one evening in September I was walking along one of the main roads of the suburbs when heavy rain suddenly set in. Tho I had an umbrella, I turned under an archway at the entrance to a builder's yard. Standing there were three girls neither apparently older than sixteen, they were all neatly tho poorly dressed and looked like the daughters of small tradesmen. They all turned out to be apprentices to a dressmaker (not work women yet) and received a mere trifle (nine

pence a day) as an encouragement, which was to be gradually increased as they grew older and could be more useful. This was told me by one of them later on.

They had no umbrellas. Standing there, I talked with them and asked how they expected to get home. — They seemed pleased with the notice of a gentleman, and answered cheerfully. The rain continued, and as I talked I began to think of the lasses' cunts, especially of one of them who was very pretty. They told me the way they were going home, and just then an empty four wheeled cab passed. Luckily I hailed it in time, and offered the girls if they liked to get in to drive them part of their way, as I happened to be going in their direction. Seemingly with much pleasure they accepted, and we all four get into the cab together.

Directly the cab moved off I began joking. Had they sweethearts? I was sure they had. — Impossible for such nice girls not to have them; they got kissed of a night in the dark, I was sure, didn't their sweethearts tickle them and try to feel their garters, and so on? The girls were delighted with the chaff and talked at once. — "No — no — Bessie has" — "And so has she." — "He's felt your garters, you told me so." — "No — no" — "Mother won't let me out of a night." "Mine does sometimes, to go to aunt." — "I get out if father's out," — So their tongues gabbed on. — "Now you've all been kissed haven't you? — tell the truth and I'll give you each six pence." — With shuffling and hesitation they did. — "Winifred has" — "So have you." — "Oh, you story." — "I saw Bob do it." — Each got six pence, (tho I hadn't enough of that small coin). "Now, give me a kiss for the ride, and I'll give each a shilling." They demurred till the prettiest, who looked the boldest, let me take one, gave me a return, and then the rest did. I made each stand up before me to give the kiss, and pulled her to me between my legs, my hand round her bum which I pressed hard whilst I held her, tho not so as to scare her; longing when I did it to have my hands on the naked flesh.

I went on joking, approaching smuttiness, and had just offered them a shilling each to feel their garters, when one cried out. — "Oh, it's past our street, stop the cab please, sir." — I offered to drive down the street. "Oh, no, father might see us" — the little sluts were cunning already. The rain had come to a drizzle, and there was no help for it but to let them out. The two stood up together facing the cab door as the cab-man opened it, and as they prepared to step out I put my hand in front and gave a gentle push up against one of their notches, and pinched the other's bum. — One looked up silly at me but without a word.

Winifred, who looked the oldest, was also about to alight, but she had said she lived further off to the right, so I stopped her. — "No, you can get out further on." — "I'd rather get out with them, it doesn't rain much." — I closed the door, the two girls walked away, the cabman drove off. — "I much want to go to ****," said I, "and then I'm coming back, drive with me there, and I'll set you down on my return." She refused, but the cab went on, the rain recommenced, she acquiesced, and sat quietly by my side, a little anxious seemingly. — For a moment I reflected, but my cock, erecting itself unasked, urged me on. I let the cabman drive on much further than I wanted to go, then, coming back, called where I had intended, Winifred sitting in the cab all the time. I did not stop at the house five minutes and then told the cabman to drive a long way round.

I kissed her, praised her beauty (she was the prettiest of the lot), and as she liked the praise and the kisses, offered a shilling to see her garters. That alarmed her and she wanted to get out. — "Oh, what a long way you're taking me." — I pacified her; on went the cab, I asked her to meet me another day, and at last. — "Now don't be alarmed, you have only to say no and you shan't. I'll give you a sovereign to let me feel your thighs." — I'd expected her to be scared, and even to desire to get out of the cab. To my delight all she said was, "You dirty man, I shan't." — I pitched the sovereign down on the seat in front of us, and begged and coaxed her. "Just to feel your thighs." A little time after, "Just to feel if there's any hair there, and you shall feel me, don't be alarmed, I won't do it if you so dislike it, but feel me." She began really to cry, it was no sham, but it soon ceased. "There, take up the sovereign, whether you let me or not it's yours." This was interlarded with her refusals, angry at first, but getting less and less vehement. At length, when it was getting dusk, she

felt my prick, and soon after my fingers just felt her little notch. Soon it was quite dark. What would her mother think of her being so late. "Oh, where are you taking me?" — Soon I set her down near her house, with a promise from her to meet me next day if she could.

"You won't tell those two will you?" — were the last words Winifred said. "Is it likely I should be so foolish? be sure you don't tell the girls or any one else, what we've done, and be sure you never tell any one." I gave her the sovereign, and she gave me her home address and that of her place of work. I wrote them down somehow in the cab, which I made move on to a gas lamp. Her mother kept a stationer's shop she said, and she had a sister named Lydia. — "What shall I tell mother about being so late?" she kept asking. — "Say the rain, my dear." I never knew what she did say, but girl, or woman, or crone, they always have an excuse ready, especially if it be to hide or help fucking. That, it seems to me stimulates the female brain to craftiness in lying, in a marvelous degree.

Five minutes after she left me, I drove to her house. It was easily found, and was in a poorish street, but seemed quite respectable. Stationery and many trumpery things were sold there. — The mother was in the shop, and also her sister whom she told me of the following day, and I came away, wondering if the girl would keep her word and meet me for another drive, at what she thought of my stiff prick, whether she'd ever seen a prick in that state before, and what the other two girls thought of my talk about their garters. I wondered more than anything at my success in getting a young girl, after an hour and a half's acquaintance, to feel me and let her belly be felt. — In truth my fingers barely touched the top of the notch where it splits up from the belly. She didn't seem of the same class as the little boxmakers whom I had a few years ago.

Next day, and half an hour earlier than the day before, as arranged, I waited near to the workshop of Miss Winifred (her companions called her "Winny"). She is the only female with that Christian cognomen I ever yet have known in amatory affairs. — I had doubts whether she would show up, for it was only a minute or two before she left the cab that I felt her belly and forced her hand on to my prick. She was scared, and there was so much hesitation and anxiety in her manner, when she promised to meet me again. — I had suggested her leaving earlier, so as to get away from her fellow apprentices, who usually walked part of the way homewards with her. She was a little late, but appeared just as I had given her up and got into the cab as quickly as she could, evidently to avoid being seen. She was cunning enough for that. — What was really Winifred's object in thus meeting me a stranger? It must have been the desire again to finger, and be fingered on the organs of concupiscence, again to feel my fingers on her motte, again to feel, and perhaps now to see, that rigid male engine, about which no doubt she had heard and talked with her young friends, but may have never seen a full sized one. — It was dark when I had my persuader out in the cab, and if she saw it, it was only when a street lamp flashed on it. "I must really get home by seven," said she, and telling me why. — "Oh, I don't want to go towards the bridge, I shan't get home in time, I won't go that way." — I was driving in the direction of a convenient house, but fearful of spoiling my chance, stopped the cab, and on her naming a road, told the cabman to drive that way. I was longing for it to get dark, but unfortunately it was a bright evening. On we went, till, passing a pastrycook's, I asked her if she'd have something. — Yes, she'd like a jelly so, she'd only once or twice tasted it in her life.

I made her sit in the cab, thinking her youth and dress, contrasted with mine, might cause remark, and crammed her with jelly, then took her cherry brandy, thinking that might warm her up. Then on we drove, I talking amorously and kissing her every minute. The cherry brandy opened her mouth, and she volunteered much about herself, I had only to ask a question and she spoke for five minutes, not that she was in the least degree tight. — I encouraged the loquacity, feeling sure I should get no liberties till dusk, I never had such a garrulous lass, and all about herself and family. — This is some of what she told me.

Her father had been a clerk, her mother kept the stationer's shop since his death, which took place about four years previously. Since then they had mainly depended upon the shop for their living. —

They let the two rooms above to a single gentleman, who had lodged there for two years. Her sister Lydia had been to service, but now minded the shop with her mother. They two kept the house, and did most of the work themselves, but a strong char-woman came daily to do rough jobs. — Lydia waited on the gentleman, who was not much at home in the day. He was middle-aged, very religious, and anxious for Lydia to go to prayer meetings with him, but the mother objected. She however went with him sometimes on the sly. Lydia and her mother had had words about that. Mother says Lydia's had trouble enough, and doesn't want her to get into any more. — She (Winifred) used to take him his breakfast things sometimes before she was apprenticed, now she went away to work too early.

She was allowed now nine pence a day, soon they would give her a shilling because she was getting useful. — "But it's hard work, and I can't bear sitting all day long. — I'd like something else but don't know what." — She had a bag with her in which I found she took her dinner, and the dressmaker gave her her tea, and she had her supper when she got home. Hungry and tired she was when she did get home. She hated sitting in the shop parlour or the kitchen, she liked serving in the shop, but was glad when her mother let her go to her aunt's, or to chapel. — They were very pious chapel people, seemingly.

With that fine perception in all sexual matters which I know I have, I caught at her remarks about her sister having got into trouble, — Something whispered to me — "Cunt" — Trouble to her mother? — "Cunt." — "What was your sister's trouble?" I asked.

Winifred saw with the cunning of a female that she had said too much, her loquacity ceased, and she began to evade and equivocate. She didn't know what, but had heard her mother say so — but it was all right now — and so on. — "You're fibbing, my little darling, you do know. — Perhaps she's had a foolish lover, who foolishly got her a baby, when he needn't, they might have had all their pleasure without that." — "Oh — oh — what a thing to say. — I don't know what you mean."

It was just the time for telling her what I meant, for it was getting dark, the lamps were lighted, and I could clearly see her pretty face for the moment as we passed them. — So I told her what I thought of Lydia, and in voluptuous words, and for the first time said "cunt, prick, fuck," that trinity of words which conveys all, expresses all — I had never said them on the night before, but had used suggestive words, as my thing — your belly, and so on — simple words which nevertheless set the brain thinking, and the body lusting, yet do not scare. — At every bawdy sentence, at every suggestion, she now only said. "Ho — ho," and at last burst into screaming laughter. It was a peal of laugh-ter, amused, timid, almost hysterical, and then suddenly ceasing. — "I don't know what you mean, or any-thing about it, only what mother says — let me get home."

"I'll ask Lydia and tell you what she says," said I with coolness. At that she laughed again, but as I saw she was determined to know nothing, I changed my tone. — "Let's look at your boots, you want another pair, put your foot on the seat." — "Oh, they're shabby, I've got a better pair for Sundays" — and apparently diverted from what we had been talking about, she began to talk again and put one foot upon the seat, looking at it tho she couldn't see it plainly. At once I rapidly ran my hand up her clothes and got it between her thighs, just as she closed them tightly on it.

But it was too late, my forefinger was a little in the notch, I could feel the soft pad, the division, and a nubby little clitoris. — She moved, wriggled, jumped up, sat down again, but somehow I managed to keep my finger there and move it slightly, pulling her to me with the other hand, kissing her and talking bawdy. Spite of her. — "No — I won't." — I still felt the cunt. How delicious to feel that young virgin cunt, that soft pad above that little button of gristle — made for man's fingers to rub, to irritate. How voluptuous to her to have my fingers on it, and to know and think of what I wanted. Yet with a bounce she got away and sat opposite to me. "I'll never ride with you again," she said.

"Yes, my darling you will, and I shall give you pleasure, and you me, now come this side, I've done, and you shall feel me." — "Shan't — I won't." — But persuaded she did, for my erotic philosophy

told. — "Why shouldn't we — who will know but we? every girl does it but doesn't tell." — Sexual want, and voluptuous feelings pervading, settled it; and in five minutes in absolute silence, she was sitting with her little hand round my standing prober, and I was feeling the full little pad at the bottom of her belly, on which I could just feel the slight hair of puberty. She was just over sixteen years of age.

As we approached her street — "I wonder if mother's out, she sometimes takes a walk about this time on Wednesdays," said Winifred, anxiously relinquishing my prick and looking out of the cab. She got out at the end of her street, I dismissed the cab, and at a distance following her, saw her enter the shop and, going up to it, saw through the window Lydia as I supposed (it was). Staring at the good looking young woman, I wondered again what her trouble had been; and again said to myself, "Cunt's had some thing to do with it." — Winifred's street led out of a broad highway with but little traffic, it was the least frequented large high-way so near the bridges in London (it is nearly the same now spite of buildings and population). The foot-paths were very wide with a strip of paving along them. — Some big gardens enclosed by high walls were there at places, and the rest of the houses fronting the road were oldish middle class and with very long gar-dens in front. A dull quiet road it was. I sauntered along it, in a madly lewed state thro feeling her little motte and having my tool handled by her, and wishing for relief, looked out for a whore. — But it was just the hour when few of the professional fuckstresses were about, or indeed any one else. — At length a tallish girl but who didn't look more than sixteen came sauntering along. "Come and give me a kiss, Mary," said I, — changing my reception.

She stopped and talked, and I found she was either gay or half gay, and after satisfying myself about her face under a gas lamp, we went down a darkish lane or passage and against a high wall with trees overhanging it, felt her gap, and she my poker. Said she. — "I work at bonnets. — No I don't know a house near here, I live close by, but there's a nice house at about ten minutes walk." — Mutual handling of our privates went on during our talk, till I could wait no longer, and fucked the damsel as she stood against the wall, gave her half a crown, and departed, leaving her trying to piss. I like to see a woman squatting for that. — "You can't piddle, my dear," she laughed. — "I just did it before I left home, but I shall in a minute." I could not go to meet Winifred for one or two days, and when I was at the appointed place she did not appear, nor for two days after. Thinking my chance lost, and not wishing to compromise the girl, I ceased going there, but the saucy chattering blue eyed lass, dwelt in my mind, my prick stiffened when I thought of her little hand having been round it, and of the little clitoris I had barely felt and not seen. So again I went near the workshop a little earlier, and waited inside a cab on the opposite side of the road. — At the usual hour out she came with the other two lasses.

I drove well ahead, alighted, told the cabman to follow me at a distance, and then walking straight back, met the three girls point blank. All looked confused tho they smiled, and they edged away from me. I nodded familiarly and passed on, as if I never meant again to speak to them, but noticed Winifred's face colour up, and that her eyes looked saucily at me. — Then I felt dreadfully in love with her and lusted furiously. When nearly out of sight, I got into the cab, and, telling the cabman what to do, followed at foot pace.

Just where the two girls had got out of the cab before, they turned off. Winifred crossed the road, and stood for a minute looking back. The fast little wench, I guessed, was wondering if I was about. I had reached her by then, stepped out of the cab, asked her to have a ride, was at first refused, and then she got in, saying she could only ride for half an hour. Was it in anticipation of a present?

The girl was anxious. I told her how I had seen her sister, and how a girl not older than she had let me feel her quim in * * * * Lane, but didn't tell I'd fucked her. — "They call it the dark walk," said Winifred, much interested. I began to think she knew a lot, but so do all girls sixteen years old in her class of life — It ended in her saying she'd meet me in an hour if she could get out. — If her mother was out she was sure she could, if at home she might refuse. "But your sister?" She didn't care about her, if she told of her, she'd tell of her sister. If she did not meet me, she'd leave earlier

next day and have a ride with me. I dined on a chop at a poor dining place and at the hour named was at the spot, but Winifred never appeared.

Next day she got into the cab with me, near to work place, and again we had a long ride, jelly, cakes, and cherry brandy. — Again she felt my prick, and I a little bit more of her cunt, but she resisted furiously my fingers getting proper feel of it. In the day light now, I asked if she'd like to see my cock. No she didn't want

— but, when stiff, I put my hat over it, lifted up the hat when no vehicles were passing, and the lass looked at it and laughed. — "You've seen one before, Winny."

— "That I haven't," said she energetically. — We drove up and down the same road (I wonder what cabby thought) and talked. I felt her all about, but she resisted more than she had done before, and said she wouldn't ride with me again if I went on "at such games."

The jelly and cherries set her chattering. She hadn't spent any of the sovereign, and she was sick of work, she'd go to service or something else, she did not care what, her mother kept her so strict. She'd like to mind the shop with her mother, Lydia wanted to leave, but her mother wouldn't let her. — At last I heard that Lydia had stopped out all night when in service, and been dismissed. — Winifred didn't know where she'd been. "Yes you do." Well, she wasn't going to say if she did. — I concluded that Lydia had been fucked, and that Winifred knew it.

Then I resolved to try harder to get the girl, thinking from what had already taken place between us, from her voluptuous glances, from a wriggling, half lewed manner of moving and giggling, that she was of ardent temperament, and that her lower maw had craving for distension, and to have its hunger assuaged by the emollient liquid which a prick alone can give. "Pshaw, some man will get her soon, she is sure to get fucked — I may as well have her as another" — said I to my-self, and tried to induce her to go to a house with me, but was unsuccessful. — I knew none in her neighbour-hood for it was strange to me, and my brothels were two miles off. When we parted, she'd promised to meet me again.

Winifred's place of work was close to a road with good traffic, and that night I walked about it till I saw a well dressed doxy, and with her went to a nice quiet baudy house, which I never should have found out by myself, and as before on similar occasions, I emptied my testicles into her. I had intended doing nothing of the sort, but couldn't resist just looking at her calves, then feeling her thighs, then having a look at the red center cleft, and then I wanted to see her posteriors, and after feeling her about and saying that that was all. — "What a funny man you are, ain't you going to do anything, haven't you got a prick?" "Shall I frig you?" said the lady — A few minutes after, my poker was poking in her glowing sheath, and my semen shooting out from my balls into it. — I may add here that, many times in my life, I have found out the nearest accommodation houses by asking gay women to take me to them.

When I next met Winifred she was in a hurry to get home, but promised to meet me the next night at eight o'clock. She was to go to an aunt's, would stop there a short time only, meet me afterwards, and then we could walk. Winifred was tall and looked much older than "sixteen and a quarter," which she said she was, so walking arm in arm with me would not be noticeable—I think she was proud of walking with me. — We met, I told her I loved her, and in the dark talked unadulterated baudiness. — Said she, — "Not that way, Lydia's gone to meeting with our lodger, and may come that way home; Mother thinks he'll marry her and lets her go with him to prayer meetings now. Mother's alone in the house." Such was nearly the conclusion of our conversation in our walk, during which, I had kissed her in the street every five minutes at favourable opportunities, and tried to feel her but unsuccessfully. The little jade was either cunning or frightened.

We walked in another direction and came to a part where the high road was very wide, and where I had met the young fuckstress a week before. I wanted Winifred to go up the lane, and let me there feel her little cleft, but she resolutely refused. We stood for a minute or two talking, and I persuading, on the opposite side of the road to the lane, the mouth of which in the darkness we

could scarcely see, for there was, I think, no lamp in it. As we stood, Winifred said with a start and almost in a whisper. "Oh! — there's Lydia — let's get away. — Oh! if she sees me." — "Are you sure?" — "Yes, and it's our lodger too." Then in the darkness I just discerned a couple on the opposite side, who turned up the lane and were lost to view.

"Oh, let's go." — "No wait and see them come out to make sure you're right." — "What shall I say if Lydia sees me with you?" — "She won't say anything if she knows you've seen her go up there with the lodger." Winifred giggled.

I knew full well they'd be quick about their business, and get home as fast as they could, he with empty balls, and she with overflowing cunt. — So I led Winifred in the opposite direction and stopped just in view of the mouth of the lane. Soon the couple appeared, walking quickly. "Yes, it's our lodger, I know his walk." — "He's fucked your sister." — The girl made no reply. — We followed, keeping the couple barely in sight till we saw them enter the house, and then we parted with a kiss. "He's fucked Lydia," were my last words. The girl was silent. What was the riggish little wench thinking of?

At this time I was chasing Bertha, and had just lost Madeline. Sponge and sheep gut had been given up, for I could not bear them, and Madeline, frightened to do without them, being so anxious about getting in the family way and losing her Richard. — So the liaison languished and then ceased as told, but just then it pre-vented my hunting Winifred daily. Moreover, the cunning little slut was capricious, and at times even would now not cab with me, but some days after the spy on the pious couple, she met me.

She was bursting to tell me and began as soon as seated in the cab. She hadn't told her sister, but had watched her. That morning her sister had gone out for something. — Winifred hadn't been to her dress making. The lodger rang, and her mother sent her to answer "and what do you think?" "What," "Oh, I shan't tell you" and she burst out laughing. With a little pressing she did. "I opened the parlour door, he wasn't there but was in the bed room, the door wide open; he turned round and — Ha — Ha — He — He — I won't tell you." "Nonsense, do." "He turned round and showed it me. — He — He — he thought it was Lydia, I'm sure, for he turned round again and put it away and then round again, and said, "Tell your mother to cook me an egg." Oho He — He — He."

Then I heard that when she took up the egg and breakfast, the pious lodger told her that he didn't know any one was in the room when he had turned round, begged her not to tell her sister or mother, and gave her half a crown. "But I'm sure he thought it was Lydia," said the cunning little slut. "Was it stiff?" She nodded.

I told her that no doubt they went to prayer meeting as an excuse, and that they then always fucked to-gether. — Then I besought Winifred to come and chat with me at a house close by, but nothing would induce her, nor during two, three rides after would she do more than feel me, and let me just feel the top of her notch, so I grew tired of it. I had given her but a trifle more money, but had stuffed her each time with pastry, jelly, and brandy cherries.

"I'm going out of town, and shan't see you any more, if you won't come to a house with me, good bye." — "Very well," said she, but seemed rather astonished. — Then it occurred to me all of a sudden, and I wonder it hadn't occurred to me before. — "I shouldn't hurt you, you are so handsome that I wanted to look at you naked. — Doctors know how to get pleasure and give pleasure to girls, without doing them injury." — "You a doctor? why didn't you say so before?" — "Why should I?" — The girl began to think and agreed to meet me the next afternoon, but I got no further with her that day. I hadn't quite lost my time, for it was much pleasure riding about with her, and feeling her little naked bum and thighs, but I resolved to stay away.

In a fortnight I went again, waited two afternoons, saw work-women coming out without her, and then boldly went to the shop at dusk and bought some-thing, being served by the mother, whom I found to be a very handsome woman, certainly not more than forty years old. Whilst serving, Winifred came in and seemed petrified when she saw me. I had fancied she was at home and had

quite prepared for it, so pointed to some little article in the window that I wished to buy, and whilst the mother was getting it out, put into the girl's hand a slip of paper, on which I had re-requested her to meet me next day, as I'd something important to tell her.

She met me and was full of news. — She'd not been well, and had kept at home — had watched her sister, seen the lodger put his hands up her clothes, told her sister of it, had not told her mother. — A gentleman was now courting her mother, she thought, and the two now often walked out of an evening together, leaving the girls to mind the shop. — Lydia then went out with the lodger once or twice after the mother had gone, leaving Winifred alone, but not for long. They always walked in the direction of the dark lane she had noticed. — Lydia said it didn't matter if the lodger had felt her garters, for he'd marry her, Winifred told her she'd seen the attempt and then told of his showing his cock, and having seen them together go up * * * * pas-sage. Lydia slapped her, she slapped Lydia, and they had a lively row. Winifred said she'd tell her mother, but at length consented not to do so.

That day I took a bawdy book filled with pictures with me, shewed Winifred some of it in the cab, and lent it her. I told her also that I'd give her five pounds if she'd come to a house with me and strip. One or two days after, I heard that Lydia had caught Winifred with the book, and then they both read it together. — Winifred told her that one of the dressmakers had lent it her. Winifred still wouldn't go to a house with me, but she sat on my knee in the cab, and I titillated her little clitoris a long while, she wriggled and sighed but did not, I think, spend.

As after all these cab rides I didn't get further than a feel of her cunt top, I grew tired of the affair. It was one of the most singular I have had. — Here was a girl only a few months over sixteen, whose eyes and manners shewed she was lewd but who wouldn't answer any questions about fucking, yet would feel my cock, and allow the top of her split to be felt, but was cunning, and sufficient mistress of herself to go no further. The longer I live the more wonderful the ways of women in their lusts, and the greater variety in their manners there seems to be.

Intending to cease my chase of her, I begged her to bring me back the book, which she did one or two days after, when she'd resumed going to work. We looked over the pictures together in the cab, and I explained the postures to her. She said nothing, but she chuckled.

— I begged her to come to a house with me. — "I'm frightened." Again I said that a doctor would never get a girl into trouble. — "I'm so frightened" — was all I could out of her, even after she'd filled her belly with pastry and cherry brandy, and tho she kissed me now in quite a winning manner, as if she liked kissing, and I was her lover.

I went to B****t*n for a fortnight and amused my-self there by fucking women on the sea shore. Several times I laid down on the beach with them, and altho it was hardish, it is a clean bed, and the women know the best places. What a lot of fucking goes on there when the night is dark. — "Come here, let's go to the beach

— go ahead, I'll follow." When there, it was: — "Here's the money, don't let me if you have any fear of yourself." Then we were but one body for a few minutes, and then separated forever. — I took no ailment, and really as I only had the women when under the sudden impulse of a violent lust and great want of fucking, I enjoyed their cunts as much as those of swell Cyprians.

But I had a hankering after Winifred, returned to town, and, not seeing her in the shop, waited at her work place, and got her into a cab again. She was fuller of news than ever, and seemed delighted to see me. She had never expected to see me again, she said.

— "And you won't unless you come to a house with me." — "I'm frightened, but Lydia says I'm a fool," said she, almost breathless.

I was astonished. I'd made up my mind that day to be brutal, to force my finger between her cunt lips, and break her hymen with my finger if she were vir- gin. — Now I deferred that intention, for luck in the fortnight had brought me nearer to my hopes. — It was now darkish at half past five,

when we entered the cab.

She told me her mother walked out with a gentleman nearly every night, leaving the two girls together. Winifred wouldn't now be in the house by herself often, but would mind the shop if Lydia wanted to talk to the lodger. The cunning little lass had, I found, an object. By going to the staircase through the door in the shop parlour, and listening, she could hear talking on the first floor. One evening Lydia went to her bed room; all was so quiet that Winifred locked the shop door, went quickly up stairs and opened the sitting room door. — No one was there — opened the bedroom door leading out of the sitting room, and there on the bed was Lydia, with her legs in the air and the lodger just finishing his fuck. — Next minute, with a screech, Lydia pushed him off and got on to the floor; he did the same, buttoning up his trowsers. Winifred told the tale very neatly, by help of a few questions from me; she was dying to tell me, but only did so fully when I asked this and that.

She left the room, Lydia followed, begging and praying her sister not to tell her mother. They slept in the same room, confidence begat confidence, and in a few nights Winifred let out that it was a gentleman who had lent her the book, and had offered her five pounds. Lydia said she was a fool not to accept it. I saw that the elder sister in a scrape herself, wanted to get the younger into similar pickle, in order to shut her mouth. Sisters do that.

Winifred was delighted to tell. "Did you see your sister's naked thighs?" — "Only one — he, he, he," she giggled. "Had he his hand under her bum?" — "Yes — he — he — he." — "What was he doing?"

— "I don't know he — he." — "Was his bum moving backwards and forwards?" "Yes and quick, He he

— he." "What were they doing then?" "Oh, I don't know." — "You story, your sister told you and you knew before." — "Oh! he, he, he." And so the tale was told [it has afforded me many times since much amusement to think of the half artless yet cunning way in which the girl told the tale in the cab, whilst sitting on my knee, my finger trying to insinuate itself between her tightly crossed thighs.]

The sister had done for me what perhaps I might not have succeeded in by myself. Their talk, as I found afterwards, was constantly about fucking after that memorable evening, and I expect that heated Winifred's cunt pretty well. A few days after, Winifred told me that her mother was going to be married again, and thought the girls had better go to service, as her intended couldn't keep them. She also told me that they couldn't pay their rent, and at times could scarcely get enough to eat. They had meat only every other day, but they kept up appearances. Lydia said she shouldn't go to service again, she'd make the lodger marry her, but Winifred must. The family was evidently breaking up.

Then Winifred agreed to have dinner with me. She got a half holiday from her work, risking her mother's finding it out. — I got a room at a well known French restaurant, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, there we were at table.

How that girl ate and drank! she'd never tasted any- thing in her life, she said, so delicious, at last she hiccupped, and I could see by her eyes and manner that she was hot with lust, under the beneficent effect of a well filled belly. We talked over her sister's affair, what we had done in the cab, and what I wanted to do with her. It was — "He — he — he — ah!" every minute. Then. — "You won't hurt me if I do, will you now?" At about half past three we were in a house together.

There the first thing she said was, "Oh I'm so full and so sleepy, let me lie down." — "My love, you shall but take off your things." — A little soft persuasion and she was soon in her chemise. — "Did you ever see a man naked." — "No, — he, — he, — and don't want." — "Yes you do." — Stripping to my shirt, I pulled it up to my arm pits, and with prick in the randiest glory, went up to her as she sat on the sofa, and made her handle and kiss it. — She was not loath. — "Come to the bed dear." — "What are you going to do?" To give you such pleasure. — I must see and kiss that dear little

cunt, it will give you such pleasure, now I will, it's no use your struggling." — After a few minutes of voluptuous persuasion, she was lying at the side of the bed with legs wide open, and I on my knees gloating on her virgin treasure.

She was tall and well formed, but quite thin. It was the thinness of a growing girl and not of weakness. Her cunt had fullish lips, with the slightest quantity of light brown hair half way down them, joining that on the motte, which was not half an inch long, and lay flat on one of the loveliest looking mounts I ever saw. There was no more hair on it than would cover half a crown. A delicate pale coral stripe, a little wider at the top, defined the cleft, the coral dying out delicately into the downy fringe and white flesh on the puffy outer cunt lips — With both hands I separated them, saw a small clitoris, little thin nymphae, and the broad oval expanse of coral vulva looking exquisite. There lay the pink road to the lower part of the cleft, looking darker and darker, as it sloped inwards to the mouth of the warm elastic tube, which was to give her and me such exquisite delight. The aperture seemed barred to a prick at its entrance, all but a little perforation, up which a small finger could alone have been passed, without injury to the firm yet soft, and semi-flexible red membrane.

The smell of the cunt rose into my nostrils, my brain seemed to whirl with voluptuousness as I kissed, and kissed, and glued my lips to it. — I put my hands under her little buttocks, held her closely to me, and began to lick her clitoris with libidinous delight.

How grateful I am to my Creator that he has thus far made me better and wiser than the beasts of the field, to whom the heavenly delights of gamahuching and minetting are unknown. — It is in such delicious, voluptuous pastimes that man is superior to other animals on the globe. To lick such a lovely cunt and give delight to its possessor is a sign of the divinity which lives, whilst I live, within me. It justifies my hope of a heaven, when I have such a taste of paradise on earth as gamahuching and fucking gives me. [This reflection made at this period I give just as then written.]

"Oh! what are you doing?" — "Be still, dear, and you'll have heavenly pleasure." — I spluttered out, licking between each word, holding her now round her thighs tightly, so that no movement of her haunches could dislodge my mouth from her cunt. — Now my tongue sought the hymenial membrane, then tried to enter the little orifice, now it covered the whole surface of her vulva, filling my mouth almost with it, then it settled on the little red button, that enticing little knob to tongue and finger, where the greatest pleasure in gamahuching seems to be concentrated. I licked fast then slow, then gradually ceased, my tongue being fatigued by long exercise. She laid motionless, silent, and enjoying the sensual treat.

I looked at the field of my lingual exercise, holding the lips wide apart, seeing it all from motte to bum-hole, and with prick well nigh bursting, then went on gamahuching. — She had ceased speaking or moving, but now and then a clip of her thighs told me of voluptuous thrills. — On went my tongue, quicker and quicker as it got tired, longing for her crisis. — "Aha" — A slight quiver of the thighs, an almost imperceptible fucking jog of the belly, a shudder of pleasure. — "Aha — h, h, har — harrre," in a soft, sweet, moaning voice, and all was still. Winifred had spent.

I rose quickly, saw her cunt wetted with my saliva, and pearly moisture running from her hymen, whilst she still with eyes closed lay in the lassitude of her pleasure. Raising one thigh, I lodged my prick in her cunt gently, and with the other hand then grasping the other thigh, I bent over her and thrust. — "Oh. What are you doing? — oh, don't — Ohoo, you're hurting me — Ahar." — The posture was not good for a defloration, for my prick was upright, her cunt horizontal, but nature teaches, instinct guides aright in its great scheme of procreation. As she moved, tighter and tighter I grasped her, bending over her till my naked belly met her naked belly (for chemise and shirt in the twinkling of an eye I had thrown up) and pressed and covered it. — Holding her thighs tightly, I thrust, and thrust violently, my prick a horn with the merest flexibility — I had lodged it well, and her wiggles never dislodged it. — "Aha — don't now — aha — you said you wouldn't." — The creeping pleasure came on of my sperm leaving my balls where it lay like a load at its roots, till it rushed forward from some internal agency. Furious with lust, the whole strength of my loins, thighs, and backside, gathered together in compound force, and I lunged as if I would split her

belly. I felt the tight clip of her hymen round my glans as it entered, and with one more thrust my prick lounged up her till it struck against her womb portals. With a softened shriek, and a gasp she then was still, and my prick, now with scarcely a thrust — its movements but short wriggles as the sensitive tip naturally sought her cunt's depths — shot gobbet after gobbet of thick spunk into her vagina, and I sank over her, holding her to me, kissing her pretty little mouth as the last throes of pleasure died away, and left me lifeless with tremulous knees, but still holding her backside to me, still covering her body with mine and pressing my prick still up her, to soften and shrink, in the spermy bath it had made for itself.

Thus we were copulated long in silence, not a word said by either, till full consciousness came. Then seizing a towel which I had put on the bed to wipe my mouth with, when gamahuching, but which I'd never used, I thrust it under her bum, ready to receive the overflow of our lust. — Shrinking gradually, out came my prick, drawing with it blood streaked sperm. I squeezed the napkin round my prick, then thrusting it between her thighs, sat down on a neighbouring chair. She raised herself, sat on the edge of the bed, chemise above her knees, napkin still between her thighs, and began to cry and sob. It was no sham.

I can't bear to see a female cry, and specially a woman whom I have fucked. I had triumphed after two months' strategy and had the highest pleasure in her virgin body, and it grieved me to see her cry. From her boldness and friskiness hitherto, I had not expected it, so set to work to soothe and comfort her.

It was long before she was comforted. I have had virgins look ashamed after they had been pierced, and cry a wee bit, but never one cry like this one. There she sat, sobbing, rubbing her eyes, taking no heed of her cunt or the napkin, till. "My darling Winny, let me look at your dear little cunt." Pushing her gently back on the bed again, without her resisting, she seemed almost as if my inspection was gratifying and a relief. I opened her thighs, took away the linen, and a sight of sanguinary semen it was. I wiped her cunt, looked at it, which she let me do quite placidly, and then sat her, with naked bum on my thigh, and at length comforted her successfully. Then, with warm water and a moist towel, carefully I wiped the outer surface of her quim.

As she rose to let me do so, blood and sperm were left on my thigh from her little lacerated cleft. — That sight stiffened me at once. — I was in prime condition, having kept myself from women for three or four days in anticipation of this treat. She knows now what fucking is, and luckily for her, early in life. She will have ten years more pleasure than had she waited till twenty-six before she'd been penetrated by a penis. — A girl can't begin too soon, a boy had better wait longer perhaps, tho he won't. At sixteen his generators don't accumulate sperm rapidly or well. — But a girl suffers less loss of animal power from fucking, her juicy contribution in the exercise being slight, and not so exhausting.

The explosion of tears and sobs ceased. It was only caused by the shock to her nervous system. Fear, pleasure, pain, and the lewedness caused by the prick in her, upset her. She got better, talked frankly about her sensations, about her own and sister's poking, as if she was already a judge of such performances, and might criticise the manner of doing it, and the propriety as well. — I made a good fire, as it was now coldish weather. She sat with naked bum on my naked thigh, and whilst respecting her deflorated slit which was sore. I delicately titillated her nascent clitoris, whilst fucking, in all varieties, was what we talked about; till, what with the heat which I have noticed follows, and quickly affects lewedly a deflorated quim, after the prick has split it up, and my performance on her clitoris, she was ready to allow me my pleasure again in about an hour.

"No, it really won't hurt you again, I swear it will all be pleasure," I said, as she sat on my knee by the fire. I had twiddled her quim for nearly an hour, got her to feel my pego, to admit that the gamahuche had given her pleasure, that she'd frigged herself for fully a year, that her sister frigged herself as well. Then I sat her down on a chair, and made her, whilst I stood, feel and inspect my red tipped erection. — "It's a wonder it don't hurt more," she said with a "He — he — he." — Gently to the bed I led her, looked at her little quim which had changed from coral to an angry red at its

orifice, and in another minute she was on her back, and my prick by gentle pressure was engulfed in it. — How deliciously smooth and tight the sheath was. How I now pushed and poked in it slowly and cautiously, feeling its way about in it and as it were sounding its depth. Then I lay for a minute in bawdy tranquillity up her. — "Does it hurt you now, love?" — "No, not now." "Doesn't it feel nice in you." "Aha" — I pushed and poked, her cunt seemed to grow tighter and tighter, the sperm in it (for she had not washed it out) grew thicker and more adhesive. — Quicker and quicker go my to's and fros' within its grip. Bawdy, voluptuous questions she only replied to by, — "Oh don't — aha — aha." — Her cunt clipped, and seemed to frictionize my glans with greed for my sperm, her belly grew into mine, and out throbbed my spunk into her.

In an hour more I fucked her again to her pleasure, her bleeding had ceased, she washed her cunt, and again I looked at the ravages I had made — again on my knees I gamahucked till she spent. Then in a cab I saw her nearly home, giving her jelly and a little cherry brandy on the way at a pastrycook's. Then we separated. — Never had I a more delicious afternoon. My voluptuous recollections lasted me all night. — I wondered what her thoughts were. Whether she felt her quim often, how far she put her finger up, whether she wanted fucking again, and if she'd told her sister. I had forgotten the five pounds and so had she.

I suggested her meeting me again, and she was anxious to do so. What a fascinator a prick is when once tasted. But what would the mistress say about the half holiday, and suppose she told her mother? — Luckily, work seemed to be slack; when away half a day she only got half a day's pay, which then suited the dressmaker — Winifred would have met me next day, but I couldn't. The day after that we dined as before, and the bagnio received us. Winifred shewed a strong liking for food and cherry brandy, got excited, not in the least muzzy or muddled, but elevated, spiritualized. It was clear to me that the effect of liquor on her was strongly salacious. Her bright blue and sharp eyes got sharper and clearer, there was nervous energy in her, she undressed rapidly, sat on my thigh, and laid hold of my prick almost without my suggestion. — When it stiffened she said, "Oh!" — not in an enticing manner, but as if surprised, as if it had evoked suddenly lewdness, and she stared, I recollect, right in my eyes, as if my prick astonished her. — A minute afterwards I was on the bed with her, a look at the pretty coral-faced cunt — a kiss, a sniff on it, and we were fucking.

[This girl, I find, became to me a study. She no doubt was strictly virtuous till I had her, but the poke evoked her nature, which was sharply erotic, without any soft, loving qualities. I never knew much of her subsequent career, but guess it was that of a lustful one, who cared about fucking rather than the man who did it.]

It was a most voluptuous afternoon, and delightful to give her full pleasure. — She spent each time with me like the most full blooded woman. "Tell me, dear, when you're going to spend, when your pleasure comes on." — Yes, she would. — As we fucked, "Oh, I'm going to do it," she sighed. I like to make women of whom I have had the first, tell me when the full tide of pleasure is on. They mostly enjoy it without a word, but if they tell they each use different expressions.

That dinner and afternoon was followed by a few others at intervals. — I could not entirely keep to her for there was a woman whose society I could not quite avoid, tho I wished to do so when I had got this lass to poke and instruct. But I had such pleasure with her that I postponed all other meetings with women that I could, so that I could enjoy it, within the juicy folds of Winifred's pretty pouting, downy edged, coral lipped, slit. I was strong, wanted a woman daily, and after two or three days' abstinence, sebaceous exudation in three or four hours, when anticipating my sexual treat, would cover my prick tip till it looked nearly white, instead of a fiery carmine. — It delighted me to put it in that white state into her unctuous little cunt. Then, after our first pleasure, it delighted me to watch the pearly viscosity meander from her cunt towards her arsehole, whilst kneeling between her legs, which I held up by the ankles high, but wide apart, so that I might see the channel which the pearly, lubricious stream took. She used to lay with eyes fixed on me, passive to all I did; indeed I believe, silently delighting in it. — Never have I found a young wench more ready to learn obscenity. All delicacy soon left her, and de-light in lascivious fun seemed part of her nature. She

shewed that at our first cab ride. Yet she had never been brought up in the promiscuity of the poor, nor mixed, I found, with loose companions. She was by nature hot cunted, and I expect in after life was blazing with sexual passion, but I never knew.

I gave her the five pounds, and found she'd not yet spent the one pound. Like other girls placed similarly whom I have known, large sums (to them) embarrassed them, not knowing how to spend it without being found out.

The half holidays soon led to remarks from the dressmaker. — I had then to content myself with an hour's society with her in the afternoon, and took her to the bagnio near her place of work. That was the easier now, because it was dark or nearly so when she left, tho even that was difficult, owing to the young lasses with whom she'd been accustomed to walk partly home. But no lies, trickery or risks, stand in the way of a gluttonous cunt. I had her every other day for an hour or more, and fucked her then twice regularly. Again she got one day a half holiday, we went to the other house, and after dinner fucked in bed start naked, to her delight. — She told me, every time we met, all about the goings on of her family. — Lydia was regularly fucked by the lodger. — The mother noticed nothing and seemed engrossed with her own love affairs — Winifred had told Lydia that she'd let me have her — Lydia approved and wanted to meet and see me, but I at once refused anything of the sort

— Winifred had given Lydia her money to keep for her.

— She had also looked at Winifred's cunt, and shown Winifred her own. How I should have liked to have seen them at that, and heard their talk. Both girls had friggged themselves together side by side as they lay in the same bed. I heard all this and lots more.

Two or three days afterwards, I heard that the pious lodger, catching Winifred in the house alone some-where, had again shown her his stiff cock and had winked at her. — She had not told Lydia of it for fear of consequences — I have a suspicion that Lydia had told the lodger of Winifred's slip, but I never knew — I went out of town for a fortnight, came back after Christmas, and, not seeing the girl near the workshop on two afternoons, went to the shop and walked past it, till I saw her with her mother. Then I stood close to the window and near to the light, till the girl noticed me, as I saw by the expression of her face. I went away, next day waited near the workshop, and saw the girl loitering about. — In five minutes we were in the house together.

To my annoyance, she had her courses on but I nevertheless poked her. She'd a lot to tell me. — One morning the lodger left after paying everything properly, and next day Lydia also disappeared, her clothes it seems had all been taken away by the lodger. She had joined him and wrote a letter to the mother to say they were going to be married, but no address was given. — The mother was in much grief about it, but she was also going to be married directly, to leave the shop, and go to the native town of her husband, where it seems he had a business. They now would take Winifred with them, unless she'd like to go to service. — What was she to do, she asked me?

She had given very voluptuous amusement to me for quite three months off and on. I liked coition with her, her cunt was an unusually tight one, and there was a peculiar, soft, clinging, adhesiveness in her vagina, a gummy mucosity is the only term I can use to de-cribe it, which was most delicious to my prick, and I think I have noticed something like that in the cunts of girls of about her age. But if she stopped in town in service, I could rarely expect to have her, and feared also from her lustful temperament that she'd soon go wrong, if she had no one to control her. So I advised her to go with her mother. She tossed her head at the advice and didn't like it, expecting to re-main near me. At another meeting, she said she should stay in London, that the dressmaker had offered to take and keep her, but her mother objected. Winifred didn't much mind that. Wasn't I glad she asked. — I said very glad.

But I wasn't very glad, for I didn't wish the girl to come to harm, felt sure she'd get out from time to time alone, and with her temperament most certainly get another prick or two, and then turn gay. I told her so. Two or three days after she showed me a letter from Lydia, asking her to go to her, for

she was very happy, and the lodger would keep them both (she wasn't yet married). On no account was the address to be given to the mother. — I gave her that day another five pounds to help her in case of need, and she said she wouldn't be fool enough to lend it to her sister this time.

I have much narrative written about Winifred, but it of much the same nature. Looking thro it, I find the only things worth noticing are that she got so salacious that one day, unasked, she took my prick in her mouth, saying with a laugh that it was what they were doing in the picture * * * *. The action stopped there, but it was a sign of a warm temperament. She also said that gamahuching was very nice, but I never did it to her but once after the day of the slaughter of her virginity. — The mother married, Winifred was at the wedding, the stationer's shop was let, the goods sold, and Winifred went to the country with her mother. I was glad when she was gone. I heard from her one or two months after. She was discontented and going to live with her sister who, said she, was married. I wondered if she was, and whether the pious husband who had shagged Lydia before he could legally do so would show his cock again to Winifred. I sent her five pounds to help her to go with. She wrote to thank me, and I thought I had heard the last of her, but I met her again four years afterwards by chance. She never knew my real name and address, and I always wrote in a feigned hand.

Vol. 7 Chapter VI

Change in social conditions. • Fifteen months' fidelity. • Virtuous struggles with self. • Fornication resumed. • Lucubrations on sexualities. • Recurrent lusts. • Copulative power. • Knowledge of the art of love. • Girls surprized. • Influence over women. • Age guessed by pudenda. • Novel lusts. • Female humbugging. • Men deceived. • Impetuous stroking. • Camille revisited. • Promiscuity. • Clapped. • On lubricity in cunts. • My ways with Cyprians. • Notes on temporary connections.

[With Winifred terminated my four years of free-dom. I fell in love and was changed, yet my amorous frailty clung to me. — I loved deeply, truly, shall love to my dying hour, and, spite of my infidelity, would at any time have slain any one of my paramours rather than have give her pain. — Why with this feeling I sought the Cyprians, demireps, sluts, and strumpets, which I have done, I cannot explain, nor the frame of mind which led me into lascivious vagaries and aberrations, fancies and caprices, yet to be told of. From time to time, I have already given my views on the sexual relations of man and woman, and of the uses which they may be permitted naturally, if not legitimately, to make of their own bodies. — From those views, coupled with my practice yet to be narrated, I might now " in my sear and yellow leaf," form some opinion of my own nature, which seems contradictory enough even to myself. But I make no attempt to theorize on my idiosyncrasy, or to analyze my character. This is a history of my private life which deals with facts alone, and not with conjectures.]

[Again it must be stated that all paragraphs enclosed with brackets thus [] have been written since the manuscript of my life was finished, and have been added at this revision, when the narrative is put into form, revised, and much of the manuscript destroyed.]

I cannot tell the exact time that some of the following paragraphs were written, they are fragmentary lucubrations. Some were mixed up apparently with portions of my narrative a little later on, and some were not, but they possess evidence of having been all written during my period of chastity, and within a year or two after my chastity ceased, and no doubt all of them were written at this time of my life. All are evidence of my mental condition on sexual matters at that particular period, as I well even now recollect. They were not in many cases attached to particular pages of the manuscript, and some are without date, but I should have no difficulty in assigning their places

closely, if it were worth the trouble to do so.

It is a full quarter of a century since my prick first entered a woman's cunt. — A great change has now taken place in my social condition, and full fifteen months passed away during which I have been chaste — I do not find a single note or memorandum about illicit amours as they are called. — Indeed can swear that I never had any, and that all my sexual worship was given to one woman. Never before or since have I been so faithful, but she is worthy of it. — Then a change ensued. How well I recollect when I lapsed into my former habits of sensuality, spite of my struggles with myself to avoid doing so.

[This change in social life, left me with a limited purse for free loves — I had generally not the money to enable me to have the high-priced strumpets of former days, tho at times I was seduced into such extravagances. — Excepting at intervals, the demand upon my time and my tool elsewhere prevented my engaging in liaisons requiring time to accomplish or continue them. — But I had varied, fantastic, and the erotic frolics of mature age, as well as the normal amorous amusements of a sensuous man. The administrators to my pleasure were content with their gains, relatively small tho they were, and also were often content with me for I had not lost the natural faculty (not art, for I never really cultivated the art of attaching soiled doves, and (sub-rosa) frisky lasses, as well as other females to me; and making them the most complaisant of partners in my pleasures, and even my voluptuous extravagances and caprices.]

For fifteen months, I have been contented with one woman; I love her devotedly, I would die to make her happy. Yet such is my sensuous temperament, such my love of women, that much as I strive against it I find it impossible to keep faithful to her, to keep to her alone.

I have wept over this weakness, have punished my-self in fines, giving heavily to charities the money which would have paid for other women. I have frigged myself to avoid leaving a woman whose beauty has tempted my lust. I have, when on the point of accosting a lovely frail one, jumped into a cab and frigged myself right off, tho unavoidably thinking of the charms I had not seen. I have avoided A*g**e and C**m***e, and any other place to which whores resort, for fear of being tempted. I have fucked at home with fury and repetition, so that no sperm should be left, to rise my prick to stiffness when away from home; fucked indeed till advised by my doctor that it was as bad for her as for me.

All is useless. The desire for change seems invincible. The idea of seeing the petticoats lifted of some untasted beauty, the disclosure of neat ankles, swelling calves, the garters round white thighs, the smooth belly, and the cunt glowing in its crisp hirsute setting, framed in the smooth white flesh of belly, thighs, and bum globes, fill me with unconquerable wants. — I sicken with desire, pine for unseen, unknown cunts. — My life is almost unbearable from unsatisfied lust. It is constantly on me, depresses me, and I must yield.

I have yielded — Alas — Alas — I am whoring as of old — the charm is broken — my lascivious career recommenced. — Alas — Alas — I ought to feel disgraced. — But what maddening voluptuousness the variety gives me.

Tho I again indulge my voluptuousness with women in whose society I find the greatest charm of life, not only from their possessing the sexual organ which is the foundation of love for them, as the male sexual organ is of their love for us, but for their faces, form, and beauty, manner, blandishments, and kindness, which are the female attributes. But I must abstain henceforth from those delicious intrigues, which, for so many years, have helped to occupy my mind and to lighten the great trouble of my life. It would be impossible to intrigue, to go cunt hunting as I have done. That involves never giving up a chance, watching for and seizing every opportunity, and giving up all other occupations needful to attain the end — possession of the woman. This now I cannot do, without chance of being found out, and perhaps thus sacrificing the happiness of one for whom I would sacrifice my life.

I must content myself with the pleasures which courtesans can give me. Luckily, courtesans in their

ranks have every class of physical beauty to gratify the taste, together with a libidinosity, the idea of which seems more and more to please me. — Luckily also there are those to be found among them willing enough to gratify every taste of mine, — tastes which by experience have now been enlarged in their variety, — tastes to which in my earlier life I was a stranger — tastes which may be aberrations, and of which I have only heard. Thus I see before me endless salacious enjoyments. These are the burning words which ex-press the desires and actions of love. — Love, lust, lechery, lewed, licencious, lubricious, impudicity, salacity, obscenity, ribaldry, smuttiness, baudiness concupiscence carnality, fornication, lasciviousness, sensuality, meretriciousness, voluptuousness, lickerishness, ruttish, riggish, stupration and harlotry, all words found in the dictionary, and all of which I suppose may be classed under the term erotic. All are ridiculously used as opprobrious terms, instead of terms of praise and worship, for they are after all, only the charming expressions of the wants, tastes, desires, and concomitants, of the use of the prick and cunt, and for giving to each sex pleasure in some way. The terms should therefore be all gathered together under the word Love, of which they are but the expressions, the signs, and the consequence, and love and lust are al-most synonymous.

[It is a quarter of a century since this was written and I have acted in the belief of the truth of them.]

I am forty-two years old: an age when nature should moderate my ardours. — It may have done so, yet I can scarcely find any difference in my physical force, whilst my power of imagination in all things sexual has increased. — This imagination adds infinitely to the charm of coition and makes the woman lovelier than ever to me. — I am in full health and vigor, and am told good looking, more so than formerly, tho I can see no difference in myself. — All agree that I do not look my age. I can fuck once nightly as regularly as clockwork, oftentimes twice, and feel none the worse for the double action. Frequently, even that makes me feel and sleep better, and feel more refreshed and stimulated next morning. — With a fresh woman I can fuck thrice within the hour, but with that have finished my amour for a time. — But so it was with me years ago. [With a little abstinence, and a lovely woman with a fresh cunt, I have many times done my fifth between night and morning.]

I can perhaps for a time control my lustful impetuosity better than I could, which may be a sign of relaxation of strength. Yet at times I have such a strong, hot, fit of passion at the sight of a woman, that nothing restrains me till I've had her, if she can be had. Neither cost (whether I can afford it or not) nor risk deters me. — It seems to me that I then have the same determined aggressiveness which, overcoming a constitutional timidity frequently felt by me with women, tho I have not often told of it, has given me hitherto such success in my amours, — and even with harlots. — Success often times unexpected. My temerity in the attack, so crowned with victory, often times astonished me when my passion has been cooled in the darling's arms, and I have had time to think over what has passed.

Certainly I can now do what years ago I was incapable of, — dally with my lust under the strong excitement of a fresh cunt. I can pull my prick out of it as my sperm begins to rise, await its subsiding, put my prick in again, again postpone the crisis, and get by this husbandry, this prolongation, as much voluptuous delight out of one fuck as I used out of two. I can at times look at a cunt which my prick has never yet opened, and by strong effort of will, comtemplate it for a time even with a stiff and throbbing prick. I think at times, even, that I can prevent my prick from stiffening, when looking at a lovely naked woman, but this for a short time only. — Directly afterwards, when I allow desire full swing, my prick, in rapid throbs, jerks itself up erect. — It seems to me to rise to duty with the throbbing of my heart, when the restraint of my will is removed from it.

I have much, perhaps great, knowledge of sexual matters as it affects both male and female in their daily life, and feel sure that with that experience, coupled with the influence of my age, I can get mastery over women more easily than formerly. — Yet have I not been already sufficiently masterful with them? But my deeper knowledge tells, and adds to my power and pleasure. I can

astonish the younger ones, whores tho they may be, by telling them as much as they know, and some of the young practitioners more than they know. — [Many a young pair of eyes I have, since this was written, seen to wonder at my disclosures.] Then finding I know so much of their sex, their mendacity, little dodges, artifices, salacious tricks, and lewed habits, they are frank and tell me much about themselves and of their class. That is to say, some do, — those who naturally are frank. — Those innately cunning liars — but little.

I like to notice carefully, quietly, the difference in cunts; to study the look of cunts. This taste for comparing them has been growing on me for years. But more — I can tell, I think, tolerably closely, the age of a woman by the growth of the hair around, and the general aspect of her vulva. — "How old do you guess I am?" — "Wait till you're naked my dear, and when I've looked at you from your arse hole to your navel, I'll guess." — "You are a funny man, — well look then — now tell me." — That often has occurred, and it pleases me to inspect and to guess.

I can look at a woman's bum hole without dislike, and like pressing it with my finger, when my prick is in her cunt, and, in the ecstasy of the spend, even to intrude it. Have I not done now nearly everything? Is not everything which two people like to do together, fit and proper for them to do? Besides, some sweet Paphians whom I have had, and enjoyed my embraces, liked that anal plugging.

What often astonishes me is my desire to do again every thing sexual and erotic, which I have done al-ready. Yet many things done, I fancied I should never repeat. I have frigg'd a man. — My curiosity satisfied, I said to myself, — "I shall never frig a man again." — Yet I want to do so. — After each nearly hairless cunt which I have fucked, I have said, "Bah! she is not so well worth a stiff one as a full grown woman. There's no squeeze in the cunt, tho it be so small and tight — less soft liquidity exudes to meet my sperm, I'll not have another." — But I want another, and seem even to forget the sensation and the distinct pleasure that the small cunt gave me. I still want to compare them with the pleasure from larger cunts. — Nay, I crave for a young, unfledged cunt to lodge my prick in once more, and for the very fact of its being young and unedged, and without thought of the pleasure of the fuck in it. I want to do every thing over again. All former gratifications which were a little out of the common, seem to have faded from my recollection somewhat. — I don't clearly enough recollect my sensations, or the quality of the pleasure they gave me. I wish to re-fresh my memory by repeating the amorous exercises. It is not my lust or powers which want stimulating by variety; it rather seems as if it were strong animal want which is stimulating my desires and exercising my brain to invent even voluptuous combinations. I should like now, I fancy, those amusements I have often objected to. I should I think like my prick sucked by a sweet red lipped mouth. — Many a time I have refused that. What made me do that trick with the three Italian Graces at F**r***e I wonder?

Certainly I should like to gamachuche a pretty, coral tinted, hairless cunt, between young thighs. And a large stiff white prick! — I should like to see the sperm start from it, whilst I handled it. — Big women and little, black and light haired cunts, cunts of four-teen, and cunts of forty, I should like to see and taste again.

And I am middle-aged, and as some would say, should know better. Bah! — why should I not enjoy myself erotically if I fancy it, even if I were a centenarian? — "Vive le con, vive le vit." I will recommence as if I were young and ignorant. — Know better? He who knows how to get full enjoyment of life, be it done how it may, knows best.

I have perhaps arrived at the period of philosophical eroticism, but have I anticipated the period? Camille says that I have, and reminds me that she always said I should, whilst "beau garcon." — In fact I know everything about women: their sexual organization, the mysterious influence that the womb exercises upon them, and they upon us from the same source of vitality. — But whilst I flatter myself thus, I know also that I may be, and probably shall be, deceived by them, have their dust thrown in my eyes, — humbugged by them.

Any man may be humbugged by a woman whom he loves. Nay if he only likes her much, he is sure to believe her. It would pain him too much to disbelieve. This my opinion of masculine weakness, for many a year I have held. — It has saved me, I believe, from more than one false step, from several dilemmas. — It may save me from others, but who knows? If I should love, or only lust after, or only like, it will not, especially from gay women. — A gay lady is al-most by necessity a liar and trickster — money, money does it. — But in love matters, all women, modest or immodest, are liars, they will lie like a dentist to serve their turn. Trust them not, shall be my motto henceforth, but fear it will avail me but little, if I love or lust for them.

[Thus ran my thoughts, during the time I was constant and true to one (and to whom I thought I should be constant and true for ever), and the period of hesitation which ensued afterwards. — Thus did sensual cravings surge and struggle with me till I yielded. — They worried me even afterwards, whilst I indulged my lust with cheap Paphians, whom I sighted, longed for, fucked, paid, and dismissed, oftentimes in half an hour; leaving me unsatisfied, almost doubting what had taken place, yet with a desire to see more of their seat of pleasure, which in my lustful impetuosity I had had but a glimpse of. That flash of the cunt before my eyes had a sorcery of its own, for I could rarely help thinking of it and wishing to contemplate it more at leisure, and to think about it when contemplating.]

[Such fugitive pleasures also left me with fear of ailment, not for my own bodily suffering, but for the disclosure of its origin and source, and of the anguish that the disclosure would cause to her. Often I vowed that never — never — would I incur the risk again. — Alas for such resolves. — A stiff prick has no conscience. — A lustful throb in mine at a pretty face, a neat ankle, a swinging backside in sight, and all was for-gotten, till I saw my sperm rolling out of her cunt, and my regrets and fears returned.]

When I recommenced indiscretions (to use the accepted and modest term for going on the loose and fucking others than the legitimate one), I sought Camille. — Years had passed since I had had her, and the look at her was a pleasure to me. — "Mon Dieu! c'est vous mon ami, je suis enchantée de vous revoir, j'ai cru vous avoir perdu. — How well you look. — Ah, unchanged — as young and handsome as ever. — Ah, why have you so long neglected me?" — We kissed, in another minute my fingers were on her cunt, hers round my prick — our mouths were glued together in silence, and in a few minutes more, my prick was throbbing out its sperm into her heavenly receptacle, which gave out its tribute to meet mine whilst we sighed ourselves into voluptuous silence.

Camille was unchanged, excepting that she had got stouter, and the hair of her cunt was thicker and covered her motte more. — Her lovely, smooth, satiny skin, her quiet voice, her other perfections mental and carnal, were the same. — But I fancied she had more the manners of a Paphian, more those of a professional fuckstress than when last I had her. We resumed our conversations as of yore. — Fucking and frigging, gamahuching and minetting, sodomy, thumbguggerly and tribadism — male with male — woman with woman — all the changes were discussed. — All, we agreed, would hesitate to get any enjoyments out of any parts of their body that they lusted for. It was the same philosophy — a theory of pleasure we had agreed upon years before, and we only reaffirmed it now, after in-creased experience.

But I wanted other women besides Camille. — Soon she perceived that want, for she asked me if she should get me this woman or that pleasure. She had had now the experience of some years of harlotry, and knew men's natures. — Well, for a short time I accepted her aid, but then went my own way and again ceased seeing her altogether. [Partly perhaps because she left England and partly owing to a change in my residence.]

Then I went promiscuously and took a clap. It was not so serious an affair as the previous one, and luckily, being then temporarily alone in my home, it enabled me to get cured without the ailment being discovered. — It made me more cautious, made me insist on rigorous washing, and cuntal injections, before embracing the ladies afterwards. Occasionally also I then used French letters, but I could not bear them, nor they me. The injections also even if only of soap and water, left the cunts

so rough, that my sensitive prick was deprived of half its pleasure. I have lately noticed, more than ever, that some cunts have more natural lubricity than others, and that my pleasure in coition depends on that smoothness. That a sort of soapy, greasy, mucilaginous lubricity, gives me the most pleasure. That is found in perfection in girls about eighteen years old, and afterwards up to a certain age. I think it diminished in a woman after forty.

[Complete lubricity in the woman's cunt has now become a necessity. — Without it at times my prick suffers almost slight pain at the beginning of the fuck. — The second fuck in the spermated channel is by far the most pleasurable, and on reflection I am conscious that the liking I had always for an unwashed cunt, or rather for one not recently washed, was an instinct with me, the result of this very sensitiveness of my glans. — I used at the time to think it was purely fancy on my part, yet could not reconcile it with the desire which I had for intense cleanliness in the woman, whilst at the same time I sought lubricity.]

[Finding I could not break away from my sensuality, I gave up the victory to it, tho I never was able to get rid of my moral scruples, and thinking I was unfair to her whom I loved better than my life. But I forgot those scruples, or they troubled me less and less as time went on. — My fears about ailments also grew less, for I reverted to a former habit, and always began my acquaintance by paying the ladies directly I got into the bed room with them. The dialogue was usually this. "Here is the money, don't let me poke you if you have any thing the matter with you." — "I'm all right." — "Ah but if you've been poorly, or are going to be, the least stain will make me ill, my prick's so sensitive, I don't mind paying you a bit, I know you must get your living, so tell me truly, don't let me touch you if you've even the whites."

That has been received in various ways. — "You do it, I'm all right. Come on and fuck me," and after the business. — "You're married, I suppose, but don't you fear, I'm all right." — Others on the contrary. — "I'm quite well, but my poorliness was only over this morning. — You mustn't push too deep." — Or: — "Well, I am expecting to be poorly every hour." — Or — "Well, do as you like." Sometimes "Well, I'm a little poorly, but I'm quite in good health" or — "I'm all right as far as I know." — Sometimes there was an evasive one. Others "Well, shall I toss you off then if you're afraid?" — or, — "A French letter then." A French woman. "Shall I do minette with you?" — and there were other little varieties of meeting my offer, and questions, and result.]

Here from my manuscript are two extracts illustrative of my notes as written almost day by day at that period — many and many a page there was of them. All were amusing, and writing them pleased me immensely at the time. Indeed I think that I had more pleasure in writing my narrative at this period than at any other, tho I had far less to write about. — Of these temporary infidelities I destroy the remaining notes now, excepting one or two curious ones told further on.

Had a woman named Susan * * * * * seemed twenty-five, a fat arsed, tho she didn't look so in her dress. — Discontented with what I'd agreed to give her, said I give no more, — where on she said. — "All right" and seemed quite satisfied. — Dark hair and eyes, plenty on her cunt, fucked well and, I think, spent; told her so. "Yes I nearly always spend with my first man if he's nice, perhaps I mayn't get another tonight." — She hated frigging herself. — No woman should touch her own cunt, she thought. — A funny one.

21 January. — A funny little bitch about four feet six high, thin. — A modest looking juvenile cunt. — One of the smallest I ever put into — quite tight as I pushed my penis up it — hurt me as I pulled prick out quite stiff — I'd spent, tho I feared — washed. — "You're in a hurry," said she light haired, squinny face.

23 March — A hairy arsed, low, she. — Wonder I poked her, glad to get away — ten and six — dirty rooms.

A German — long nosed — big — spoke good English, said another woman was in house — would I see her — offered five shillings. — German laughed scorn-fully so I dropped the subject. — Soon after said she'd go and see — and it ended in having a plump little whore, whose cunt I

looked at, whilst I fucked the German, and for five shillings.

If I had any doubts, owing to the woman's manner, I got away as quickly as I could. Sometimes I said, "I won't poke, but show me your cunt." I almost always looked at that, and then left, and oftentimes was in a house with another woman ten minutes afterwards. — Once or twice the look of the cunt so excited me that, "Oh, I must fuck you." — "Perhaps you'd better not," — but they never alledged anything but their poorliness as a reason. — By adopting this mode of dealing with the women, I expect that I often escaped an ailment.

So for some time I had two or three different women weekly — feeling quite sure that I could do duty at home as well, but I had no woman whom I took to as a friend — or regularly visited. It was one continuous change in cunt, which I saw in all sizes, developments, knowledge of the look, and capabilities of that feminine appurtenance, and the ways and manner in which women used it and permitted it to be used, and their movements, manner, and behaviour, whilst it was used.

I only select one or two funny and exceptional incidents which occurred me during this continuous change of women, and they stand in my manuscript in the following order, or something like it.

Vol. 7 Chapter VII

Caroline the ex-chambermaid. • Her lewed moment. • Handsome backside. • Acquaintance claimed. • Prologue, copulation, Epilogue. • I am known. • Caroline's history. • She disappears. • Madeline again. • The street, the cab, the brothel. • A solemn promise. • Sarah Fz*r. • Form, face, cunt, and tongue. • Micturating frolics. • Spending indications. • Her dress. • A poke in the open. • Legs in the street. • A male competitor. • He after me. • A titanic prick. • Sarah on gamahuching. • Her nose.**

One dark evening at about six o'clock, I went to a house with a woman who pleased me when I met her, she looked so fresh and plump, tho clad in a vulgar, staringly light coloured, but very good cloak. She had smiled cheekily at me as I stood under a gas lamp, to see the sort of looking woman she was, and said "Well you're coming home with me ain't you?" — on saying I was, she laughed heartily and put her arm thro mine to walk with me, in such a way that I thought she had been drinking — I sent her on in front, which was my customary mode in such affairs, and joined her in nice lodgings not far from L***h*m P***e.

She undressed quickly, and I found her a fine woman looking about twenty-five years of age, with dark hair and eyes, and with a fresh colour like that of a country woman. She had an unusually big rump and fine thighs, but with quite a youthful quantity of dark brown hair on her quim. — "Show us it, I've often wanted to see it," said she, alluding to my prick. — She handled it and gave it a kiss with an air of satisfaction. — "You've just come in the nick of time, you want a bit, and I want a bit," and she laughed again. Her mirth was contagious and I laughed too, but could not quite make up my mind whether she had been drinking or not.

"Not so quick my dear, let's have a good look at your cunt first." — She'd got on the bed and thrown her chemise up ready for me, just as women do when anxious to be fucked or to get rid of a man. — "All right, look as long as you like, but poke first and look after-wards" — I declined. — "There then," and she slipped to the bed side with thighs apart — "Now you'll want to see it the other way I suppose," and she turned arse upwards, kneeling, and showing a pretty brown haired quim, pouting between as white, solid, and handsome a pair of bum globes as ever I saw. "Now come on." "Are you in a hurry?" "Not a bit to get rid of you, poke me, and we'll talk afterwards." — I got on the bed, and she amatively kissed me. — I felt her cunt inside and out, and in few minutes my prick was lying up her, satisfied, shrinking, and sticky. — "You've spent my dear." "I should think I have,

and will again," and she kissed me more than ever — I thought I'd got a doxy just at her thoroughly lewed moment, or who had taken a lech for me. — I've had such, and their manner then is generally unmistakable, tho the manners of women vary much.

I laid on her in full enjoyment of her spermatized cunt, smoothing her fat, cool, backside, till a sudden fear of ailment came over me. "I must wash," said I. — She put her legs round mine, held me tightly round my bum with both hands, and nestled her cunt up to my balls. — "Keep it in and wash when you've done it again, I'm all right." "But I must get home to dinner." "Shan't let you go till you've poked me again." — She was chirpy in manner — there was a vivacity in her, strongly resembling that of big-eyed Betsy Johnson of whom I have told. — "I must go, I shall be late, and shan't be able to do it again for half an hour," and I wriggled a little with the intention of quitting her body, yet was half hearted about it, so nice was she to handle. "Yes you will — what will you bet?"

I laid a little longer wondering at her manner, feeling somehow now sure that she was sound in body, thinking she had taken a lech for me, began feeling her bubbies, and investigating her armpits. — "I haven't seen you for a long time," she said laughing. "I never saw you before," I replied astonished. — "Oh haven't you tho, are you sure?" — I raised myself up to look at her face, and began to fancy I had. — "Oh, it's all running out of my cunt, haven't you put a lot in," — saying which and moving me with her, she turned partly on her side, putting her leg over my haunch as she did so, still held me close to her, and caught hold of my prick, which uncunted with the movement. — "You've had a drop." "Yes — but nothing but tea. I never drink liquor till night," said she, squeezing gently the glans of my prick. — It was a most delicate, refined performance, and already a voluptuous feeling at the tip and running thence everywhere, filled me with desire for her. The pleasurable sensation of a soft female hand coaxing my prick, now gently clasping my balls, now twiddling round the foreskin, now pinching gently be-low the tip, brought me to voluptuous silence. My hand sought her clitoris, the spermatic moisture on her quim increased my lewedness, and again our mouths met. — "Ohoo — I want it again — put it in. — Aha — how stiff it is." "Aha, how spunky your cunt is," I murmured amidst wet kisses. — It was all that was said, till I'd had a gloriously voluptuous second fuck. — Then we lay together till my prick would keep in her no longer. — Quickly I washed, and left her promising to see her again, and meaning it. "Don't be long first or you won't see me again at all, shall I write to you?" were the last words she uttered after chaffing me, and saying she knew me well enough, which I denied — I fancied I had somewhere seen her before, yet dismissed that from my mind, for I rarely quite forget the face of any woman whom I have had.

In a few days I saw her again. — Directly she noticed me, she turned and walked towards her lodgings, as if making sure I had come to have her.

"I knew I should see you again," were her first words when in her bedroom. "Why?" "Sure you'd come to see an old friend." "I never saw you till the other night." "Quite sure?" "Quite." "I know well all your names, and where you live, and all about you, what will you bet I don't?"

As before, she stripped rapidly to her chemise, as if anxious to be poked — sitting down whilst I undressed, she seized my prick directly I approached her, kissed it, and then with a gentle, almost imperceptible delicacy of handling, passed the stiff stem through her soft hand, alternately looking at it, then up at me, and holding with her other hand my shirt well up, so that she could see my procreator without hindrance. Then she began chaffing about her knowledge of me. — I returned the chaff, saying that now I recollected having her one or two years before. — "That you didn't, for I have only been poked eight months, and a gay woman three." For a second she was then silent, as if my remark had annoyed her.

"Tell me what you know," I resumed. "If I do you won't see me again." "Yes I will, let us poke first." "No." "You shall, I have only been chaffing you," said she, getting on to the bed. I believed that, said no more, laid by her side, and delicious reciprocal preliminaries began. I looked at her lovely cunt, pulled apart the red lips, kissed her motte and belly up to her bubbies, and then more

tranquil by her side, felt over all the surface of her cunt, now thrusting a finger up the red prick tube, now rubbing gently the clitoris, whilst she continued the delicate, slow, masturbating movement on my prick from tip to balls. Our mouths joined in moist contact, then in silence I mounted her, clasped her smooth solid arse, and thrust my prick to its roots up her. She sighed with delight as it struck the end of her cunt.

After a short voluptuous rest for my prick, tho my brain during such times is in its bauldiest state of thought, I fucked. — Up and down went my prick in her sheath, with our sighs and murmurs of pleasure mingling, till all movements finished with a throbbing prick, a gripping, clipping cunt, tightening arseholes, wriggling bellies, spasms of pleasure, thick white spunk spurting from me into her, salt slimy juices exuding from her vagina — amidst our sighs and cries of ecstasy. Then with relaxed hold, with limb stretched out, tranquil we lay, prick still in cunt, cunt clipping, prick loosely but deliciously shrinking in the fecundating mucilaginous bath of our mixed spendings, our tongues still joined, and salivas mingling. Thus for minutes in a blissful Elysium, as if our souls and bodies were dissolving. What a happy death to die.

The pleasure over, I slipped off on one side. She turned to me, laying hold of my tool. I put my hand over her upper buttock, and laying together thus in salacious companionship she said laughing, "I do know you tho." "Tell me then." "Your names begin with *** and **** and ****. — The number of your house is 34 — and the street name begins with A." — It was so exact that I started, but said, "No." She laughed, told me all, and finished up by, "Now fuck me, it's quite stiff," and I did.

These were the circumstances. Three years or so before, an Australian family, the lady of whom was distantly related to me, came to England and stopped six months nearly at the **** hotel. I visited them often, dined there, went to the theatre and everywhere with them. She was chambermaid there, had waited on the ladies, taken messages to them from me, taken letters to the hotel box addressed to me, had heard me often spoken about, and thus knew much about me. I had kissed her once, and putting my hand down to her belly gave it a gentle tap and said, "There's a baby there I think." — I'd forgotten her, tho her face had seemed familiar to me.

Surprized and a little annoyed (such tricks have been played, by women), that I could not help for a minute pondering on the incident, tho there really is nothing very singular in it. I have often wondered that out of the hundreds of women of all classes I have fucked, or toyed with bauldily, that I have met so few of them afterwards, when I have once parted with them. Said she with her pert manner, "Ah — you're wishing you hadn't seen me, and thinking I'm going to leave my card on you — but I'm not, for I'm going away al-together, I shan't be what the French women about here call a Dame Galante long," and she laughed. Then I wanted to know her history fully. She wouldn't tell me. — "If you want to hear that, come and spend the evening with me, I shan't be here long." — Perhaps I would I said, "No, you're not going till I've had another poke — I'd have let you had me first two years ago, but you didn't see it and shied off."

I poked her again, and said I would see her that day week, knowing I should then be by myself in town. — She counted on her fingers. — "I think I shall be poorly, come the day before." "I will." — That evening I had my dinner first, and at her request took a bottle of champagne with me. I'd been four days without a fuck, and wanted one. — She'd had her dinner. — "I waited for your phiz and haven't had any thing to drink, but wasn't sure if you'd bring it," and she began drinking.

She was ready when I got there, nicely got up with a silk open gown or dress, over a fine chemise. — "Look! that's what my young man's given me," said she drawing my attention to it. "You've silk stockings on" (she'd not worn them before). "Yes, bought them for you, you may give them me if you like." "Well I will." She got up and kissed me. "You ought to have had me first." "I wish I had, tell us all about it." "Take your trowsers off, and make yourself comfort-able." — Whilst I undressed she stirred up the fire, and we sat down. "Show me your cock." "Show me your cunt then." She lifted her chemise to her navel, the sight of her motte and legs which were handsome, made me stiffen at once. I lifted my shirt.

— "Hoh, hoh, ho," saying which she got up and laid hold of my pego. I clasped her bum, and fingered her notch. — She stooped and our mouths joined. — "Not yet," said she disengaging herself and sitting down; but in a few minutes, our backsides were heaving reciprocally on the bed.

Then we sat before a good fire drinking, I smoking

— our passions temporarily assuaged. — She with chemise above her knees, to let the warmth of the fire reach her quim. I, with its warmth playing on my buttocks and ballocks. — This was her history — Which I now abbreviate as much as possible, tho as first written, it filled seven pages of foolscap.

Caroline * * * * was her name. — She was only twenty-one years old now, tho she looked much older, had been in private service. Her eldest sister, who was chambermaid at the hotel, persuaded her to go there. Both were there, when my Australian friends were. — Caroline found it pleasanter than a private house, but much harder work. They saw lots of life, single men larked with the chambermaids, and married men as well, but furtively. — "Yes," she said in answer to my question, "many men have shown me their cocks when I took water or things into their bedrooms, some made a sham of being caught with it out," — but she knew it was "all my eye" — they meant her to see it. Her sister who was thirty and a widow, told her it was the same with her. The waiters tried to get over her, lot of gentlemen at the hotel had asked her to go out with them, but she never had. All the female servants talked bawdily, most of them she thought fucked on the sly, her sister included, but she always gave Caro-line good advice.

She'd been there but a few months when I visited my Australian friends. — "Nine months ago I went wrong. I went out one night with a young man, a gentleman who had been at the hotel some time." — He'd kissed her several times, she thought him nice, and it ended in his getting her to have dinner, then to a house, and taking her virginity. — He'd said he'd keep her. Whether that induced her to let him have her or not, she didn't know. — "I expect I wanted it badly. I often did just then, I was always hearing about fucking, and was tired of frigging myself. — Directly he got his hands between my thighs in the cab, I thought I'd let him do me." She left the hotel, he kept her a few months, went abroad, and she'd never seen him since. He gave her fifty pounds when he left, and she turned gay at once.

"I believe I'd have let you do it, I liked you, and put myself in your way, don't you recollect asking me if there was a baby there," pointing to her belly. — "A young waiter that very day had offered to marry me.

— The maid who slept in my room just then, talked about nothing else but fucking every night, and I was clean upset by it all. — You never saw your chance."

— Her sister used to say, "What are you hanging about there for, when that gentleman's here." Then Caroline said — "I wanted you directly I set eyes upon you a fortnight ago."

I pulled my chair closer to hers, our naked thighs touched, she laid hold of my tool, my fingers sought her notch, our mouths met, and we sat in voluptuous silent play, till with a wriggle. — "Ahar, come and do me." — Then on the bed at once our backside joggings recommenced.

Then she told me she thought she was going away with a gentleman "I wish it were you." He'd given her that cloak and other things. She didn't like the life, tho she'd done very well at it. — Her sister advised her to go to service again. "But I can't do without fucking now, and wonder I did without it so long, and like my liberty, tho I wish I'd married the waiter." — We embraced again, I had been with her some hours, and was getting hungry, so was she. The champagne was gone, but I was quite comfortable, and didn't like to quit her she was so unusual in manner, and there was such an evident lech for me that I felt flattered; for I like a woman to enjoy me, it heightens my pleasure.

"I'm so hungry." "So am I, and shan't go out to-night — you can get ham and beef round the corner, and they have good hot saveloys up to midnight. — They sell good whiskey and wine at * * * *." "Send your servant." "No you go, they'll serve you better, I can't dress in time for it's twelve, or I

would." — Off I went, and came back with hot sausages and a bottle of whiskey, and we sat eating and drinking till it was two o'clock. — When I rose to go, "Do me before you go, you may never have the chance again." "I can't." "I'll make you. — Ah, I must piddle first." "Stop, let me see you," — my old leech came on suddenly. — I put her on the bed, a basin under her, and from her red slit saw a quart of the yellow fluid splash out. Her big round buttocks and white thighs made a charming setting to the red cleft. By the time she'd finished my prick was rampant at the sight, and with the glistening drops of moisture still on the vulva and its hedge, I fucked her at the bed side. — "You're a real man, and no mistake, I wish you had me first," she said as my prick left her.

A week after I had her again. — I kissed her white bum. — "Say good-bye to it," said she laughing. "Why?" "I don't think you'll see it again. — I'm going off. I hope so at least. — If you don't see me out, call and ask, but I'm expecting every day to leave this life. My friend says he'll keep me." — I never saw her after that night, and called at the lodgings. She had left, gone they knew not where, and with a gentleman, "Oh quite a gentleman."

I have often noticed that one surprize follows an-other. Within a few weeks after the ex-chambermaid vanished, I met, point blank, Madeline, the sweet young milliner over whose thigh I first spent, — and whom I subsequently relieved of her virginity. It is between two and three years since I had that pleasure.

It was in the afternoon just before dusk, both of us were turning a corner out of R*g**t Street. Both started, and stopped as if petrified. — "You?" "My dear Madeline, you?" — We shook hands. — "It won't do if we are seen," said she anxiously, "for I'm mar- tied." "Who'll see you? and if you are seen, surely you may talk to an old friend — but who'll know, let us walk on," — and I did by her side. — "Tell me all about yourself, and husband," questions rapidly put. — Yes, she'd married Richard. — "No children?" "None." "You lucky one, you can have any fun you like, without fear." "Oh! fun? I'm married." — She wanted to get rid of me, apparently fearful. — "I won't go, I must talk with you, may never see you again, get in this cab and you can tell me all, nobody can see us in it." — I hailed a passing cab, in a second we were in it and off we drove. — I had almost to hustle her into it, but the fascination of our former delight was on her, as on me. We were both yielding to the inevitable curiosity.

She was agitated. Old endearments I know came to her mind, how can any woman meet a man who has fucked her without thinking of it? — We kissed. "Do you recollect that night Madeline, when, etc. etc." "Oh you mustn't talk of that, we must forget it." Then she told me that her husband had a good situation, was very kind, she'd never had a child. — "He fucks you doesn't he?" "Oh — well — oh — you always were such a Oh! — Where are we going now? — I must not be late — let me go."

"No you shan't, I may never see you again. — My God, how I long to see you naked, how much stouter you've got, how lovely your arm feels — fucking agrees with you, your legs have grown larger like your arms I'll bet, haven't they now?" "Oh don't go on so, don't." "Oh let me feel for a moment only."

Stooping, I pulled up her clothes to her knees, and got my hand just above her garters. — She struggled violently. — "Oh now — don't — you shan't. — Oh leave off." "I will by God, Madeline, I will feel that lovely cunt once more." — It was a real hard struggle. She meant to prevent me, I resolved to feel it. — A whirl of lust passed thro me, I thought of fucking her in the cab, or any where, but somehow. As we struggled, my head was over her shoulder, my mouth against her neck. After I'd once got my hand above her garters, that position kept her from stooping much and helped me, for in a minute or two (but how time flies in these lovely erotic combats) my hand was well between her thighs, my finger tip on the vaginal mouth, my open hand covering her whole cunt, I had grasped the whole of her cunt so to speak, my fingers squeezing apart the lips. The next minute I had placed her hand round my erection, placidly her hand closed softly on it, and our mouths met.

She murmured, "What a shame," — then gave her-self up — vanquished — silent — and now

enjoying it; for lewdness once possessed of man and woman, absorbs all thought, — pervades the whole physical frame with a subtle languid pleasure, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, it enervates. Thus in silence we sat for a time as the cab rolled on. — How useful four wheeled cabs have been to me.

It grew dark, whilst we handled each other's genitals — the sensations our fingers gave us made us forgetful of all but our love. — "Let us just look at each other once again, you've more hair on your cunt I can feel. — My God how my prick's throbbing for you — Frig me." — "I won't." — "Come with me, and I swear if ever we meet again I'll take no notice of you. That shall be agreed between us. — We shan't be half an hour. — My beloved Madeline, let me have you once more. — Come darling," and my fingers moved unremittingly over her cunt, rousing her lust to insensible compliance.

In ten minutes afterwards we were in a house, the scene of many a former pleasure, she knew it well. — Within an hour we had fucked thrice and separated, but what maddening Elysium that one hour was, what disclosures we both made. I told her as much as she told me, it was pleasant to tell her of my social happiness. — She had got stouter, her thighs were large and round, she had still her marbly backside, and it was a larger one. She'd now a well-haired cunt — quite thick hair now, and it fucked as deliciously as ever. — We talked over all about our liaison from first to last, sponges, French letters, and all. — She soon lapsed into lasciviousness after I had once fucked her. — When we parted she said she should be ashamed of saying her prayers or to go to church next Sunday. — "My love, your husband never found out that you had been poked before he poked you, and he'll never find this fucking out." — I've never seen her since to speak to, tho I have once or twice in the distance, but our paths lay apart.

It was a most delicious incident — a break in the monotony of harlot loves and pleasures to which I shall be for the future limited. — But I don't regret that. — I regret my infidelity more. — Mais que voulez-vous? — I am made so — made I suppose to be unfaithful. But I always reserve enough sperm for connubial duty, and she is satisfied.

In the year 18** I walked up P***I**d P***e at about ten o'clock at night, and saw a tall woman standing at the corner of L**t*e P***I**d Street. Her size attracted me, I spoke, and offering half a sovereign with the understanding that she would take everything off — went with her to a house in L**t*e P***I**d Street.

She kept her word and stripped whilst I sat looking on. — When in her chemise, — "Do you want me quite naked?" — "Yes." Then she slipped it off and stood stark naked, boots, stockings, and garters, excepted. — I may as well describe her at once, as for quite four years she satisfied almost every sexual want, and helped me to satisfy every sensual fantasy.

She was with the exception of the second Camille (the French woman) almost the most quiet, regular, complacent woman I had had since that time, and more-over was most servicable to me in all my pleasures, ministering to them as I wanted them — but rarely herself suggesting them. — Ready to undertake any-thing for me, and after some length of intimacy participating in, and well pleased with, our erotic amusements; never attempting to exact money, but always content, and at length getting so accustomed to me that she let me into much knowledge of her private daily life.

She was I should say five feet nine or nearly ten high, which is tall for a woman. Her hips were when viewed from the front, of the proper width for such a height — but her shoulders somewhat narrow. Altho so tall, she was small boned and plump all over, yet she had not an atom of what may be called fatness; had a small foot, a fine shaped calve, and thighs not quite so large proportionately. Her bum with fine firm round cheeks was not heavy at the back, was rather broad across the hips than thick and prominent behind, yet her backside looked handsome. — In fact she was straight and well shaped from top to toe, but if anything might have had broader shoulders with advantage, to make her proportionate to her height; yet only a sharp critic would have noticed that deficiency.

Her cunt, that important part of a woman, was large, but tight, fleshy inside, and muscular. It

clipped my prick as deliciously as if it had been a much smaller one, and it was so healthy and deep, that often as I tried, I never could touch the orifice to her womb, either with my prick or my fingers. Nearly black hair, crisp and in full quantity was on her mons, and down the lips, and almost to her arsehole, but not round that brown orifice. The lips were thick and full, yet if she put her legs apart, they widened at once, showing deep crimson facings, and when shut a thin crimson streak. — Her nymphae were small.

She had dark brown, bright eyes, dark hair and good teeth — but her nose had been broken. That spoiled her face which otherwise would have been very handsome. As it was it did not make her ugly, but decidedly spoiled her.

She had the longest tongue I ever saw. She could put it further out of her mouth altogether than any one whom I have seen do that trick. — She was somewhat an unusual woman in every respect, and was I think twenty-four years old when I first saw her. — She had been a ballet dancer at some time, altho I only found that out after I had known her some months. — Her name was Sarah F**z**r.

She laid on the side of the bed, pulled her cunt open, knelt on the bed backside towards me, shewing cunt and arsehole together in quick succession as I asked her, and without uttering a word, but simply smiling as she obeyed. It had the usual effect, — a stiff-stander of the first order. It always is so with me. Objections, and sham modesty, a refusal to let me touch, and feel, or see, instead of whetting my appetite for a gay woman, always angers me and makes me lose desire.

— With a woman not gay the case is different. The next minute I was enjoying her with impatience, then I lay on her stiff still, and full up her when I had spent.

— "I shall do you again." "All right," she replied. My prick never uncunted, but whilst reviving, my hands roved in all directions. She moved first this leg, then that, lifted her backside up, and seemed by instinct to know where my hands wished to go, and they were restless enough. — She was like Camille. — To something I said, she remarked. — "You're fond of it."

— As I recommenced my thrusts she said. — "Don't hurry, I want it," — and we both spent together. — I forgot to mention that her flesh was of surprizing firmness, and her backside solid and smooth. — I gave her the half sovereign as agreed — she did not ask for more, and we parted — but not for long.

The readiness with which she complied with all my wishes, together with the recollection of her personal charms, and the pleasure of her cunt, dwelt in my mind. I had her next night, and the night after, and then began to see her once or twice a week, and to indulge in voluptuous freaks which I had not done for three years or more, and which my imagination in-creased in its powers by what I had seen, read, and done, supplied me. — I am not going to tell of tricks I have done with other women, but only such varities and vagaries as were newish, and one or two which I think, not done before with any women. If I had, I have forgotten to tell them, tho I am not sure even of that.

My piddling letch, which seems for a time to have been dormant, returned. I began to make her piddle in all sorts of attitudes, first in a pot, then in a basin — at times with her cunt opened naturally, then holding the lips open, so that the little red piddle-vent could be seen almost. — At no time of my life had I such variety of frolics with urine as I then had. — It may be termed my pissing period. I began to piss with her, would keep myself from watering for hours before I met her, so that I might deliver the fullest, longest, and strongest stream of urine possible. — She was famous at it. I have seen the piddle stream of scores of women, but hers was the hardest, and strongest that ever wetted a pot. — I hit on the idea of bringing her to the bedside, laying her back, putting a basin under her bum as close as the bed would permit. Then she would hold the lips of her cunt wide open, and I pointing my tool, would empty my bladder. The yellow stream hitting either prick hole, or broad surface of the cunt, splashed in a thousand little bright drops on her thighs, or lodged in the crisp black hair, then ran down to where the quim nears the bum hole, and dropped into the basin beneath. Directly I had pissed, my prick would stand, I joined my body to hers, and capable no

longer of delay, bedewed quickly with sperm the inside of the orifice which I had just be-dewed outside with a thinner fluid.

Pissing against her cunt, she declared, no man had ever done to her but me. She enjoyed it, it seemed to make her lewed, and she always spent with me after-wards. — When spending she shewed it plainly, and did not attempt to hide it as some do. — Indeed she could not, for her cunt would close so strongly round my prick, that there was no mistaking what it was up to. — Besides that, her face first went scarlet — perfectly scarlet, — a minute afterwards, perfectly white

— and then gradually recovered its natural color — I never saw that change in any other woman's face. She always kept my prick up her as long as she could,

— twining her long legs round me to hold me up her, whilst her long arms held me firmly round my arse cheeks, as she lay perfectly quiet with her eyes closed.

— At other times when she did not spend herself, she took no trouble of that sort, but got up and washed the moment I released her.

The house I went to with her was usually in L**t*e P***I**d Street. — It had some advantages, but there was no looking glass of any size. As I wanted now to see our limbs and muscles move under our embraces, I went to a well known house, — the A*ma in

St. (There were several houses in the same street then, in this one there were glasses in profusion.) — It was now my additional delight when looking at her cunt, with her thighs wide open, with the basin beneath preparing for my salt splashing, to glance about and see her long plump flanks and thighs, half hiding the basin, my own nudity, and our erotic tricks.

In the various ways which I amused myself with her, one very large cheval glass increased my pleasure. I mostly managed to get the room in which that particular glass was, for I soon became known. They gave me what I wanted and never disturbed me how-ever long I stayed.

Two other modes, in which we used to amuse our selves with our bladders were these. — We used to strip ourselves start naked, shoes and stockings off even, and arrange the cheval glass, so that with other glasses I could see her both back and front at a glance. Then lay on my back with hands under my head on a pillow, so raised as to enable me to see the picture we made. Then she would stand for a minute straddling over me, and the sight of the red stripe peeping out of the black hair would stiffen my penis. Then sitting down on me as she would on a chamber pot, she would take my stiff prick and engulf it in her cunt, the dark hair of her quim meeting mine, her bum cheeks just touching without weighting heavily on my thighs. Then out would come her warm stream, hitting my belly below my navel, and running down in two little streams by the side of my balls, uniting beneath them, washing over my arsehole, and depositing itself on the carpet on which I was lying.

At other times I reversed her, and she engulfed my prick in her cunt with her backside towards me. — Then I could play with her cool, firm, smooth back-side, and feel round the stem of my prick just where it was lost, and hidden in her warm juicy tube. I could feel to her bumhole — or back bone. In the glasses I could see my prick rising out from the balls, and losing itself in the dark black thicket on her cunt lips. — "Open the lips, Sarah." — Immediately her two fin-gers would separate the lips, leaving the broad red surface, at which sight my prick would throb with de-sire to spend. — "Piss, piss dear, I can bear it no longer." — Then it would fall like a cataract in front of my balls, and partly on my thighs.

At times wrought to an irrepressible pitch, no sooner had the last dribble fallen on my ballocks, than with a few upward shoves I finished my pleasure, feeling her arse, and gloating over the luscious picture we made; holding her on me until my prick slipped out, and drew with it some of my sperm, as it flapped down on to my balls, still wet with her piddle.

By that time the piddle had cooled —my arse used to feel as if it had fallen into a ditch —we both rose, wiped and dried ourselves, and sat down to talk until desire again asserted its empire over me, or over us, for she enjoyed this fun.

Another way I have tried unsuccessfully with another woman. — With Sarah it was practicable on account of her height — for in tall women, the extra length is nearly always in the legs, and not in the body. Stripping ourselves start naked, I stiffened my prick by her incitements, or perhaps by a few preliminary shoves up her cunt, then both standing up before the glass, I used to put my prick up her and she would piss, and the warm stream run dripping round my balls, falling on both our thighs, and descending till we stood in a pond. — Then standing, I would fuck her, watching our movements in the glass.

And all this is practicable, if a man who is lewed as I was takes the trouble, and has a suitable woman. With Sarah I could do this scarcely bending my back, for upright by me my prick was nearly at the level of her cunt. — When the twisiting and wriggling of our backsides and genitals had ceased, I have without uncunting, waddled with her back towards the bed, and leaning her on the edge, leaned on her, and took what rest I could in that position, until my prick slipped out. — Such was my force, and the rigidity of my penis, that several times I have done this. But it is a laborious, erotic amusement tho worth trying [I could not do it now].

I used at times, because of the convenience which her height gave for such amatory eccentricities, put my prick up her, and then clasping each other we used to waddle round the room, laughing as we viewed our movements in the glasses. That exciting amusement could not endure long, for there is an involuntary action in a cunt when the prober is in it, which compels the penis to move towards a consummation. After a minute or two, a constriction of her cunt muscles on my prick tip compelled it either to push or withdraw. Then came an involuntary shove or two, and then the sequel came, which was either the perpendicular shag in front of the glass — or an uprighter against the wall — a sloper against the bed side — a horizontal, old fashioned fuck on the bed, or on the floor — or a bum to belly fuck in dog fashion on the bed or on the carpet, bringing their usual crises of pleasure and relaxation of limb, luscious dreaminess, a sensation of cool dampness round the prick stem, and a desire for a doze.

I have fucked and awakened, still finding my prick in her — for she had only to raise her thighs, and bend her knees up somewhat, to bring her cunt in such a position, as to press my balls against her buttocks, and keep my prick in if only the size of a large gooseberry. The same facility enabled me to get my prick up her when limp — I took much pleasure in doing that, and letting it stiffen up her, under the corn-pressive movement or grip of her cunt — I have never known a woman who could give my prick a longer lodging than she could; tho I have known many who could do it well. She knew it was my pleasure, and gave it to me to the full when she got accustomed to me.

I used to be thinking constantly of what voluptuous tricks I could do when we met, but for a time, a preliminary usage of our organs, in pissing some way or another was my delight. — Then it took such possession of me that I thought of nothing else. My letters to her to meet me used to run. "Tonight — seven — keep in P." — By which I meant her to have her bladder full. — So she used — so full at times that she said, "If you don't do something directly, I must piddle, I can't keep it in any longer." Then the evening's amusement began. — The quantity she spouted oftentimes, I am sure, was a quart or more.

There is one thing in these amatory micturating bouts, which I only recollect having done with her and one other woman. — It was pissing when up her cunt. — She told me she had allowed a man or two to try, but that they could not succeed. — Indeed it is difficult. For when a prick is stiff and in the state of nervous strain which fits it for penetrating a cunt, its ejaculatory muscles struggle to shoot out sperm, and so I suppose contract the opening to the bladder, and prevent piddle issuing. But one night she was undressed, and lying at the side of the bed with thighs wide open, up I thrust my prick bursting, and as I thought with piss so proud, that nothing could prevent the jet. When up her cunt I tried to piss, but my prick began to throb, and her cunt, as I thought, to squeeze it, altho she declared it was quiet. I strained till I farted like a cow after beans, but not a drop would come. — The more I strained, the more difficult I found it to restrain myself from oscillating my buttocks for an outshoot of spunk.

My prick would not be cheated. Her cunt resented its being treated as a pisspot, and asserting its right to a stronger and thicker injection, closed round my prick, and worked it so, that getting its way, it drew from me its natural embrocation. — As my sperm throbbled out, it caused me such pain that I groaned.

Directly my seminal reservoirs had emptied them-selves, with a little effort my bladder opened, and I pissed for two minutes I am sure. — My prick kept gradually shrinking but-until it had done its full duty as a sperm spouter and water pipe, kept in her cunt. Pressing out from her cunt came my stream, running over my balls, and down by her arse split on to bed and floor. — At length out flopped my doodle, bringing with it the remainder of my injection both thick and thin. — Up I pulled her, laid down in her place, but sloping off from the edge of the bed and she standing up, I thrust my body between her thighs so that my prick was just under her cunt. — Out came her piddle copiously over my belly and ballocks, and that completed the fun. — She cried out, "Oh, no, I shall wet my boots and stockings," for in our lustful hurry she had kept them on. "Damn your boots — piss — piss." — Out came the stream and I was happy. But we made the bed in such a mess that I was obliged to pay extra for its use.

Then I seem to have ceased eccentric micturating amusements, and erotic pleasures of a different kind took their place; tho as long as I knew her, I made her squat and piddle before me. I shall always I am sure, love to see a well made pair of white thighs, and their oval terminations in rear, whilst from between them the red line opens its hairy lips, and the sherry tinted stream spurts.

She was a scrupulously clean woman, always had the whitest linen on, but it was not of the finest quality, and was without ornament excepting a frill just round the top of the chemise — I never saw her in any dress but black silk. She said it was economical, that one dress helped to repair the other, that in coloured things she looked too big and vulgar — that her friends were mostly quiet men, who did not like women whom every one turned round after. — She usually wore a black veil, which were much worn by women then, lifted it up when she spoke to a man, then dropped it again. — I have watched her several times. — At that time gay ladies were fond of lifting up their petticoats if the streets were muddy, so as to show their legs a little. Sarah rarely did unless as she said she was "hard up." — If she showed her legs she always got a man, yet could not bear doing it. —Odd! —How odd! — She would do anything with me in a room, and perhaps with any other man, yet did not like shewing her legs in the street. — Humbug?

When I came to appreciate her very handsome feet, and legs up to her knees (her thighs and haunches were scarcely as fat and fine) I found her stockings were sometimes a little coarse, so gave her boots, and silk stockings of the colour I admired. They were then light kid and pink silk — and also beetle-brown kid and white silk. — I gave her also splendid garters and expected her only to wear them all for me. I think she did so, for I tried to catch her with them on at odd times, and only found her with them on once. — When we had pissing bouts, she took off both boots and stockings. — Altho fond of a naked woman, I always made her keep boots and stockings on at other times.

Among my delights, was to make her squat at the edge of the bed with her knees up, and heels drawn as closely as possible to her bum. This she did with an ease, flexibility, and completeness which surprized me (the reason will be seen). — Then the dark mass of hair on her cunt, with the red lined lips, shewed up in perfection between her thighs, kid boots, and pink silk stockings — I used to keep her so for a quarter of an hour at a time, I sitting on a pillow on the floor, so as to be able to look up at her cunt, holding a candle under it almost touching it, and opening, twitching, and fingering the cunt, as the impulse seized me. Then I viewed it from all parts of the room, until my pego would bear it no longer, and I rushed it up her. On several occasions I met her when she had no expectation of seeing me, and she went with me into the first dark place, I felt her limbs, and saw what boots, etc., etc., she had on, then I felt her cunt and went my way. I began again about this time occasionally to feel women's cunts in the street. I had not done so for a couple of years. I taught her when I met her, on a signal, to go ahead of me, lifting up her petticoats as high as she

dare. — It amused me to see men turn round, follow, and speak to her. — Then she, if I wanted her, turned into the bawdy house, I after her. But it was risky, for the sight of her legs used to give me such a cock-stand, that I was always in danger of wanting a fuck in the open. — One night I had her up against the door of a house in a back street. — She re-fused at first, but at length we did it, after my swearing that if she did not, I would do it in the street with some other woman. — But I never had her in the street but that once.

One muddy night she lifted up her clothes and walked up P****l**d P***e. — I followed her at some distance, then she turned and went to the house in L**t*e P****l**d S***t. As she was going there, a man spoke to her just before she got to the door. — In looking at her legs, I had not noticed him till then. In a second I was at the door. The man stood and insisted on going in with her. — She would not let him, and there was quite an altercation. — I slunk off to the other side of the way till it was finished. — The man saw me join her and looked very savage. I went in, had my evening's pleasure, and was there perhaps two hours. When I came out, I saw the same man, and he entered the house directly. — I knew he was after her. She did not come out, and there I waited an hour. — I had begun by laughing to myself at the man for waiting two hours for a woman. Now I waited tho I did not know why. But I thought of what they were doing to-gether. — Now he is perhaps feeling her, now fucking — now she is feeling his prick. Has he fucked her — twice — or thrice? — These and a hundred similar thoughts floated through my brain, until I got as randy as if I hadn't fucked for a week.

The longer I waited, the more impatient I got, yet determined to wait all night if needs be, thinking of nothing but what he was doing with her. — I resolved to see if she would tell the truth or a lie. — At length out I saw him come, I went down towards Ox***d St., — for I knew then the way she went home, — and peeped round the corner of a street until I saw her coming. Then walking I met her as if by accident. — "What you?" said I. — "Yes." — "Where have you come from?" — "From * * * * — I have never left." — Then she began to tell the truth, and I went back to the bawdy house with her.

I am telling this part of my history a little out of order, for it occurred somewhat later on, when I had then got her confidence, and she used to talk to me like an old acquaintance. — In the bedroom she began to laugh. — "You saw the man who followed me. — Well! he waited for you going out, came into the house after you left, and asked if a tall dark woman was up stairs. — Of course Mrs. A said — 'No' — He said he was sure she was, for he had seen her come in with a man two hours before, and she had not left. — Mrs. A then came up, and asked me — and I said — let him come up. — He came, I had my bonnet on." "I have waited for you two hours, to have you — how often have you been fucked?" "I told him not at all — that my friend had only looked at me." — "Ah! you frig him, and that is what I want — but I like to be frigg'd by a woman who has been fucked the same night." "Then I told him you did it to me once, which excited him. He put his hand up my clothes immediately. I asked him what he was going to give me, and he gave me three pounds at once, and said he would give more if I pleased him.

"He made me undress, except my stockings, and stripped himself. — Well — I have seen a good many pricks in my time, but on my soul I think his was the biggest — It was as stiff as a poker when he un- dressed. — He had not seen me naked then. — Then he asked all about your prick, and what you did — how you spent — I told lie after lie, just as I thought would suit him. Then he laid me on the side of the bed and began to lick my cunt." Sarah often dropped her voice and hesitated when she said a bawdy word (women differ in their ways). "Then he turned my bum towards him, and he hit me all over with his prick, as hard as if it was with a stick, and asked if I had ever seen a stiffer, or larger one — then he turned me and said he would put it in — I got ready saying I feared he would hurt me. — He put the tip in which stretched me, gave an awful shove which hurt me, and I cried out. He pulled it out, put me between two chairs, just as you do when you make me piddle (I do that) and sitting down, licked my thing till I could bear it no longer, and laying hold of his head I spent. Then he frigg'd himself so that his spunk spurted up on to my bum.

"He licked me again, and wanted me to suck him. Then he frigged himself again. — Then he went away and gave me two sovereigns more." — Sarah showed me five sovereigns, together with mine — said she — "I will treat you with a bottle of champagne if you like."

His licking her cunt — his big prick — his desire to know all about me — sank into my mind, but as before said, this story is told one or two months too soon. — I fucked Sarah, and departed without the champagne — thinking of his big prick which Sarah never seemed tired of describing to me afterwards, and I quite felt jealous of it.

I had then known Sarah many months, but had never licked her cunt. — Two or three years had elapsed since I had done such a thing. — Sarah altho fresh colored, firm fleshed, and about her cunt a fine woman, had never made me desire that. — Nearly hairless cunts, are those only which I have generally desired (with few exceptions) but his licking and her description of the effect on her, made me curious. — "Why could you not bear it?" "No woman can long — you can't help yourself, — you must make a man leave off, or you can't prevent yourself spending." "I never did it to you." "No you never did, but some men are fond of doing it to me." "Do you like it?" "I like a poke best, yet you can't help liking it if a man begins — and you happen just then to want anything." — Now I will go back, to where I left off about her boots and silk stockings.

Soon after I had known her, I increased and unasked, from ten shillings to a sovereign for her favors — and often stopped later with her. — As she liked champagne, I began to take a bottle which we drank between our fuckings. — When it was warm I used to put her naked on the bed, and sit in a chair so as to look at her cunt and other charms. — When cold we used to sit by the fire both half naked, and talk boudy things — or the news of the day — I used to read the paper — and if there was anything about a woman being ravished — or a fellow showing his cock, — or feeling an-other man's cock in a pissing place — or an adultery --or anything of that kind, we used to discuss it. — She would tell me her views, and I gained further experience of women in such matters. — She became frank, and told me why and wherefore, in a way that few gay women had since Brighton Bessie, Camille, and one or two others.

More than once I alluded delicately to her nose. She did not like the allusion, and altho not given to swearing — damned and cursed at him about it. — When I asked who him was she said. — "No one" — or — "Nothing." — She told me, she was thought a very handsome woman before her nose was damaged, and brought me a photograph (early days of photography) to show me. — In that she looked extremely handsome.

— I said so — which set her off swearing at him again.

— Another night, furiously she said, "If he were here, I would knife him. I'd fuck before his damned eyes. — I'd murder him." Then after a short pause, "But I have served him out." "Who?" "Nobody you know," — said sullenly — and no more could I get out of her — I never knew who him was — I have tried to get it from her when half groggy — when ready to spend — and when revelling in boudiness with me, but never did. From chance words dropped from time to time, and the odds and ends of talk, I came to the conclusion that him was her husband, but its only a guess.

[Much that I did with Sarah I have done with others, but every woman has a way and manner of her own even in the most simple boudy gambols. That is the charm in having a change in women. The variety gives me exquisite delight. But with Sarah some of my lascivious frolics were the most complete in their performance — and some I never yet have done with other women, as I find in my narrative further on.]

Vol. 7 Chapter VIII

A fair haired giantess. • Face, form, and cunt. • Two big ones together. • Sarah upon Eliza. • Who was Eliza? • Sarah's agile tongue. • Listening at a brothel. • A hole bored uselessly. • The donkey-hung one. • His latches. • A brothel with a spy-hole. • A hundred couples fucking. • A young couple. • Involuntary onanism. • Five shillings extra. • Sarah's curiosity. • A lady and gentle-man. • The lady's fears. • The rickety sofa. • The scare. • The baud's cautions. • Common coitions.

Things had gone on so nearly a year, when I saw in P***I**d Place a woman as tall as Sarah, who had fairish hair. I thought I should like to see them both together naked, and proposed this. Sarah supposed I was tired of her, said she would find the woman and bring her to me, but she delayed until I got annoyed. Then she said, "It is not that I mind your having an-other woman — but if I bring her she is sure to do me harm, for all women try to get each other's men. — Why do you want that woman?" — I did not care, I said so that it was a very big woman, the bigger the better, and with light hair.

If I would not mind five pounds she'd get me a taller woman than herself — such as some men would give any money to get — and she so described her, that I agreed to give it. — "But," said Sarah, "I must be in the room with her, and you must promise not ask her name, or anything about her." I agreed to all that tho it seemed singular — thinking to myself that if I liked her, I would find means to get her again.

Sarah said the lady must name the night, and on that night Sarah told me — and not before. "She is not young, she is thirty-five." — I shied at that, not liking a woman of such age and thought I was going to be humbugged. — However I let the affair go on, went to the Ama full of lascivious anticipation, but vowing to myself if the woman did not please me, that I would pay and go off — and if she did — how I would place her and Sarah together, making them stand up belly to belly — bum to bum — lay on the top of each other, and so on.

I went to the house first. Sarah entered followed by a very tall woman with her veil down, who stood and looked through it at me. Sarah having locked the door said, "Take off your bonnet, Eliza." — The woman only looked curiously round the room. — "Take off your bonnet." — Then she took the bonnet off, and stood looking at me. — "Sit down," said Sarah — and down she sat.

She was full thirty-five years old, but what a lovely creature. — I think I see her now, altho I never saw her but that once. — She had beautiful blue eyes, the lightest auburn hair crimped over her forehead, a beautiful pink bloom on her cheeks, and flesh quite white. — She was dressed in black silk, which contrasted well with her pink and white face. — She was big all over. — Big breasts jutted out in front — the tight sleeve shewed a big round arm — her ample bum filled the chair. — She was exactly what I wanted. — I never could wait long to talk with a woman whom I liked the look of, without proceeding to see, if not to feel, some of her hidden charms. — A burning desire to see what she had hidden seized me. I don't know if I spoke or not, but filled with desire, dropped on my knees and put my hands up her clothes, one round her thighs towards her bum, one towards her cunt.

As I touched her thighs, she put both hands down to stop me with a suppressed "oh" — neither action or word, those of a woman who was shamming. — It wasn't the fierceness of a girl who first feels a man's hand about her privates, nor the sham modesty of a half-gay woman. It was the exclamation and manner of a woman not accustomed to strange hands about her privates. The next instant, I had reached both haunch and cunt. — She gave another start, my arms had lifted her petticoats, and I saw a big pair of legs in white stockings, and the slightest flesh above the knee nearly as white. — I placed my lips on it and kissed it — my hand slipped from her cunt round to her bum, and both hands now clasped one of the largest, and smoothest, and whitest backsides I

ever felt. Then burrowing with my head under her petticoats, I kissed my way up her thighs till my nose touched her motte, and there I kept on kissing.

The warm close smell of her sweet flesh, mingled just with the faintest odour of cunt, rendered it impossible to keep my lips there long. The desire to enjoy her fully was unbearable — I withdrew my head and hands, and got up saying. "Oh! — undress dear, I long to fuck you." — They were the first words I had spoken to her, and she had not spoken at all. — She then rose up, and slowly began unbuttoning looking at Sarah. — "Lord, what a hurry you are in," said Sarah to me.

Off went the black silk dress, out flashed two great but beautiful breasts over the top of the stays — and a pair of large, beautifully white arms shewed. — Then I saw the size of the big bum plainly under the petticoats. Off went stays and petticoats all but one. — Then she, "There, will that do?"

I wanted all off. — "Oh — I cannot take off any more." I appealed to Sarah, who said. "Now don't be a fool, Eliza" — Eliza then undressed to her chemise, and positively declared she would keep that on — I had taken off my trowsers and was standing cock in hand. — My impatience to discharge my seed into the splendid creature before me, made me careless whether she stripped or not. — I had drawn near to her — was feeling all round her bum with one hand, and wetting the fingers of the other in her cunt. I placed my prick so that it rubbed against her thigh, and feeling her, was at the same time pushing her to-wards the bed.

When we touched the bed — "I can't with Sarah there," said the woman. — "Go out," said I to Sarah. She looked savagely and replied, "Nonsense." Then I had a moment's dalliance and no more, forget what more was said or what took place, but saw Eliza on the bed, threw up her chemise, saw a mass of white flesh and a thicket of light hair between a pair of thighs, the instant was between them, and my prick was up her cunt. It was an affair of half a dozen shoves, a wriggle, a gush, and I had enjoyed her. Then I became tranquil enough to think of the woman, in whose vagina I had taken my pleasure. Resting on one arm and feeling her all over with one hand, I looked at her and she at me. I said a few endearing words, as she lay tranquilly with my cock still stiff and up her.

I could have done it again right off, but had not yet looked at her hidden charms, and desire to inspect her quim made me draw out my cock and rise on my knees between her legs. Few strange women like their cunt looked at, when sperm is running out of it. She pushed down her chemise, I got off her, and then without saying a word she washed. When I had washed my cock it was as stiff as ever. I went to the side of the bed where she had just begun piddling, and held my stiff one in front of her eyes. For the first time she smiled.

She began to dress, but I told her I had only begun my amusement. I had brought bottles of champagne, for I knew how that liquor opens the hearts and the legs of women. — We got glasses and began drinking. — She drank it well and soon began to talk and laugh. When I again brought her to the bed she was an altered woman, but still did not seem to like fucking before Sarah. "Why I have seen all you have got to show often enough," said Sarah angrily. — On the bed now for a good look at the cunt. — It was a big one. — An inch of fat at least covered the split, stoutish middle-aged women get I think fat cunt lips, and hers were very large. — She had a very strongly developed clitoris, and such a lot of light hair. Large and fat as the cunt was, I do not recollect if the prick hole was large or little but know that I enjoyed her as much as a man possibly could. I delighted in laying my hand between two, long, fat cunt lips — I rolled over her, played with and kissed her from her thighs to her eyes, friggd her clitoris till she wriggled, and as at length my prick slipped up her cunt again, she whispered, "What a devil you are." She pushed her tongue out, mine met it, and then all was over. — She wagged her big arse vigorously when spending.

Ballocks and cunt again cleared of sperm, to the champagne we again went. — Sarah had not yet undressed, I had almost forgotten her. Now I made her strip, and my two big women were nearly naked to-gether. — A little more pfiz and we were all on the spree. — Eliza still had the manner of a woman not accustomed to expose her charms, but insisted on by me and Sarah who seemed to have control over her, off went her chemise at last. — Off went my shirt — and there we stood

naked.

I never before had two such big women together and did with them all that my bawdy fancy prompted. — I put them belly to belly, then bum to bum. — Then standing up before the glass. I put my prick between their two bums, making them squeeze it between their buttocks whilst I groped both cunts, and frigg'd at once both of them. Then putting Emma at the side of the bed with open thighs, I put Sarah between them as if she were a man — and pushing my prick between her thighs just touched her split. — She laid hold of my prick and slipped it up her own cunt. — But I did not mean that, and pulled it out. — Then I had them both side by side on the bed, and scarcely knew which of the gaping cunts to put into, but the fair haired one again had my attention. Then I put Sarah upside down on the bed so that her arse and cunt were near the pillow, one leg partly doubled up, and one cocked up against the back of the bed, and looking at her thus I fucked Eliza by her side. Sarah said she must frig herself and set to work doing it, whilst with the one hand stretched back she played round my prick stem in Eliza's cunt which was tightening under the pleasure of my shoving and probing. Eliza's amateness had been awakened, she clasped me tightly with her large white arms, kissed and thrust her tongue into my mouth, in a state of the fullest voluptuous enjoyment.

We finished the champagne and sent out for sandwiches, stout, and brandy. — I had taken the room for the night. — Sarah never was, and her companion was not in a hurry now. We eat, drank, and got more erotic. — Eliza's fat bum was on my naked thighs, she put her hand on my prick, and grasping it for a minute whispered, "Come and do it again." — Sarah said, "What are you whispering about?" — She had been looking at times annoyed at my taking no notice of her. — Again I put Eliza on the bed. — Sarah who had alternately been quiet and then bawdy, said, "It's my turn, why don't you poke me?" — "You will have it another night." — She then got on to the bed, and on to the top of Eliza, kissed her rapturously, got between her thighs, and my two big beauties were like man and woman in each other's arms. — Eliza threw up her legs until her heels were on Sarah's back. Sarah nestling her belly close up to her, the hair of their two cunts intermingled. — Sarah's arse wriggled in a quiet way. "Don't now — don't" — said the other — Sarah took no heed, wriggled on, then lay quiet, and after a time rolled gently off Eliza, left the bed, and sat down in the arm chair. — I looked at her very white face. "You've spent," I said — she laughed.

I fucked Eliza then, and laying with prick in her asked her in a whisper to meet me again. "I cannot, I dare not," said she. — I could not get out of her her name, or where to find her again.

Eliza was now half screwed. No sooner had I fucked her than she began squeezing my prick. — she opened her large thighs, placed my finger on her clitoris, kissed my prick, thrust her tongue in my mouth, and did every thing which a randy-arsed woman does to get more fucking. — I fucked her four or five times, perhaps more, and till neither she nor Sarah could make my cock stand. The house was closed, off I went, but not until Eliza had gone long. — Sarah insisted on that. — Then said Sarah, "I'm not going without a poke." With infinite trouble she got a fuck out of me, and both of us groggy, we separated.

Some nights after talking of Eliza, whose legs in boots and silk stockings had charmed me, Sarah laughed. — "Why, they were mine, I lent them to her." Then I recollected that Sarah had not had her usual boots on.

I wished her to get me Eliza again. She refused. I said I would find her out. — She was sure I should not! — I went to one or two places on the chance of finding her, and Sarah laughed when I told her. — I used to get awfully randy when I thought of the two big women naked together. "She is not gay, altho you may think so, it was only because she was so dread-fully hard up that she came," Sarah averred.

"If she wasn't gay, she did all I asked her." "As she was getting screwed, and I had told her what you expected her to do." "And she spent like fun after the first time." "Oh yes I saw, and I told her about it afterwards." "Where did she go that night?" "To my lodgings and slept with me." "If you

don't bring her, I won't see you any more," — and for a fort-night I did not — I used to go up to her in the street and ask her. She said she couldn't even if she would. — "You are lucky to have had her at all." "I paid handsomely." "If you hadn't you would never have had her." — I expect that now and then married women make a bit of money by their cunts.

Then things went on as before, but as I pulled Sarah's cunt about, I used to compare it with Eliza's. — Sarah seemed to me to know Eliza's cunt as well as if it had been her own.

One night Sarah was in a strong fucking mood and put her tongue into my mouth, and I said something which made her remark, "You did it with my friend Eliza, and I have as good teeth as she has." — Altho I had known Sarah so long, I had never put my tongue to hers. Then it was that I found out that she could put out her tongue further than any one I ever knew. She could reach half through my mouth with it. — When she was being fucked, she used after that to glue my mouth to hers, and I gave way to her. But altho she had a nice mouthful of teeth, I never cared about mixing our spittles — which is curious.

It was just before I had the big Eliza that the man with the big prick watched me into the house, and now [go back to him.

I still went at times to the boudy house in L**t*e P***I**d St. It was dilapidated, the paper partly torn from the walls, and in the upper rooms (it was a two-storey house) the division between them seemed to have been temporarily put up, making one room into two, and was papered and canvassed over; it was so thin, that you could hear distinctly what was said in the adjacent room. They had been afraid for a long time of the house being indited, so did nothing to repair it. But it was convenient, and why I went there was that I could hear the bed creak when the couples were at their pleasures, and also what they said. On the first floors you could hear, but not so well. The baud some-how found out my taste and told Sarah of the top room. — But altho I could hear, I could not see. The partition was canvassed on both sides, if one side was torn and there partly opened, there was the canvas on the other side.

I bored through it, and tried to make holes as others evidently had tried — and saw, but could not get a good glimpse. The keeper to whom Sarah spoke, refused to allow holes to be made, so I had to content myself with laying on the bed with Sarah, and feeling her cunt, until a couple came in. — Then we listened and it seemed to amuse her as much as me. — When we heard the bed creak, on to Sarah I got, and the delight of my fucking was increased by thinking that close to me was another couple fucking.

The man and woman wrangled about money at times, and I heard many funny things. But one night I slipped outside our door and bored, with a gimlet, a small hole in the door of the back room, and there would stand until Sarah beckoned me to come in. I was not likely to be surprized by the baud, for I could perfectly hear if any one came into the house, and there were no rooms over head.

I could however see but little, could not see the bed, but saw the women washing their cunts, and the men washing with their backs turned to me. Occasionally a woman undressed on that side of the room, then disappeared on to the bed side. I began to crave to watch a couple go thro the amatory preliminaries, and to see the man's prick — But, I was always in fear that some one might come to the door, open it, and catch me.

Just then Sarah met the man with the donkey prick, whom she told me did then exactly what he had done before with her. This recital made me wild with de-sire. — I told her I would give her something hand-some, if she could find a house, where I could see couples fucking. She had heard there was one, but those who knew would not tell, and some time slipped away. — With a smiling face one night she said, "If you don't mind a sovereign for the room, and five shillings afterwards for each couple you see, I know now where you can get what you want. — Off we went the following night to the house, and through a carefully prepared hole beneath a picture frame, I had a complete view of a nice room. — The washing place, bed (no sofa), looking-glass, fire place, were all in sight. In fact only that side of the room in which the eye hole was made in the partition, was

not perfectly visible.

I recollect that first night well. — The woman of the house said to me, "You won't tell people will you?" — then — "Put out your light when you are looking." — There was gas in the room. — "Don't make a noise — and don't look till you hear, or think they are on the bed." — Then she lifted a picture up on to a higher nail in the partition, which disclosed a small hole. — Then she went into the other room, and did the same to a picture there. It was in a huge, old fashioned, projecting gilt frame, which when hung higher up, just cleared the hole but well shadowed it. — There was one good, strong, gas burner in the room, but no candle to enable people to pry about with.

The hole was so high up, that it was necessary to stand on a sofa placed just against the partition. There was no fire in our room when first I went there, and it was dark at about seven o'clock, Sarah had gone in first. — The woman when she had got my sovereign said, "I don't suppose any one will be there till about eight o'clock."

I undressed Sarah, and sat in excitement feeling her about, and looking at her legs, and talking. — I heard couples going into lower rooms, and the woman saying, "This way, sir" — a gruff voice reply, — "I won't go so high." — At length a couple entered. Sarah turned down the gas in our room, and up I got on the sofa. Oh my delight, — how I wish it were to come over again. There was a fine young man and a niceish young woman — I watched them with an intensity of lust indescribable. — I saw him first pay her, she take off her things, piss, and then stand naked expectantly. He took off his trowsers, she took hold of his prick, and he felt her cunt. — Then it was kiss, feel, and frig on both sides. I could hear him ask questions, and she reply. Then he put her down on a chair, and pushed his noble prick up against her but not up her. Then he brought her to the side of the bed. I saw her thighs distended, a dark haired cunt opened and looked at. He pushed his prick up it and had a plunge or two. (His back was towards me then.) Apparently not satisfied, he then pushed her straight on the bed — got on himself, laid by the side of her, and then I saw his prick in all its glory. — She wanted to handle it, he would not let her, but fingered her cunt with his hand nearest to her.

At length kneeling between her thighs I saw it again in all its prominence, stiff and nodding — until drop-ping on to her belly, it was hidden from my sight. — I watched the heavings and thrustings — the saucers which came in his arse cheeks, and disappeared as he thrust up and withdrew his penis, her thighs move up, and then her legs cross his, as she heaved to meet his strokes. — Then the shoves became mere wriggles, then were loud exclamations of pleasure, then all was still. His limbs stretched out, her legs came tranquilly down to the side of his, a long kiss or two was heard, then absolute silence. — It was a delicious sight.

Almost before he had finished, I had put the cork in the hole in the partition, pulled Sarah to the side of the bed, felt her cunt, and was about to put up it, when alas I spent all over her outside, on thighs and cunt, then with my cock still dripping I got on the sofa again. — Sarah with me, for she seemed to enjoy looking as much as I did.

He had risen on to his knees between her thighs, and held his prick in his right hand, I could just see its red tip. — "Don't move, I'll fuck you again." "Well, you must give me some more." "I will give you five shillings." "Very well, shall I wash?" "No stay as you are." — Slowly his bum sunk on to his heels — his head peered forward — his left hand went to her cunt. — "My spunk's running out," he said. "Oh you beast." He flopped down on her without another word

— and I saw by the action of his buttocks that he was driving his pego up her. — His hands clasped her again, I saw the saucers in his arse — his short shoves

— her wriggle and jerks — and heard his sighs and "oha's." Then soon his silence shewed that his pleasure was complete.

During all this I kept telling Sarah in a whisper what I saw — she got as impatient as me and wanted to see as much. — It often was, "Let me have a look." "I shan't." "What is she doing?" "She

is doing so and so," — then I let her peep and she would tell me. — I sat on the sofa whilst she was standing and looking, grasped her arse, put my lips on her cunt, and pulled her towards me, giving utterance to all sorts of bawdy extravagances in whispers. — It is odd it occurs to me, that all she wanted to see was what the woman was doing — what I principally wanted to see was what the man was doing. — At all times that I was at the peep hole, the same feelings were predominant in both of us.

The man was pleased, gave the extra money, told her he would meet her again, washed his prick and went off — she leisurely washed her cunt, and off she went — then lighting the gas, I ballooned Sarah — not letting my sperm be wasted outside this time. — "It's exciting," said she, "I have not seen such a thing since the night you had the fine, tall, fair woman — and it makes me as randy as be damned" (her favorite expression). We finished fucking just in time for another couple. We saw three couples the first night.

I am not going to tell all I saw — much of it was commonplace fucking enough — yet some had the charm of novelty, and although I was there perhaps in the course of a year or two, in all fifty or sixty times, and saw nearly a hundred and fifty couples fucking, never grew tired of seeing.

The most amusing thing to me was that Sarah wanted to see so much. — After a time I put her occasionally with her back against the partition, and my prick up her — and then applying my eye to the hole over her shoulder, fucked her, and looked at the fucking couple in the room, until I lost sight of them, in the excitement of my own physical pleasure.

That was a risky thing to do for they could have heard us, as well as we did them. But usually the couples were so absorbed by lewdness, so preoccupied by fucking or anticipation of it, that they rarely seemed to notice anything.

One night a couple came in, she about thirty, he about thirty-five years old. She was not gay, was deeply veiled, and shabbily dressed. — At his request she undressed to her petticoat and I saw she was beautifully white in her linen. She was a fine tall Woman. — "We have never been here before," said she, "why did you not go to the old place." "It's not safe to go always to the same place." — They spoke in a very low tone. — Sarah looked, and said she was a modest woman, indeed it was quite evident that she was not gay. She unlaced her stays, and whilst doing so, he knelt and putting his head under her petticoats, kept his head up against her cunt or her thighs. With-drawing it he said, "Oh! I love you so, I love the smell of your cunt." "Oh darling for shame, how can you?" He took off his coat and trowsers, they kissed and toyed, he got her on to the bed, threw up her clothes, and disclosed as fine a pair of thighs as I have ever seen. — He kissed her all over and buried his head between her thighs, then rising I saw his prick. He took her hand and placed it round it. — "Feel how stiff it is before I put it up you." — Then he threw himself on her and began his poke.

Their loving voluptuous manner so stimulated me, that making some remark to Sarah, I clutched her round her rump, and pressed my stiff cock up against her thighs. — At that instant a leg of the sofa on which we were standing gave way. — It had, as we after-wards found, only broken off just above one of the castors. — It threw us both violently up against the partition with a bang, or indeed two, for my head went with a second bang against it. — We kept silent instinctively, after we had recovered ourselves.

"Oh my God," said the female voice quite loudly. "What is that." "It's some one under the bed — get up — get off, — I will get up." said she almost with a screech. — After a pause we heard them both walking about for some minutes. — We feared to look. — "Non-sense — under the bed." "Oh look there," I peeped, Sarah holding me for fear the sofa should go worse. — He lifted the bed valance. — "It's in the next room then, I am sure some one sees us." "What nonsense, is it likely, it was over head I am sure." "Well I am frightened," and she got off the bed, and sat on a chair.

They dropped their voices again, but I heard that they settled that it was something over head, and with a little loving enticement, on to the bed they again got, and soon were in each other's embraces.

— How they enjoyed it, their kisses and murmurs were quite loud. — They lay when finished such a time with limbs interlaced before he got off. — "Don't she like it?" said Sarah who was much interested in this couple. — I was I suppose unusually randy that night — for I brought Sarah to the edge of our bed — fucked her — and directly afterwards going up to the sofa, which was not now easy to stand on, and which wobbled so that it was not safe for both of us, found him just getting off.

Without washing, they both went and stood in front of the fire, talking about the noise. — "It frightened me," said the woman. "I'm always frightened at these places. — I felt frightened as I came in — as if I should be found out, as if some one would see me. — I know it's stupid — but I never felt like it before — or not so much so as I do to-night." It was said in a low clear voice and I heard it distinctly. — "Who can see you, it's nonsense." "Yes, but I feel as if we were found out, as if some one knows what we are doing in this room." — It was really wonderful (and I've often thought so since) to hear this. What would she have said, had she found out that two eyes had seen a man between her thighs?

"I must get back," she said. "Wait a little." — He took a chair to the fire, and sat down — sat her on his knee, and his hand went up under her chemise. They faced our partition then. — "Oh don't dear — don't now — I am not washed, it is so dirty of you." "Never mind," he replied and kept her there feeling her, until up came his cock quite stiff. He pulled it from under his shirt and shewed it to her laughingly. Then she felt it, and they sat kissing and toying, and saying how they loved each other, putting their tongues together almost without speaking for twenty minutes, until her thighs moved restlessly under his titillation, and gently he again led her to the bed.

She got on to it cheerfully enough, forgetting her scare. They laid two or three minutes kissing and toying, they scarcely ceased tonguing, they moved in various attitudes, she threw her leg high up over him, he put his prick into her, and then they rolled on to one side clinging to each other, her bum then was towards our partition. "Put your leg up again dear," he said. She obeyed. He thrust for a minute, then pulled his prick out, and pushed his fingers up her cunt. Then in again pushing his pego, they at last consummated their enjoyment, with the utmost love and voluptuous energy. — They spoke so low on the bed that I could not hear much, I only heard murmurs until he got fierce in his lust and spoke louder, but their kisses were loud enough to be heard on the staircase. — They were both as fond and as randy as a man and woman could be. — It was one of the most voluptuous sights I have ever witnessed. They now dozed, he nestling his balls between her thighs, and keeping one of her thighs up under his arm. Her chemise was just sufficiently up to show where the arse cheeks began to divide at the backbone. — I let Sarah get up and look, then I put her on the bed, fucked her, and went back.

He was putting on his trowsers, she washing her cunt, I could see her head just over the bed and hear the slopping. — Again they stood near the fire whilst she put on her petticoats. They now talked in so low a tone that I could hear nothing. — He put his arm round her waist, and leant his other arm on the mantel piece. — I could see their two faces in the glass, and they were both very plain — but she was a beautiful shape, that is, what I had seen of her. — "Oh, I must go, what will they think?" said she as she broke away from him. "What can I tell them?" — Then they went on dressing and when all but finished, "Let me give it an-other kiss," said he as she put her bonnet on. — Down he knealt and put his head up her clothes, kept it there a minute or two, she standing quite still just facing me. I could see the bunch his head made under her petticoats, and kept telling Sarah in a whisper what I saw, and was watching the woman, when suddenly she closed her eyes. "Oh don't dear," and she drew her bum back. He got up with his hair in disorder. — "I think he's been licking her cunt," said I to Sarah. "Ah," said Sarah, "she is just as bad as a gay woman."

"I will go out first, you turn to the left when you get into O*f*d St. and get into the cab standing by the kerb. — I will put my stick outside the window, so you will know its me. — Wait about five minutes after I have gone in case I can't get one directly." He went to the window and looked out (the room is at the back of the house), and said it didn't rain. They kissed and murmured to each

other — their faces close together, his arm round her. — Then, "Oh! let's do it again before we go," he said quite vivaciously. "Oh, I can't — I can't — look at the time," said she taking out a watch. "Oh William, I must go, what can I tell them. — Oh, don't now, pray don't," said she, for he had pushed his hand up her clothes again. — "Oh pray don't."

He threw off his hat and pulled off his coat like lightning. "I will — I must. — We won't be five minutes." By the time he had said that, his prick was jutting out in front of his trowsers. — His impetuosity, the sight of his prick (that wonderful persuader) conquered. She pulled off her bonnet, he tilted her back-side on to the edge of the bed, threw up her clothes, her belly and thighs came for an instant, and for an instant only into view, and received him; the next instant he was ramming into her, holding her thighs under his arms, and in five minutes was quiet, leaning over her belly. They had taken the foot of the bed and I saw them sideways.

He wasted no time, "mind my chemise" said she as he pulled out his prick, and he did it with care — buttoned up, and without washing went out. — She washed, threw off her cloak, pulled up her chemise, and looked at it in all directions, as if to see whether there was any spunk on it; then dressed, put on a thick veil, and out she went. — "Modest women are worse than gay women, for there is no excuse for them," said Sarah. The baud begged we would not make a noise again for she had heard it, but how could we help the sofa breaking down? We promised and begged her to get in couples, when she thought the woman was not gay. — "I know them," said she, "cause of their veils are down, and they never looks at me; but then your will have to wait, and of course I wants my rooms let." But afterwards we certainly saw many couples, of whom the women were what is called modest, tho necessarily the bulk of the fucking was with strumpets.

I may tell of one or two odd occurrences, but for the most part the couples went through the fucking business much in the same way. If the man was quite young he felt the woman's cunt directly he was in the room, then made her partly or quite undress, and if he did not pull off his trowsers, he pulled out his cock, which was usually stiff by that time (if she undressed). Then she gave his cock a squeeze, or a shake or a frig or two, he groped her cunt, and had a hurried look at it, they got on to the bed, fucked quickly, and then off they went. The middle-aged went to work more lei-surely; and carefully looked at the ladies' cunts.

[It is well to mention here that but few vehicles passed through the street, but when they did, their noise prevented me hearing what the couples in the back room said.]

Vol. 7 Chapter IX

Penis in excelsis. • Pride in his Priapus. • A whack on a bum. • A whack on a table. • Between two chairs. • Over silk stockings. • A male sixteen and female fifty. • "My little cunny." • An old man and his servant. • A virginity taken. • Tooth brush, anus, and suction. • The omnibus next day. • My letch for minette. • A sodomitic parson and catamitic harlot. • A bum hole licked. • A bum hole plugged. • The pains and pleasures of sodomy. A digital anal experiment. • One stumpy, frousy, and middle-aged. • Fruitless exercise on a stomach. • "You'll fuck my bottom out."

Two or three weeks after I had used this peep hole, Sarah said she had again met the man with the titanic prick. — We had by that time got so intimate, that she told me any funny adventures she had with men. — He had behaved in just the same manner to her, and was to meet her that day week. — "Oh! I long to see him with you — bring him to the next room," — and it was so arranged. — The spying room was to be kept for me — the back room I was to pay a pound for, and it was to be kept for Sarah. The old baud knew what we were up to. — I told Sarah to keep the man towards him. — He tucked his shirt well up, came be-hind her, and with his prick which had now stiffened and

seemed nine inches long (I really think longer), hit her over her buttocks as if with a stick. It made a spanking noise as it came against her flesh. Then he shoved it between her thighs, brought it out again, and went on thwacking her buttocks with it. — "Don't it hurt you?" she asked him turning her head round to-wards the peep hole. — "Look here," said he. Going to a round small mahogany table and taking the cloth off it — he thwacked, and banged his prick on it, and a sound came as if the table had been hit with a stick.

—"It does not hurt me," he said. — I never was so astonished in my life.

"I mean to fuck you," said he. "That you shan't, you will hurt any woman." — Again he roared with laugh-ter. — "Suck it." "I shan't." — Again he laughed. — Then he made her lean on a chair, and again banged his prick against her arse. — Then he sat down, and pulled her on to him, so that his prick came up between her thighs just in front of her quim. — "I wish there was a big looking-glass," said he. "Why did you come here, there was one at the other house." — Sarah said this was nicer and cleaner, and he had said he wanted a quiet house. — "Ah, but I shan't come here again, I don't like the house."

"Get on to the chairs — the same as before." But the chairs in the room were very slight, and Sarah was frightened of them slipping away from under her. — So she placed one chair against the end of the bed, and steadied it; and against another which she put a slight distance off, she pushed the large table. Then mounting on the chairs, she squatted with one foot on each as if pissing. I could not very well see her cunt for her backside was towards me, and shadowed it.

He laid down with his head between the chairs, and just under her cunt. He had taken the bolster and pillows from the bed for his head, and there he laid looking up at her gaping slit, gently friggig his prick all the time. At length he raised himself on one hand, and licked away at her cunt for several minutes, his big prick throbbing, and knocking up against his belly whilst he did it.

Said he again, "I wish there was a glass." Sarah got down, and put on the floor the small glass of the dressing table, and arranged it so that he could see a little of himself as he lay. — But he was not satisfied. — He recommenced cunt-licking, and self-friggig, and all was quiet for a minute. — Then he actually roared out, — "Oh — my spunk coming, my spunk, — my spunk, spunk oho. Come down — come over me." Off got Sarah, pushed away the chairs, stood over him with legs distended, her arse towards me so I lost sight of his face, but could see his legs, belly, and cock as he lay on the floor. — "Stoop, — lower, — lower." — She half squatted, he friggig away, her cunt was now within about six inches of his prick, when friggig hard and shouting out quite loudly — "Hou — Hou — Hou," his sperm shot out right on to her cunt or thereabouts, and he went on friggig till his prick lessening, he let it go, and flop over his balls.

Sarah washed her cunt and thighs, and turning round before doing so, stood facing me and pointed to her cunt. His spunk lay thick on the black hair tho I could barely see it. — She smiled and turned away. He lay still on the floor with eyes closed for full five minutes, as if asleep. Sarah washed, put on her chemise and sat down by the fire, her back towards me partly.

He came to himself, got up and went to the fire — then he washed (his back towards me), then stood by the fire, then fetched the pot and pissed. I saw his great flabby tool in his hand, and the stream sparkling out of it, for it was done just under the gas light. — Again he stood by the fire, his tool hidden by his shirt which he had on, and they talked. — Then he strode round the room and looked at the prints on the wall, looked even at the very picture beneath which I was peeping. — "What a daub," he remarked and passed on (it was a miserable portrait of a man), then from the pocket of his trowsers he gave Sarah several sovereigns.

That lady knew her game, and had thrown up her chemise so as to warm her thighs — and after he had paid her, he put his hand on to them. — She at the same time put her hand on to his tool. "Oh what a big one." — nothing evidently pleased him so much as talking about the size. — "Did you ever see so big an one," said he for the sixth time I think. "Never — let's look at it well. — Hold up your shirt." — He did as told. — Sarah pulled his prick up, then let it fall, handled his balls, pulled

the foreskin up and down, and shewed him off again for my advantage. — "Why don't you sit down, are you in a hurry?" Down he sat, his tool was becoming thicker and longer under her clever handling, and hung down over the edge of the chair. He was sitting directly under the gas light, and I could see plainly, for Sarah cunningly had even stirred the fire into a blaze. He was curious about other men's cocks — what their length and thickness was. — She shewed him by measuring on his own, and kept pulling it about, her object being to get it stiff again for me to see his performances. — My delight was extreme — I could scarcely believe that I was actually seeing what I did, and began to wish to feel his prick myself. How large it must feel in the hand I thought, how small mine is compared with it, and I felt my own. — As Sarah pulled down his prepuce, I involuntarily did so to mine, and began to wish she were feeling mine in-stead of the man's.

Then only I noticed how white his prick was. His flesh was brownish — and being so sprinkled with hair it made it look dark generally. — His prick looked quite white by contrast. Sarah must have been in-spired that night, for no woman could have better used her opportunity for giving me pleasure and instruction. Repeating her wonder at the size, she said, "Let's see how it looks when you kneel." — He actually knelt as she desired. I saw his prick hanging down between his legs. Soon after in another attitude, I noticed that hair crept up between his bum cheeks, and came almost into tufts on to the cheeks themselves. — I saw that his prick was now swelling. — Sarah taking hold of it, "Why it's stiff again." He grasped it in the way I had first seen him, and said eagerly. — "Let's see your cunt again."

Sarah half slewed her chair round towards him, opened both legs wide, and put up one of her feet against the mantelpiece, as I have often seen her do when with me. He knelt down and I lost sight of his head between her legs — but saw his hand gently friggng himself as before, and heard soon a splashy, sloppy, slobbery sort of suck, as his tongue rubbed on her cunt now wetted by his saliva. Then he got up and pushed his prick against her face. — "Suck, and I will give you another sovereign." "It will choke me — I won't," said Sarah.

Then he began to rub her legs and said he liked silk stockings, that few wore silk excepting French women whom he did not like, — but "they all suck my prick." — Again Sarah put up her leg — again he licked her cunt, and then said she must frig him, which she agreed to on his paying another sovereign.

He told her to go to the edge of the bed and he then went to the side nearest the door, which put his back towards me. — He called her there. — "Come here," said Sarah, laying herself down at the foot. "No, here." "I won't, it's cold close to the door" she knew that there I could not see his cock.) He obeyed, put up her legs (just as I used to do) opened them wide, and I could sideways see her black haired quim gaping. "Close them," he cried. She did and lay on her back, her knees and heels close together up to her bum, "I'll spend over your silk stockings," said he, now friggng violently. Sarah to save her stockings, just as his spunk spurted, opened her legs wide and it went over her cunt and belly. — He never seemed to notice it.

I had passed an intensely exciting couple of hours by myself, watching this man with his huge fucking machine. Sarah in her attitudes, altho I had seen them fifty times, looked more inviting than ever. My prick had been standing on and off for an hour. — I would have fucked anything in the shape of cunt if it had been in hand, and nearly groaned for want of one. As I saw her legs open to receive his squirt, heard his shout of pleasure, and saw his violent, frig, frig, frig, I could restrain myself no longer, but giving my cock a few rubs, spent against the partition, keeping my eye at the peephole all the while.

He wiped his cock on her cunt hair, washed, and went away seemingly in a hurry. — Sarah came in to me. — "Don't you want me," said she. — I pointed to my spunk on the partition. "You naughty boy, I want it awfully." — Soon after I was fucking her. — With all her care to save her silk stockings, sperm had hit her calf, and while I fucked her at the bed side, I made her hold up her leg that I might look at it. — It excited me awfully. What a strange thing lust is.

I never saw the man afterwards. — She did, but he would never go to that house again. — She thought that he lived in the country. He seemed a gentleman.

One night a couple went in. It was a thin woman about fifty years old I should say, and a youth of about sixteen. — He looked like a Jew. She asked him, directly he was in, for the money; he gave her five shillings, put down his hat, and went up to her. — She had never moved from the door side of the room, and stood with her back to the bed, her face towards us. He seemed shy. She said, "Let me feel your cock." His back was to me, but I could soon see she had hold of his doodle. He was quite quiet, and when he spoke, he did so in a low tone of voice so that I could scarcely hear him. — Her voice on the contrary was that of a magpie, the clack of an old woman. — "Feel my cunny my dear," said she, "it's such a nice hairy cunny." — He put his hand up her clothes and wanted to look. — "Oh, no, you want to know too much, I can't shew it — it's made to feel, not to show, but feel it, it's nice and hairy." — "Oh what a nice cock it is — how it longs to go up my little cunny — how stiff it is — oh what a nice cock," and she stooped and looked at it — I could not see it. — "Oh no I can't let you see it — another time," she said, in reply to something he said. — "Oh put it in, put it in, it's longing to go up my cunny." — Leaning back against the bed, she hitched up her clothes, and I saw a pair of dirty spindle shanks nearly to her thighs. — She never left go of his cock, but pulled him towards her by it. — "Oh it's up my cunny, how often do you fuck, — Oh it is up my little hairy cunny my dear, is it not nice? — Oh fuck it, fuck, fuck, fuck, — Oh isn't nice?" — He had clasped her somehow and was shoving rapidly, and spent almost before he began, for I heard a deep sigh from him and he was quiet; whilst she kept on cackling, "Oh is it not a nice little cunny."

He was in a hurry, or did not like his bargain, for he buttoned up the instant he had done, and put his hat on. — She went across the room, took a towel and gave her cunt a dry rub but did not wash. — "Give me a shilling for luck," said she. — He gave it her. — "I'll give you more pleasure next time, and you shall see my cunny." — Off they went. They had not been in the room ten minutes. — She never took her bonnet off. Sarah always anxious to see the women, used to say if she knew them or not. — It was, "She is lucky with men," — or, "She used to be about but I have lost sight of her," — and so on — once, — "Oh that woman's been laid up with the pox — I thought she had gone home." — There was always amusement for both of us.

One night a fine looking, white-haired old man, I suppose sixty years old — brought in a young woman resembling a servant. — She sat herself down solemnly, and let him take off her bonnet and shawl without a word. "This is one of those houses," said she when she first spoke. — He tried to feel her and she resisted. — There was a mild scene. — "Oh my goodness! what would Mrs. * * * * say if she knew I was here?" "She never will," said the old buck, "and I will be a friend to you for life — now don't be foolish — have I not got your father out of debt, have I not helped you all?" — He was a big fellow, walked round her, undid her dress which at length she pulled off, and then he attempted a grope. — She resisted, and in the scuffle sank on the floor at the foot of the bed. — He dropped on his knees and put his hand up her clothes. "Oh for God sake, sir. — No. I won't let you. — I am sorry I came, I didn't mean to come." — The old boy then apparently got a finger or two in her cunt, for she gave a small shriek. — Then he spoke angrily. — "If you don't, I'm damned if you stop with us another week." — He left off, puffing and glowing with the struggle, and got up. There she sat on the floor crying, her bosom was bare as he had pulled it open, her clothes up so that I saw to her knees — and that she had striped, dark stockings on, thin legs.

After a little time he lifted her up, and they sat on two chairs, he with his arms round her coaxing, kissing, and talking, but I could hear but little. — Some-times he got in a temper and then he talked loud and threatened. — "There is a virginity," I said to Sarah. — She thought at first it was all a sham, and that the woman knew what she was about, that she would — "humbug the white haired old cove" — but as time went on, came to the conclusion that the old cove had got one of his servants into a trap. — Soon afterwards, he got his hand up her clothes again, and after a time by coaxing, hugging, and handling, got her on to the bed and himself there too. — She had only taken off her dress, he only his coat.

When on the bed, for a minute she buried her head in his breast. The old boy had then got his hand seemingly round her bum, but her clothes covered it, and I could not see exactly where his hand was. — But he soon took it away, and I saw him fumbling between himself and her, and knew he was getting his cock out of his trowsers. She was now silent, passive. Then holding her close to him with his left arm, which was under her, he managed with his right hand to pull his trowsers quite down. — I saw his large fat haunches, but not his tool. Then he pulled up her clothes — nestled his belly against hers, and rolled over on to her. She turned quite on to her back. — He kissed her. — "Now be a good girl, I shall not hurt you — or do you any harm — be a good girl." — She laid quietly with eyes closed. "Now be a dear good girl, there's a dear," and he pressed on her and gave a shove. — She gave immediately a cry, quite a loud one — and only one. — He put his hand right over her mouth, rammed quickly, and soon his wriggles told of his consummation. Then his head sank by her side. The girl was crying violently. I both saw and heard.

He lay on her such a time endearing her, to all of which she made no reply that I could hear. Then he got off in a temper. For half a minute she lay still scarcely moving, and then got off the bed still crying, which seemed to disconcert him. He sent for brandy, and made her take some with water. Then he sat her on his knee and they talked. Then he looked at the tail of his shirt and said triumphantly and loudly. "You have bled a little, never mind — it's all over, you'll be all right to morrow — do wash dear — do — you needn't mind me now — wash your thing my dear." She went to the side of the bed and put the basin down on the floor. The old boy began at once frigging away at his prick with the view of it making it stiff again — but it seemed no go. — The girl washed and sat down looking at the fire, and began crying again. — He then washed and soaped his prick and recommenced frigging it, turned round with it quite stiff, and for the first time I saw it. — He walked up to her with it stiff. "Look dear, that's what has done the mischief," and sat down with his back towards me, but he kept at times frigging his cock I could see.

The landlady knocked at the door, she was always interrupting couples. — "Shall you soon have done?" said she. — He started up putting his shirt over his stiff cock. — She started up seemingly in terror. — "I shan't be long," said he, and then turning round. "Dam the woman for frightening me so." — They both went away soon after. — She still crying, and he saying he would be a friend to her as long as he lived. — Sarah remarked. "Well, — I really think the old boy had had the first of her, and he's old enough to be her grandfather. — I'll warrant that the old beggar has a large family, he looks it — there is no trusting any man."

One night a fine looking man with a dark moustache, looking not forty years old, came in with a poorish looking woman. — They talked for some time, then he said, "I will give you five shillings extra if you'll suck me." — After refusal, and a declaration that she had never done it before, she agreed to it. — I told Sarah and let her look. — "I know that woman, let me see her do it, I never saw a man's prick in a woman's mouth in my life." — He gave her ten shillings and said he would give the five when she had sucked him, took off his coat, and feeling in the pocket took out a paper, from which he produced a round handled tooth brush, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. — Then in the centre of the room he dropped his trowsers down. — She laid hold of his tool which was quite flabby, and pulled the skin back, and squeezed it. "Wash it first." — He scuffled with his trowsers down his ankles to-wards the wash stand, washed and came back. She dropped on her knees. He had refused to lay on the bed as she asked him. — If they had placed them-selves so as to let me look at them, they could not have placed themselves better.

She took it into her mouth, and moving her head backwards and forwards fucked his prick so to speak with her lips. Then she spat on the floor, then into her mouth his prick which had begun to swell again went. As it came out it was now quite big.

She stopped, looked up and said. — "You must not spend in my mouth, tell me when you are coming." "Yes I must — there is no pleasure unless I finish." "Oh I can't." She left off and stood up. — After an altercation, he agreed to give her ten shillings instead of five, if she would let him, and she to make sure, had the money first.

She stood besides him for a time, holding his cock and friggng it — for unless a woman loves a man, or is really fond of having a prick in her mouth, as some are, she likes to make the prick suction short, and bring it as much forward by fist-fucking as she can. "Do you never fuck?" said she. "I was wounded some years ago, and have never been able to fuck since." — It was not clear to me why a man whose prick already stood, could not put it into a woman's cunt, as well as into her mouth. — He had then taken the tooth brush out of his pocket. — "What are you going to do with that," said the girl. "I tickle my bum hole with that, it increases my pleasure, you will see."

She dropped on her knees — and his prick which had drooped again, got stiff under her sucking — but she had to go on for such a time, that she rested and said, "Oh you can't spend." He said he could. — Then I saw him wet the handle of the tooth brush with spittle, and laying hold of it by the bristly end he pulled up his shirt and passing his hand to the rear, began to move it rapidly. — "Have you put it up your arse hole?" said the girl, leaving off.

"Yes — yes — go on — suck — I shan't be long." — On they went, her head bending up and down as his prick came in and out, his hand bobbing from his back-side. — He was just beginning to shiver with pleasure, when the landlady knocked at the door. — "Make haste please, we want the room." — I have heard her do this several times when the couples seemed too long — but this couple had been but a short time in the chamber.

Out came the handle from his arse hole, out came his prick from her mouth, up she stood. He called out "I will pay for the room twice." "All right, sir," said the landlady, going away.

"Damn her," said he, "I was just going to spend — go on." — "Oh what a time you are — you ought to give me another five shillings." "I will, I will," — he said hurriedly.

Sarah who had been looking at intervals thro the peep hole, remarked, "That poor girl will have all her trouble again."

She again dropped on her knees, again engulfed his doodle which had gone to the size of a gooseberry — again the tooth brush jiggged up his arsehole, and after much hard work for the woman, he cried out, — "I'm coming, I'm coming," drew out his tooth brush, and holding her head with both his hands, whilst the tooth brush stuck out from one of them, fucked hard in her mouth, till his head fell forward, with eyes closed and his mouth wide open. She slowly mumbled at this doodle for a minute, then emptied her mouth into a towel she had.

Sarah had glimpses, and I told her what was going on. — "Is she still sucking — what is he doing?" were whispers frequently made. — I had never seen her in such a state of curiosity. — "Well! I never saw that before altho I have seen much — I wouldn't make a boudy house of my mouth — or turn it into a cunt for five shillings, or fifty shillings."

I was amused, tho the tooth brush business so disgusted me that I retched, and sent out for brandy. But the cock-sucking made a great impression on me, I'd had it done a few times in my life under excitement which left me almost without knowing what I did. Soon after I thought I should like to try it, and I looked out for that very woman, but never saw her — I reserved my want, not liking to ask Sarah. — The sight she said had made her as sick as it had me. — Wasn't she lying? — A desire for Sarah to gamahuche me sprang up that very night, tho I didn't then ask her.

I thought about it repeatedly afterwards for the enjoyment of the man seemed so intense. — His whole frame writhed as he stood, and what struck me was the extraordinary quivering of his thighs; they shook as he spent like an aspen leaf. I noticed that more than anything else. He had tucked up his shirt round his waist in a roll, as if quite accustomed to the operation standing.

The girl rinsed her mouth. — He washed his tooth brush and put it carefully up in paper, pissed and began to button up. The woman again asked him if he never fucked, and he made a similar reply; he had not fucked for years. — It is noticeable that he'd never touched or looked at the girl's quim, nor made her undress, nor felt her in any way. — She, curious, asked him many questions. Replying, he said he found no difficulty in getting women to suck him, that some did it much better

than others, that he did not often do it, and never twice the same day for it made him ill. Then he drew the girl's attention to something under his balls, but I could not hear what he said for he turned his back, and his belly was to the gas. The girl felt and looked, kneeling to do so. He was an exceedingly fine man and in the prime of life — his prick by no means large.

Next day I got into an omnibus. — A minute after-wards a man got in and sat opposite to me, and I saw it was the same who had the night before tooth-brushed his arsehole. — I was under no error, his eyes, manner, clothes, the ring on his finger, I recognized all. I sat staring until he raised his eyes to mine. I still stared resolving in my mind what I had seen him do, and felt such an aversion to him, that I stopped the omnibus and got out.

Sarah laughed. "Well I have done most things and am not particular, but blessed if ever I had a man's spendings in my mouth and never will." — Yet before a month had passed, she had mine — I expect she lied, but it is never safe to say you won't do anything in love matters. All women I believe have had a man's prick in their mouths, it's human nature. One night a man of about thirty years old came in with a woman. They had evidently met before, and she knew his ways and wishes. — He was coated and muffled up almost to his eyes. When he'd unwrapped, I guessed by his well-shaven face and long frock coat, that he was a clergyman. He spoke so low until to-wards the end of his amour, that I could scarcely hear a word. — Before she undressed, he made her kneel on a chair, and throwing up her petticoats exposed her buttocks, and a remarkable plump, well-made woman of about twenty-five she was. Then he walked to the other end of the room and contemplated her. Then he turned her round and made her sit with her clothes up, stand with them up, lay on the floor, backside up, and then belly up, and in fact put her almost into every possible attitude to expose her private parts. — But he never put her on the bed, and as there was no sofa, he placed her always at the corner of the fire place under the gaslamp, so that Sarah and I had the finest view of her. — After having seen her in one or two postures, he, dressed altogether in black, pulled out a stiff cock and his balls, he walked about, still looking at her but without putting his hands on his machine, of which we had a good view. It was rather large, and stood out stiff enough for a time, then it flopped down over his stone bag. — Then he made her strip to her chemise, he stripped to his shirt, and put her through the same postures, but principally with her arse to-wards him, to which he knelt down and began to fumble about and kiss, and at length to lick.

Almost at the outside Sarah said, "I know that woman, but I haven't seen her for some time," and told me her history which I quite forgot. — Then she got anxious to watch her, continually saying, "Let me have a look — do." But it was a sight I much desired to see myself, for the woman looked so nice, that I began to long to have her, and resolved in my mind how I should get her. — Then I got such a stiff-stander, that excepting for losing the sight, I should have put it into Sarah. But there I stood, feeling Sarah's arse and tucking my fingers between its cheeks, and twiddling her cunt and looking.

The man whose prick again got very stiff, began poking it at her. — He pushed it in her face, up against her breasts, her sides, and her bum, but principally her bum. — Sarah looking one minute, said, "He likes her arse better than her belly." Then he put two chairs close together so as to let her kneel with knees wide open, and came close to the partition thro which we were looking, and stood gazing. Now just beneath her distended thighs I could, tho sideways, see her cunt gaping but it was in shadow in the dark fringing hair, which in quantity in front, was thickish behind.

He went close and pulled open her arse cheeks with both hands, and began licking her brown hole furiously — at intervals leaning back, looking at the hole, and what seemed to us to be thrusting his finger in it, but his head was in the way and we could not be sure.

"He will keep her all night," said I, "let's fuck, my spunk's nearly coming." "Wait, wait, he won't be long now, he is feeling his prick," but Sarah was wrong. — He came back and again stood looking so long, that impatiently I pulled Sarah off the sofa, put her at the edge of the bed, and in a few shoves discharged up her cunt, my seminal libation.

Scarcely waiting for my prick to shrink out I pulled it out of her. — She with cunt full, got on to the sofa before me, and looking attentively for a minute whispered, "Oh! oh! he is going to bugger her — he is greasing her bum."

I could scarcely get her head from the peep hole; when I did, saw he had got a pot of grease and was greasing his prick. — "He's greased her arsehole," said Sarah to whom I kept whispering what was going on. Then he placed her at the bottom of the bed, and their flanks were towards us. — The woman said, "You will give what you did before." "Yes, yes," he replied, but he was scarcely audible. Then she again turned her arse towards him, her legs distended, her face and arms over the bed, he had pulled off her chemise, he his shirt and they were both naked. — His prick stood upright against his belly, with his left hand keeping the bum cheeks open or fumbling, his right hand holding his tool, he put it in her. I saw his arse oscillating and heard her with muffled voice say some-thing which sounded like, — "Oh you hurt so," just as his belly closed on her arse. Then he placed both hands round her haunches holding her tightly. — "He's up her, I wonder if he is up her cunt or her arsehole." "Up her arse or why did he grease it and his own prick as well, — let me look. — I want to know what that woman does, she's cheeked me, and I want to know."

I let her look for a second. — "He is buggering her I am sure from the way he stands." I pushed her head away for she would not move, applied my eye to the hole, and saw him ramming away hard, his bum wag, his thighs shake, his whole form move quiveringly. Beyond "Yes, yes" — when she'd asked him first about the money — I'd scarcely heard him, so low was the tone in which he uttered what little he said. — All at once he drew his belly back from her bum, and looked down, gratifying his eyes, but for a second only; for with a quick shove followed quickly by others — he shouted out in a loud voice, — "I'm up her arse, I'm up her arse, Oh! — oh!," and then still louder, — "My spunk in your arse, my spunk in your arsehole." "Oh! some one will hear, don't." said the woman, lifting her head and turning it partly round. "Don't! hish! don't!" —but he shouted still "arse-hole, spunk," and then was quiet — bending over her, holding her tightly, and gently wriggling his arse about with enervated muscular action.

"He has buggered her, look." "Yes he has buggered her," said Sarah, looking, "a dirty, nasty bitch, she ought to be shown up — dirty bitch, I have a good mind to tell one or two of her friends what I have seen her up to. — I wonder if it hurts her much," said she enquiringly after a pause — I wondered too.

He kept close to her backside, leaning over her and grasping her round her waist. — His head laying on her naked back, his face slightly turned towards me, and I thought he never would get off. At last she moved and I suppose threw his prick out, for he relieved her and threw himself naked as he was on the bed, his arse towards us, and there he lay as if in sleep for I sup-pose ten minutes.

She took no notice — but opened the door, and asked for warm water, washed, put on her chemise, then put her finger evidently on to her arsehole, and looked at her finger. She did that more than once at intervals of a minute or so. — Then she said I think (for she dropped her voice), "arn't you going to get up," — He rose, washed and dressed, and they went away. She was a sweetly pretty woman, had a charming plump figure, and was I should have said a very appetizing fuck, — but she was not well dressed.

Before they went away — he turned her up after she was dressed, looked at her arse hole and kissed it, and they both laughed — but they spoke during the whole entertainment in such a low tone, that I could hear nothing but what I have told.

Sarah and I talked about buggery in general. — "It does not hurt," said she, "to put your finger up, but a big prick must." — I thought it must hurt to put up a finger. — "You can try on yourself." "I would," said I, "if he had left his ointment." She laughed, "We will try it together some day, you shall put your finger up my bum hole and I up yours." "All right you bring the ointment." "I will get some cold cream." We joked about the parson's fun for I was sure he was a parson. — Soon we had another couple to look at, and another, but when we talked we got back to the sodomitical subject

— and when I fucked Sarah that night, we both talked as we lay in copulation, of the difference of sensation there might be between arse hole plugging — and cunt plugging. Said I, "The pleasure really must be all on one side." "I have heard that some men and some women too, are fond of the sensation of a prick in their bum holes," said she This was said whilst I was up her. When in that sensuous, stimulating, lascivious, position, it takes away one's sense largely; all is pleasure, but I know what I have written was said then.

Afterwards I thought of my adventure in my youth, with the fat, squabby, Devonshire woman's bumhole — and wondered if going up that round hole gave greater pleasure than fucking. I longed to try but dismissed it from my mind. Then I wondered if it hurt to put anything up the bum, so greased my finger one day, and to my surprize it slipped up without pain, but with an unpleasant sensation. I asked Sarah about what she had said, and one night she got cold cream, and as we lay on the bed together, I induced her to try on me; and we both poked up each other's arseholes. It rather upset me, and I was ashamed of it. — It gave me no pleasure and gave her none she said, so we never did it again. But from time to time I could not help thinking about it and had a desire to have the woman we had seen buggered.

An odd couple came in one night — A common place young woman poorly dressed, with a very short, middle-aged man in black, whom I recognized as a clerk in a public department, and had seen for years. — He was about fifty years old, perhaps more, and awfully ugly. — There was that night a fire in the room and they both at first sat in front of it. —'Whilst there, he pulled out his prick and tried to get it to stand, but could not. I heard the girl say "Let me try." She frigged it a long time, but it was of no use, for she re-marked, "I don't think that will stand to night." — I could not see his cock for she just hid his middle, but saw well the movement of her arm whilst she frigged.

After a time he said in a low gruff voice. "It will be all right when I get on you — get on the bed." — She complied. — Pulling her gown off, he his coat, they laid down side by side — she put her hand to his cock, and fumbling it said, "Why don't you let your trowsers down, I can get at it better." — He let them down, she then pulled up his shirt which looked black and dirty, and took hold of his cock which must have been very small for I couldn't see it. — I suppose it was flabby. "Why don't you feel me," pulling up her clothes as she said so, and showing a chemise also not of a very inviting color, and limbs not too beautiful. — He put his hand there, and turning on his side as she turned on her side as they lay together, began feeling, and she frigging for some time. Then — "Oh, you can't do it," but he went on frigging.

He said in about ten minutes, "I want to piddle and shall do it afterwards." The stumpy little man got off the bed (he was on the side nearest to me) and toddled round to the side where the piss pots were, and stood long making water I suppose, for I saw that he had the pot in his hand. She laid looking at him and scratching her cunt or thighs high up, but her clothes just covered the bottom of her belly — and I could not see exactly where her fingers were. Turning round, he pulled up her clothes to her navel, and I saw she had a sandy haired grummet. — He made her open her legs wide, pulled open the cunt lips, and looked. "You're a long time, you must give me more or I can't stop longer." — He made some reply I could not hear.

Emptying his bladder and fumbling at her sandy haired opening, apparently had the desired effect. — He told her to move further off, and got on to the bed from the pisspot side and facing me. — As he did so I saw a smallish sort of sprout from under his shirt. His trowsers so embarrassed him that he could scarcely shuffle into position, so she helped him by cocking up one leg, and just shifting herself so as to bring him between her thighs. — Down he went on to her like a lump of lead, and began shoving.

If he was on the woman one minute he was half an hour there, shoving and wriggling more or less the whole time; he got fatigued, blowing and snorting like a pig — I could hear the wind whistling through his nostrils quite plainly, I shall never forget it.

The affair was amusing at first, but I had then seen such lots of couples in coition, some nice,

handsome, clean and voluptuous, others quaint and novel in amusements, many inciting in some way — so got tired of this poor couple and left off looking. — Sarah looked — then I looked again. — There was he still ramming and blowing away — I heard the woman say "You can't do it." — The woman of the house just then knocked at the door as usual. — He stopped short, and the girl called out, "We shall be out directly," — then to the man, "Get off you've had enough." — He muttered something and continued shoving.

Again I and Sarah looked, and left the spy-hole. "He means to keep on that poor woman all night." Looking five minutes afterwards I heard her say, "I'm damned if you won't fuck my bottom out." — Then was an agitation of his body, he laid quiet for an instant, then puffing and the sweat streaming down his face he got off — whether he had had a spend or not I don't know.

The woman went off leaving him sitting by the fire, seemingly quite done up, until the landlady went in and asked if he wanted the room again. He grunted out "No" — and left.

Vol. 7 Chapter X

The baud's avarice. • The couples hurried. • Cyprians remuneration. • A tight cunted one. • One who knew the spy hole. • A loving, handsome couple. • The mother's maid. • Amorous impatience. • His lustful power. • Varied postures. • Copulations reckoned. • Brother John's cock exhibited. • Gossip with Sarah on gamahuching. • The fourth poke. • The pocket handkerchief. • Laxities with Sarah. • Heads to tails. • Sarah's letch for gamahuching. • On female cunilingers.

I have said that the landlady did not give the couples too long a time, especially if business was brisk. — She had an eye mainly to the double fees, for in addition to the pound, I paid five shillings for each couple. They charged the couples three and six pence and sometimes five shillings, never more. It was only a second class house, tho I saw swell women there.

One night she turned seven couples in between eight and twelve o'clock — all of whom we saw copulating — I did not mind the ordinary run being got in and out soon, for they usually went to work with small prelude, and the more petticoats I saw hoisted, the more cunts I saw, and the more pricks wagged and stiffened in my view, the better. But when a spoony couple were in — or the man had funny latches, — I was annoyed at their being hurried so asked again the landlady to try to put couples of whom the woman was what is called modest (altho every woman is immodest enough to show her own tail, and feel a man's tail at times), and not to hurry them. — The ordinary couples needed no hurrying, for the gay ladies urged on the shagging.

I soon discovered the very unequal fees paid, and what small sums at times were paid even to exceedingly well dressed women. — Many had only ten shillings and often five, although at times they got two or three sovereigns, and from men who did not look very rich. — I once saw a girl come in twice the same night and be fucked for five shillings, and heard her say it was very little. He gave her a shilling more for a glass of wine. — The second time she got a couple of sovereigns. — I chaffed Sarah about the nice cunts to be had for ten shillings, but in my young days I knew that. Yet having for so many years given higher compliments, it came quite new to me, that a clean nice looking woman, would give up her privates for five shillings, yet well dressed women did.

There was a woman looking twenty-two years old, whom I saw many times. — She was well made and had a pretty face. I took a fancy to have her, but did not like to ask Sarah to get her. — One or two men said, "What a little cunt you have," — at which she used to laugh. — I went about this time in the middle of the day and saw the landlady, who made objection, but principally about Sarah knowing of it, but as I vowed I would not tell, I got the spy room by myself, and passed the evening looking — I told the landlady of the girl I wanted but she would not get her for me, few women, knew of the peep hole room, and I should tell the woman, and that would blow the house

— I did not see the girl that night and felt not so comfortable alone. — But the small-cunted woman ran in my head. Again I had the room by myself, and that night she came in. I got awfully randy at seeing her fucked, and directly it was over left the bawdy house. — The woman shortly afterwards came out, and turned towards * * * St. — When she was just in * * * * St. I spoke to her, and we went to another house. I bargained for half of a sovereign which I knew she had just been paid. — She accepted after swearing she never had less than a sovereign.

She was perfect in shape, and her cunt one of the smallest for a full grown woman my prick ever entered. — Two fingers went in with greatest difficulty, yet the vulva looked as large as an ordinary one. — There was black hair on it. I enjoyed her immensely and fucked her three times, paying her for each fuck.

—What amused me was my asking her if she had it done to her before that night, and she swearing that she had not.

I fucked her at the side of the bed at first, to see my prick draw in and out of the small orifice. When I had recovered from my pleasure, I put her legs over my shoulders, and drawing her bum to me, kept my prick in whilst I asked her questions. She did not hurry me. I had noticed she never was impatient with men. — Pulling my prick out, and telling her what I was going to do, I watched my sperm laying at the mouth of the tight hole, and soon began to work again in my own sperm. — "Oh come on the bed, I want it, let's do it nicely," — and on the bed a more voluptuous little devil never wetted my ballocks.

She would make no appointment with me saying I should see her about, but I never did. I asked the landlady at * * * * St. She recollected her, said she sometimes came with men often for a week or so, and then did not for a month. She did not know her name nor anything about her. — I never told Sarah.

One night an ordinary woman was on the bed with a man when Sarah, looking, remarked — "That woman knows there is a peep hole, see how she keeps her eye on it." — Certainly she did keep looking, and she pulled her clothes over her thighs as much as the man's lying between them would permit. — She pushed the man away directly he had finished, and got off the bed looking in our direction. — Sarah let down the picture and waited till the couple had gone. — The landlady had told her to do so in case we thought any one looked at the spyhole. — I saw only two or three women out of the whole number, who eyed the spot suspiciously, and never a man, altho I saw a dozen walk up to the picture and look at it — it was most cunningly contrived. [I wonder if it was ever found out afterwards and there was a row, for the house was closed all of a sudden.]

Another night a couple came in together both muffled up, she deeply veiled. — Directly he had locked the door he took off his hat — she her veil, — both laughed, rushed into each other's arms, and stood kissing long as if they'd never have enough of it. — "Oh I am so glad," said she, and again they kissed. "What a time since we met." "Is it not." "Oh I am so glad,"

— and similar exclamations of joy whenever they got their lips apart. — They talked loud, they kissed loud, in a state of mutual delight at meeting. — They had no fear — no thought but of each other. — "It's a spoony couple," said I to Sarah. "Yes," said she when she had a look, "and what a fine woman, I wonder how she will do it, as she calls herself, I suppose, modest."

— Sarah hated the modest fuckstress — I pulled Sarah's head away, begrudging her looking.

They finished kissing for the moment. He threw off an over coat, she her bonnet — and as handsome faced a couple as ever I saw stood there. — He a gentleman, seemingly about twenty-six years old, tall, strong, with dark brown hair. — She a fine grown woman of perhaps twenty-one, with dark hair and beautiful blue or grey eyes, I can't say which, and such long eye lashes that they were a marked feature in her face. — That done, they again rushed into each other's arms, and kissing recommenced. — Her back was to me as he clasped her, and I saw his right arm move gradually lower, from her waist to her bum. He was thinking of her cunt.

"There is no sofa, I hate a room without a sofa," said he sitting down on a chair and pulling her on to his knee. For a minute they again kissed. — "Now tell us all that has taken place since I saw you." She began to tell, and from what I heard, it seemed that she was in service in his mother's house.

She had scarcely begun before he pushed his hand under her clothes. "Oh Charley, don't dear," said she with a little faint resistance. I could see that his hand in a second or two was between her thighs, and a lovely leg came into view, as his arm hooked her petticoats over it. — Then all was kissing and murmurs, or restless moving of his right arm, a restless movement of her bum on his knee, and a shuffling of her feet. The titillation of her cunt had told on her, and was filling her with voluptuousness.

His hand was withdrawn, he pulled open his trowsers, and out came a magnificent prick. Without a word he placed her right hand on it. — She felt it, and hung her head over his shoulder. — Up went his hand beneath her clothes, their mouths met, nothing but kisses were audible, but her body moved uneasily from her waist to her bum, and both their feel shifted places continually — pleasure made them restless.

"Come to the bed dear, come — I want you so." — He pushed her from his knee and stood up, his prick stiff out of his trowsers. — He led her hurriedly to the foot of the bed, and seemed wild for her.

"Oh Charley dear, what a hurry you are in — oh don't, don't, I shall spoil my dress — don't, wait a minute." — He had her bum against the bed, had lifted her petticoats, and with both arms under her thighs was trying to lift her on the bed, but desisted at her wish. "Make haste dear — I am dying for you — look here," — shaking his pego which with the skin down, shewed a flaming tip, and a noble prick it was.

She began to undo her dress. — He threw off coat, waistcoat and trowsers, and had finished before her gown was off. Then he helped her. A beautiful pair of calves and ankles came into view, her breasts attracted him, he put his hand on them. — "Take your stays off." — Smiling she began — there was a hitch — "Oh damn it" — laying hold of the lace, with a violent tug he broke it. "Oh don't, I shan't be able to lace it again." He pulled the stays off, threw them on the floor, pushed her on to the bed and threw up her clothes. — I saw a dark haired motte, and the next instant he had covered it, then laid in tranquillity for a few seconds.

What a splendid-limbed woman. — Altho she had all her petticoats on, I saw one side of her fine haunches and faultless legs. In a few seconds, one hand was put between their bellies, feeling his prick, or the warm lips which embraced it. — His drawers which he had not pulled off annoyed him, for withdrawing his hand, he pushed his drawers down, and with a loud kiss his arse began that oscillating motion, which brings the pleasure to the couple whose cunt and prick are joined.

He went on slowly, their kisses and murmurs were enough to have made a saint who saw them, randy mad. — Soon thighs began to move responsively to his thrusts. Her hands came on to his back, his drawers worked down under his movements, his shirt got a little hitched up, and the lower half of his buttocks came in full view. With kisses and murmurs of love, he now oscillated his rump rapidly, till their limbs at length stretched out languidly, almost lifelessly, and both were silent. Never to me is a woman so loveable as when the ecstatic gush is over, and I lay half dead with voluptuousness in her arms. I could scarcely hold my sperm in me, but was so anxious not to lose an atom of the sight, that I would not leave the peep hole to fuck — I had been feeling Sarah's cunt as she stood besides me. — "They have fucked," I whispered, — "I'd give twenty pounds to be up her, lay down." — Sarah went to the bed and I fucked her.

Even in my pleasure I did not forget the couple, and as fast as possible, with prick dripping from Sarah's cunt, got to the peep hole. He was lying on her, his face on the side of the pillow and turned towards her, she was on her back. He had partly left her belly, and I saw her thigh fully, part of her belly, and a glimpse of her mount.

Sarah looked. "She has a fine leg really, and is a fine woman — hasn't she got your steam up — what a breast she has — she isn't gay. — She's been enjoying it — they will do it again before they get off the bed I'll bet," said Sarah, who understood human nature well in its copulative insincts and habits.

Sarah was right. He moved, she opened her eyes, they kissed, he got full on to her again, but apparently changing his mind rolled off on to his side, and rose to look at her belly, over which she pulled down her chemise. I had only a glimpse of the motte. Then he turned towards her, his hand moving under her chemise, and partly turned towards him. His hand in getting to her buttocks had lifted her chemise, giving a glimpse of a large white backside, and showing one side from feet to waist. She was as fine a made woman as ever man clasped in copulation. A splendid creature.

Again he got on to her and they began joking and kissing, and they both talked loudly. — "Your clothes are in the way." "You wouldn't wait to let me take them off." — Then he got off the bed and dragged off his boots and drawers. She sat up, undid her petticoats, he pulled them from under her as she lay, laughing. Chemise, shirt, and stockings were now all they had on. He stood, gently pushed her back on the bed kissing her, threw up her chemise to her breast, and began to kiss her belly. He thrust his fingers up her spermatized cunt. — She squirmed, "Oh Charley — don't — how dirty — dear — don't." "Isn't your cunt wet!" — Withdrawing his fingers he jumped rapidly on to her, but enclosing her legs with his, and so they lay kissing and talking but inaudibly. His thighs were quite distended, his balls shewed between them as they hung over her split, I thought I had never seen anything more voluptuous.

Then his hand roved about her haunches. He rolled on to his back and lay for a minute with prick again quite stiff. She turned on her side and handled it. Then putting his right hand under her bum, and his left across her, he heaved her over on to his belly, and they lay belly to belly, she arse upwards, his hand roving about from her blade bones to her arse cheeks, and exposing all to my delighted view. I saw the hairy notch well, as she lay over him with thighs distended. Their bawdy frolics had now brought their passions to the highest. He got her off of him to his side, he turned, and so they lay kissing, and close together. I could hear nothing but kisses. Then up he pushed one of her legs and drew it over his flank, his hand went between her thighs, and he handled her moisted cunt again. I caught a glimpse of his stiff prick as he inserted it. Then they sank into an attitude which brought her three quarters on to her back, her right leg still high up and over his left haunch, fucking began, and then more he raised up her leg — bringing into view at intervals his ballocks. Their mouths were glued together — their whole frames vibrated and with loud kisses and sighs they spent again. — Their second fuck had been finished I think within twenty minutes from the time they entered the room. — All that time as far as I could hear they scarcely spoke — fucking in all its preliminaries and consequences had absorbed them — they thought of nothing else.

Reposing in each other's arms, they nestled to each other with limbs interlaced. Altho it was warm, she I suppose felt cold, for he more than once pulled her chemise down. They half turned and her backside was then towards me, but through his feeling and fumbling, her chemise was never long before it worked up again. — "I told you they would do it twice before they got off the bed. — He'll get her in the family way and then she'll turn gay. He's a gent and won't marry her, fucking like those two will do the job, unless she is very lucky. Oh! he wants to put his finger up again and she won't let him," said Sarah who was looking through the peep hole. I was sitting on the sofa feeling her cunt.

Had it not been for our conversation, Sarah would often have had a dull time of it. Our room we kept so dark that we could not see each other's faces, and I only let her look at intervals. — But I kept up a running description of all I saw in whispers, which amused her I suppose, and she did the same to me when looking, but then I always was feeling her cunt or nudity some-where.

He was poking his hand between her thighs, she preventing it, when I next looked. "Now Charley, that is really dirty, do let me get up — I am so wet and I want to pee so badly, I really do." Up both got, he stood affectionately over her whilst she pissed, and washed her cunt. He washed and pissed

and then he sat her on his knee again, and they began talking. I could now hear all they said.

There was a large easy chair without arms and I think two such chairs but am not sure. — There was no sofa, an omission the bawd told me intended, so that the couples might take their pleasures on the bed and in sight of the spyhole. — There was but one place in-deed where a sofa could be placed, which was just against the peep hole partition, but with couples so close to each other on either side of the partition, we might, had there been a sofa there, have been more easily heard and found out. — With bed in full sight, the washing place on the other side of it and near the window, the fire and bright gas light, beneath which nearly all the men placed the women when they wanted to look at them naked, and all being away from the peep hole side, there was very little in the room which could not be seen by us. Evidently the whole arrangement was purposely made, tho the plan of the two rooms aided it.

The gas burner also was large for a bawdy house, and made so to show up the occupants. I saw some gay women turn it down, and the men turn it up. One girl grumbled to the landlady about there being too much light. — After a time, to my disgust, a smaller burner was put in, then a larger again replaced it. — But I've no doubt the peep-hole room paid well. Several times when I went there by myself, I found the room engaged, and at other times with Sarah, couldn't have it.

The handsome couple sat down just under the light facing us, after he had said again "This is not a very comfortable room, there is no sofa. — Do you recollect what we did on the sofa the last time but one." "Yes," said she, and laughed.

His hand went under her cehmise. — How is it that a man cannot keep his hand off a pretty girl's cunt? — "How many times have I fucked you?" said he. "Ho! Charley — oh! you do speak plain — I don't know." "Fifty or sixty — let us count them," — and he began to reckon their meetings. — They were so joyous numbering them. Then I heard places named, they made mistakes, and recommenced laughing. She'd seen several houses I found.

"Oh Charley, your brother John put his hands up my clothes the other day." "John — my brother?" said he surprized. "Yes, he has been always getting in my way ever since you left, and trying to look up my clothes if he gets a chance — he is getting on fast — I gave him a good cuff one night — and then he pulled it out and said, 'Look here — this is what you want.' " "Pulled out what?" "Pulled that out." "What, his prick?" Laughingly she said, "Yes." — The man swore. — "Damn him, I'll give him a lump on his head." "Oh you can't, he mustn't know I told you." "Damn him, — did you see his prick?" "Yes." — Then they both roared with laughter. — "Oh, if I could catch him, what a hiding he'd get, why he's only fif- teen, he beats me." They talked on and every now and then he groped her — then they took to kissing and feeling each other. — "When do your monthlies come on?" "Oh, I feared they'd come on to day." "Oh, how lucky."

I could hear nearly all they said for they were in-experienced, and seemed quite fearless directly they were within the room, and never thought if any one could see or hear them. — The street was also that night free from vehicles, on other occasions when passing they prevented me at times hearing what couples said. — I heard now nearly everything until they got lewed, and then only snatches, and his exclamations of amatory delight. But I had a bad cough — altho it was warm weather — and I feared they would hear my suppressed barking. — They never seemed to do so. — She had changed from one knee to the other, I suppose because she had fatigued him. — Now on his right she was nearly facing me — I could see his left hand up between her thighs — and his prick standing up. He pulled her right hand down to it, and they sat feeling each other and kissing.

Just then my cough became so bad, that I got down and buried my head in the bed clothes. When I got back he had laid her on the foot of the bed and was standing kissing her. I heard what seemed like modest objection, but he heeded not, and opening her legs wide, I saw sideways the red gap between her thighs. He opened the lips with his fingers and contemplated, he opened and closed them again and again, then put his head against it and it seemed stationary, her limbs moved, and quickly she raised herself up on her elbow. — "Oh, Charley what are you doing? — Aha — you

dirty man."

A little resistance on her part — and coaxing on his

— then down she fell on her back and again his head went between her thighs. Turning to Sarah I said, "He is licking her cunt." — She looked. — "So he is, I wonder if she likes it." — He licked on, her limbs quivered, her thighs seemed to open, then close tight round his curly haired head, her belly heaved — and suddenly she half-rose crying quite loud, "Oh — don't

— I won't — oho — oho," — and fell back again.

He rose, pointed his stiff stander to her crack, and canting both thighs over his hips, fucked her again. — Then bending over her with his hands still under her thighs, they again were quiet.

Then they sat down and talked about cunt licking. — "I am ashamed of you and myself, what made you do so?" "I don't know, I never did such a thing before," said he. Then he was curious and questioned her about her sensations whilst being gamahuched.

"I did — it is something like the pleasure when we do it together — but I don't like it." "You don't mean to say you spent." "I did — it got more and more nice, and was all over just as you got up — I wanted to stop and could not, it got the better of me." "I'll never believe that you spent, or that any woman can by being licked," said he. "How salt your cunt tastes." "Oh Charley, how can you go on so."

He called out and ordered sherry, took it in standing in his shirt, and the landlady said, "You won't be long sir, shall you?" — Angrily, "I took the room for the night didn't I?" "Oh yes, yes, but you said you might not stop and we are so busy, sir, that's all." — He slammed the door. — "The old bitch says she wants the room — and so she may." — "Oh," said the girl, "it frightened me to hear her say that, and I only with my chemise on, suppose she'd come in."

They took sherry and he said, "What beastly stuff, don't drink it, it will make you ill." — Again he called and rowed about the quality, got hot water and brandy, and gave her some, lighted a cigar, sat her on his knee and with cigar in his mouth, put his fingers on to her cunt — the cunt he had licked and fucked, and which then had his spunk in it. I whispered to Sarah. — "Girls like that are never so clean as a gay woman," said she. — Their voices dropped low and what little I could hear was partly bawdy. I had been standing an hour and a half with my eye to the peep hole, grew tired, put in the cork, dropped the picture over the spyhole, turned up the gas, and talked.

It was shortly before this that I had seen the girl suck the man's prick, whilst he buggered his own arse with a tooth-brush handle. — Somewhere also about the time a French doxy — unasked took my prick in her mouth and whom I made desist — I had rarely had it in a woman's mouth excepting in half drunken orgies. Now at once came on a desire for that luxury, it was though seeing this woman's cunt licked. — "Suck my prick," said I. "I'll see you damned first," said Sarah.

I never relinquished a litch till I satisfied it, I talked about what I had seen, what heard, what done that way with women, and got her to admit that she had been asked to suck. I wondered whether it was more pleasure than spending in a cunt. She wondered (I know now it was bosh). We talked about the gamahuching just seen, and prick sucking. Then she said, "Why don't you lick my quim then?" "Do you like it — do you spend with it?" "Of course I like it, every woman does, you can't help spending if a man keeps on at it."

"Suck my prick — do." "Lick my cunt then." I have gone thro this talk with other women, but with Sarah it seemed quite novel.

The couple were laughing and getting noisy. Suddenly I heard thro the partition, the woman laughing loud and say, "No I won't, I won't now," and feet moving hard on the floor. Sarah turned down the gas, and in a minute I had my eye at the peep hole.

He had her in the middle of the room, and was trying to pull her chemise off — she resisting. — "I will see you quite naked." "You shan't — oh don't make such a noise, we shall be heard," said she.

He desisted a minute, then recommenced. She would not let him — but in a modest way dropped her chemise down to her cunt, then put it up on her shoulders, and let him pull it up to her navel. Half naked each pose, he turned her round, admired, and kissed her flesh, exclaiming. — "Oh ain't you beautiful — oh what a bum you have — oh I am so randy .again, look here," and he pulled up his shirt to show his stiff one. — "I want another fuck." — Then he sat down with prick standing upright before her admiring eyes, and said. — "Do you mean to swear you spent — that you had pleasure just as if my cock was up you?" — "I don't know that — but it seemed so, I seemed to wet with pleasure, and yet I didn't like it — but it was pleasure, and great pleasure — nearly like the other."

"I'll never believe a woman can have pleasure and spend by being licked, just as if she is being fucked. Let me try again." — "He's never done it before really I think," whispered Sarah, "he don't know much."

She refused, it was dirty, how could he want, wish such a thing. — But how can a woman withstand a man? — Refusing whilst she yielded, he threw her on the bed, and putting a pillow under her knees, again I saw the white thighs distend, the dark haired lips pulled open, the red gash appear, his head close up to it, and the licking begin.

All was silent. I placed my ear at intervals to the hole, heard the sossling of his tongue on her clitoris, when his saliva had run over, and then in low tones he said, "Does that give you pleasure?" — But I heard no reply, I looked, and he had drawn back his head — whilst she lay with her limbs hanging down.

Then a little conversation, and again the licking began — her thighs crossed on to his shoulders, she cried out, — "Oh don't, now — do it properly." "Be quiet, only this time." Breathless with agitation, I kept putting first my eyes, then my ear to the hole — heard her murmur with pleasure, saw her belly heaving, her thighs twitching round his head, and no more. Then he rose, pushed her further up on bed, and for the fourth time fucked her as she lay there.

I got down — "Suck my prick, do — you shall, and I'll give you another sovereign — two — if you will. - If you don't another woman shall." "Lick me then."

— I thought she was joking, but soon it was a reality

— I did not like it, but said I would. — She sluiced her cunt, she placed herself at the bed side, my tongue touched her cunt, I gamahuched thinking of my pleasure to follow, till she writhed under her sensations. — Now I ceased, for it struck me that when I had done her, she would not fulfil her part of the bargain. — "Oh! go on, I am coming."

"Will you suck me afterwards?" "I will, I will, and you will give two pounds." "Yes," and again my tongue and her clitoris met.

"Let's do it at the same time." "All right." I took off my trowsers and drawers — we placed ourselves side by side, one of her thighs over my head my head laying on the other, my prick touching her face — I recollect no more than that I tasted her cunt, that I felt as if a cunt had got hold of my prick, that I put my left hand to it, that her belly shivered, that my nose went against her cunt, that I spent in her mouth, that I tasted her ejaculation, that in a baudy frenzy she had sucked my prick for the first time, but not the last, and that I had gamahuched her.

"You need not hurry," said Sarah, "they won't stir now in such a hurry." — It was true. When I looked they were laying quietly. — At length he rose, looked at his watch and said she'd better get up — "for darling you must not be too late." She got off the bed and they kissed. — Never was a more loving couple — they had kissed every two minutes for four hours. — Again she sat on his knee, but I could not hear what they said.

To the door he went and asked if they had a daily paper, and told them to go somewhere and get one, which was soon done. — He stood under the gas light and called over a list of plays. — "Say you have been to Lyceum, they play Hamlet." "Oh but I have seen that." "So much the better, you'll

know all about it." "They will wonder why I went again." "You say they took you." — Then they laughed, and I gathered that the woman was supposed to be at the theatre.

He looked at his watch. — "We can stop three quarters of an hour more. — Wash your cunt — you had better always do so soon afterwards, they say it stops getting in the family way." — Then he sat down and lighted another cigar.

The girl put a basin on the floor. As she washed I just saw the top of her head above the bed. Then she pissed. — Whilst doing so she made some remark I did not hear —but he put down the paper and said, "Oh the devil."

As she rose from the pot, — "Yes, I am afraid so, I am a month behind my time, they ought to be on to day." — Her voice was sad, she sat on his knees again, her back towards us now, and I could not hear what they said but they talked earnestly.

He changed the position — pulled up her chemise, and sat her naked bum on his thigh saying, "I like your flesh against mine." — He drank more brandy and water — his cigar had gone out, he lighted it at the gas. "Is John's cock big?" She laughed, "I scarcely know, he showed it only an instant — but it was stiff." "Was the skin off?" "It was quite red." "I should like to catch him, I'd knock his damned young head off." "You told me you did something like it to one of the girls, when you were about his age." "So I did, but I don't like John doing it to you."

He began walking about the room with his hand on his prick, and said she had better dress. "I should like to do it again." "Oh, I can't let you, you have tired me so." — He dressed and again walked up and down the room, frigging his cock as if determined to make it stand. — "Look at you," said the woman laughing.

"You don't know what a number of ways there are of doing it," he said. "Don't I?" "No, come here, people often do it this way." — His cock was not stiff. — She was nearly dressed. — He sat down and pulled her on to him, placing his legs between her thighs, her cunt close to his cock. — "They do it like that." — Then he turned round and sat her with her bum to-wards him. — She laughed. Then he said something and both laughed loudly. — "They do it so — come here," and he got up. "I shan't." — But making her lean over the bed, he threw up her petticoats, exposing her fair round backside, and pressed his cock against it, she wanted to move, but he kept her there fumbling her bum, and, frigging at his cock at the same time.

"I must go — if am not in by twelve — there will be a row — your mother always sits up you know." — He looked at his watch — both finished dressing, but he kept his cock out of his breeches, and it had stiffened whilst putting on her bonnet. — "I mean to do it again." "Oh! I can't, — I can't stay, it must be time to go." "I will do it, — I will — lie down and I won't be a minute." — In vain her resistance, he got her on to the bed, and again fucked her. They seemed to enjoy it more than ever, for it was a long job, and they groaned and sighed loudly with pleasure. In another minute without either of them washing, off they went.

The baud went in the room, looked at the rumpled bed clothes, muttered, called to the servant, and told her to bring a clean counterpane. They had left spunk on the bed. Then she took up a white handkerchief which the young man or woman had left, put it in her pocket, and looked at the peep hole, and seeing that she was being watched, dropped the picture on her side.

I was in a fever of lust — never have I seen a sight which for its prolonged voluptuousness was equal to it. — I have seen more erotic sights, but for pure voluptuousness — never — I doubt whether many have seen a fine young man and woman in the height of sexual strength, abandon themselves without fear or thought, to all their voluptuous desires for the space of four hours, as this couple did.

I stripped Sarah, examined her cunt, compared it mentally with the young woman's, rolled over her, rubbed my prick against her arse, impaled her on my doodle as I sat on a chair, first with her belly, then her bum towards me. I followed every thing I had seen the young man do — and then fucked,

talking of the couple, till Sarah said she was sick of hearing about them.

Then we got brandy and water. My desires ran on having my prick sucked — I doubted if Sarah had done it to me properly, I wanted to be sure, and the sperm to go into her mouth — I was reckless, and said that unless she did it, I would go out and get another woman. — At last Sarah kneeling over me, again sucked my prick and took my sperm into her, whilst I with her arse close to my nose licked her cunt.

Exhausted, on the bed I laid, whilst Sarah was washing her mouth. — "There is another couple." — To extinguish the light and get to the peep hole, was the work of a minute. There was a man just getting off a woman whom he had fucked, whilst we, engrossed in our physical pleasure, had never heard them there; which explained how little people notice who are randy, and thinking about their own performances, and why they never noticed the spy hole.

This spy hole amusement was spread over the best part of two years. Many lustful amusements I had between the various sights, which would better have been told in their place, but I shall from time to time refer to them.

After this night I had a litch for being sucked. — When I next met Sarah, we spent the whole evening in talking about that and gamahuching. Sarah confessed to liking it being done to her occasionally, and on her undertaking to tell me when she was spending, I did the job for her, and also had the pleasure of spending in her mouth for the extra fee. But I soon grew tired of that pleasure, unless so fucked out that I could not get a cock-stand. Many times after, when looking thro the peep-hole, she knelt on the sofa and gently sucked my prick.

Gamahuching she always wanted, when she'd had a drop more than usual, and I believe really had a great liking for it — I did it at times to please her, but couldn't bear the taste of her cunt, and whilst operating used to keep slobbering, so that her cunt was soon much like a spittoon. — "Aren't you coming?" "Yes, stop, lick just there," and with her finger she indicated the exact spot. — I suppose finding that I did not much like it, she ceased after a time to ask me to do it to her.

But we often described our sensations to each other, and she told me very funny stories about women who were fond of having their cunts licked by other women — I was increasing my experiences largely with her, yet did not know what I since believe to be the case, that she was a little fond of having another female tongue on her clitoris, and perhaps another clitoris against hers as well.

Vol. 7 Chapter XI

A juvenile strumpet. • Two saucy little bitches. • One selected. • Sexual manipulations on the high-way. • Omnibus riding and jam tarts. • My moral compunctions. • Sarah dissipates them. • An unsuccessful assault. • On the fornicating facilities of four wheel cabs.

I go back a while. — When I had known Sarah some time I wished to go to her house, having to pay heavily at the bawdy houses for stopping long there. — Besides I always feel so much more comfortable at a woman's lodgings. J***s St. bagnio was an exception, but that house has been long closed — Sarah objected at first, but as we knew each other better, said that her rooms were comfortable but very homely, that I should not be pleased with them; and moreover her friend was often there, that then I could not, and so on. — On being pressed, she admitted that she lived with a man, had done so for three years, and she showed me his miniature. — I said that nevertheless I should like to go there. — Then she told me the address, but I was never to call. — She would meet me in the street, and if she could take me home she would. He was a traveller for a firm of * * * * makers, and often away. For a long time I did not go there.

I had latches for big women. — Sarah was one, big Eliza another, and I had other big ones (tho but rarely) who were about town. — Big women, with big arses, and lots of cunt hair had been pleasing to me to see and feel, even if I did not poke them. Now suddenly I desired a little one. At L**c**t*r S****e one night, a group of girls so little that I thought them at first only rude children, spoke to me; and it ended in my going to a house with one about half my height, but who stripped and talked as bawdily as if she had been fucked twenty years. - I fucked her, wondering at the little hairless quim my prick was closed up in, and such seemed the difference between the deep, thick lipped, dark, fully haired, large cunts, I had had for a long time, and the thin hairless split, and slim little form I was. enjoying, that it roused desires for another.

It was late autumn, I was going along a suburb of London one night at about six o'clock p.m. It was in a dull tho widish road, where the houses lay back from the road in gardens. — A slight fog came on. — On the opposite side of the way, I saw thro the mist two young girls, singing, laughing, and talking loudly whilst walking on. — A man carrying a basket on his back passed them, and I heard him say. — "I should like to tickle up both of your legs a bit." "Tickle us up then," said one in a loud cheeky tone, and then both ran across the road, and down a turning close by me. I heard them laughing loudly when just out of sight in the mist, as if they enjoyed the bawdy suggestion.

This stirred my blood. They must be fast young bitches I thought. Soon I heard a shrill voice say. "Come on, he's gone a head a long way." It was one of the two girls. The turning they were up I found was no thoroughfare, altho then I did not know that — I turned at once up it, met them, stopped them, and asked them the way to some place. — I saw the face of the tallest, and as far as the fog would let me see by a lamp, it pleased me. I began to talk, and said they were both pretty girls. — "Give me a kiss and I will give each of you sixpence." — They laughed, said no, but in a minute I gave each a kiss and sixpence. — As I kissed the biggest, I whispered her, "I'll give you a shilling if you will do something for me and get your companion away." "What?" said she boldly. "Send her away." "No, she'll tell, but at * * * * Street she goes another way — you come back, then."

She said she should not. — "Come on Betsy," and off they went together — I followed just at such a distance as the fog enabled me not to lose sight of them, saw them part, then quickly made up to the tallest, and by degrees persuaded her to stop and listen to me. I know how to deal with young lasses well, having had experience now. — "Now don't be angry — don't be alarmed, it can't hurt you, and if you won't do it there's no harm done. — If you do what I want, no one will know it, and I'll give you a lot of money when I meet you." "What is it?" — Oddly enough, I could not make up my mind what to ask her to do — I wanted to feel her cunt, but guessed if I said so, she would run off as fast as she could go, so went on talking awhile, and at length said, "Here's a shilling for you if you will tell me one or two things. — Have you a brother?" "Yes." "Have you seen his cock?" She began to laugh. "Shan't tell you," and she began to walk away. "Never mind, here is your shilling." She turned round and took it. — "How foolish to go away, you might get more money, and no one but you and I know any thing about it — and directly I ask you a question off you go." "You talk improper," said she. "Never mind, you know you have felt your brother's cock if he is a baby." "He's three years old, and I nurse him when at home." "Then you have felt his cock." — She laughed.

"What are you doing about here?" said I turning the conversation. "Going home from work." "What do you work at?" "Folding up seeds at **** nursery," and she told me where. "What do you get a day?" "Nine pence — we both work there" — (meaning the other girl). "You can get half a crown if you'll do what I wish." "I can't do anything." "Yes, you can feel me." "Feel you, what's that?" — I rattled the money,

— "Here are two and six pence, none will see us." We were by a long wall, and the fog was now thickish. "Here is the money — give me your hand."

I unbuttoned my trowsers, my prick was stiff, I put it outside, but under my greatcoat. She gave me her hand in a reluctant way, and I guided it to my penis.

— "Lay hold of it." "I shan't, let me go — I'll hollow." "No — feel it, put your hand round it and here is your money." — Her fright got over, she put her hand round it. — Curiosity got the better of her fears, I saw her tho she couldn't in the dark see it, looking down at it.

— "You old beast, let me go," — but I kept her hand on the stem, then put it in my trowsers and under the balls. — "Now let me go." — I relinquished her hand, she turned away, went two or three yards off and stopped. "Here is your money, now you have felt my cock, tell me, is it bigger than your brother's." She broke out into a laugh, turned and ran off — I followed and overtook her standing still some distance off. — "You did not give me the money," said she. "That was your fault, here it is, but come back, people here will see us." — She came back saying, "I must go or I'll catch it." — At the corner I gave her half a crown, and said "Every night you feel my cock I will give you a shilling, and I'll give half a crown if you let me feel your bum." "You old beast," said she again, as the money dropped into her hand. Then she bolted off like lightning.

I went to the spot at the same time next night, but she did not appear. On the third night I saw her and she was alone, there was no fog, but it was between dark and daylight, and the lamps were not lighted. — She recognized me. "Go away or I'll run," said she. "I'm not going to hurt you, give me a kiss and I'll give you a shilling." — I induced her to turn up the same place, and there gave her both. Then she felt my cock again and had another shilling. — She was not a hurry to take away her hand from my cock as on the first night. I fancied she liked feeling it. "Meet me every night," (it just suited me then). "I can't, cause she comes home with me," — meaning the other girl. How cunning young sluts are!

Her feeling of my prick, and the whispering bawdy talk in her young ears, took my fancy, but I wanted more. I saw her the next night. She was with the other girl, and like a fool I was going up to her, when they ran off. Another night I caught her alone. I was that night in a frenzy of randiness, put her hand round my prick and my own hand outside hers, and so friggling, I spent copiously. — "What is the matter sir," said she looking up in my face, for I dare say I was sighing and giving evidence of sexual emotion.

Then I missed her, and gave up all idea of getting into her, for that had been in my mind. About two weeks afterwards, by mere chance passing by there, I saw the little devil loitering near the turning where she had first felt me. — Crossing the road, I said in passing, "Come on," — and in two minutes she stood by my side.

She had been ill, her mother said it was fever. But with a chuckle — "I know what it was — I eat too much of them sweets and fruit. — Mother said it was the smell from the privy, and told the doctor so. — He asked me what I had been eating, and I said nothing." — Then I found that she spent her money on fruit, sugar candy and bull's eyes, and in riding in omnibuses. When she felt sick she got some brandy, and she only gave her companion a little bit of sweet. — "Because she'd wonder where I got the money and would tell." — This much amused me, and reminded me of a girl, or rather two girls I had known many years previously. A girl of fifteen riding in an omnibus by herself for pleasure, and gorging herself with sweets out of money got by feeling a man's prick in a street, seems an amusing fact.

She missed the money evidently, and her want was my opportunity. Said I, — "I can only give you money if you let me feel your burn." "Oh no, not that." "Well, it's no worse than feeling my cock. — If you feel my cock, let me feel your cunt." "Oh! that I shan't," — but she lingered. — "It could not hurt," I said, "and who knows you have felt my cock?" — "Who will know it if I feel your little cunt? — Here is the money." — She looked round (it was dark). — "No. No," — but she stood quite still — I stooped and put my hand up on to her bottom. — "Oh! have done now, let me go, give me the money." "Let me feel properly." "I won't." — With the hand which was on her naked bum, I drew her close to me, and with the other, pushed up her clothes till I felt the top of her cunt. — She struggled tho quietly, and escaped me, but as before stopped till I went to her to give the money; then she went off. — I felt sure that she had come out to meet me that night.

One night soon after it was lighter than usual and some man passing the main road shouted out. — "Leave that girl alone." — I went further up the turning, she with me, and was just stooping to feel her little bum, when some female came out a house and passed us. I stood upright, but soon saw the woman standing at the end of the turning, and seemingly looking back.

— No one had ever passed out of the houses during my previous fun. This woman who had eyed us narrowly as she passed, or had certainly turned her head to look, I thought would turn back. The girl was more frightened than me. — "Oh don't again, don't, I won't any more, and I mustn't stop, I'm frightened of mother,"

— and she walked towards the high road, I following.

A cab passed, few do pass at that spot or indeed much other traffic. — I hailed it. It was empty and stopped. — "Come into the cab, we'll drive, you can feel me there and I can sit." She hesitated, but I hustled her in. — "Drive to * * * * Park," and off he drove. — How many times have I got women into a cab for my pleasure, how many times more shall I do so? They like it.

She got frightened and wanted to get out. I pacified her, promised her five shillings instead of the smaller sum I usually gave. — "Where to?" said cabby turning round as he entered the park. — "Go on till I stop you." — On he drove, it was getting darker, I had not yet kissed her that day as I usually did — but in the cab, she stood by the side of me, and I kissed and she kissed again. — Kissing always soothes a female young or old. — Gradually I got one hand round her bum, and the other outside her quim, but directly I tried to insert my finger in the split, she strongly resisted, threw her-self on to seat opposite, and cried to get out. — "No, no, I won't — you'll hurt me — yes you will." — So I desisted.

"Well dear, lay hold of my hand — lay hold of this finger — put it yourself there, — just let it go where you piddle from, and no further." — "There," said she, holding my finger so that I just felt the clitoris. Then thrusting away my hand she again sat on the opposite seat, holding her clothes down; but I soon got her by my side again. The boudiness, I know, pleased her.

I was furious with salacity and talked boudy to my heart's content. I had said a little of that sort before, and the little slut had listened to it without uttering a word, but stood drinking it all in with her ears, and as if she knew quite well what I meant, and as if she liked it. — I never liked frigging myself, but now my cock became unmanagable, as I felt her little buttocks, and coaxed her lewdly, and lovingly.

"Frig me my dear," — I had taught her the meaning of that word. — "I can't." Taking her hand I put it round my prick. — "Now I'll lift your clothes — there — it's against your thigh — that doesn't hurt you does it?" — I slobbered my prick with saliva, and taking her hand and putting it round my prick (which she now liked doing), frigged myself with it.

I always frig myself when I commit that wasteful action, with my foreskin nearly up, unless using soap or oil as an emollient; my tip being so delicate. — As the sperm left me, I pulled her hand up so as to quite pull up the foreskin, and cover the orifice, and much was ejaculated into her hand, whilst oscillating my arse, holding her by her bum, and kissing her in my ecstasy. — Trying to relieve her hand, "Let go," said she, "you've done something sticky with your thing. — Oh! let it go, it's nasty," — but she seemed pleased with the fun for all that. — Then she got anxious to go home, so telling the cabman to drive to a convenient spot, I let her out.

The affair fascinated me. I went again to that quarter of the town at the time the girl left work, but never saw her for a fortnight. — She I believed had avoided me, till she had spent all her money. — Then she only felt my cock, got her shilling and went off. She resisted everything else.

I didn't see now much chance of getting into her, circumstances did not favor me, and I had a long distance to go even to get the chance, so desisted; I had, besides, compunctions, thought it a pity to make the girl a harlot, and so told Sarah all about what I'd done and what I'd thought of doing. — Sarah said I had better leave it alone, but that some one would do it to that girl before long, for she

evidently knew more than she should. One of the lads at the nursery would have her. She was more likely to let a lad have her than to let me. Perhaps she'd been fucked already, spite of her resistance. "Those little bitches are so damned cunning that it would surprize you, she'll be gay, whether you do it to her or not." — That gave me comfort, and again I thought I'd try to get the girl. — Time had run on, it was now dark at four o'clock.

So a fortnight after, I met her. It was so clear an evening, that I did not like talking to her in the road and again waiting, got into a cab with her. Familiarity had, I found, removed her fears. I had talked bawdy in the street, and in the cab, so far from having to hold her hand on my prick; on saying "feel it," she put her little hand on to it, and grasped and felt about it. — I told her I wanted to feel her cunt, and promised never to move my fingers from her belly to between her legs — I had kept my word before, when she had helped me to frig. — After I had had her some minutes so, she holding my cock, I said, "It twists me so, sit on my knee." She did, but still kept her legs close together.

— "Let me put my cock against your leg again." At length I put it against her flank, whilst she still held it.

— "Do you know what fucking is?" I said, to which she made reply, "I only knows what you tells me."

I asked her then to come to a house, but got a positive refusal — I got awfully lewed, and by coaxing, at last she stood in front of me and frigged me herself, but she hurt me. — "Hold my cock against your belly, just as it was at the side of your bum." She did. — Then with one hand I pulled her to me, the other was on her naked arse. I'd lifted her clothes, and my prick touched her belly just by her cunt. She was still holding it — I shoved my prick against it up and down through her hand for some time, it was inconvenient, but the lewedness pleased me. — The cab kept slowly jogging on.

My pleasure increased, and with it the desire to fuck. — "Oh! I will give you half a sovereign if you'll do what I want," and I left off frigging. "Ten shillings?" "Yes, ten shillings." — She seemed reflecting. My desire grew stronger, — "I'll give you a sovereign if you'll let me put my prick between your legs — not in your cunt, but only between your thighs, and you shall hold it there."

"Oh no, — none of that," — said she, hastily, "I ain't a going to let you do that — I want to get out of the cab, let me go, oh do." — She was taking fright and beginning to struggle.

I let her talk on. Opening my purse I took out a sovereign. — "Here's a golden sovereign," showing it to her as we passed one of the few gas lamps. — "You shall have it if you let me, you can wrap it up in a piece of paper, then make the paper muddy, and tell your mother you found it." I once taught another girl this.

The girl was silent long, looking me in the face (as it seemed) in the dark. — Then, "No — oh no." — Disappointment in her manner and tone, I saw she would yield. She'd laid hold of my prick again unasked, and I replaced it and my hands as before.

"If you won't I shan't see you again, I can get fifty girls to feel my prick for a shilling." "Has any other girl done it? you didn't tell me so." "A dozen have." "Lor," — and she seemed to be reflecting on the in-formation. "They will all do it my dear if they get the chance." — So we talked. — The cab had gone once round the park, and still drove on. — I expect the driver knew the games we were up to, but never looked round that I noticed. But it was quite dark now.

Little by little I induced her to straddle across me with her clothes up, my legs between hers — I declared I wouldn't touch her cunt, but pushed my body so for-ward that my knees nearly touched the opposite seat, and holding her close up to me, her legs got more distended, and I more and more reclining. — At length her feet scarcely touched the cab-floor. — She fell half forward on me, her face touching mine. — Promising her more money, she let me with my left hand clutch her little naked backside, my right was at the same spot but outside her clothes. — "Put your hand down, and hold my prick just against the bottom of your belly." "I can't," said she, but she did it, and my prick

tip was now near her cunt, and touching her thigh. I began oscillating my backside as well as I could, and got some rough friction against her dry flesh. — "That doesn't hurt you does it?" "No." She seemed amused with the trick.

I slipped further forward, hoping to get my prick against her cunt, then my position was so difficult that I could scarcely jog up and down. — "Let my cock go higher up dear." — I put the hand which had been outside her bum down to hers, and pushed it so that it, with my prick, went nearer to the goal, but bending, its rigidity hurt me. — The idea of its being close to her little cunt then drove me wild — I pushed both hands round her backside, clipped with both; violently oscillated my buttocks, which opened her legs wider, her feet left the floor, she let go my prick, and put her hand on my shoulders to prevent her falling on one side. She was then half lying on me; my prick lodged somewhere in the furrow of her backside, and she cried out, "Oh don't, you're hurting," and struggled to get away.

Maddened with lustful delight at her cry, now I put one hand round her waist, kept the other on her bum, and grasped her so that she couldn't move her bum, and jerked blindly on thighs, buttocks, and cunt valley, moving recklessly but always rubbing. — I was nearly at the crisis. — "Be quiet dear, I shan't hurt you." "Oho — don't — oh you beast — I'll scream. — Cab-man, cabman — let me out," she yelled — and struggled.

Tighter and tighter I held her, and thrust and wriggled in the hopes of finding a soft lodging for my prick tip. — My spunk was rising from my balls when again my tool stuck tight. — Where I don't know, but think it was between her cunt lips. Holding her backside firmly on to it, spite of her struggles, and then wriggling my arse and rigid tool, I spent a flood of sperm, somewhere between her bum bone and her clitoris; felt some of it fall on my hand which was nearest her thighs, and then I relinquished her. She was still yelling. "Oh! you beast — don't — you hurt me — let me go out — cab — stop," and getting away from me. Yet in the faintness of my pleasure, I was lewed enough to bring my hand round from her bum, and thrust it between her thighs — and in a glutinous state I withdrew it. The driver if he heard took no notice, but she got so vociferous, that I stopped the cab. She got out, ran off, not waiting for her gift, and in a second was lost in the darkness. — A little further on I stopped near a foot bridge, paid the cabman liberally, and went off. — I never saw the girl afterwards, for the scene of my amatory doings was not near my home. I was going to visit a friend when I got this piece of luck, and first met the little stupid, who might have had the pleasure of a fuck, and profit as well. — As it is, I dare say some dirty young boy will open her cunt, and give her a black eye if she upbraids him if her belly swells. That is the course of events in her class. — It is not the gentlemen who get the virginities of these poor little bitches, but the street boys of their own class.

There was sperm on my shirt and trowsers, but no evidences of a shattered virginity. — Was she a virgin, did I hurt her much, how far in her did my prick go, or at all. — What did she think when she had gone, and felt my spunk on her cunt, for certainly I spent against it, if not up it. — A risk I ran, yet missed the mark after all. That bawdy tuition, that titillation of our privates, that spend outside a little cunt in a cab, and all at a cost of a pound or two, amused me, as all chance adventures do. They break the monotony of matter-of-fact hard fucking — yet that I should have taken all that trouble for a dirty little work girl, whose face I never saw excepting by the light of a street lamp, astonished me often when I think of it.

What convenient accessories to love-making are four wheel cabs. — Some dozens of cunts I have felt in them, some that I should never have felt at all, had it not been for the opportunities the four wheelers gave me. Several women I have fucked in them, as they rumbled along with a discreet cabman. — No doubt other men have found them as useful. — Thousands of women I am sure have fornicated in them, and scores do it in them daily. — Every cabman knows of their amatory utility, and the profit that it gets him, the profit of ambulating brothels. — Dozens are used every night I'm sure. I never spoke with a man yet, who had not fucked a woman in a four wheeler.

Vol. 7 Chapter XII

My letch for a little one. • Sarah's lodgings. • A new dress wanted. • A virgin proffered. • The deaf little Emma. • The tailor's family arrangements. • The price of the hymen agreed. • Doctor Hm**d. • Sham medical investigations. • Aperiant pills. • Sarah's advice. • An aperient Priapus. • Emma leaves Sarah. • The grocer's in B**w**k Street. • On the fucking facilities a little bum gives.**

When I told Sarah F**z*r this finale, she laughed heartily. — The desire for a youthful virginity seems to have been strong on me. — Sarah said she'd try and find one. Then I became exacting, and wanted one without any hair on her cunt, and I would see her virginity also before I broke it. I told her of the lovely little lass Betsy Johnson had got me, what I paid her, of the little virgin I got at the L*c**t*r S****e brothel, that I'd had both at brothels, and I must now have the girl whom Sarah got, at her lodgings, or at some quiet place, not a brothel.

The night we spoke most about this, we were jolly. — Sarah remarked, "I wish I could get you one, for it's cold, I want a new silk dress and warm clothing for the winter, and don't know how to pay for it — but I don't see my way." And it couldn't be at her lodgings. — Then I dropped the affair.

Once or twice after, it was mentioned casually — when my prick was stiff, and a good dinner was in me — for the letch was still on me occasionally, tho I had ceased to expect to gratify it. Sarah began to say as she'd said before, that her lodgings were common, that I shouldn't like them — that she could only let me go to them at particular times, when her husband was not at home — it was impossible — and much more of the same sort. At last, would I promise to tell no one if she let me go to her rooms. — I wondered who she imagined I should tell. — It was ridiculous to suppose I should. For a week or so then, I was mostly at home of a night, and only saw Sarah once. The next night I had her, she said she had got what I wanted, and named the day after for me to go to her lodgings, of which she'd given the address.

I went to her lodgings. — Two rooms on the second floor in G***k Street, Soho. The front looked into the street. — The back into a yard which might once have been a garden, and in which was the watercloset. — The rooms were far better than I expected, they were thoroughly comfortable, and not like those in which courtezans receive friends. The bedroom led out of the sitting room, thro a passage which also had a door on to the landing of the stairs. The staircase went up in the middle of the house. Her sitting room was carpeted, there was a good stove in it with boiler and oven. — She said that was her own putting in. — A large sofa of old fashioned look stood against the partition, there was room to fuck on it and roll off by the side of the woman. — It was really a sofa bedstead, and there were two easy chairs.

The bedroom was equally comfortable. — There was a very large bed with red hangings, and hangings to the windows also. A thick padded curtain across the door opening on to the stairs, which she'd made her-self to keep out noise and cold (perhaps to prevent listening). — The rooms looked as if the furniture had been bought at good sales, as I afterwards found it had been. Altogether they were very snug, and when she lighted a lamp and we sat down before the fire, I felt quite at home. I was surprized to find so much comfort. — She had occupied them three years.

She let me in herself. — "I have a new little maid, and don't want her to see that you are strange here — I have told her I expect a friend, a doctor. — If you like her, I will see what can be done. — She'll be in, in a quarter of an hour. Her name is Emma."

The girl who had been sent on an errand was about fifteen, or barely so, short and thickset and had large earnest eyes — but not a handsome face. She was rather deaf. — The idea of having her pleased me, I began thinking how I should like to please her, hurt her virginity, frig, lick, fuck, and generally teach her the art of love, in a snug private room like Sarah's.

Sarah told me she had no mother and was of German extraction, her father was a drunken tailor. The girl had kept his rooms. There was another girl nearly her age, who he thought now could do this, and he had told this one to get her living in service. — Sarah had taken her, and dismissed her other maid.

I sent the girl out for gin, brandy, etc., etc., giving her always the change, my custom of ingratiating myself. Her face brightened at the gifts. — She sat at needle work whilst we talked. — "This is my friend Dr. H**m**d, he has often attended to me. — Now he shall see to you, if you don't get better," said Sarah, telling me that she had indications of her first poorliness, and that she had advised her to let a doctor look at her when alone. — Then to me when alone, — "And as you are the doctor, you can satisfy yourself." Was she a virgin? — Sarah believed so. — When her husband (her man), was away, she let her servants sleep with her. — When he was at home they slept on that sofa in the sitting room. — He had been away a week, and the girl had slept with her. She had seen her undress, strip and wash. She always made her servants do that every week, or they would not be in the same bed with her. — The girl had the slightest sign of dark hair on the motte, but not a bit on the lips. When asleep Sarah had felt her, and so far looked.

Said Sarah, "When we are drinking, you give her a little brandy and water, — I can't make her take any-thing. Make her jolly screwed, and then see her cunt, or we'll do that together." — I let Sarah do it after I was gone, which was a weak caprice of mine.

There was a fire. Sarah sat lifting her petticoats so that the warmth could get up her legs. The girl was told to remain where she was till she was called. — We went to the bedroom, and on Sarah's virtuous bed, I fucked her for the first time in her lodgings.

"I mean to let her know I am gay," said she, — "get her lewed and it will all go right. — Your being a doctor will do it. My poorliness is coming on, and I have told her I have shown you my cunt. — That doctors often see the cunts of women who want advice about poorliness" — only Sarah usually said "my thing," when she spoke of her cunt.

I met Sarah out two nights afterwards by arrangement. — "She is all right, no one has been up her, you can come to night and see for yourself. I have seen her thing, and if you say you must look at it, she'll let you — I have told her that she must have no nonsense with a doctor."

"But she'll expect medicine." "Well, you must give her something which will open her bowels. She'll never think you are going to do her good unless you make her belly ache."

During that evening I made remarks to Sarah of a medical nature. — Sarah said, "I think I must get you to give something to my little maid. — She is not very well, her poorliness won't come on. — It is her first."

"Come here." She put her work down and came. I asked her questions about her bowels, her urine, and felt her breasts, put my hand up her clothes, and pressed her belly, all as nearly as I could in a cool, medical sort of way. — She flinched a little when I said, "Let me feel your stomach," and looked at Sarah. "I must examine her well," said I. — "When next you come — you shall," said Sarah.

How my prick throbbed when my hand pressed the little belly. I could feel no hair, or scarcely any. It is strange, that altho Sarah thought I had better proceed to look at her at once, that I put it off — I can understand why I did it. We had shrub, the girl disliked spirits, shrub she liked. I have always found young girls will take shrub, it warms the stomach, rises to the brain, makes the cunt heat and tingle, and the girls think of fucking. There is no better term to express a woman's sensation of randiness, and I borrowed it from Sarah.

I again felt her little rising breasts and her belly, and said that in two days I would see her again.

I saw Sarah next night and did not fuck her, said I would not till I had spent up the little deaf maid. Sarah, with the girl in bed, had talked on sexual subjects, had heard that twice men had tried to take liberties with her. — Once a tailor put his hands up her clothes, it was on the stairs. She didn't like

to tell, for a tailor had once done something of the same sort to her sister, and she had told her father, who boxed her ears, and said it must have been her own fault. — She had had a sweetheart, who had coaxed her down a yard, kissed her, then pulled up her clothes, and felt her, and she felt for a second, what must have been his cock. — He put her hand to it. She ran away, and had not seen him once. "All poor girls get these chances early," said Sarah. "She says she has friggèd herself. — I made her feel what a lot of hair I had, then I felt hers, and I told her it would grow quite hairy when a man had put his thing up her. All girls are anxious to get hair on their things." — Then they got talking about how fucking was done, until, "I believe the little devil got quite randy, I told her that I had had it done to me before I was her age, that a girl need not have a child unless she liked — that half the girls did it with men but never told." — Sarah strove to fill her mind with desire to be fucked, told of the ease and secrecy with which it could be accomplished, and the benefits accruing. — Any woman I am certain can persuade a girl to let herself be fucked, if she stimulates rising passions, and incites her to compliance both for sexual gratification and interest, and women like teaching them.

Sarah told me she didn't like doing this. "But she will be sure to have some man do it to her, so you may as well have her as any one else, and I shall get my new dress. It will do me good and do her no harm." To this I quite agreed. It is quite true, and what every gay woman has told me, and is my philosophy.

But if there should be a row? — "I'll chance it — how am I to know anything about it, she might have done it anywhere, when she goes out. I should swear all was a lie, I should say I never had seen you in my life, and no one shall see you if you come at dark, and only when I tell you."

Next night I was there — my prick had been standing as I walked along, and yet I was nervous. I sent her out for shrub and then Sarah said, "I can't get a word out of her till the light is put out, then she talks fast enough, and asks me what the pleasure of fucking is, and if it hurts. — A girl she knows has made her think it hurts. I have told her that it depends upon whether a girl lets a man do as he likes or resists him. — If a girl don't resist, she won't be hurt. She thinks you such a nice kind man, and wonders a man with such a fine moustache, can call her 'my dear,' and speak to her as you do."

"Shall I get into her to-night?" "I would rather be out when you do it, I have told her she'd be better if she'd been poked, and she said she supposed she should not be quite well till she married. — I said she might get poked before that, and her husband know nothing about it."

I asked Sarah before the maiden about her own health, her womb, her courses, and so on. The girl looked at me and at Sarah with the appearance of mental strain, which people partially deaf often have. — "Well my dear, and how are you?" — I then felt her breasts and belly, and as I knew her little ailments, the questions were wise enough. "I must see you with your clothes off." "Go with the doctor," said Sarah. "I have told her you'll want to look at her as you have looked at me." There was such a lot of palaver about the affair, that it crossed my mind I was going to be done.

The girl lighted a candle and went to the bedroom. In the room was a fire. I could scarcely now preserve the gravity of a doctor. — She took off her clothes to her chemise, and a fine little girl she was — I pulled it up, she half resisted, but as if recollecting who I was, stood still.

I asked all the searching medical questions I could. "Lie down, don't be ashamed, I am accustomed to see girls naked — there — so — just so — open your legs a little wider, now put your heel there — that's it, — don't close your thighs when I open the lips — that will do."

There the girl laid on the side of the bed, her thighs distended, one heel up so as to facilitate and keep the legs open, the little thin lips of her vulva gaping, and shewing the pink lining.

I took a candle and saw the orifice which the prick enters, inside it the membrane closing it, excepting down near the bum-hole, where was a little opening, that looked as if a little finger would scarcely go thro it. The girl was unmistakably a virgin.

I could scarcely tear myself from her cunt, praised its looks, said what a nice made little lass she was - "And now my dear, tell me, have you ever put your finger up this?" and I touched it.

"No sir," said she faintly. "Are you sure? Tell me the truth, it is no good deceiving a doctor." "No, sir." "Now I know you have," said I, glorying in my bawdy treat. "You have tried?" "I tried but it hurts me." "I must try — if it hurts you a little don't mind

— it's for your good." — Talking thus, I wetted my little finger with spittle, and pushed it gently through the little orifice and up her cunt, which felt soft and slimy inside. She winced. — "Oh, you hurt me, sir."

Then I turned her bum upwards, and looked at the little cunt from behind, and afterwards, saw her naked from head to foot. I laid her on her back, gently rubbed her clitoris with my finger, and asked if she ever did so. — "I fancy you do what so many girls do."

— Then I kissed her, told her she was a dear girl, that she would not be better till she had had done to her, what her own mother had had done. I could see her readiness, but had not the cheek to attempt or propose it to her then, which seems funny now, but so it was.

I went back to Sarah in such a state that my resolution left me — I sent the girl out for soda water, and the instant she was out, gushed my sperm into Sarah's quim before my prick was well up it.

When the girl came back she drank shrub. I spoke of her nice limbs, told Sarah of her form, took half a sovereign out of my pocket, told Sarah to buy her boots, and that I felt inclined to give her a new dress. Then on pretence of satisfying myself, took her into the bedroom and again looked at the virgin cunt, pulled out my prick (and didn't she look) and pissed before her.

— "You will be better when you let some one use this with you." — She turned away. I don't think she quite heard what I said.

The same things took place between us next time. I asked about the action of the medicine, and familiarised her with talking to me about all the little secrets of her sex. That freedom on subjects usually hidden from each other, paves the way for fucking. Again I saw her little form, from her nascent bubbies to her arse-hole— I now put my middle finger thro the hymen and up her cunt — I had cut my nail to prevent my hurting her — but she declared it did hurt badly — I played with the few short hairs which were shewing on her mons, praised her legs, feet, neat boots and stockings — asked if she liked them, and was overwhelmed with grateful replies. — Then I hinted again at giving her a dress, told her she had better not mention about having had a doctor to anyone, and stifling my wants I went into the other room to Sarah.

Sarah said, "Try as soon as you can, for with such a young one now, you never know what will take place. She may be fool enough to tell some one, but she won't if she once gets it done to her — I will then tell her that she will be ruined for life if she mentions it."

Next night Sarah met me out. — Said she, "I will stop out till twelve, make her lushy with shrub if she won't do it without, and then fuck her, but she'll let you. — She is in love with you." — "Didn't the doctor say he would perhaps give me a new frock?" said she to Sarah. — "How could he know I had tried to put my finger up?" — Sarah told her that doctors knew everything about women. — Then I asked her if she had ever seen a man's cock. — Yes her brother's, who showed it her once. He was about fourteen years old, and she used to sleep in the same room with him, and "she had seen it stiff."

"You'll have her — she has had such a talking to. If she hollows, push a pillow over her face and they won't hear underneath — but the lodger overhead might be coming up stairs, tho he scarcely ever comes in till twelve o'clock. — I'll be in the street for him, and come in when he does, we'll come up the stairs together. — If I hear anything I'll make a noise and knock at the door, so don't be frightened — only you'll have had her before then. — Don't be nervous or you won't get a stiff one." — Sarah had heard from me that once or twice when over excited, my prick had refused to do its duty.

"I have nailed a rug over the door inside and put the chest of drawers against it. — We do that generally in winter to keep out the cold, and go thro the little passage, between the bed and sitting room" — which was partly true only. There had been a curtain.

"I told her also you only had an old housekeeper, and were inclined to take her to help. — The girl was delighted." Sarah had given her a pill (I had taken her a box of common aperients). "She thinks you will soon bring on her poorliness, and that she will be quite a woman then." — I sometimes wonder if all this preliminary was needful, and if the girl did not know pretty well what she was about, but this is a narrative of facts, and not of opinions.

Altho the maiden had not been a fortnight in the house, she had been as far debauched in mind as she well could be. — To have been told all about fucking, and by a grown woman, to have confessed to that woman, and to a doctor, all she had done with her cunt, to have got money, new boots and stockings and some other things, see the chance of having a place in the house of a doctor, who twice had looked at and felt her cunt, was certainly enough to upset any girl. — It was a fine preparation.

That night she let me in, said her mistress was out and had left no message. "Never mind I will wait." — I sent out for shrub, and prepared to try my luck, but felt as nervous as if I were going before a judge for murder — I can't understand myself being like this, for it is only at times that I am so.

She had a little shrub. — "Come here dear and tell me about yourself." — I praised her hair and eyes, which were very good. Taking her between my legs I began feeling her breasts and belly, asking her medical questions all the time, then I lifted her clothes and afterwards said, "Let me see your stockings." For an instant only she resisted as a girl might.

"Why? I gave them you — I have seen your little cunt and your little bum, have I not, and must look at them now." — Then I again lifted her clothes, put my hand up, and a finger on her clitoris, and talking all the while, began rubbing it. "Oh Doctor, don't," said she wriggling her little cunt away from me. "Ah, it's pleasure, but nothing like the pleasure you'll have when a man puts his cock up you," said I, feeling that the ice must be broken. My prick was getting so rampageous, that I felt inclined to carry her to the bed, and ravish her, but I went on talking.

In a few minutes more "I must look at you." Into the bedroom we went, she took off her clothes, and again I saw her little virgin cunt at the bedside.

However much I may plan an attack on a woman, - there always comes a time when I follow my instincts and not my plan. — When my prick almost feels bursting, and I am overpowered by voluptuousness, I scarcely know what I do, or what course I take. — Then if the woman is not quite ready in her lewedness, and I make a false move, and startle, frighten, or de-lay, my chance is gone. But if she be lewed, sayings and doings dictated by nature, infallibly win her. There is a strength of will, and a moral force that a man has when he is furious with sexual want, over any woman whose body is tingling with desire for a male, which make him sure of having her.

Up to this time I know all I did, what followed my excited state only leaves the broad incidents clear — I fell kissing her cunt when looking at her, and sitting at the side of the bed. Then I cuddled her, and told all about fucking. — Then on pretext of looking at her once more, got her on to the bed, and placed a pillow so that her bum was on it, experience had taught me that in case of resistance, my prick would have a bet-ter chance of entering if her bum was well up. — I got on the bed, pulled out my prick, and said kissing her, "Let me fuck you love, your poorliness will come on then — you'll want no more medicine, and have such pleasure." — "No-hoh, no, sir — I mustn't til I am married —you'll hurt me. — I mustn't, Doctor!"

I cuddled her as she attempted to get up, promising money and a silk dress, that I wouldn't hurt, and that whoever told her it hurt told nonsense. — "No-oh-no," -- but she was nestling in my bosom, and my finger was on the little clitoris. — Suddenly she said, "Will you take me to help as a

servant?" — I promised. — In another minute she was on her back. I wetted her cunt with spittle, my prick lay against it, and I feared I should spend before I got it up her. I grasped her bum, pressed her, and drove my prick with all my might. — "Oha -oh-oh," she cried, each cry louder than the other as my prick battered her virginity. — Another cry, another shove, and I was spending up her. Soon, on putting my hand down, I found that not above an inch and a half of my prick was in her cunt, and my desire was to keep it there. She begged me to get off, but I lay soothing her. My prick kept stiff. The idea that my spunk was in her, the delight at feeling the little hairless cunt lips enclosing my swollen gristle, nerved it again. I gave the gentlest push, then harder, and it glided up until I felt it could go no further.

What a delicious, slow, prolonged fuck. The little cunt smooth with sperm, but so deliciously tight and compressive, and I had first moistened that little interior, broken that virgin barrier, thoughts which increased inexpressibly my voluptuousness. I recollect all I did, and what passed through my brain during the second operation. There was only one alloy to this pleasure. Without making a noise, she kept crying, and I spent kissing her, her tears running down her face. But I am not sure that these evidences of pain and nervous shock did not add to my enjoyment.

I lay in her long, puffing her closer as my penis kept shrinking. — It was delicious to hear her say that there was no longer pain, but — "I don't know what sort of feeling" — in her cunt. When I thought of the mischief my prick had done, I delighted in using the words cunt, spunk, prick, fuck, and the whole erotic vocabulary, whilst she lay quiet with my prick still in her, listening but making no reply. What a delicious treat for her also.

I cautioned her against moving, till, "Let me wash you, it will prevent soreness, and your husband won't know what I have done to you." Girls at that age have implicit faith in a doctor, indeed I have found that most women have.

Candle in hand I opened her thighs, and saw the results of my pleasure. — A mass of blood-streaked sperm filled the mouth of her prick-hole, smears of blood lay between the cunt lips and on the thighs. On my prick was blood where the stem joins the balls, but small in quantity. Gently I pushed my largest finger up her cunt. She winced. I revelled in feeling it thick and pasty inside. — Soon my prick gave a throb, and with a movement, almost a jump, came from the droop to the stiff. I longed to be up her again, but feared my prick would droop before I did so. "Lay still, my little darling."

She tried to move but too late — "No Doctor H**m**d, you shan't" — I had lain myself on her and grasped her little bum with both hands and pushed with my prick without guiding it. In a few thrusts it found the right channel, and with one hard shove went clean up her. She gave a little cry and then was quiet. Was the distention now giving her pleasure?

I had spent twice, and to have my prick three times up a cunt in half an hour was a trial — I don't recollect in all my life, having done such a thing in the same time more than once or twice. But now I have had nearly thirty years good fucking and am in early middle age. It was one thing to get my prick up, and another to finish the fuck. After the first burning excitement had evaporated in a few sharp shoves, a desire to be quiet seized me. — Obeying it I talked to her, and my precious prick, thinking it had done enough began to dwindle. — I felt ashamed, forgetting that the girl could not know whether I had spent, was spending, or was going to spend. — So for half an hour, without my cock leaving her cunt, it kept shrinking, then swelling at some effort, and so on. Now I pushed my fingers well under her little bum cheeks, and feeling the stem of my prick wet, I put her hand down to feel it. Then asked how her cunt felt. — All this did not keep me to full rigidity for long, yet I never once got my cock quite out of her. — There was no superfluous fat inside it, and her cunt was easily got at, and my firm hold of her little buttocks kept it close up to my prick, and so I managed it.

At length she complained that I was making her "ache dreadful." I thought of rubbing her clitoris, and putting my finger down did so. The girl felt its effects, and so did I — my prick began to feel

voluptuous thrills, and as if sperm was in my balls. No doubt the stretching, pushing, and friction of my cock up her little cunt had inflamed her. The rubbing of the clitoris made the sore little cunt hotter. Gently pushing with cock as stiff now as ever, I heard her sigh and saw her eyes close. She was spending — I saw it in her face, felt it by her manner, and by the sensation her cunt suddenly conveyed to my prick — it was the crisis of my night's enjoyment. — Up her cunt rapidly thrusting before she had recovered, I spent in her again.

I got off of her. She lay seemingly exhausted, did all I told her, and let me do all I wanted — I again washed her cunt, gave her more shrub and she laid down, and went fast asleep for a full hour — I sat down gloriously contented.

It would be an hour and a half before Sarah came home. For an hour during which I read, Emma was still asleep. I pulled up her chemise, and saw the top of the little split peeping out between the closed thighs — I frigged my prick. All I had done, all I meant to do passed through my mind, and at last with much effort I spent, and was done for, for that night and no mistake. What a vagary to indulge in. How can I account for that sudden onanistic litch, I who hate masturbation?

I awakened her — her little quim was swollen and of dark color, the outer lips even I fancied were swollen and irritated. I gloried in the jagged opening made of the little hole of three hours previously, but felt sorry at the depression she was in, for I could now scarcely get her to reply. — Kissing her, promising much, and begging her never to tell any one, I left her.

Sarah was outside. I gave her money and told her all about it. — Said she, — "The little devil spent! — are you sure?" — Sarah doubted it. — She didn't know whether to encourage her to tell, or to ask no questions, but get rid of her soon, say she was deaf, was not strong enough, or something else. Sarah had her pay and wanted to be quit of the business.

But I wanted to fuck, to frig, to lick her, show her my cock, teach her the art of love, to learn her virgin ideas and sensations; so said she must keep her, arrange how she liked about knowing or not knowing, but I must have her again or we should quarrel. — Sarah against her will agreed — I was positive, per- emptory. Sarah was strong in the desire that I should not see the lass again. Perhaps she was quite right, but I had my wishes to gratify, and did not clearly see Sarah's reasons.

On the second night after the cunt rupturing, I met Sarah on her beat. The girl had told her all. Sarah had said she was sorry, but what was done, could not be undone — and it was lucky it was with a wise gentle-man like Doctor H**m**d, or bad consequences would come. — She'd be ruined for life if she told any living soul, and if the doctor wanted to do it again, he must. She should turn her out if she thought she'd mention the affair to any one — or allowed any other man even to kiss, or feel her.

I went quietly enough the next night into the bed room with the lass, and had as much difficulty in getting to look at her cunt as before. But I fucked her, and had the delight of seeing her frig my prick, and watch her looks as it swelled. Then I ejaculated the spunk into her. Afterwards I licked her little cunt till she spent, and much trouble I had to make her come that way — I can't understand why I tried to set her to frig herself, which she wouldn't do. — It was a brief honeymoon that and the succeeding nights. — I got her perfect confidence, and this went on nearly every other day for weeks.

Then I fucked Sarah, and liked her fully developed cunt better than the younger one's. I began to notice that if not very randy, the little one's cunt failed to work up my pleasure, whilst Sarah's big one did. There was indeed but little sympathetic movement in the little one's cunt, and I could only well get my prick two-thirds up her. — At first it delighted me to thrust till she called out, and her, — "Oh don't push so far, sir," — used to fetch my spunk like a shot. — But I grew tired of that, and came to the conclusion, that a good full sized cunt, elastic, fleshy, pulpy, and deep, was the most satisfying to my pego.

Sarah grew tired of keeping the girl for some reason, altho she got two pounds instead of one, each

time I saw her. — "The little devil bothers me, she is always asking about you, and about Mr. F**z*r. I have made her sleep on the sofa, for I have found her feeling about my cunt when I awakened. — She thinks of nothing but your coming, bothers me to read your boudy books (I had lent some), and would talk of fucking all day

— I am frightened to let her go out. I wish you would let her go." — I had now fucked the lass in every attitude and agreed to it, and told Sarah I would stop away a fortnight.

The girl, I heard afterwards was in tears when she found I did not come. Sarah told her I had gone abroad — I was sorry for the lass, but Sarah had but little pity. — She thought the girl had done very well.

— "When she came, she hadn't a rag to her back, now she has more good clothing than me." — I had indeed given the girl lots of good clothes. — "She is set up, and has got a good place as servant, where she will work hard, but what of that. It's better than stopping at home with a drunken father who half starved and ill-treated her. One of his shop mates would have done her business. — Now she can take care of herself, she knows enough."

Her place was at a little grocers' shop in W**d**r Street. — A month afterwards I loitered near the shop curiously, and saw two youths, seventeen or eighteen years old, in it; sons of the woman who kept it I found. Sarah said I was wrong to go near. — "The best thing for you is never to see her again — if any row comes, I'll swear you never were at my lodgings in your life. — No one has seen you come, it has always been dark."

I remarked that the youths would get into her. — "I hope they will, that will shut her mouth. — She won't go long without it being up her, and the sooner she fucks the better," was Sarah's opinion. I never either saw the girl afterwards, nor heard of her.

I don't forget the delight of the girl when her poorliness came on, which it did about a fortnight after I had had her, nor the way she used to burst out into quiet laughter, when she pulled my prick about till stiff, and how she said. — "Oh you do make my legs ache so." All little girls get the leg ache when I lie long between them. — One of my delights was to turn her on her side with her bum towards me, fuck her from behind, and go to sleep so with my prick well in her. It is easier to do it that way with a small bum, than with big buttocks. But pillows must be put under the side of the young ones, to bring their cunts up to a convenient level. Fucking so was one of my delights with Molly, whom Betsy Johnson got for me. At Sarah F**z**'s I never had anything in my pockets to disclose my name. I used to tail the girl whilst Sarah looked on, and have awakened with my tail still in the girl and Sarah tranquilly working in the room, and singing in a low tone to herself.

But I don't understand Sarah's behaviour in the mat-ter; why she wanted to be out of the house when I broached the girl, and so on. — Other women have however acted in peculiar ways under similar circum- stances, and the reasons for the dodges of gay women are only known to themselves. Somehow I think that Sarah's man had something to do with her desire to get rid of the girl, but about him I could glean no in-formation; tho at times I was forbidden to go to her lodgings, because she said he was there.

Vol. 7 Chapter XIII

The Christmas cattle show. • Mrs. Winifred P* * * *e. • Recognition. • Assination. • A conversation in a cab. • Talking and groping at a brothel. • Both on heat. • Winifred's marriage night. • The utility of the monthlies. • The husband humbugged. • An explicit account of marital habits. • Her husband's tool and toolings. • A gamahuche. • A lick of a prick. • Our last meeting. • Fifteen minutes' hard ramming. • We part for ever. • About my remaining manuscript.

The deaf maiden occupied me about two months, and whilst Sarah disposed of her, a bit of luck befell me, which kept me from Sarah longer than I intended. Just then also I was not very free.

I went to the Christmas cattle show, saw a fine looking young woman stare with a surprized look at me, and recognized Winifred. She turned away her head, and laid hold of the arm of a man beside her, who looked like a middle-aged, country, well-to-do trades-man.

I could not keep my eyes from her, cared no more about the cattle, but followed the couple for half an hour at a short distance from them; with curiosity reflecting on what I had been to the lady, and she to me, till my prick stiffened. Every phase of our liaison passed through my mind as I followed the couple, and the reminiscence was delightful.

Soon I noticed her looking stealthily over the shoulder of the man. Her eyes met mine, and she very slightly shook her head. I got closer to them. — On they went, staring hard at the cattle and speaking at times, the man knowing as little of what was going on between me and the woman, as one of the bullocks. — Again her eyes met mine. She was fascinated and at length smiled. I followed on, thinking of her increased height and improved looks, and wondered how the little downy brown-edged cunt looked now after years of growth on it; for it was four years that Christmas since I had seen it.

A strong desire to see it again sprang up in me. I wondered who and what the man was, and if she'd had a male piercer up her since she'd had mine.

I followed watching them for half an hour. All at once he left her and entered the water closet enclosure. She remained, for a second or two, standing still, seemingly looking at the cattle. Then her head turned to see if he was visible, and to see for me. In a second I stood by her side. "For God's sake take care. It's my husband, he won't be gone a minute." "Meet me." "I can't, I dare not — go now." — "Where do you live?" "We are only here for a week, we are at * * * *," and she told an hotel near a railway station and what her name was. — "You must meet me, and I'll be outside the hotel at eight o'clock tonight." "No, he'll be at home then, perhaps he won't at six." "At six then," — and repeating the address and name to myself so as to make no error, I moved away and wrote it down on one of my cards, finishing just as the man reappeared. In half an hour still watching them I saw them leave the building.

Then I thought I wouldn't go to see her, for she might have told me the wrong address and name, yet her eyes looked, as I fancied, full of desire for me. — Was it fancy — was it conceit on my part? — If she's married it's a shame. — Adultery again! — What awful temptations come to me — I won't go — I wonder how her dear pretty cunt looks. How large her bum now is — how like her mother she is. — Thus ran my thoughts, and after resolving that I would not go to meet her — I went.

The hotel was a small but perfectly respectable one, not far from a railway terminus. Punctually she came out. — Following me well away from it, we stopped. "I'm so frightened, my husband might come along, what would he say if he caught me talking with you?" "Get into a cab with me." "Oh, I dare not." — She kept looking up and down the street in a nervous state. "What do you want?" "My love, how can you ask. A chat about old times. Come." "I'm married, really I am, and am so

frightened." — There was no time to lose. With a little persuasion she followed me at a distance, and got into a four wheeler. — Ah! those blessed wheeled bawdy houses.

For a minute it was nothing but kissing — long long kiss, given and taken. Then volubly she began an account of herself. One of my hands was round her waist, the other in a second was on her cunt. — "Don't now — you must not. — I'll get out else." What a charming scuffle! — "Nonsense, Winny love, haven't I licked it and fucked it?" — Again we kissed, I told my love, in two minutes she was feeling my stiff prick, my fingers were buried between her warm cunt lips, our mouths were together, and tongues meeting. "What a lot of hair's on your cunt, love, now — how your clitoris has grown — how fat your thighs are; my darling let us fuck — get up, and sit on me. I'm dying to spend in you again." — Kiss, kiss. — "No that I won't." "Do — turn your bum round and sit on me, you know you once did it that way on a chair." — All was useless — "I shall spend in your hand then." She left off feeling my prick at once. — "You shan't do that." — I coaxed, but all was of no use. — "If I do want it, I won't let you now." "Meet me tomorrow." "I'm frightened." — She couldn't do this or that, but at last arranged to meet me. — "You want fucking I know, Winny." "I'm not going to let you do it tho," were her last words, as she got out of the cab and walked away.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, there was Winifred with a veil on, at the back of L**c**t*r Square, my favorite place of assignation. — Ten minutes after, we were in the A**a in the room with the glasses, where Sarah and I had our bawdy gambols. For five minutes we did nothing but kiss, but she'd come for fucking, and had no hesitation about it. To my annoyance there was no fire, and it was a cold foggy day. The woman would light one. — "But there's a good fire in the room up stairs." — Quickly up we went. "Take off your things love I'm dying to see your lovely form, — to kiss that dear quim." — In five minutes we were in bed, my prick up her, in three minutes after with kisses and sighs, with tongues joined, my spunk was gushing up her cunt, and we were spending together in ecstasy. Laying in her arms, prick wallowing in the mucosity of her delicious cunt, she began telling me about her-self, as soon as our silent pleasure was over. — Her narrative was told in snatches, interrupted only by our varied amorous endearments. — "Go on love." — Then she talked on. — "Oh! feel how stiff it still is up you." — "Oh! yes, but take it out and let me wash, I'd better." — Kiss — kiss. — "No, go on telling. What did your sister do?" — On she talked — kiss — kiss.

"How smooth your lovely fat bum is Winny." "Oh it's running out, it will be on my chemise — take it out, do." My prick was dwindling, bringing out with it my libation. Easing my weight, she hitched up her chemise from under her bum, leaving the sheet recipient of our sexual exudations. — I turned on my side and covered her moist gap with my hand, delighted in feeling the overflow. She handled voluptuously my clammy tool. So we lay close together, cuddling, feeling, soothing yet exciting each other's genitals, kissing and tongue sucking, till my prick was erect again. Then our bodies joyously joined each other, and made us one, and we were fucking. Ah that prolonged, delicious, thoughtful exercise, which the second ejaculation requires — In voluptuous thoughts — in intense mental pleasure — in the perfect enjoyment of a woman's charms, I think the second fuck is better than the first.

She stopped and rubbed her cunt dry without hiding the operation — telling her tale all the time — I stirred the fire, we drew chairs to it, and sitting close to-gether, feeling, kissing, and every now and then looking at our machines spent a few minutes. Winifred had no sham regrets, fears, scruples, compunctions; we were lovers as of yore. She'd come for fucking, and forgot every thing else. Soon as we found it would be warmer in bed than by the fire, after at the bedside having looked at her dear, pretty cunt well, into bed we again got, and now both start naked. She'd never been naked in bed with me before, I think.

How we cuddled and kissed. — How our tongues played with each other — how I felt her from top to toe over and over again. Then as she was pressed for time, I mounted her and rubbed my pendant tool between her cunt lips, and frictionizing her clitoris with its tip, till stiff. Then I plunged it up her, stroking and resting, now thrusting it hard up her till the sperm began to rise, then waiting, and

half withdrawing it to stop the pleasure — talking lasciviously all the time — then resuming the oscillation of my loins and buttocks, till again with cries of ecstasy we died away in each other's arms, and dozed with cunt and prick in loving conjunction. — With what regret we unjoined our bodies.

What a lovely creature she had grown. Now with splendidly shaped limbs, largish thighs, fine buttocks, and one of the prettiest of cunts. The fringe around it was thick, crisp, close and darker, tho still of a chest-nut brown, the lips soft and full, the clitoris developed strongly. It had lost its coral hue, and had deepened in colour. How pleased she was to let me see, and do what I liked with it. By the bedside it was cold — so I pulled the sofa to the fire, and laying her on it there, completed my sweet investigations. — She hadn't the slightest hesitation, seemed proud of yielding, made no ridiculous attempts at decency. — Decency between us, between a man and woman who have fucked each other, is really indecency.

Her face was now much like her handsome mother's. Her hair the colour of that on her cunt, but there a shade darker. Her blue eyes had still their sharp expression. They looked softer as we sat feeling each other, yet were sharp even in their lewdest moments, and she got lewed enough, and shivered and kissed me, as she laughed at each bawdy word, each amorous trick of my fingers.

When we left, she agreed to meet me again if she could. They were only going to stay in London a few days, for her husband must get back to business. Winifred was supposed by him to be with an aunt, whilst she was in the bawdy house with me, and she went to her aunt's directly she left me.

Her life since she left London may be told in a few lines, altho she talked about it incessantly that day, as well as at our next meeting.

She went with her mother to * * * *. Her father-in-law seemed from her account, to be a rather superior sort of person for his position. Then she went as a shop woman — but her mother took her away, so that she might better look after her — Lydia just then disclosed where she was, said she was married, and offered to keep Winifred, who went to her. She stopped there a few months, and went back to her mother, who had found out that Lydia was not married, tho big with child. The pious lodger did however soon marry her. — Winifred was useful, and her father-in-law now kept her at home, but she was restless and wanted to see the world, but could scarcely get out alone, which so annoyed her, that she said she would go to service again.

The fact evidently was that her mother saw that Winifred wanted fucking badly (tho she had no idea that a prick had already been up her vulva), and kept a tight hand on her. Just then a tradesman in the town offered marriage. He was more than twenty years older than Winifred, but comfortably off. The mother insisted on her accepting him and they were married. She was now pretty comfortable, he was a good sort of man, and rather jealous, but had never found out the absence of her virginity. — "You married him, Winny because you wanted a man." "Perhaps I did a little for that, but I wanted to get away and be my own mistress."

Next day I waited for Winifred who never came. I wrote, risking consequences, and the day following she did. The room was warm, and there was a good fire. I had with me sandwiches and champagne as arranged, for our meeting was at one o'clock (she was an hour behind her time and I'd given her up), after a snack and a glass, I began undressing, and she without any request did the same rapidly. She enjoyed giving me her nudity. We sat on the sofa, at one time with sandwiches in our hands, whilst with the others we felt both prick and cunt, — eat and handled our machines at the same time, both lewed to our back bones.

Scarcely had we finished the sandwiches, before I'd opened her thighs, looked at her cunt, and then recollected what I did to it before I had deflowered her. How rapidly things flash thro my brain. — "Shall I lick it Winny, do you recollect?" "If you like," laughing. "Does your husband do it?" "He has never done it yet." Next minute, kneeling with my backside to the fire which nearly burnt the skin, with her legs over my arms, my hands under her beautiful smooth buttocks, I was licking her lovely split. How sweet it seemed, how stimulating its odour, as my tongue glided over its

surface, how short the amusement. In a minute or two, almost as it seemed before I had begun, her thighs and belly were quivering. I could feel the movement of her buttocks, her cunt jogged so gently up and down against my mouth, and with — "Ah — ar — A —har — my love — A har," her pleasure came, and her cunt rolled out its salt moistures. As I rose she lay back on the sofa with eyes closed, and thighs wide open, the pearly essence running out of the red orifice. Five minutes after we were in bed fucking. She'd taken my prick in her mouth for a momentary embrace before I put it into her cunt. She opened her mouth the instant I suggested it, delighted.

With passions calmed, with genitals softened and moisted by pleasure, tranquilly side by side in loving proximity, handling each other with the restless but delicious sensation of lewdness semi-appeased, and awaiting the resurrection of my prick and the hardening of her clitoris, one of the most delicious conversations I ever had with a lovely woman, was then mine. — Winifred was frankness itself, she was always so, it was her nature, just as by nature she was amorous, and inclined to the lascivious preliminaries of sexual conjunction. Had she remained in London alone when her mother left, she would have turned gay from sheer love of the male. Her marriage by satisfying her partially, and cooling the heat of her quim — had as far as I know and believe kept her chaste. - Intrigues are difficult in country towns, which are easy in the immensity of London. She now showed either her liking for me, or her sexual voracity, for certainly she'd have taken more fucking than I could have given her; and perhaps it is as well for me, that the time she could remain was too short to test my virility too much.

In this state of body and of mind, she had a manifest pleasure in telling me all about herself and husband, had no hesitations, no shams. She gave me direct answers to my questions, and expected me to answer with equal frankness, which I certainly did. — Never did a couple explain their sexual habits and conditions as we did. Her frankness was contagious. [I have never since told a woman as much, or been asked as much.]

Her husband stroked her not quite every other night. He didn't play amorously with her at first, nor even look at her cunt much after the first week of marriage. — "I'm stiff, let's have a bit together," was all he usually said, then mounted her. Sometimes he did her twice if she hadn't spent, but didn't like being asked. At times she said she'd not had pleasure when she had, because she wanted it again. — He thought that women who wanted much stroking were beasts. — When he had done her, he turned his rump to her, and fell asleep directly. — We laughed about her marriage night. She had consulted Lydia, and named a day when her poorliness would be just over, thinking his poking would bring it on again. — She'd noticed that at that period if she frigged herself it returned slightly. It did on her marriage night. She described to me with delight how she writhed, and jerked her bum back, and cried out. "Oh you are hurting me so," as he got into her. — We laughed heartily at it. Poor man had he but known!

"Yes his is as long as yours, and just the same thickness," said she in answer to a question, feeling my prick carefully all the time she spoke, as if to make sure she was right. "But somehow it isn't as nice as when you're doing it." — Then I put my prick up her. — "Ah! I wish you were my husband," she sighed out just before she spent. She declared she'd never had any man but her husband and myself, but had frigged herself pretty often. She'd never been in the family way by me, — was so soon after marriage, but miscarried — her husband didn't want children. "I think I'm in the family way now." — Then with the only bit of hesitation she had shown, "Well — yes — he did it to me last night." "Say fucked you, Winny." "Fucked me," said she laughing and pleased to say it.

I have had many married women. It is against my principles to have them, but fate is invincible. Some have been amorous enough, have rejoiced in my libidinosity, joined with me in salacity, but most have avoided reference to their husbands; and when I have been curious about their husband's capabilities and sexual vigor, and the size of his prick — have always avoided the subject. — "Don't let us talk of that." — "Oh, it's a shame to ask me." — "Now I won't answer you," — similar replies I have had at first, and only with difficulty got my curiosity satisfied, and some-times not at all. But here was Winifred, delighted to talk about it all. The quiet way she felt me before she told

me the size of his prick, I shall recollect to my dying day.

Again we met — "I'm so sorry we're going back. - I've asked him to let me stop with my aunt for a week, but he won't." "We could have met every day." "We would," said she. — Such was her liking for me or my prick, that she agreed to meet me again — "if possible, — but I'm sure I can't stay more than a quarter of an hour." — She was ready to run any risk. I had the quarter of an hour. — Dressed and at the bedside I fucked her. In ten minutes afterwards, "I wish I could do it again but can't." She lay expectantly quiet where I had placed her. I frigged an erection, inserted and thrust with energy, but no spunk came. — "I'm coming dear," she gasped out and spent; but I didn't. Then I got furious, and rammed with violence. I could almost hear the slap of my balls against her backside. — "Ah-a — I'm coming again dear." "My — sperm's coming too love," — and it spurted up her.

In haste we washed. I kissed and licked over the surface of her fresh washed cunt, for I felt madly in lust for her. She kissed my prick, we parted, and I have never seen her since.

It was a most delicious week, a charming interlude in my erotic performances, which are now wholly with professional pleasure-givers. It makes me regret the delights of teaching the art of love, and fucking those who met me for the pleasure of fucking alone, and not for pay. Shall I ever have such chances again?

Much as I have abbreviated and omitted, what a quantity of manuscript still remains. — Alas! a casual look through it, reveals the fact that, like much of that written just before this period of my history, it is prolix and copious in detail. — More so even than that preceding it which I shortened with so much trouble. — It is exuberant, because written for my secret pleasure, and I revelled in the detail as I wrote it, for in doing so I almost had my sexual treats over again. — It mattered not to me whether similar pleasure had been mine before or not, whether the erotic whims and fancies, amorous frolics, voluptuous eccentricities, were identical or not. — I described them as they had occurred at the time, and the pleasure of doing so was nearly the same, even had I done them twenty times, and described them twenty times.

But the woman, the partner in my felicity was frequently fresh and new to me, and I to her; and this newness prevents satiety in sexual frolics. There is always a shade of difference in the manners and behaviour of women in sexual preliminaries, and even in final performance. One woman never kisses or sighs, embraces or fucks, in exactly the same manner as another. The broad features from beginning to ending are the same. A coupling of the genitals finishes it all. But there are delicate shades of difference even in fucking which make the variety so charming, and describing them was ever new and amusing to me, when the charmer was new to me.

Yet on glancing through the remaining manuscript, — now in my mature, if not only years — the repetition seems a little wearisome. — What is to be done — abbreviate or destroy — which? — Abbreviation is laborious, and emasculates — the freshness of the writing is gone — nice shades lost. — But destruction saves all future trouble.

Perhaps entire omission of portions will be best, but that will destroy the continuity. In the narrative in its integrity, it is easy to see how in my youth, content with the simplest forms of sexual pleasure, I have gradually with advancing years and experience, been led to strangely erotic whims and devices, and have had the greatest pleasure in acts, and deeds, and thoughts, which in my ignorant youth would have revolted me. — To omit much is to destroy this continuity of idea and action. — No. It must be abbreviation or total destruction. Abbreviation, or else a full stop here, and nearly twenty years' narrative go to the flames.

Another thing — through the suggestions of women, by pondering over those suggestions — by reading works of erotic philosophers — from pictures, curiosity, and opportunity, — I have once or twice done what I regret, what in fact is almost a remorse to me, tho I really see no harm in it. — What a contradiction this, but thus it is. — Shall I destroy those chapters, erase those parts — or leave them — perhaps (for who knows) for some to cry shame. — To omit them is to sacrifice the

narrative, and the illustration it affords to myself of my sexual idiosyncrasy — if such a phrase may be used — I know not what to do with this antagonism of thought and intention.

It must remain — written by myself and for myself, none probably will ever see it but myself — therefore why cheat myself? — let it remain.

I wish I had begun this revision earlier, perhaps now I shall never complete it — or complete it only in time to destroy it, before I myself am destroyed. — Tempus edax realm.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.