

Vol. 9 Chapter I

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I find that I have misplaced some manuscript, and that the four following little adventures took place after I had Carry and Sally in a cab, in the summer and in the autumn of which I renewed acquaintance with the Great Eastern.

The narratives of these little incidents are but little abbreviated, some paragraphs not at all — but the past is put for the present, in which latter tense most of the narratives of my amours were written. Late one night in Oxford Street looking at the battalion of harlots walking about, a well grown woman faced and pleased me — I was fit, yet had no intention of having a woman, was simply looking at them, pleased and yet sorry as they often made me feel, when in unphilosophic mood. "Good night," said she. "Good night, my dear." — "Won't you say some-thing more?" — "No, good night" — and I turned to cross the road to B**d St. — "Come home with me." — "No." — "Oh-do-I wish so you would."

There was something plaintive in her voice, and her manner was unlike her class. She had for some time walked by my side looking into my face without speaking. — There was gentility in her manner which pleased me. — "Do you live far off?" — "No only up there." — "I can only give you ****." — "That will do." — "Go on then and I'll follow — and so on we went on and on so far, that I stopped. — "Where is it?" She named the street. — "Oh! that's a long way let's take a cab dear." We did and drove to G***e R**d. — A respect-able looking young man opened the door of a very well and seemingly newly furnished house, and we went into a nice bedroom.

She kissed me several times when in the cab which I don't think I returned, and she felt gently at my ballocks. I had not felt much desire until she did that. Then my cock rose and the delicious lewedness coursed thro my body. — "Oho!" said she with a sigh. "It's a nice one I'm sure" — and she kissed me lovingly. — In the room she sat down with her bonnet on, then rose and kissed me several times. — "Would you believe that the man who opened the door was my father's servant?" — "No," I replied bluntly. "I thought you wouldn't but he was, he's just married and opened this house for lodgers, but he knows I'm gay." — I didn't believe her, thought it brag, tho I did not say so. — "Take off your things." — She left off feeling my prick which she had got out and was fondling, and began undressing.

She took off petticoat after petticoat — warm weather it was, — whilst I sat looking at her. Her arms were very thin, and I saw that she had the smallest breasts.

— "Go on," said I for she had stopped. — "What, all?"

— "I'm rather thin, do you like thin women?" — "I have no objection to them if they are nice." It was not true but I said that not to wound her. — She took off more clothing, pausing from time to time for me to say enough. But I made her strip to her chemise. — "I'm very thin," said she, "but I

am as good on a bed as an-other woman," and she sat down on the sofa besides me.

I pulled up her chemise, felt about her, and I have never seen such a thin gay woman. She had scarcely breast or backside. Her thighs were half what they should have been, and below her knees were broom sticks. — My cock dwindled, and all desire left me, so after feeling her and talking for a time I said, "That will do dear, now I am going," and I put the money on the mantel piece.

"Oh don't go without doing me, you'll find me very nice — do me, I want it so badly, you've not looked at it" and laying down on the sofa she exposed her cunt, a youthful dark haired article. — I went to her and looked at it, not having even wished to see it before. — It was a neat looking cunt, but my prick gave no such signs of vitality as a fresh cunt ought to have caused. "Let's talk," said she, and I sat down by her. She clutched my prick and my fingers went on to her clitoris; she was a nice clean woman, but no sensation came to me for a time, and we talked on, she telling her history, and kissing me at intervals, and always feeling my doodle.

I was quite cold to her — "I can't do it," I said — "and often go home with women only to see, feel, and chat with them," saying this to avoid wounding her. — "You don't like me, because I'm so thin." — "Not so."

— "I don't like doing it," said she, "but I do want it so

— I haven't had it for a week," and kneeling down at once, she took my cock in her mouth; I had not hinted at such a thing. — The friction of her lips and tongue took effect, it stiffened, desire came, she rose up triumphantly smiling. "I'm so glad," said she. Then we went to the bed, and her cunt received it. In copulation it seemed as nice as that of other women's, but I al-most wondered what I held in my hands as I recovered from my pleasure, and moved them over her skinny backside. She spent almost directly my prick went up her. "Oh, it's lovely," said she "keep it in," and twining her spidery limbs round mine she held me to her, clipped my cock well with her cunt, and then easing off from me slightly begging me to keep my cock in her which I did pretty well, she got her right hand between our bellies and friggged herself whilst I was still in her. Her eyes closed. — "Lovely prick, lovely prick," she kept ejaculating to herself as if to excite herself till she spent again, and then her legs stretched out, and she laid tranquil. — My cock was actually stiffening in her, thro her cunt clipping as she spent, but I drew it out intending to leave her, her thinness displeased me so.

But she held me. "Don't go yet — wait and do it again." — "I can't it's late." — "Not very, you could do it now if you like — I haven't enjoyed a poke like it in I don't know how long — what a lot you have spent — shall I wash it?" — It was irresistible. — My penis had been getting more sensitive for some time, and a fresh washed cunt even hurt me sometimes, and if washed out with anything but water I could tell it directly. — I like them just as nature has made them when left untouched for some hours, moist, smooth, lubricious; to feel my prick gliding as if over oiled ivory. — "No don't wash." — We talked for a time. She was from the country, of well to do parents, had been seduced, had a child now dead, was turned out by her parents, and turned gay. — The landlord knew all about her, and would tell me if I asked him, but not her real name, nor where her home was. She volunteered all this, and then to her seeming joy I fucked her again, after she had made me piddle, and wash it, and she had sucked it up to stiffness.

"I dare say you won't see me again will you?" — "I rarely see any strange ladies, there is a lady I see constantly who has all I can do." — "Tell me what she is like." — I did and lied eloquently. — "You don't like thin women — men don't, I get on badly, nearly every farthing I get goes to pay my lodging and washing. I can scarcely get enough to eat — I will drown myself — I often think of doing so in the night." — "Nonsense, go home." — "Never — I wouldn't show my face there again, it would kill the old people. — If I don't get on better soon I'll drown myself — I go and look at the canal sometimes as I go home." I doubled her fee, pitying her, and left her sitting on the sofa crying bitterly. She had not been drinking — it was true despair I feel sure.

Passing a park entrance one misty and warmish night at about ten o'clock, I thought I should like to

feel a cunt. I had felt many in earlier days there. I entered and saw couples sitting on the seats close to each other, and further from the walk, couples indistinctly in more compromising attitudes. Moving on to the grass nearer so as to see better, — looking at couples fucking always delights me — there was a man on a seat bending a little forward and a woman standing up in front of him — stink fingering of course. — A little further on was a woman sitting, and a man standing up in front of her. Her arm dropped down as I approached. The man turned round from me, turning again the other way as I passed him, tho it was too dark to see faces or even a prick if out — I know well that the girl was frigging him — most likely — I passed on not looking round, for why should I disturb couples in their amorous play, I should not like it myself. But I should have liked to have seen him frigged, and an old desire returned as I saw this fun obscurely in the misty darkness, a desire which I thought satisfied and gone for ever. — How soft and smooth, tho solid, stiff, yet semi-elastic is the male love truncheon. How smooth and nice to the hand, and I thought I should like to feel one once again. — Alas for my virtue. A square built, shortish female passed me, walking rather quickly. "Are you going, Mary, to piddle?"

— "No, I'm going home," and she stopped. I laid hold of her arm which was a thick one, and knew from that and her outline that she had a fattish bum. — "Come on to the grass, let me feel your cunt and I'll give you a shilling." In half a minute I had my hand between her thighs. — "There is spunk in your cunt."

— "That there's not, I wish there was, no such luck. — I've not had it done to night." — "What are you going home for?" — "I've been crying at not getting a chance, and going home to bed, for I've not had a mouthful to eat or drink since breakfast." — "Why?"

— "I've no money and have pawned everything. I'll get something to eat now with this shilling."

"Sit down here and feel my prick." She did, and then my boudy imagination was stirred. — "Piss over my fingers and I'll give you another shilling." — "I'll try, but I can't do much, come further off, for the police may see us here." — She squatted and poured a little warm stream over my hand. — "Do you like the girls to do that to you?" — "Sometimes, don't you do it to other men?" — "I have only done it once before, Lon-don men are so funny." She spoke with a strong provincial accent. — There was a frankness in manner, a readiness and ring of truth about her.

We adjourned to a seat near a tree after I had dried my hand on her thigh. It was getting more misty and I felt secure from observation. — She told me her history, perhaps a lie, perhaps true. — Alice T* * * *h* *l of Middleborough — ran way with another girl to London to better herself, the other girl was gay and she knew it but Alice then was not. — "No I was in service at home, and had put by seven pounds in a saving bank." — They slept at a coffee house in a street leading out of the E*g*w**e Road, a servant was wanted there and she took the place, but found the pay bad, the work worse than at Middleborough, and the food muck, so her friend advised her to leave and see gentlemen. — She would not at first, but not getting another place went to stay in the lodgings of her friend, and went with her to a music hall. They came home with a gentleman, who fucked her friend before her, they had all been drinking, and her friend then persuaded her to let the gentleman fuck her. "She made me let him. — I'd never had a man before. No, I'd never even put my finger up it — of course I likes fucking now, what gal doesn't? but I don't get on. — I've got my seven pounds away from the bank at Middleborough, she told me how to get it, and we have spent it. I wish I were back at Middleborough. — I did get my belly full there — here I often don't get enough to eat. — Liz says I haven't got cheek. — I've only been in London two months al-together."

She had a decent little room but a long way off she said, so gents had her in the park — or in houses close by. Would she let me have her for half a crown? — I wished to know how cheap it could be had. — "Too glad," said she, and she twiddled my prick till I began to feel I wanted to spend badly. — "I'd like it done too," said she. — "We can do it here, but I'm rather short and the grass is too damp to lie down to night, I do it standing generally over there, there are fences over there to lean against." — We went still further off, and found a vacant seat near an out of the way walk. — "Here is your money, half a crown — now don't let me fuck you if you are not well." — "Thank you, sir

— I'm all right as far as I know." — I sat down, and turning her back towards me, she pulled up her petticoats and put her buttocks towards my pego — I felt her cunt, but prudence restrained me tho her flesh felt fat, smooth, and clean. — But I had scarcely seen her face. — "Let me frig you. — I'm frightened to fuck you." — "I don't like that done to me sir, but you may if you like." — I turned her round into a convenient position and friggd her. — "Are you coming?" — "Yes, do it a little higher up" — with a little more frigging she spent. — I felt her agitation coming on, felt the quivering and jerking of her loins and buttocks, round which I kept my left hand. — "You haven't spent" — "Oh, I have, feel, I am quite wet — I haven't done it for two days." — Her tight little cunt was wet I felt.

That grope made me salacious beyond control al-most, yet I feared to fuck in a channel I had not seen. — "I'll give you half a crown to suck my prick." — "No, I can't." — A little persuasion did it. — She sat down on the seat, bent forward, I stood up and fucked in her mouth. — She was a novice at it — "Don't I do it right?" — "No — you hurt," — "Oh don't let it go in-side." — "I must." "It will make me sick." "No it won't, I shan't spend much." — "Oh, don't squeeze my bonnet" — I had put my hands on her head. I then laid my hands on her cheeks, pulling her mouth to me and spent. She retreated it as the life giving fluid spurted, but I pulled her head to me tightly, holding her cheeks till my full pleasure was over.

"I'll have a good blow out before the public's closed, my belly's regular wobbling thro emptiness," said she. — I paid her twice as much as I'd promised, feeling pleased with her, and again sat down feeling her back-side. — "You've a fat solid arse, for a London park woman." — "I was fat when I came to London, but have been getting thinner ever since," said she, and walked off quickly, thanking me gratefully for the much larger gratuity than I'd promised. — Said I — "You know you've been lying." — "What have I been lying about — come to my lodgings and I'll soon make you believe." — "Good night dear." — "Good night sir, I hope I'll see you again."

Strange it is how I enjoyed this prank in the open. — It made my cock stand several times since when I've thought of it, and even when with a lovely woman. But my mind often wanders away from the woman in whom my prick lies, to the recollection of other cunts and their pleasures — I have questioned gay ladies, and find that when being fucked, they also often think of other men and other bawdy deeds. For years my mind when poking women, ran occasionally on fucking two short girls whom I met in Piccadilly at day break one summer's morning. Two short girls, — sisters they said, and I had both of them.

Soon after this in early autumn I was at the baths of *****• At seven o'clock a.m. I was on the promenade near the brunnen, and saw a woman looking about twenty-five years old, with whom in form, height, features and complexion, few could compare. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, and unmistakably a whore, tho she neither looked right or left or at any man. I followed her up and down discreetly til I caught her eye, gave her a significant look, and followed her to her lodgings. At the foot of the staircase told her that after breakfast I would be with her at half past ten that morning.

There at the time was she expecting me, in a loose peignoir which thrown off, left her but a chemise of finest cambric, and that removed left her nude, all but blue silk stockings and kid boots. She was one of the finest, most beautiful perfect creatures, that God ever created, yet she was but a Paphian, facile to a degree, and without any nonsense about showing it. Soon she was on the bed, and between a pair of thighs and buttocks perfect in form, smoothness and color, opened a smallish, delicate aperture, fringed sufficiently with chestnut hair. It was of the most enticing description, was indeed one of the loveliest cunts I ever saw. — Neither clitoris, nymphae, vagina or lips, were too large or too small, — ample crisp and fine hair was around it, and shadowed the mons, but not a hair was on her buttocks, nor near a little tight anus looking too small and close to let a straw through it. The oval buttocks with their gradual elongation into the loveliest tapering thighs was exquisite. In fact, buttocks, belly, thighs, fringe, gap, clitoris, nymphae, color, all were perfectly beautiful.

Tearing my clothes off rapidly in lustful impetuosity throwing myself upon her greedy of her charms, hurrying to pierce her, to fill that divine gap with my spunk, with a plunge up went my prick into her. It was a bottomless cunt, my tip found no obstacle, all was divinely soft, lubricious, elastic, compressive. In a thrust or two it found its place, no thrusts were needed more, it was in a fleshy paradise, needing no exertion to enjoy it, and where it loved for a minute to remain quiet. But the lovely sheath had its own desires, its own way of acting, of evoking pleasure, of getting out from my testicles the emulsion which was to soothe its heat. — With the gentlest heaves, with imperceptible compressions, it received my equally gentle movements, constricted, pinched my pego more and more, and yet with exquisite delicacy, till at length from out of my reservoirs, spurted my spermatic mucilage, and I died off in her arms faint with pleasure, sleepy al-most with sensuous fatigue, clasping her buttocks, sucking her sweet tongue as I lay quietly up her; whilst her thighs gradually sank lower, her belly ceased its heavings, her cunt its grips, and wallowing in my sperm, both prick and cunt lay joined in blessed quietude.

How I wish I'd been younger and at liberty, I think I should have had her night and day till exhausted, but that was physically and for other reasons impossible. But I enjoyed looking at her, and as she appeared in handsome clothing at the various places, sat and looked, or followed and looked at her, and in my mind's eye saw those lovely thighs and belly, that exquisite cunt, as well as if she'd been undressed. Then I began to wonder what other man had enjoyed those charms, and longed to see a man as handsome as she was, giving her pleasure, injecting his semen into her.

Of this divine creature I can say no more than that for some weeks I saw her often. I could have loved her, big woman, sausage eating, beer drinking woman, harlot tho she was. I could have loved her, for she was for sexual pleasures absolute perfection. She loved her profession, yet was not greedy of money. "I can have as many men as I want, I expect a friend at half past eleven," said she, on the first day, "and you must go." — How many scores of women I have had, whose cunts never seemed to give me such complete physical pleasure as this woman's did. — To be happy with any woman the cunt must fit the man's prick. — A subtle refinement of sexuality this, but such is my belief, and then in conjugal life all is happiness.

One afternoon on a blazing hot day, I called without notice, and had not been in her room five minutes, was not undressed nor she, and I had placed her on the bed with her clothes negligently thrown up so that her magnificent backside and cunt were visible. I sat in a chair opposite the bed enjoying the luscious spectacle, when a knock came. "Oh" said she, "I'm so sorry, I'd forgotten. I was to see a man at this time, and he's here, go into the other room for a minute, it's Mein Schwester's room, till I've sent him away." Quick as lightning came the latch. — "No, I'll wait, let him fuck you, let me see him fuck you, then come into your sister's room, with all his sperm in your cunt and let me see it full of it, make him quite naked, you be so too, and I'll pay you well." In polyglot language, in half whispers, all this was said, but I was understood. — "Yah, yah, — but you cannot see — the sparm yes — schnell, — go — he is outside." More knocks were heard, and in a few seconds I had passed through the door into the sister's room, locked it, peeped, and Oh joy! found I could see the lower half of the bed, and a tall handsome fair haired young man standing there, talking to my woman.

Until that moment I did not know my charmer had a sister — I had seen her walking about with a shorter and younger woman, and this was Mein Schwester who began her blandishments in a very quiet way and spoke in a quiet voice. — Did I mind her dressing? — certainly not — whereupon she stripped to her waist and began washing a lovely youthful breast. But I wanted to see a fine couple fucking, and could not take my eye from the keyhole. Finding that, — "If you get on a chair you'll see better" — said the Fraulein pointing to the door; and sure enough thro a natural crack high up in an ill made door, I now saw the whole bed.

He was caressing her, feeling her cunt, sitting on the bedside with her. She had got his prick out which looked like a rolling pin, its tip uncovered, red as crimson, and ready for insertion. They spoke in foreign language of which I understood but little, but from occasional words and from her

movements, knew that she was urging him to undress. A blazing hot day it was. All at once he began undressing in haste till in his shirt. "All, all," said she, and off that went whilst she threw off her chemise. There they stood naked, a splendid couple, he nearly six feet high with clean white flesh without hair, with a stalwart prick full seven inches long, and thick as well. On the bed quickly she laid, her exquisite thighs apart. I could see her adorable gap which he licked for a minute as he stood, then laid down beside her for a second only, she handling his splendid organ whilst he felt hers. But all was too quick, his prick must have been standing whilst waiting outside her rooms for me to escape, it was rigid when he undressed, and the next second he was on her fucking. Then I could only see his back and a bit of his balls at times, as he thrust and withdrew, which he did with such energy, that in a minute I saw by the movement of his arse and his pressure on her, that the libation was given. Then they lay languid and quiet.

Wild with lust, not willing to lose any of the spectacle, I beckoned the sister to me, and pulled off coat and waistcoat as I stood and gave them to her whilst looking still thro the aperture. — Soon I heard her say something, which I knew was that she'd go into her sister's room and wash. Down I got, pulled off every thing I had on but shirt and socks, and just as I'd finished doing so in she came, holding her finger to her mouth for my silence, holding her cunt to prevent the sperm from dropping, but speaking aloud to her sister. — At once she knowing my lech laid at the bed side and opened her thighs. Oh accomplished Paphian! and how they like their trade when they succeed.

There was the lovely cunt, its red surface well nigh hidden by white thick sperm. The sperm hung to the fringe, it lay thick low down on the orifice of the avenue into which the libation had been poured. — My brain whirled with sensuous excitement. I scarcely knew what I did. — Intending only to have seen the copulation and the results, now the desire to have her just as she was, to cover my prick with his sperm, overwhelmed me. Motioning her on to the bed, I threw off my shirt, mounted her, and plunged my prick into the soft semenalized vagina, revelling in boudy de-light as I felt the grateful lubricity on my prick, then felt all round the stem where her cunt lips touched it, and rubbed my balls against her bum furrow, so that all his spendings might be on and about me. Then not so young now, or so full as my predecessor, I lingered quietly up her, thinking with salacious delight of what I'd seen and where I was. — "Have you spent with him?" "No he was so quick," was all that was said. Then at the idea of giving her pleasure, of fetching out her juices I began my thrusts, my prick squashing the sperm as I moved it up and down. My beauty's passions were roused, I know that this fucking in another's sperm excites women; murmurs of fuck, prick, cunt, sperm, ejaculated in three languages were given, and with our tongues exchanging and mingling their salivas, we spent together, and the essence of two males and her own spendings mixed together in her cunt.

Before my stiffness had gone she uncunted me, washed, and went back to him. I with prick still moist mounted again the chair. There he laid naked on the bed (it was a scorching hot day) feeling his prick. "Have you washed?" said she. — "No, I'll fuck you again," and pulling her on to the bed he began feeling her cunt.

Tho. tired and reeking with perspiration, I wished to see more, but got down and washed. Silently. Mein Schwester held the wash-hand basin for me. Then I mounted the chair again and watched them at their amorous dalliance. Soon after on looking round, I saw the sister was start naked sponging herself all over. Was it to wash herself, or to show me her charms?

He did only what I have done hundreds of times, and described many times in this narrative of my secret life, but how fresh, ever fresh and voluptuously exciting are such scenes, such amatory amusements. To me this was exquisite. There were these superb creatures in the fullness of youth and beauty, feeling each other's genitals, feeling all over their bodies, and kissing almost in silence, for speech is useless almost in such delights. Then his mouth settled on her cunt and he gamahuched her. How I envied him, for I have al-ready sucked and tongue titillated that lovely gap. Soon her lovely backside writhed, her belly heaved, and as he kneeled I could see sideways his prick, stiff and nodding as his lust got stronger with his delicious amusement. Why did they not consummate? I

was impatient to see the termination, to see her thighs around his — his buttocks oscillating with the thrusts of his prick up her cunt, I longed to be feeling his buttocks whilst at the exercise. But he was now in no hurry, wisely delaying the lust destroying crisis. — There I stood peeping, start naked, sweating now with excitement, every now and then looking down at the sister leisurely washing herself from head to foot. Soon she had put on chemise and slippers, and looked up smilingly at me. Another peep, they were talking side by side, his prick lolling on his thigh not now quite stiff. The glorious finale would not be yet, and down I got, for my companion began to rivet my attention.

Questioning her, she declared that she was the sister, was twenty-one, her sister twenty-six. Her eyes and face showed family likeness. "Is your cunt like your sister's?" — "I don't know." "Show it to me, take off your chemise." — Without reply she took it off, and laid on the bed. I saw that potential almost omnipotent charm of the woman, that red, central, hairy framed furrow, that scented, red lipped, division of her belly, that orifice which subjugates the male whether emperor or beggar. The gamahuche of her sister was in my mind, she was perhaps being gamahuched at that moment. The lech seized me, and applying my tongue to the Fraulein's cunt, I licked it rapidly, thinking of her sister's gamahuching, wishing we were all in the same room, and gamahuching side by side.

When the Fraulein had enjoyed my lingual treat, when the twitching of her thighs and bum gave warning of her coming crisis, she pushed me off. "Nein, nein, fuck me." — I stood up, prick stiffening, and looked at her rosy flesh. Much younger, neither so tall nor so stout as her sister, but plump and fine in form, with solid bobbies was she. She'd such a pretty mouth, that I cried, "Suck me." — "Wash it then." — Rapidly I sluiced my injector, heard speaking in the adjoining room, ceased frigging the Fraulein, mounted the chair again, and saw her sister opening wide her thighs for the entry of that grand love staff. — "He's fucking" — I cried, and then with rapid multiplication of desires in my brain, wishing for all things voluptuous, to be fucking both the sisters at once, to be frigging him, cried out, "Suck me, suck me, mein leben." Without a word or any hesitation, she took my penis in her pretty mouth, and so I stood, her tongue and palate ministering to my pleasure, whilst I saw the other two joined into one body, heaving, thrusting, writhing, as he plunged his pego up and down, till one long cry of pleasure, told that his sperm was shooting into her.

Then getting down furious for similar pleasure I mounted Mein Schwester, fucked hard and quickly, and just as my pleasure was increasing, in came the elder start naked as before. I stopped for a second. "Come to the bed," I cried and moved my beauty and myself close to the wall to make room. The elder laid down, I buried my fingers in her lubricious cunt, put my prick again in the younger, and fucked out my sperm into her in a delirium of bawdy desires, and visions of what I had just seen.

The man went away, the two washed their cunts, I spent another hour with them, they and myself naked, for it was a day on which nudity was alone tolerable, and then fucked my favorite after putting my prick first into her sister, then into her. The elder said she didn't know of that natural crack in the door: perhaps not, but perhaps thro that crack some one has seen me, fucking her — what matters?

I could not for health's sake fuck her as often as I desired, but visited her at times solely to see her naked and to gamahuche her, for now I love gamahuching a pretty cunt whether quite a young one or not — love to give a woman that pleasure which few whether harlot or modest can refuse.

She told me she was born at * * * * * and had four sisters. — One was kept by an Austrian nobleman. — An-other was a gay lady at * * * *. She and her sister there made the fourth. They were a harlotting family evidently, all beautiful and open to all the male sex. — Thank beneficent providence for that.

I had returned to England, at the end of the autumn and was going along *** Street at about half past eight one night in early winter, when I saw two, young, shortish women standing at the corner

of a cross street. It was away from any main line of thoroughfare where doxies mostly pick up their friends. I looked hard at the one facing me as I crossed the road. — "What do you think of me? You'll know me again," said she. — Gay from that I knew she was, I had not before been quite able to make up my mind whether they were strumpets, or not.

I felt larkish. — "You're pretty, and I should know you again, if I felt you as well as saw you." — "You'd better feel me then." — I passed up the side street and at a few yards from the street lights stopped. She had followed me, and I offered her a present to feel her cunt. It was refused. I increased my offer, and next minute was groping a youngish quim, as I knew by the feel and the quantity of hair on it. "Come home and see me naked, we are only at number fifteen in next street," — and she put her hand down and squeezed my ballocks outside my trowsers, whilst I was busy with her split. I agreed her fee for the amusement at her home. Then, "That's my sister and we live together." — "She's not." — "She is, look at her, we are like two peas." — The other came now quite close. "Let me feel her cunt then and if I like the feel I will." — "What are you going to give me," said sister. "Nothing for the feel unless I should go home with you." — "Look if any one's coming Annie," said she to her sister, and so saying raised her clothes a bit. I felt her cunt and agreed she should come with us. — In three minutes I was in their rooms, which were comfortable enough, in a respectable looking eight roomed house in a quiet street, and with fires both in sitting room and bed room. There was also a small bed in the corner of the sitting room.

They undressed, and whilst doing so we chatted. I'm so fond of seeing women undress. Both had blue eyes, brown hair, and were exactly the same height, they were not good looking. — "You're not sisters," I said, tho I believed from their look that they were. "We are tho," both cried out in chorus. "She's the eldest." — One was nineteen, the other eighteen, they were dress makers, but couldn't get enough to live by work. — "So you both turned out together, who was fucked first?"

— The eldest was, neither had been fucked more than a year.

By that time they were naked. The eldest was a little stouter than the other, but both were slim, well made, and in form, colour and feature unmistakably sisters.

— "Now let me see your cunts." — At the bed side, and then with their backsides towards me kneeling on the bed, I inspected the divisional slits of their bellies, and really in hairyness and colour, and generally in look of the locality they were wonderfully alike. I have before noticed in sisters a family likeness in cunts. It's a subject I have been curious about. On the contrary I once had two sisters (so calling themselves) who tho alike in features and form, differed much in colour, and between whose cunts there was no likeness whatever. I wonder whether the pricks of the boys of a family resemble each other, if cunts do, why should not pricks?

The elder had slightly more hair on her gap, and I selected her for my exercise. Undressing myself, I laid beside her and titillated her a good deal. She rubbed my already rigid love staff up and down vigorously and more than I liked, for I was in no hurry. "Leave off, I'm in no hurry." — "Don't frig me then so much." — "I'll do it till you're ready to spend, and then you'll spend with me." — "I shall spend with you, I'm nearly spending now, get on me." — But I was going to prolong my pleasure, so leaving off frigging her, whilst she relinquished my tool, I cuddled her close to me, and put my prick up against her belly and squeezed it there with mine, and so we held ourselves close, clasping each other's naked arses.

The younger one all this time was standing naked with her rump to the fire looking at us, and suddenly let a short, sharp, ringing fart. "Maria you beast," said her sister relinquishing me, and turning round (for her rump as she lay was towards her sister and my face was towards her). As she spoke, out from her sister's bottom came another short, sharp, cracking fart. — "You dirty beast, what are you doing?" — "It's better out than in — we all do it sometimes," said the girl laughing. — "Go into the sitting room" — she went — I was disgusted, for I hate to hear a woman or man fart, but turned to my companion, mounted her, my prick began its work, and very soon we both spent with much enjoyment of each other, saucy whore tho she was. — Then I dressed and gave the elder

more money than the other. — "Oh! give me the same as my sister." — "I've not fucked you, and it's all I promised you." — "You may fuck me tho if you like, — do" — and she threw herself on the bed, widening out her thighs and exposing her little crack invitingly. — "You are a dirty little devil to stand there farting." — "So she is," said the elder.

The idea of leaving a cunt untasted which was at hand, and a nice, tight, youthful looking one, upset me. I didn't want another spend, yet longed to put into the cunt. It began to make me waver. — "I can't, my prick won't stand." — "I'll make it." — "You must gamahuche it then." — "I won't gammerouss," said she. But finding I was going she agreed to do it. I undressed again, laid naked with her on the bed, groped the little tight cunt, then had my shrunken pego brought to the stand in Maria's mouth, and fucked her cunt whilst the elder played with my balls, and incited by me (for the idea suddenly came to me as I fucked her sister) pressed my bumhole with her thumb. But it being so soon after my first emission, I took a long time in getting the second, and fucked away in her tight cunt long and heartily. — "Oh I'm coming," said Maria, and I felt from her movements that she was. Then sensual excitement came at once to fever heat in me as I heard her words and sighs, and brought me to a crisis, and we mingled our juices in her cunt at the same instant.

"You're a dirty little devil," said I, laughing after-wards. "I never knew her do such a thing before," said the elder quite seriously. — "Will you come and see us again, there are no other lodgers, we are believed to be dressmakers, and never go out or bring gentlemen home till it's quite dark, ask for Miss * * * * * if you call" — I never did call.

I've seen a thousand and more females piddle and wash their notches, but don't think I've heard an accidental windy exhalation from half a dozen of them when at those operations. Of one or two of those I'm sure I have told in this history. I have however some dim recollection of a female intentionally farting, and of my disgust, and perhaps it is told of here. But am not at all sure even of the occurrence, and thinking back now more than thirty-five years, don't at this moment recollect the event or the woman.

[But I've heard a woman's cunt fart more than once, a windy exhalation which astonished me at first. I've heard women deny that a cunt could fart, but the worn- an from whom it escaped whilst I was gamahuching her (one of the sweetest, cleanest and loveliest) asserted it, and the abbess who was present at the interesting controversy, said that such ventuosities were not uncommon.

[I find at the beginning of the next chapter, reference to a little hairless cunted bitch, but that episode has been a little misplaced in my abbreviated narrative. It should have come in here.]

Vol. 9 Chapter II

Jessie Ct*s. • A male friend at the Argyle. • Big breasts. • Friendly intimacy established. • Her first lodger. • Julia R**l***s. • A chubby beauty. • "How many times has he done you?" • At the staircase window. • Two bums felt. • Three on the bed. • Julia pierced. • Jessie's complaisance. • The man in the bed room below. • "Where are you Julia?" • Jessie goes home. • A fuck during dinner. • Full dressed at the bed side. • In the cab after. • Between breasts. • In armpit. • Jessie marries and departs. • Julia R**l***s visited. • At home to no one. • Exercises on sofa and table. • The boudoir album.**

One night, soon after I had first fucked the hairless cunted little bitch, being at the A*g**e Rooms, I saw a well grown, dark, sparkling eyes, dark haired woman, who looked four and twenty, tho but twenty-one years old. Her large breasts and general build, told me that her form would please me. I began the mercantile business, and having arranged that was going to leave with her, when a friend whom I had not noticed came up and said laughing, "You've got the finest woman in the room

again, you always do, I was just going to her — you took Miss***** away from me the other night." I had never noticed him on either occasion, so we may be watched without knowing it. "I'm not going with that woman," said I lying — (she had gone out). "Oh! ain't you," said he and laughed again. I was surprized to see him there, but had heard he was going it fast. Shortly afterwards he was bankrupt and soon after that died, a fine fellow thirty-six years old and six feet two high. — Jessie C**t*s lived at W**t*n P***e in a house of her own. No lodgers were there. — I was very impatient to have her, and my delight was great on seeing her dark haired cunt. Rapidly I mounted her belly and inserted my prick. — "Ah! you lovely devil," I cried, "I am so sorry it's over, what made you fetch me so quick?" for I fucked like a hungry glutton, so impatient was I to have pleasure in her, to feel that we were but one body.

She was beautifully shaped, but with breasts like those of a woman of thirty-five, they were very large, too large indeed, they hung down a much, tho they were not flaccid but quite hard like those of a quite young woman. She never had had a child. — All her sisters, she said had large breasts quite early in life. Her thighs were superb, and she had the loveliest soft, dark hair, curling over her motte, and down the pretty lips below. Her ankle was disproportionately thin, and the foot a little long, all the rest of her form was lovely. Her face was charmingly bright, the mouth tho long and straightish, had splendid teeth in it. She came out very badly in photograph. — "Let me have you again," said I, when I had paid her. — "Come along then," she said, "you won't be in such a hurry now." — We fucked quietly and then she spent with me, then I had her again, and stopped till three or four in the morning fucking her, which I rarely have done with women of late. But all the vigor of my youth seemed in me directly my hand touched her thighs. I knew her for more than a year, took a great fancy to her, slept with her at times, and she got so friendly, that she as others have done consulted me about her affairs — I saw her own letters, and those she received at times from men. I visited her sometimes without fucking her solely for the pleasure of seeing her. — "I must get to the Duke's, are you going to have me first, and before I dress?" — "No." — "Will you see me if I come home at twelve-thirty?" — "You may have a man with you." — "That won't matter, I can come into the other bed room with you directly I arrive, he won't now, you shall have me before him" — or, "I won't bring one home if you prefer it." That was the sort of conversation, which sometimes passed between us.

Still more intimate, I used to dine and sup with her

— one of the few Paphians I have dined with in their houses — I could do so, for like so few of the gay ones who are for the most part idle, and not too clean in their rooms, she was beautifully clean, and spent all her time when not with men in cleaning her house. The furniture was her own. Her kitchen was like a new pin, she only kept one servant but a good one, and had a charwoman. When I first knew her she had no lodger

— afterwards she had one on the first floor. Her own bedroom then was on the floor above. She only took a lodger at occasional times, and when they came from her own village. One she got rid of directly, the other stayed some time, leaving, just before Jessie left.

"You don't mind waiting half an hour do you? My dress maker has come." — "All right go." — After a time I used to say, — "No humbug, you've got a man

— go and be fucked and get him away as soon as you can." — I am now quite philosophical in such matters, have come to that time of life when men I expect usually are so under similar circumstances. "Look —I've got a tenner," said she to me one day showing a bank note after a friend had left her. "And he's coming to morrow." I could not afford to be nearly so liberal to her, but she was content with me. She had good friends and got much money without me. She dressed very handsomely but with a quiet style. I used to sit at times with her and — when she had one and her lodger a woman from Devonshire like herself, and one who came from the same village, — all three sitting round the fire one evening, they with their clothes up to their knees, I stooped and by the light of the fire peeped at the lodger's cunt. — "Show it him," said Jessie, "if he wants," and she herself pulled the girl's petticoats up. — "Look his cock's stiff." She unbuttoned my trowsers and

pulled it out. — "It's a fine prick isn't it?" — Both women handled it. "I'll fuck her," said I, for this freedom excited me. — "I don't care if you do." — But I saw that she did, so turned Jessie on to the sofa and fucked her before the lodger. I never had that lodger, who did not pay and left in debt soon. Jessie said she'd not have another.

But she did after two or three months, a charming, auburn haired, plump little creature whose name was Julia. They got on very well together. Before me, "Oh, he's quite a friend" — and then they'd talk of their men. — Jess always asked the other how many times a man did her, it was quite the regular question between them. When I had slept there the same night and the lodger had a man, the lodger did the same — a charming frankness before me, a delightful intimacy for months which largely increased my knowledge of male strength.

This is how it ran. "Who's your man?" — So and so. — "How many times did he do you?" — "Twice." — Do you like him — is he nice?" — "Oh never mind him" (me). This of course as said was when I had known her some time, and was often there and the lodger had seemed inclined not to answer. — Then Jessie would in her turn tell. She had met so and so, he wanted to stop all night, but she would not let him. — Indeed like most gay women I have known, she liked sleeping alone best, but after a time, she always wanted me to sleep with her. — When I did, I had to fuck her till I could do no more, and she left off jumping out of bed, and washing her cunt after each spend, as she did at first, when she knew I liked a smooth buttery cunt.

One night when I slept there, the auburn haired Julia had a young man to sleep with her. He stopped in his bedroom whilst she, Jessie, and I, supped in the parlor. — Then we all went to bed. — It was in the height of summer, heat and fucking made me restless, and I could not keep from feeling and looking all over Jessie when not fucking. She got out of bed just as the sun was just rising, saying, "Julia's awake, I can hear her moving." Then on the landing of the stairs she coughed significantly, and softly out came Julia from her bedroom below, closing the door gently. The two women went to the staircase window on the landing between the two floors, which was wide open on that soft balmy morning, and stood and talked. — "What the devil makes you get up?" — I had said to Jessie as she left me. — She wanted to ask a question. "I'll come too." — I did, and stood in my shirt with my arms round the two lovely women in their nightgowns as they chatted in a low voice, and looked out of the back staircase window.

Said Julia, "He is spoony on me, I told you he was, and wants to keep me, shall I go with him?" — "Do you like him?" — "Not much, but he's rich, and he'll allow me ten pounds a week he says. — He's an Ox-ford man, quite a gentleman, and he is awfully spoony." — "How often has he done you?" — "Once when we went to bed, and just now again, he's gone to sleep now, he's not slept before to night, he's been spooning me ever since we went to bed. I got out directly he fell asleep."

I was feeling both their naked bums at once, of which they took not the slightest notice, then I began rubbing my prick up against them, and both girls laughed. — "Hish! don't make a noise, come to my room," said Jessie. — We all went there, naked footed all three, and continued talking. — Julia had not spent with him. "You don't like him much then," said Jess. — No she liked a man whom she named and wished he would keep her, yet this man was rich and a gentleman — Jessie advised her to accept the offer. — She could have the other man for her pleasure on the sly. The man who was sleeping had a small prick, said Julia. They both laughed at that and so did I. They laid down and I said, "Let me see you both naked together." — Jess consented, they stripped on the bed, and were a lovely pair. I threw off my shirt and stood naked with a stiff prick. — "He wants you, look at his prick," said Jess — I denied it but I did. — "You've made him stiff Julia, let him." — Julia laughed — I saw Jess did not mind this woman, and turned on to Julia, who without persuasion let me mount her but resisted poking, "Let him, I don't mind," said Jessie — Julia's thighs distended at once, for she wanted me. Trying to feel Jessie's quim with one hand whilst fucking Julia Jessie repulsed it, but she felt curiously about under my balls and friggd herself. We all spent together, all outside the bed, quite naked on that hot July morning at daybreak.

All three were still as quiet as mice, and we were enjoying the repose which followed spending,

when a soft male voice below cried out, "Julia, Julia." We started up, Julia pushed me off of her. — "Hush! don't make a noise," said Jess. — Julia called out — "I'm coming," took a towel, gave her cunt a dry rub and left the room. — She had been to the closet, and went up to see Jessie, we heard her say to her friend. — "No, Jessie has no man with her, she's alone," and the bed room door closed. We laughed. Jessie then told me a lot about Julia and her friend. Whilst doing so, we heard voices rather loud and angry for a minute in the stillness of the morning. — Jessie stole down stairs and listened, I stood on the top landing looking over. — After a time she looked up, smiled, nodded, pointed to the door and came back to our room. — "He's poking her," said she, "but they have nearly quarrelled." "She has not washed," said I. — "No, but he won't find it out." — "I think I must have poked after him," said I, after a little reflection, — for now I recollected her quim felt very nice and smooth. Jessie laughed. — "You have I think, didn't she say he'd just done her and fallen asleep?" — I began soaping my prick in a state of anxiety, yet had at the same time, a voluptuous sort of delight at having fucked just after him.

The man went off quite early to catch a train, and Julia came to our bedroom at once. — The conversation turned on the occurrence and the man — I found that his prick had gone into my spunk, but she would not admit that mine had been in his. — "But I am sure it has." — "Well no one asked you to have me" — I was in fear for some days after about clap, but need not have been.

I quite settled to this Jessie, and for a whole year, she was expecting when I was out of town, the sole woman of her class whom I touched. At times I indulged in a few bawdy freaks with her, but usually fucked her in a husband-like style, tho with passion, for I much enjoyed her. She was not a bawdy talker or actress, but we sued to prolong our pokes, resolutely keeping cock and cunt together without shoving, but talking and endearing till we could resist movement no longer — then sucking each other's tongues till our mouths and chins were well moistened, restraining no longer, and with a breathless, "Fuck love" - our backsides wriggled sympathetically till my sperm swamped her love cage, and we died away into blissful sleep. She had the loveliest teeth and a full tongue, and used to like to lick my teeth when our mouths were close together, then my tongue met hers and that excited her. — She liked also my finger to lay well up her cunt, whilst we tongued each other before fucking, preferring that much to the titillation of her clitoris, which is the way most men play with a woman when side by side. But she was cool to me till I had known her some time and she began to like me. "I am going home for a week," said she one day, "and want you to give me my railway fare." — "You are going on a trip with a man," said I jealously — and suddenly I found that I had an affection for her. I was astonished at myself, staggered. — Am I in love with a gay woman again, when there is one woman whom I adore? It was true. I was really loving two women at the same time. I loved Jessie, tho I would have slain her for the other. — What a psychological problem! — Her mother's letter, a badly written scrawl, asking her to go to see her as she was ill, was shewn me. — It looked genuine enough. She put on her plainest dress to go in, and took but little clothing with her, but had some fear of the honesty of her servant, there being then no lodger in the house — I suffered a good deal when she was away, and was savage with myself for being so fond of a gay woman, wrestled with myself, said I would never see her again, and in-deed that nothing but harm could come of it. She was gone eight days and came home exactly at the time appointed. My heart beat loudly when I saw her, she kissed me, then rushed to her drawers and wardrobes (bonnet on). All things were safe as she had left them. — Then I closed on her, and threw her on the bed. — "Wait, wait till I take my bonnet off." — The next moment I was up her, — "Oh I want it so," said she. — No, she had never spoken to any man excepting her father and mother since she had left, they believed she was a dressmaker. — "Eight days without a poke, only think of that." — Was it true? — It's just possible.

She went down stairs to cook the simplest bit of meat. I had taken lobsters and champagne there, and went down with her. — The meat was cooked, and we ate it in the parlor. — She rang for the lobster — the maid took the dirty plates away. "I must fuck you again," said I. — "Stop, Mary will be in with the lobster." But I had been longing to be at her all the time we were eating, and said, "I won't wait." — On the sofa we fucked at once. Mary came in with the lobster but took no notice of

our operations. — We sat down to table again, glorying in our moistened genitals and finished the lobster and champagne. — Then we went up to bed to revel in cunt plugging and a jolly evening and night that was. — A fuck with a woman whom a man loves, is better than the baudiest night with a chance woman, but both have their special pleasures. — A night with a bawdy woman you like, one who will reciprocate any voluptuousness, beats everything.

We scarcely ever had an unpleasant word, but what annoyed her was my calling just as she was ready dressed to go out. I had a liking for having her just at that time, and used to call when the cab was at the door waiting for her. One night when I did, — "Mistress is just going out sir." — "Any one with her?" — "No, sir." — Up stairs I ran, she had her bonnet on. — "Now you can't have me, I'm in a hurry, have got to meet some one and am behind time." — I would and we mingled. — "Damn it." — She rarely swore. "You do it purposely, as if you couldn't come a little earlier." and she threw her bonnet off in anger. — "Don't be in a rage Jess." — "Fuck me if you're going," — and flinging herself down on the bed side, she pulled her petticoats up to her belly. — She'd no drawers on, and there lay her sweet naked body on the diaphanous chemise, and a heap of flounced and laced petticoats surrounding her, from out of which showed the beautiful fully white belly and thighs, the lovely dark, soft, curly haired motte, and the small red split with the little curls round it. The combination of flounces, lace, silk stockings and boots, with thighs, belly, and cunt, is in some women more appetizing than nudity, and I gazed long, entranced with the voluptuous spectacle, then stooped, kissed, and smelt it. — "Make haste I must go." — I plunged my prick in her glowing sheath, but took my time, prolonging my pleasure. "Spend with me Jess." — "I shan't, it will bring my poorliness on." "Do." Then I probed and wriggled quickly, then slowly and in every fashion which I thought might heat her talked my baudiest, and at length succeeded. Her loins quivered, a tremulous shudder ran across her belly. — "Aharr" — and with exquisite vibrations she spent, whilst a copious balmy injection issued from my prick into her. Then for a minute she lay gorged with prick and sperm, and was tranquil. Then her eyes opened. "Pull it out dear and tell me what's o'clock." — With prick still in her I told the time. — "My God. He won't wait for me." Uncunting me she gave her split a dry rub with a towel, put on her bonnet, and in a minute was at the cab door.

"I'm going your way and will pay the cab." — Jumping in, we drove to the A*g**e together. — On the road she told me who she was going to meet. He was so liberal, and twice she had disappointed him, so was anxious. — "Your cunt's full." — "I'll wash it at the rooms." — There was something in the affair which excited me. "Let me feel your cunt." — "You beast." — But I did, and as my fingers felt the mucilaginous moisture in her sweet temple, my prick stood hard, horny, almost inflexible again. We were just crossing the * * * * Road. — "Let me fuck you." She wouldn't, how could she, it would make her in a mess, we should be seen. — I begged, insisted and had my way. She put her bonnet on the front seat, hoisted up her petticoats, and turning her bum to my belly, sat down on my hot stiff love pole — I clasped her round her hips, my fingers just touching the soft curly ringlets of her motte, and as the cab got to the bottom of Rg**t St. out shot my sperm, into her cockpit. She had pleasure with me, and in another minute had entered the A*g**e with her sperm filled quim. I satisfied, went to my club.

Gradually, we got from simple belly to belly jogging, to a few erotic pranks. — She protested, refused, swore that she had never done such things, and never would — I think she'd only been a year gay, but in the end yielded. "You're the most voluptuous fellow I ever knew. — No one man has ever asked me to do so many bawdy things, scarcely any fellow wants to do more than poke either on the bed or at the bedside, not one out of twenty ever thinks of any other way, or talks as you do." — But a Cyprian warms to her work, she likes the variety in time, takes pleasure in it, all human nature does, and after a dinner at her house, a dinner she'd cooked herself of a simple kind, and we had filled up with my generous wine, our brains heated, excited, and suggestive, cunt and cock burning hot and demanding their lewed pleasure, we used to set to work at erotic whimsies.

Her big breasts excited me one evening. — "I'll fuck between them," said I. — "You beast you shan't." — "I will." — "You shan't." — "Let me just put my prick there then, only for a minute." — "You may do that for a minute." — I had my trowsers on which I pulled off in a jiffey, and

tucking my shirt up in a roll under my arm pits, stood between her legs as she sat on a chair in front of the bedroom fire. — She only had a silk wrapper and chemise on, the latter she dropped down, and I laid my rigid pego against her lovely bosom. "Poke me properly first and do that later, I want a poke so." — "No now." — In a minute she had lifted up her great and firm white breasts, firm as the udder of a heifer. — My prick was pinched between them, and hidden all but its fiery tip which just peeped out at the top, whilst my balls hung rubbing against her flesh below. I thrust gently up and down in the fleshy channel with a fucking motion, she laughing, then looking down and trying to see, which she couldn't well do, then looking up at me.

My prick happened to be in the highly sensitive state that night, to which I have alluded. The friction on its gland against her dry flesh hurt me, whilst at the same time it had excited and swollen it to the utmost. "Now that will do." — "I mean to spend between these lovely bubbies." — "You shan't," and she pushed me away. But I was hot on my letch and insisted, swore I'd go away unless she let me (I was going to stop the night) so she consented. I took some oil from her toilet table, anointed her breasts and my prick with it, and resuming my position fucked till my sperm was nearly ejaculated between the bubbies. Now she took interest in the frolic. — I was sighing out my pleasure, when made lewed by contemplating me, by its novelty and already hot cunt by a good dinner, she grasped me by my backside, leaving me to press her breasts round my piston. She was again looking alternately up in my face, and down at her bosom as I thrust, and deliciously out sped my sperm. — As I gently moved up and down after I'd spent, — "You beast, that spunk ought to have been in my cunt," said she, and rushed to the looking glass pressing her breasts together. — "Oh what a lot of spunk" — then laughing she restored her breasts to their purity with soap and water, whilst I did the same to my empty ballocks. She only used bawdy words when lewed.

"You beast, you've made me so lewed, why didn't you poke me first," said she again. When an hour after-wards in bed both start naked, and entwined in each other's embraces, flesh greedy to meet flesh every where, my belly pressing hers as I lay between her thighs and fucked my second fuck. — Then as our mouths moistened each other, she gasped, "Oh — what a lot of spunk was on my breasts. — A — ha — fuck dear — fuck me." — "Ahar — yes — wasn't there a — har." Our soft sighs were coming, then our tongues meeting in liquidity stopped utterance; sighs and shortened breaths stopped speech in both, and told that our spunks were blending, that bubbly-fucking had raised lewed ideas in her. How they rush thro the brain whilst fucking.

She heard of this masculine whim, but no one had ever suggested it to her but me she said, when talking it over on another occasion. Whether that be true or not I cannot say. — Talking about it led to another whim. — What a fertile brain mine must be, for I declare I never had heard of such a pose as I'm going to narrate. — As she had already yielded up to me her breasts, she made no objection now to their use for a variation. — Both of us in a state of nudity, she laid on her back, I knelt across her breast, half lying half holding myself upon my knees and elbows, with my rump towards her face, and put my prick between her big breasts, which she held up and pressed together, making a comfortable fleshy channel round my pego, enveloping it nearly all round, in which I fucked, whilst she contemplated my backside and wagging ballocks. But cunt, that delicious, soft, red, pouting parting, even then had its irresistible attractions. My head was half way down her thighs which were closed. "Open your thighs wide Jessie and let me feel your cunt — Ah — how I wish I could lick it." She opened them. Leaning more on one elbow and hand than the other, I managed to put one hand, so as just to feel the clitoris and motte, and thus I fucked on and spent between her lovely hillocks, so soon as my fingers touched her cunt. But somehow this erotic whim neither excited her nor me, so much as the first bubbly fucking, which was a complete novelty to her. No woman unless with very big breasts such as hers, could have made a nice channel for my prick as she did in the last posture. I have fucked between the breasts of perhaps a full dozen gay women, and of one modest lady, but it's not every bosom which rouses my lust in that direction.

That led to my using her armpits as a channel for my onanism, armpit frigging or armpit fucking, or what-ever may be its right designation (I am not happy at coining terms) I have asked a hundred strumpets, and not one but owned that men had used her armpits as a cunt. I expect it is a common

enough practice to entitle it to a distinct denomination like fist fucking (masturbation) or cock sucking (irrumination) or bum-hole fucking (buggery). (Yet in all my peeps at the happy couples thro holes in boudy house partitions and else-where, I have never seen a man doing it to a woman that way, or I don't recollect it.)

One evening talking about various fashions of sexual enjoyment, she consented. "You've done it between my breasts, and I may as well let you do it once this way, you're a good old friend," (I believe she then liked me much) and sitting on a chair naked in front of a cheval glass, she raised her arms for my operation. She had a good deal of dark hair in those valleys, which to me was one of her beauties. — I had used soap with the women I had enjoyed in that fashion, but now filled her thicket with cold cream, and putting my prick in its place commenced — but that lubrication or anointment seeming not to be pleasurable, I washed it off, and again had recourse to soap, which I rubbed in the hair till it was nearly a soapy paste. — "Now frig yourself, Jessie, whilst I'm doing it." — She refused, tho I told her that most of the women in whose armpits I had fucked had friggd themselves at the same time. What a lovely thing it is that man and woman can frig themselves. It's a pleasure when had alone, is such compensation for trouble and misery, and a delectable companionship when tasted with others.

I thrust on steadily enjoying her, now looking at my prick which I pushed to and fro showing its rubicund tip near to her breast at each forward movement, now looking at ourselves reflected in the glass. — She sitting right facing it, her handsome haired motte and the beginning of the red belly slash between her round thighs, just peeping out. — It was her left arm. "Push up your breast love, so as to touch my prick as it comes thro." Up she pressed it well with her left hand. — It was a luscious sight, but I was not so full of sperm that night, so worked slowly. — Both were silent now till the first throb of pleasure made my frame quiver, and my love of cunt in which I know the supremest enjoyment of the woman is to be found made me stop. — "Oh! I'll fuck your dear cunt instead, it's nicer Jess," I sighed and ceasing thrusting.

"Oh — no — go on — finish there," said she, for at the same moment she'd began friggng herself. — That completed the picture, and in silence I fucked on, saw her thighs widen, her hand move quicker. — "Keep your arm closer love and push up your breast." — In her own pleasure, she had forgotten that part. — Her limbs obeyed, but with my left hand I pulled her breast still closer up to her armpit. — "Aha — cunt — fuck — I'm spending love." I sighed, and seizing her head, pulled it back and kissed her face, still fucking on whilst she kept on friggng and spent with me in erotic rapture. "My spunk's in your armpit love." — "Ahar" — she sighed — "aha — aharr." — Her hand ceased moving but lay covering her motte, her head she'd turned up to mine more, and our tongues were meeting as we spent.

"You friggd yourself after all Jess." — "You boudy devil you'd make any woman do any thing I believe," said she still quiet with my prick still in her armpit. I pulled it out, and moving to her side felt up her cunt. I loved to feel the spendings of this woman, for I liked her, nay after a fashion loved her, for she was very charming. These were the only exceptions to the beast with two backs business which we did together. With belly to belly, after all, a woman is best enjoyed physically, the rest being largely imagination. Altho I knew her some thirteen months, I scarcely touched any other woman during that time, and none of my Palphian regular acquaintances, so she must have given me intense gratification. The ten pounder came again and again, and she got from him lots of money. At length he was always there and much in my way when I called. He was spooney on her and said he would marry her. — What should she do she asked me — I was heart broken and cried like a child at the idea of losing her. — "Don't take on so," said she. "You are a good fellow and I'm very fond of you, but you are very much older than me, and you can't marry me I know." — I told her that the very best thing she could do was to accept, if he really meant it. — After a week or two she said the marriage day was fixed, and their passages taken for Australia. — He had money, (tho only just of age) and thought it best they should quit the country, and in that they were wise. That night was to be my last poke, she had sworn she would let no other man touch her again after that day — I was to be her last free love.

Three days after I longed for her so that I took her a wedding present. — At first the servant said she was out but I refused to leave and after waiting half an hour saw her and gave her the present, which much de-lighted. She did not expect it. Then I begged her to let me have her. — No, she had sworn with the Bible in her hand not to do so — I begged again, prayed, cried, I longed for her with most furious desire. "Once, only once and the last time." — My crying upset her and she began to cry, did I wish her to break her oath? — every man who had called had been kept out but me. Mary had no business to have let me in. — Her mother had come up and was down stairs. — Would I go? — she hoped I would. — "Do. Go and see Julia R**l**s, she's fond of you and will be glad to see you tho she's living with a man now and hasn't seen anyone else."

I kept on begging, entreating, crying and kissing her till she warmly kissed me. — "Don't be foolish now." — "Let me feel your thighs — only that — let me get the smell of your dear cunt on my fingers, that I may take it away with me." — With force I got my hand on to it. She had begun to cry, and now more than ever, and when I pulled my prick out, got angry; then tender.

—"You'll make me break my oath and bring some misfortune on me" — were I think the last words she said before she fell back on the sofa. Then I saw her beautiful dark haired motte, the lovely red lipped cunt for the last time, and in two or three minutes we were spending together. — "My God, — don't — I won't come, — I've sworn." — "Aha — my love, I'm spending." — "So — am — ahr" — and her spendings mingled with mine.

When it was over she upbraided me, was sure breaking her oath would bring her some misfortune — her intended had said it would. — We parted in tears. — She was married a few days after, and in a week after that went abroad. — A fine vessel, whose destination was that of Jessie's, a month after was wrecked, all aboard drowned, and I have every reason to think that she and her husband were in that vessel. — No one ever heard of her after, I questioned dozens of women who knew her, and made other enquiries.

[What is remarkable, is that tho I loved carnally this woman, tho she was pretty cunted, sweet, clean and wholesome in every way, and exactly the one with whom I might have indulged, yet I neither gamahuched her, nor she me. — I don't recollect the desire having taken hold of me, nor moreover having mentioned such a thing. But when one night soon after, I made Nellie L**l*e give me that pleasure with her lips, my abstinence with Jessie struck me. But as before said, I never could give reasons to myself for giving one woman that treat, and neglecting others.]

I actually fretted after this woman, surprized and mad with myself at such a state of mind, still loving as I ever shall one woman to the last day of my life. I was continent for a full fortnight after Jessie had left, then one evening an overwhelming desire to see a fresh cunt, to see the nude charms of another woman seized me. I struggled against it, thought what folly it was to desire another woman so earnestly, but the desire was irresistible — Jessie's words rang in my ears, and vanquished off I went to B * * * *t*n.

"Is Mrs. R**l**s at home?" — "No sir," said the servant in such a manner that I felt sure she was. — "She is in I know, and that she'll be glad to see me," I remarked in a very peremptory tone. The servant persisted. — When would she be home, when the best times to see her, and similar questions I put to get at the truth. — The servant was dogged, but at last said that if she were at home, she never saw strangers, I might leave my card. — "Tell her," I almost bawled out intentionally, "that the gentleman who was intimate with Mrs. C*t*s who was married recently, has called." — Immediately a soft voice called down the stairs. "Show him into the dining room." — In another minute Julia appeared smiling to see me.

Glad to see me, but she was under the protection of * * * * (an officer of good cavalry rank), was no longer gay, and she laughed. She had I knew left Jessie some weeks previously to her marriage to live with the officer. She had I knew come to London direct from near E**t*r, where she had been gay but a short time, and within four months after had this luck. — She was born close to Jessie's birth place, which was why she lodged her when she came up to London. — "You're in luck

Julia." — "Am I not? I'm so glad, I don't like gay life, and intended going home for good."

She was a sweet, short little creature, chubby all over, and with the sweetest modest face. — I'd already fucked her once as told, and with Jessie's concurrence. After that Jessie told me she shouldn't remain lodging with her if I tailed her any more, and as I was enamoured of Jessie I didn't. — For all that I had several times felt her cunt, and once or twice looked at it before Jessie, for the two were always together when alone. I mixed with the two quite familiarly, and they were as free with me as if I'd been one of the sister-hood.

"You're alone (her protector at Colchester with his regiment) we can make love." — "No, he'd cut me if he ever found it out." — She named two or three men who had called. — "But I wouldn't see them." — "Non-sense Julia, you don't make me believe that you only frig yourself." — "It's true tho, since Jessie's marriage, he left the day afterwards, now he's going to sell out and marry me, and we are going abroad, like Jessie." — "I've been like this for half an hour as I drove here," saying which I pulled out my red tipped truncheon. — "Oh don't, put it bye, suppose a servant came in." — I put it out of sight. But the sight and our talk settled the matter. She had wine and cake brought in, the door was soon locked, sitting on my knee we were kissing and tonguing, and mutually feeling and groping at our copulating apparatus. — I put her off my knee and led her unresisting to the sofa, both silent, and in a minute after the plump lipped red inlet was divided by my truncheon, and the soft yielding clinging channel embraced its full length. — Up to the hilt it went, whilst my wrinkled lithophytic bag knocked against her chubby buttocks, my reservoirs of virility opened, and in mutual trans-ports the liquid of love gushed into her sucking thirsty cunt. She wanted it badly.

Then hastily but quietly she unlocked the door, and rang for tea. The house had been inhabited by a gay lady, and Julia's friend purchased furniture and every-thing as it stood, and installed Julia in it. — The servants were not of the usual strumpet following, but Julia feared that they might round on her and make mischief. — "I really meant to be true to him, wanted him to take me to Colchester, and you are the only man who's had me since, I'll swear." — Perhaps true perhaps false I thought, but accepted the statement as gospel. Then we talked about Jessie of whom I learnt more than I knew, but nothing to her discredit. — An hour ran away, I felt her thighs and the cunt still mucilaginous with sperm. That excited us both, again the door was locked, the delicate red parting received my stalwart implement of love, and too soon also both cunt and prick separated, and were satisfied for that night, and I departed.

The pretty little lady met me out once or twice, and we enjoyed ourselves at a brothel, but we didn't like that. — Then things favouring me, both she and I risked sleeping together in her house. She sent first one, then the other servant out on some pretext, then I slipped in and up to her room, the next morning de-parting by a similar trick, I suppose unobserved. A delicious night we had. What a pretty, soft, red, auburn haired division was that between her nice round thighs. Her shortness had even a charm for me, it was babyish. Fucked out both of us were and I especially. We agreed it was to be the last time, for her friend would return in a week — but it wasn't.

A month afterwards I went again. She was packing up her clothes and was going abroad with him in three days, all the furniture as it stood had been sold. — He was away. — "Now don't, you shan't to night — now pray don't." — I conquered, the sofa received us twice, I stroked her a third time as she laid with her back on the table. — When I was leaving, "Here, you may have this," and she gave me a largish, handsomely bound album full of the baudiest prints and drawings. — No photographs but perhaps one hundred fine engravings of well drawn figures, some coloured, some not — (a book I think now worth fifty pounds). "Give it me?" — "Yes, I shan't want it and don't know what to do with it, Jessie gave it me. I've kept it locked up and never showed it him or any one. — He doesn't like baudy books or drawings."

"Jessie has never shewn it me." — Then I heard that her first lodger went away in debt, that the book was hers, and Jessie kept it as part payment. She locked it up. Whether she shewed it other men I don't know. — On her marriage she gave it Julia. — What made me refuse the gift I cannot imagine, it was utter- ly stupid but I did, and have since regretted it. It was the last time I ever saw

or heard of the pretty chubby baby, Julia.

Vol. 9 Chapter III

Alice the unknown. • A street meeting. • Beauty struck. • And cunt struck. • A slip. • The missing reticule. • Walking and talking. • "Are you married?" • Lust rising. • My sister's watch. • A long waiting. • The accommodation house. • Willing, wanting, and fucking. • Submission. • Troublesome drawers. • Copulation in excelsis. • The watch given. • Her secret charms. • A heavenly gamahuche. • Her beauty. • Lovely pudenda. • Good bye for ever.

Early in November of the year when Jessie C**t*s married and left England, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon on a dull, rather muddy day, I was going along F***t Street, and met full face a handsome, fresh looking woman of about twenty-one or -two years of age. I was struck at once with her great beauty, nothing sensuous for the moment entered into my admiration of her. Instinct aided by much experience makes me guess oftentimes rightly whether a woman feels lewed. Certainly I have been generally right, in judging whether they are voluptuous by nature or not. Our eyes met, and I thought that a full sized pego would just then please this lady immensely. She looked at me as if a man was in her mind, and as that passed through my brain, a voluptuous tingle ran thro my prick which began gently swelling. What sort of a cunt has she? next I thought. All these ideas and sensations, did not occupy more space of time than writing one of these lines does. — In a moment I was struck with her beauty, in the next minute cunt struck.

I was so smitten that I crossed the street, went back, and again crossed to meet her face to face. In doing so I saw she had a little foot and beautifully formed ankle, for she was holding up her petticoats from the mud. By that time my pego was stiff enough to be driven through a post, for I had been some days sleeping alone, and it had hinted to me that morning that at its roots lay a cunt lubricating essence which it wished to get rid of. The lady's eyes met mine, and again I thought that a good fucking was just then what her handsome body wanted. But who or what was she? Evidently not a professional of the pave but a quiet, well to do one of middle class — I turned back and followed her, watching the lovely feet and ankles and undulating movement of her haunches, which I knew must be of ample size. — My prick was now throbbing and upright in my trowsers. She stopped at a watch maker's and looked long at the goods. She didn't look round till I went close up to her, and said, "They are very pretty." — She looked at me then for a second, and walked on without reply.

I had not been for some time in such a state of rut, I trembled with lust, and followed her longing for her, and wondering who she was, what sort of cunt she had, if it had ever had a pego up it, and the whole group of lewed thoughts and wishes rose which flood my brain when my prick is stiff. Just then she turned to cross the street, in doing she saw me, our eyes met and diverted her attention, an omnibus approached close to her, the driver hollowed out, — "Take care." — She scared at her peril stepped back, and as her feet touched the grassy slippery mud of the footpath, she lost her footing and would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms. "I've saved you an awkward tumble." — "Yes — thank you sir" — for a few seconds we stood close together without further word, till the vehicles cleared away, then she began again to cross, and had no sooner put her foot on the carriage way, than I saw there a small reticule which in her scare she had dropped. — Picking it up, without a word I followed her with it to the other side of the way.

She was there before me. In picking up the bag I lost time, and had to wait to let vehicles pass, and saw her standing and looking about, in the way people do who suddenly miss something — I put my arm with the bag at the back of me in crossing. — "Oh I've dropped my bag sir there," said she in a tone of despair. — "Here it is." — "Oh I am so much obliged to you, I should have been so

sorry to have lost it." — "Ah! I wish I'd looked at the love letters in it before I gave it you." — "Not many love letters," said she laughing.

Now we walked on side by side, chatting about her having been nearly knocked down by the omnibus pole, etc. "I almost wish you had fallen, I should have seen more of those lovely feet and ankles, which I've been following for the last few minutes. I don't know what I wouldn't give to see them." — "It's not very civil of you," said she laughing, but she looked me full in the face, seemed pleased, and again I thought that her cunt was hungry, so went on chaffing in the same style. Suddenly, — "Are you married?" I blurted out. — She laughed. — "Guess about it — are you?" — "Guess about it," said I. — "I'm sure you are." — "What do you want to know for," I asked. — "What do you, you want to know about me for?" — "Because I'm dying for you. I fell in love with you the instant I saw your lovely face, and since I saw your ankles I've been scarcely able to walk, I'm lifted off the ground almost by it." This was risky, but I knew if she were virgin and very pure, that she'd scarcely understand my meaning; but if she'd handled a rousing stiff prick a few times, she'd guess what I meant. — She looked me in the face for an instant, and saying, "I'm much obliged to you, but I'm going some distance and must walk quicker, good afternoon" — stepped out quickly. It was a plain hint that she wanted to get rid of me.

But I'd noticed that her face had coloured up, and a look in her eye telling me that she knew my meaning, that she'd had the glorious life giver, working and injecting its balm into her; yes, she'd been fucked I felt sure. But was she married?

"I'm going this way too," said I, still walking on by the side of her, and went on with my talk, making it warmer and more suggestive, but avoiding plain words, and at last asking her to have a glass of wine with me. She wouldn't, was much obliged, but surprized at my asking, and she stepped out rapidly and so did I. But she wouldn't tell me where she was going, and wouldn't meet me anywhere; if I followed her she couldn't help it, but it was useless. — These replies were made among many as we walked on together. — Then I left off suggestive chaffing for a sudden idea came to me. It struck me like lightning, it's wonderful it had not done so before, but now feeling sure that she'd been fucked I was nearly wild with desire, was in my rutting recklessness, and felt that I would give all I had to possess her for awhile. She had so enchanted me, that it seemed as if all the perfections of womankind were hidden under her petticoats, and then her face was so lovely.

I had a few years before given one of my sisters (she is dead now) a silver watch which cost ten pounds; and had that day fetched it from its makers where it had been cleaned. (Good silver watches were much more costly then than now.) "Were you going to buy your-self a watch?" said I. — "No. I was only looking." — "Where did you buy your own?" I asked with no other object than to keep up the conversation. — "I've not one," said she. Taking out my sister's watch, "That's a pretty one." — "It is," — and she half stopped to look. — "I'll give it you if you'll come and have a glass of wine with me." — She stood quite still with astonishment, her eyes staring wide open, and then said quite softly. — "No thank you sir," and resumed her walk.

Then I again begged her to meet me at any other time or place, said what I really then felt, that I was madly in love with her, that if she did not have a glass of wine with me now, I'd follow and would wait for her if I waited all night: that I would follow her home, and much of the same sort, all the time being at my wits' end to know where to take her to if she'd consented, for we had crossed the river, and were at a part of London but little known to me. I thought she would never get into a cab with me, for I'd already offered to take her in a cab to her destination, but she said she liked walking best, that she had that day walked from ****. About to name a place, she stopped short in her remark. I kept looking out as we walked along for any coffee house with the word "beds" on the windows, and at length saw one, which was a chance, when just then she turned off to a side road, and after a few minutes, from one or two indications I knew we were going in the direction of the same main thoroughfare, in which I first saw Winifred a few years ago, and near to where I had found out a convenient accommodation house.

She had allowed me to chatter on after I'd shown the watch, but was herself silent. At length "I'm

going there, good afternoon," said she. — "I'll wait." — "You'll wait pretty long then," said in a manner which stopped my hopes. She entered a largish house in a quiet respectable street, a house built evidently before the neighbourhood had become populous. She never even looked round at me as she entered the door.

Hope then nearly left me but my usual pertinacity in amorous chases remained. I walked about keeping the house in sight for an hour. It grew dark but still I lingered. Tired at length of loitering, I felt my prick, thinking about her hidden beauties, and that if in the dark she would get into a cab with me to drive her part of her way back, I might get a feel of that adorable hirsute opening in her belly, a grope which is in itself a voluptuous lascivious treat with a woman not gay, even if a greater treat does not follow. She did not come out, and then in my lust I thought I'd frig myself. She had told me that her friend or one of her sons, would see her into a cab, and I had noticed one or two young men enter the house as if they were residents there. Still I paced about, thinking of her lovely face, then of her sexual treasure, wishing to possess it, and feeling sure that she was lewed, and dying for the luscious play as well as myself. The second hour went and it was quite dark when out she came alone. In an-other minute I was by her side.

She either felt or well feigned surprize. "Pray leave me, I told you not to wait, why did you?"

"I would have waited all night, for now I can get a kiss at least." "Don't, there are people coming." — Before the words were out of her mouth I'd snatched one, and she pushed me off. Then I offered the watch again, and pressed her, still not using the plain language of love to scare her, but she refused. — "Let me drive you part of the way home — you needn't tell me where it is." — She at last consented to that, but no cab was likely to be in that quiet street, so I led her in the direction I wanted till I got one, then in it I pressed and prayed her to have wine with me. — The cabman stopped at the corner of a street I had named. — "This isn't my way home," said she. "My lovely girl come and have a glass of wine with me, and that watch is yours." — "I won't, I dare not" — and so on for a minute or two. — Then, "I can't stop long," much more was said hurriedly by us both, and in a fairly comfort-able bedroom in three minutes were we.

I ordered sherry expecting poor stuff, but knowing there would be spirit in it to stir her lust and heat her cunt still more, if that pretty slit happened to be al-ready yearning for a stretch. — Bacchus always helps Venus. She took two glasses of the wine which was very palatable, and then at my request took her cloak and bonnet off. "What for? I can't stop long" — as if she supposed that I had brought her into a bedroom only to take wine. "You told me that perhaps you wouldn't leave your friend before nine o'clock." - "Yes but her son would have put me into a cab." — "So will I when we have been on the bed together." — "Oh! — what next?" — said she hurriedly and looking at me, then at the bed in a restless excited way. Then she turned round, took off her gloves, and put them into her pocket in a way which I scarcely noticed at the time, but which occurred to me afterwards. I produced the watch. — "There my sweet girl, — what is your name? That's yours if you'll let me." — She took it eagerly. — It was in a case, and whilst looking at it sitting on a chair close by me, I suddenly put a hand up her petticoats, and felt her naked thigh near to her motte, thro the opening of her drawers which unfortunately she'd worn. — "Oh — don't — you shan't," said she dropping the watch and case on the floor and standing up. I am a practised hand in assaulting cunts, having done this to scores of women, and altho surprized for the instant at her unexpected energy in resisting, dropped on my knees, clutched her round her petticoats with my left hand, and thrust higher that which had been dislodged, till the forefingers to the knuckles were well between the ridges of her split. I felt its heat and moisture, as her thighs closed on my fingers tightly. The next instant she had got away from me, and we had knocked both chairs over in a scuffle. In half a minute all these movements were done and over.

It was no sham, her surprize and struggle, tho she must have known I'd brought her there to fuck her. — Our walk, talk, my delicate suggestions, the offer of the watch, must have taught her that. I expect she'd got her cunt heated, her lust set simmering, — and perhaps also I was pleasing to her — but hadn't counted consequences for she was evidently and truly scared. For the instant I thought

her a possible virgin. "Non-sense love, let me feel your delicious cunt." — The first straight bawdy word I had said. — "Oh! I must go, I don't want the watch" — I thought I should not succeed, for she moved off from me as I approached her, keeping her face towards me till her back touched the bed. — Now, wild with desire for her and reckless in my lust, I picked up the watch, put it on the table, and pulled out my prick, which was big as a rolling pin and ruby tipped. — "Don't be foolish my darling" — I tried to allay her fears. — "None can know, but we two" — and so on. A woman with a melting cunt can be talked into any belief which runs with her voluptuous desires. "How lovely your cunt felt, let me feel it again — there's a darling — do feel my prick. — You knew now, don't fib, you knew when you came, that I meant to fuck you — don't be foolish. — I'm sure you want it." — Thus using all the lecherous persuasions and endearments which nature taught me, which come to me readily and naturally at such times, and I suppose to other men — I went nearer to her puffing out my pego further and the whole of my ballocks, so that her eyes might be gratified to the full with the sight of the Priapean glory.

She stood with her bum against the bed, looking at my prick, then in my face, and then away as if ashamed at being seen looking at my tool — then again at the red tipped stiff stander, and so on; motionless, silent at first. Then in soft broken sentences as I poured forth my loving prayers, and lustful incitements. — "Oh — I didn't — no — I can't — I'm frightened. — I'm sorry I came, — I don't want the watch. — I won't let you — let me go" — and still her eyes wandered restlessly from mine to my prick. With male instinct, I felt sure that my prick was exciting her, and closing on her, I threw one arm round her neck and kissed and coaxed, in frank, strong, concupiscent phrases, no longer mincing words. Prick, cunt, fuck, spunk, and the choicest of the vocabulary of love, in undisguised carnal strength I uttered. She still refusing, but letting me kiss her, her voice getting gentler, fainter and fainter, as she said, "No — I mustn't — really." — Suddenly, "Tell me the truth, are you married?" — "My darling what does it matter whether either of us is married or not? — feel my prick, feel how stiff it is, it will spend outside unless you let me put it into your sweet lovely cunt — feel it."

Taking her little hand, I placed my pego in it. Softly but modestly she held it in silence as I stood face to face with her. "Let me feel that lovely cunt again." She made no reply, and half stooping I began hitching up her petticoats, then letting go my prick, she pushed them down gently. "Oh — no — don't" — with a stoop and a grab I got my hand on to her cunt, my fingers well between the slippery pink lipped slit, and edging myself to her side held her to me whilst I began titillating it. "Lay hold of my prick — feel it love." — With-out relinquishing her notch, I took my hand from her waist, placed her hand round my swollen cunt rammer, and again she held it; and so we stood in lascivious talk and handlings, in all the quiet delight which the feel of each other's fornicating organs, give man and woman when under the influence of Venus. What luscious, heavenly play it was, by the light of two poor candles and a bit of fire. Gently I frigged her hoping to intoxicate her with passion till resistance was impossible. Sometimes my fingers slid back, wetting them-selves in her cunt, already self lubricated by its longings for the friction of the tool she held in her hand. Then my fingers titillated her clitoris again, till I heard the sweet significant murmurs which a woman gives, when her cunt insists on its full gratification, on that delight which a stiff prick and a scrotum full of sperm can give it. That soft murmur of pleasure accompanied by the delicate agitation of belly and thighs, almost like a ripple, which comes with it when the cunt sends voluptuous thrills thro the woman, and urges her to submit and let the prick up it — to let her cunt spend its juices, whilst the balmy liquid throbs out from the ballocks, and the prick with gentle thrusts mingles the love essences of cunt and prick together, in the lovely warm soft recipient. "Come on to the bed darling, get on it," — I knew that she now was filled with desire, unconscious almost of ought but strong sexual wants, ready to obey her eager cunt — to let me fill it. — "No — no — I'm frightened — I am really," was all she murmured softly. Letting go of the moist, hot chasm of her belly and withdrawing my Priapus from her soft hand, I turned her round and gently helped her on to the bed. In silence she mounted it, and by her side I laid myself, pulling up her clothes to see her limbs, much hidden alas by the accursed drawers, then through the opening in the damned white linen, for

an instant roved my hand over thigh, belly and motte, my fingers plunged up the lubricious avenue to her womb, meeting no obstacle and expecting none. Then twisting my fingers in the soft curls, then settling them on her clitoris, then rapidly running them over every part, in the portals of her womb, now drew back nearly to the entrance lips. Her lovely moist avenue closed up as my prick receded, its folds stretched out as it plunged back again. Then quicker I fucked as pleasure stimulated me. "Aha." — My sperm was boiling in my balls, my prick urged by them on to furious haste, now plunged frantically to and fro quicker and quicker, too quick alas, but my seething sperm would have it so, her thirsty cunt would have it so. — On it went plunging, searching, probing her lovely tube which now yielded, yet compressed it and more. — "Ahaa — ahar" — I hear her gently sigh, giving first signs of increasing pleasure, her pretty mouth opens, my tongue touches hers, it's the first wet kiss we have had. — "Aha — ar — a." — My prick tip's found the nook of nooks close to her womb, it's lodged, it's buried there alive and keeps there nestling; the frantic thrusts are over, short pushes and nestling wriggles come now. "Aha — my darling — I'm coming — I'm, ha — spending — my spunk's corn — fuck — ahear — ah — ahr." — "Aha," she sighs, gently and sympathetically as she murmurs, her belly heaves, her thighs rise up, a delicate tremor runs thro her belly, burn and thighs, as a torrent of hot spunk rises up from my balls and thro my prick. — Its knob feels bursting with the throbs of pleasure, as it shoots the spunk into her cunt, whilst nestling its tip closer and closer to her womb. Sympathetically, greedily, her cunt tightens, grinds and sucks the tip of my hot stiff member, anxious to let her womb imbibe the balmy mucilage. Then our pleasure sighs and murmurs slowly cease, our bellies move with delicious tremors, but the climax of our sensuous joy is over, the delirium of the ecstatic gush is gone, the pleasure throes ceased. There, my prick still swollen, lays soothed and wallowing in its spermy bath. Her voluptuous cunt, gorged and flooded with the lubricious emulsion from my testicles, no longer closes energetically on my prick, but every second gives a gentle throb, and gentler squeeze, as if grateful to its pleasure giver. So we lay silent, tranquil in each other's arms, exhausted with our sensuous delights, faint with joys of love, slowly dissolving the sweet junction of our bodies in lubricious liquidity, whilst luscious thoughts on love, prick, cunt, and fucking, float dreamily through our brains.

Her passions quieted, the lustful irritation of her cunt allayed by the soothing injection, now slowly absorbing the soft balmy fluid, she laid motionless, with eyes closed, her bosom yet gently palpitating. She looked so lovely, that desire awakened at once afresh in me. So exquisite had been my enjoyment of her, that as I now looked at her beautiful face, as my dwindling prick withdrew, and as her cunt gave an affectionate parting squeeze, that my lingering pego gave a sudden throb and ceased shrinking. Tightly I grasped her bum, squeezing my pego closer into her lubricated temple, and putting one hand between our bellies, felt the curls of our genitals twining together in the glutinous over-flow of our spendings. — With sudden energy then she roused herself, like one just awakening. — "Oh! — get off — let me get up — do pray now — let me wash — for Heaven's sake do" — and she struggled to get from under me.

A pretty woman never looks more lovely to me, than when just fucked and I lay incorporate with her. The flushed face, the humid eyes, the recollection of the pleasure barely over which she has given me, and I to her endear her to me, filling me with a sense of love and gratitude. I feel this often with the ordinary Paphian, altho I know she may have gratified hundreds and perhaps I may not really have gratified her. Yet I have seen dozens of men spite of their sexual trans-ports, when their pleasure was over leave the women as soon as possible, neither kissing, endearing, or scarcely speaking to them. The cunt had done its work and off they went. The woman was nothing to them.

So Alice looked to me more beautiful than before, and I held her tightly, hating to break our sweet conjunction, my prick enjoying its cuntal bath, and even swelling again in it at the idea of losing it. "Oh! pray let me get up, or perhaps I shall be ruined." — My selfishness struck me, I might have impregnated her, for never a hotter prick and cunt had spent on each other. So I rolled off, but as I did so grasped the whole surface of her cunt, lewed still, lasciviously delighted in covering my fingers with our spending. Then I lay handling my prick with semenalized fingers, it seemed almost like feeling her and watched her wash that cunt, which ten minutes before had been refused me, and

yet had rapturously spent as it felt the emulsion from my pego. Not a word was spoken. She finished the rinsing, stood up, let her clothes drop, and stared at me. "You've not dried it," said I. — She stood looking ashamed. — "Rub it dry, or you'll wet your drawers." — She turned her back and dried it with a towel, then turned round. "I must go."

Off the bed I jumped. — "No love, I'm going to fuck you again, you needn't go away till nine o'clock, I won-der if the watch is broken, it's yours." — Taking it up I found it going, the case had saved it. — Giving her a kiss I put the watch into her hand. She looked long at it. — Giving her a kiss I put the watch into her hand. She looked long at it. "I wish I'd never seen it and hadn't met you, perhaps I'm ruined through it — how can I account for having it." — "We'll think of that presently — sit down and have another glass of wine." — Saying that, I drew off my trowsers which were falling to my heels, threw off coat and waistcoat, and pulling two chairs in front of the fire we both sat down.

I put my arm round her kissing her, and for the first time got a kiss in return. No woman can refuse one to a man who has just fucked her. I talked about our pleasure in baudiest language, whilst she listened smiling, yet seemingly half ashamed and almost in silence. Then my hand sought her sexual treasure and her resistance was the merest sham. My fingers lodged between the pretty hirsute ridges, tickled by their curly fringe, whilst the tips rubbed gently the satiny nymphae and little clitoris. Then it roved over motte, and belly and thighs towards the smooth haunches, where the infernal drawers caught my wrist and hindered its advance. "Take off your drawers dear." — "Oh no — I won't — I must be going." — "Not till I've seen that lovely cunt — let me." — Now she resisted, but a woman never long refuses a view of her cunt to the man who has fucked it, unless conscious of some defect; but few think that of their cunts. I'm sure that unless they be whores, that women don't know an ugly cunt from a pretty one, they haven't seen many full grown ones, and think well enough of their own. — Whores at times resist a close inspection of their splits, they know the difference in cuntal physiognomies for they've seen many cunts besides their own.

Irritated I pushed my hand roughly, the drawers hitched, stretched and tightened on my wrist. — "Oh don't" — I pushed harder, with a crack something gave way, the drawers loosened, and my hand slipped round towards her buttocks. — "There now — you've broken the string — what shall I do?" — She stood up half turning towards me and feeling underneath her petticoats. I gave a gentle pull, the drawers slipped down her thighs, that hand went round her backside, the other did the same, and they nearly touched each other on the slopes to the bum furrow, as they grasped two deliciously smooth, firm, hemispheres of flesh. By that time, through standing up and moving, the drawers had slipped down below her knees, whilst still I felt her delicious backside, holding her close to me as I sat. Then she sitting down wriggling her bum, and complaining of what I had done, I helped her to disengage her ankles from their linen encumbrance. One of the strings had come off.

[Several women's drawers I have treated in similar manner, once or twice have violently torn them off and rent them in doing so. It's the only way with a woman who won't remove the useless cunt wipers. Drawers are better not looked at when torn off.]

The field was clear, rapidly I knelt in front of her (always do this) and kissed her thighs up to her notch. What a delicious odour was around the spot; odour of cunt and sweetest young flesh combined. Grasping her buttocks whilst I kissed and inhaled spite of her struggles, the exciting aroma stiffened my pego. When I like the smell of the woman there, it always does. Rising and showing its crimsoning plum shaped top. "Look dear, it's longing for your lovely cunt." I placed her hand around it, and as before, she held it till I sat down by her side. Then turning towards each other with my arm round her neck, in silence kissing, we resumed feeling those blessed carnal implements of concupiscence, I gently feeling between the plump ridges of her cunt, she nervously feeling my stiff pego, with a soothing but not frigging motion; both now in silent voluptuous reverie.

"Let me see it, you must, you shall." Vain refusals, words not meant. Gently I led her to the bed, placed her on it, opened full sized, handsome, well shaped, white fleshed thighs, and saw one of the

prettiest cunts I ever set eyes on, smallish, youthful looking, with fullish ridges rather than lips, the lips they were, with a well defined red coral line between them, but without protuberances, and fringed with short curly chestnut coloured hair, which also covered slightly a fat mottle. Praising it rapturously, she let me move her limbs to see this delicate bit of nature's workman-ship; but saying, "Don't" (they always say that) yielding, pleased with my rapturous praises, proud of the admiration of her sexual charms. Then by her side I lay, our hands crossed each other's and we felt our sexual organs, till both were ready for another fuck. "Take off your clothes love, let's do it properly, my belly can't meet yours with your stays on." — Refused at first, yet I prevailed. "I'll only take my stays off" — I helped them off, and then off went one petticoat, for she was warmly clad, and off I pulled drawers.

Then one hand on her cunt, the other round her neck just touching with finger points one of a lovely pair of breasts, talking of love and fucking, how my prick throbbed as one hand roved restlessly from thighs to belly, then to bum, seeking the furrow of its cheeks, feeling her bum-hole, then up her cunt, and into every crack and nook and cranny of her body, kissing and odourous even to her armpits, so enchanted, enraptured, was I with her, so ruttish. Then my fingers settled on her clitoris whilst her hand still held my prick, and whispering, "Let's do it love." She turned upon her back, and opened her thighs. With one look at the red slit, its lips held wide apart by my fingers; with one gentle lick of her pretty clitoris, I dropped on to her belly now naked, clasped her lovely ivory buttocks, my fingers meeting in their valley, and then midst mutual sighs of pleasure, I buried my glowing prick up to its balls, in her thirsty, longing cunt.

I shall never forget with what delight I began to and fro friction, that oscillation of my arse, that searching of my tool, met by the gentle heaves of her soft belly. Our tongues now met, her bashfulness was gone, lubricious felt her cunt as it yielded to my thrusts, "Ahaa, my love, my prick's up your cunt, isn't it nice?" "Ah — y — hess — ahaa" — quicker moved my prick now stimulated by her pleasure, — now I gave frantic pushes, as my prick got almost painfully turgid — her backside heaved to me, her thighs moved up round mine, as she felt the approaching voluptuous delirium of her senses "Are you coming love?" — "Y — hes — aher." — Her belly is quivering, her thighs clip mine, my prick settles at her womb, our backsides, bellies, and thighs, quiver together in our spasms of delight, we clasp each other tighter, her hand grips on my naked backside, my bursting prick shoots forth hot spunk with pulsating throbs into her cunt, which tight-ens, grinds, and sucks it with combined sensations of muscilaginous injection floods it, and the soft spendings come out from every pore of its lovely surface to mix with mine. Then again we die away in each other's arms in blissful, voluptuous silence. Ah! what a death to die, if death would come in such a shape.

I felt that I should like to lie within her for ever, but after short repose, whilst our wet lips were still meeting, she got off rapidly and washed away the evidences of our love. She piddled, and had not before done so, and now, our intimacy was complete, by fucking, feeling, cunt washing, and piddling before me. The joy of sexual partnership is only complete when modesty is gone. — Modesty! — a convention. There is none naturally either in man or woman, but the sham has its charm, for it gives the pleasures of destroying it, and yielding it.

Excepting in early manhood when my sperm reservoirs seemed always full, the second fuck tranquillized me, but my recuperative power always with a nice fresh woman, or one whose sweet body I much liked, enabled me to separate the soft lips of her belly cleft with a rigid pego, a third time within the hour, and then I needed longer rest. This vital power of fucking thrice in sixty minutes I still have (and have now, eight years later). The second combat I find usually tranquillizes the lady, the fucking fatigues a woman less than a man. — Alice — the name she gave me — seemed now quiet and thoughtful, as she sat by my side by the fire. I put her cloak over her, coals on the fire, got two more candles from the baud, took more sherry and gave Alice more. I had still strong desire for the beautiful creature, still had that sense of fullness in my balls, that redness, heat, and lustful voluptuous irritation in my gland; which foretold more fucking soon.

She took the watch off the mantel-piece after sitting silent for a time, looked at it attentively, and then at the fire. I guessed her thoughts. Said she, "What can I tell about getting it?" — I have advised several of her sex what lies to tell under similar difficulties, and nearly always the same lie. The watch taken in a case, had been returned to my hands in a little wash-leather bag. Reminding the maker of that, he found the case, and I just then wanting a leather watch bag, put the one into my pocket. — "Put the watch into this, then lay it in the mud, say you saw the handle shining and picked it up." — "That's what I have been thinking," she rejoined. "But if they don't believe me?" — "Stick to it and they will." — with a sigh, — "I can't say any-thing else, but must keep it a few days first. — I'm frightened tho." "Name a spot where you found it." — "I will." — "Your husband will be glad you've got a watch" (trying to catch her). She smiled, and said she wished she had never seen it. — "But I have, and there's no help for it, now I must go." — "No dear, not till we've done it again." — She shook her head. I wish I knew what passed thro her mind just then, but feel sure that the desire for another cunt plugging detained her, tho she wanted to be off. The risk, the baudiness, the treat of the afternoon, the newness of the prick, affected her. In for a penny in for a pound perhaps. So we talked on, trying to entrap each other into telling who and what we were, but in both cases unsuccessfully.

I was going to my club when I met this fair creature, and having eaten nothing since breakfast, my stomach reminded me. I said I felt hungry. — "So am I, they did not ask me to stop and dine." — Meat at an unknown bawdy house was out of the question, so I sent for Bath buns, the only thing I could for the moment think of as likely to be good, and for more sherry tho the bottle wasn't finished. I determined to ply her with wine hoping to make her speak about herself. We stuffed ourselves with buns, she took more sherry, which perhaps added a little heat to her already hot lusting quim, but it never made her communicative about herself. We went on talking about fucking, she making few replies, but laughing and reprimanding me. — "What do you laugh for if you are offended?" — "I can't help it." — Nothing is really more pleasing, more stimulating to modest women, than to have a man talk bawdy to them.

Her petticoats now covered her legs, for she had again become as modest as she was before her quim had tasted my stretcher, but I could just see her shapely calves and little feet. The street mud, thickish and greasy, was on her boot soles, but had caused no splashes. I love to see a woman sitting by a fire, with petticoats so far up that the flesh of the thighs just shows, and I pulled them up so. Whenever I did she said she must go, but sat down when I told her that she must then go by herself. Some modest women I have found, dislike much going out of a bawdy house alone. She hoped no one had seen her come into the house, and if ever I saw her anywhere again, that I'd take no notice of her. I promised, but she must meet me again. She started. — "Oh never — never — never, — oh! my God! don't ask me — never now." — She seemed horrified at the suggestion. Who and what was she? Fucked she'd certainly been before, but whether wife, widow, mistress or neither I couldn't say (and never could). I am sure she wasn't a gay lady. Perhaps she was married and coquettish, and the offer of the watch had tempted her, just as her cunt was hot and longed for a male, which conjunction made her come to my arms. That is all quite probable, for a randy cunt weakens a woman's moral force. But women are inscrutable in their ways and lusts.

Then I put my hands on her breasts, a beautiful white pair. I could see their upper half, but with modesty still lingering (and certainly she was modest spite of her yielding to me). She tried to hide them; it was instinct, habit, and not sham. But praising their beauty rapturously as I did, and in my excited, lustful admiration of her, she yielded, and quietly I handled the firm globes, and felt the little bush in her armpits, (which smelt as lovely as the rest of her body) talking bawdily all the time. Then I tickled her there, which seemed to win her to me more. Tickling increases the lust of some women, when once their voluptuous thoughts have begun, and the randy thrills are attacking their cunts. — Then I sucked one pretty small nipple, which I saw had never nourished an infant, and told her so. Thus our loving familiarity increased, she gradually surrendering to all my wishes, silent, and seemingly reflecting.

As I spoke about suckling, — "Has she had a child?" — passed through my brain. I had been too

excited before to notice her belly, so dropped on my knees again, and kissed her thighs, and lifting her clothes, saw her smooth white belly without a sign or mark of childbirth on it. I don't think she knew what I was up to. Then kissing, and sniffing the aroma from that warm nest, stiffened my pego, and as I got up I showed it to her. She laughed.

Sitting down by her side again, I pulled my shirt well up to let my prick be visible, tho now drooping a bit, and felt her lovely cunt. The fire blazed, the room got hot, the food, the wine, my kissing, my fingering her love trap, and bawdy talk during an hour which had run away, had stirred her passions. I praised her cunt, its beauty and sweet odour, and a desire to gamahuche arose in me, for hers was not the cunt of a gay woman, and I wondered if a tongue had ever given pleasure there. So I talked of the pleasure of that lingual exercise and asked her to let me. She refused

— it was dirty talk — she wouldn't. — The more she refused, the more I longed to gamahuche her, begged, prayed, insisted, extolling the pleasures it gave as higher far than those from fucking; kissing and groping her all the time, till at length with my ballocks in her hand, she listened quietly and ceased saying, "No

— I won't let you."

Then gently I led her to the bed, and tho she still refused it she did not resist me, was passive in my hands, and seemed ashamed and looked away, and not at me whilst she yielded and I placed her on the bed. Next minute I was kneeling on the floor, her thighs laying over my arms were wide apart, my hands clasping her lovely buttocks, her sacred sexual gap, that temple of Venus and love was open wide, and covered by my mouth which revelled in it. I opened my lips wide, so that I could cover the whole of the soft crimson surface of that entrance of the body, for I felt madly in love with her, was beauty struck and cunt struck as well, and delighted with the idea of giving her pleasure. I licked, then sucked, then licked again; from bum hole to her curly covered mons my tongue played lasciviously, I licked her thighs. I licked her navel, intoxicated with her sweetness, then plunged my tongue as far up her cunt as it could reach, and loved the taste, revelled in its odour, and in the sweet salinity of its exudations which lust now caused to issue. Then my tongue settled to the little clitoris, and on it and around it licked, till with a jerk of her belly she asked me to leave off. But holding her thighs firmly, I played my tongue with the agility of a serpent, and in a few seconds more, with a gentle heave up of her sweet cunt, with a shudder of her belly and a murmur of pleasure, she spent.

I arose, her thighs dropped down, the cunt ridges slightly closed, but ridges, motte, and all their curly fringe were soaked with my saliva, whilst opalescent moisture issuing from the furrow between the lips, shewed she'd enjoyed the lingual that I'd given her. Then pushing her on the bed, feeling her lubricious avenue, frigging her quietly so as to reanimate her passions, and rouse again the lustful heat of her cunt, making her feel my pego and talking my bawdiest, for several minutes I lay, whilst she quite silent submitted to all, fatigued with pleasure, yet getting slowly lewed in body again under my titillations. She must have been like me on heat that day. Then when she drew her cunt back with a voluptuous sigh, I knew she would take it up her, and again fucked her. Ah? with what delirium of sexual enjoyment, for I loved her.

It was approaching nine o'clock, she dressed in silence, whilst for a time I tried to induce her to meet me again, but uselessly. Whilst listening to my advice again about telling how she found the watch, she put her hand in her pocket, took something out, put her other hand to it, and then with a start as if she had forgotten what she was about, put it back into her pocket. Then it came suddenly to my mind that early in the evening she put something into her pocket rapidly, and turned away from me as she did so. — "You were going to put your wedding ring on," said I. — "I wasn't — I have no ring" — and she looked confused. — "Let me feel in your pocket," and I tried to do so. — "You shan't — you've no right," she shrieked out, and I desisted. — Then we joked once more about marriage, as to which, or whether either of us was married, and there it ended.

We left together. Before doing so I put my head up her petticoats, gave her cunt a parting kiss, and

should have liked to have bitten her clitoris off and swallowed it, so madly did I feel in love with her. She had plenty of money (none from me). I put her into a cab, and neither listened to the address she gave, nor followed her — as I had given my word — much as I longed to do so, and have never seen her since. — She said it wasn't likely that I ever should, but not why (many a day since I've thought of and longed for her, and she is one of my most delicious reminiscences).

The watch had my sister's initials and the maker's name on it. I told my sister I had lost it and gave her a new watch. Alice was worth a dozen watches I still think.

She was of an uncommon type of beauty, had light chestnut hair which crimped naturally, blue eyes with heavy eye brows, and long eye lashes. She had beautiful teeth, a small mouth, was well grown, well formed, was neither stout nor thin, and in brief was in that perfect condition, which a healthy woman of about two and twenty years arrives at, after a year's fucking. Her cunt was small, youthful and pretty. — Neither nipple nor belly showed signs of childbirth, yet she'd been fucked before I had her.

[This narrative is almost word for word as I wrote it within a few days after I had possessed this lady. I was so delighted with the adventure that I could think of nothing else for some days, and walked over the same ground in the vain hope of meeting her again. Writing the narrative gave me the utmost delight, as I recalled each form and feature of the beauty, each voluptuous act, almost each sensuous word I uttered, acts and words I am sure both enjoyed. — Who and what was she?]

Vol. 9 Chapter IV

Nelly's servant Agnes. • Sweet sixteen. • Three nights preliminaries. • Tactics. • Baudy pictures and tickling. • Garters and champagne. • Temporary limpness. • Drawers in the way. • Virginity slaughtered. • A week's felicity. • On the wearing of drawers by women. • Some months after. • Two years later on. • She marries.

Nelly L**]e occasionally had been useful in procuring me other amusements, than those which her own belly could give. Most of my doings with her women have been narrated, others I omit describing. She was just now a little down in the world seemingly, and lived on the ground floor of a house in *** St, had two rooms leading out of each other and a kitchen below. In the upper part were respectable lodgers. Rather a poor lot lived in the street. The street door was always open and in her rooms one could hear the tramp of those going up and down stairs. They could have listened at her doors, tho at risk of being caught, which is as much resented among that class as among others.

One night she said she had a nice girl coming as servant "fresh from the country" where she had been nursemaid, and just sixteen years old. Her mother a poor charwoman quite knew Nell's occupation, but said that her girl was old enough to take care of herself, she could not keep her, indeed could scarcely feed her younger children. That's the usual way poor people push their children off. — Nelly was to take her temporarily till she got another a situation in a tradesman's house. Nelly had given out that she was a dresser at a theatre, so as to get into her present lodgings, she then I know could not bear living in a house with other gay women. She had promised the mother to hide her occupation of harlot from the lass, who when any one called was to go into the kitchen; but the mother unless a fool, must have known that that was useless. — Nell whetted my appetite, I asked her to get me the girl, and tempted enough, she said she would not guarantee a virgin — how could she? for she had been in service at * * * * * more than a year. Her father (then alive) had put her there. She should think she had not yet been fucked, and she was quite modest looking — but who could tell? — If she were not virgin, Nell could not expect me to be so liberal.

I remarked that I supposed the girl would be fucked if I didn't have her. — Nell replied that probably one of her men seeing her, would get hold of the girl some-how, and however she might

try, the girl would find out that she was gay. She told her mother she must take her chance of that if the girl came to her, but she was to get her another situation as soon as possible.

As I can no longer reckon upon unlimited stiff standers, I satisfied myself that night with feeling Nell's privates, and went away with ballocks unemptied, and as arranged, on the following night called. — Agnes opened the door. — Mrs. L**I*e was not in she said. — "I will call again." — "Oh if you please sir, Mrs. told me if you are the gentleman she expected, I was to ask you to wait till she returned. She'll be back soon." I went in and sat by the fire, my heart a little beating, cock a little beating, at the sight of the girl, and the anticipation of uncovering her nakedness, for I had a strong desire for her the instant I saw her.

Agnes was shortish, had dark brown hair, hazel eyes and thick eye brows, a fresh complexion and good features, tho the nose was snubbish. She was so plump and fully developed that I thought her seventeen till I looked into her face. — Oh if she be virgin! — and I felt wild to be at her. — "For God's sake don't be too hurried, don't have a noise," — Nell had said. "Because if any one's at the doors (there were two) he could hear." — Besides I had better try a little freedom first — she might if alarmed tell her mother, thought Nell.

I stood by the fire in the bed room. The girl began to dust the poor furniture — never looking at me — she was nervous and dusted things over and over again. I stood wondering what sort of thighs she had, guessing at her quim, and balancing the chances of her being virgin or not. — "What's your name?" "Agnes, sir."

— "You're very pretty, can you fetch me some seltzer water?" — "Yes sir." — She'd been told where to go. She fetched it and I gave her the change. — She opened it, letting it fly all over me, and was in a funk.

— "Now you must dry me," and I made her rub me with a towel, my trowsers were wet just about my prick level. "Rub it dry here," said I pointing. She obeyed innocently. — I sent for more, gave her the change again, and she broke into a smile. — "If you let a drop run over you shall give me a kiss." — None was spilt and again she set to work dusting. — Then I made her fetch whiskey. — "Now hot water, and sugar." A kettle was on the hob and I mixed grog. She would take none. The change from the whiskey was on the table. "Give me a kiss and you shall have that." — "No," said she bolting to the other end of the room. — "Never mind, here it is." — She came, I put it into her hand, and caught and kissed her.

The fire in the parlour where she sat had gone out as soon did her candle, but she sat down there whilst I sat smoking by the bed. "Come to the warm," said I, and with a little persuasion she came. I praised her beauty, said I had never enjoyed a kiss so much before, that I did not believe she was only sixteen, she was more. She wasn't sixteen she burst out. — I didn't believe it. — "Why sir I'm really not quite sixteen." She had been a year in service as nursemaid to a little boy. The master kept a shop, and she imagined he failed, for she had heard them saying business did not go on. They had packed up several large trunks, and a week before that, had given Agnes notice. One night they told her to pack up her things, early next morning a cart was at the door, her box was put into it with their own, they drove to the railway and came to London. There they put her into a cab, paid her her wages, and gave her a written character. That was about ten days before this. She fetched the character to show me from her box in the kitchen.

Beyond the kiss I had made no progress. I got her to have whiskey and water, sent for more, and a lemon because she said she liked it with lemon, and her late mistress used to give her a wine glass full, made so. — I gave her the change again — "Mrs. L**I*e said you were a kind gentleman," said she. — "Do you know you have given me so much," — taking it all out of her pocket. "I'd give you three bright sovereigns to sleep with you" — plunging into business at once. — she looked glum, made no reply, and began dusting the things again. — "You'll dust the legs off at that rate, come here and make the kettle boil." She did and we went on talking. She had no sweetheart and had never been out at night without her mistress, whose boy was two years old, — "How do you

know it was not a girl?" said I. — She made no reply and looked queer. — "What's the difference between the two?" — No reply. "The difference is between the thighs, isn't it, Agnes?" — "I wonder whether my mistress is coming, I'll go and look." Saying that she left the room, and after a few minutes I found her at the street door. — "I shall go if you don't come in," said I.

In she came, and I recommenced chaffing. "Tell me the difference between a boy and a girl." — "I shan't." — "Tell me." — She burst into a laugh then stopped herself. Did she ever see her master and mistress in bed together, how did they lay? Was her mistress fat or lean? — Where did Agnes wear her garters? — "You garter below knee." — What a lot of women I've trapped into a reply by that remark. — "That I don't" said she sharply. She was then sitting near me, and I put my hand rapidly above her knee and felt the garter outside her clothes. "That's it, I wish I were the garter, then I should see if you were a boy or a girl." — I pinched her thigh again and gave her another kiss, then praised her feet, (she was well booted). She lifted her clothes slightly to show her boots — but every thing was done in a modest way by her.

At last I got to fucking heat, and felt that I must talk bawdily, although Nelly had earnestly cautioned me not to do so. — "Has any gentleman been here today with Mrs. L" — "Not that I know of sir." — "Has she been fucked today?" — The girl rose up with face blood red, I never saw such a red face or such confusion, and tried to walk away, but I sat just between her and the bed room door, so she was obliged to pass me, and I caught her. — "Let me go sir." — "Has any man been on the bed with her and put his cock into her cunt?" — "Let me go sir now." — "You know what I mean." — She burst into tears. — "I'll tell Mrs. L**l*e. — I'll tell my mother." — I thought I'd gone too far. "Don't be so foolish, you know Mrs. L**l*e has men to fuck her." — Then I let her go, but felt outside her quim as she passed me, and saying, "I'd give a good sum to fuck you." She left the room, and soon after I found her standing at the street door looking up and down the street. I got her back and went on chaffing bawdily, she then sitting in the dark front room, silent.

Nell came in soon after, and sent the girl to fetch something from the public house. I told what I had done. She thought I'd gone too far, said the girl should sleep with her, and she'd talk her over. When Agnes returned, I threw Nell on the bed and lifted her petticoats to her navel. Agnes turned away her head. Nell sent her to the sitting room and closed the folding door, intentionally leaving it ajar, and winking at me. Then Nelly stripped, I unbuttoned, we got on to the bed, and with much lasciviousness and murmurs of pleasure fucked. — "Agnes, Agnes," cried Nell when we had finished. — After calling her several times, in came the girl saying she had been asleep, but she looked so con-fused that we knew it was a lie. — Said Nell to me quietly, — "Nothing makes a girl want it so much, as seeing a man and woman doing it, I and Sophy often saw them doing it in the fields, and used to talk about it." — [Sarah F**z*r and other resorted to this de-vice, and it is of all time no doubt.]

Two days after I intentionally met Nell out. She had slept with Agnes, and was going to let the girl peep when another man was doing it to her. She was pretty certain the girl was virgin. She had been talking that day of leaving and going home to her mother. — "Do her tonight if you can, but don't make a noise, there are always people going up and down stairs, and they pass the doors to go to the back yard as well." She advised me to offer her money. The girl had got hot and lewed enough when told a few things about fucking, Nelly was sure. How like this is to previous similar adventures.

[But fucking — its preliminaries, and sequences, was, is, and always will be the same.]

Next time as arranged Mrs. L**l*e was out — I waited, sent out for this and that, gave Agnes the change, got her to sip the liquor, and at last settled her down on a chair by the bed side opposite to me, as on the previous night. But I should say that before that, I had visited Nell that afternoon, and that Agnes then was sent to wait in the kitchen.

Nell then had told me that she was a lovely made girl, had a fair quantity of hair on her quim, knew about fucking, and had seen Nell twice fucked. But I thought that Agnes was funky and modest, and

did not half like her place with a theatre dresser, for Nell kept up that farce. So did the girl tho she knew better. Now I praised Agnes' beauty till she grinned, and then I kissed her. "This is the second time you have come and found my Mrs. out," said she.

Then I tried the old dodge, played so successfully with others, an infallible way of getting my hand near a cunt without scaring the lady. "I have brought you a pair of garters," producing a handsome pair. — "Oh thank you, sir," said she delighted. — "My pair is just like them." — "Yours?" — "Yes, only they are old and dirty, my mistress gave them me when she had a new pair, she was married in the pair she gave me." — I didn't believe it — Agnes became excited, and turning her back bent forward, and the next instant showed me a dirty garter of the same pattern as mine, which were gorgeous in colour, and with gilt clasps and buckles.

"They are yours if you let me put them on." — "Certainly not." — "What nonsense — what if I do see your legs — I have seen your ankles and boots. — What harm in showing a little bit higher up?" It was nearer her cunt what of that, I had seen hundreds of cunts. — A cunt was meant to be seen, and felt, and kissed — looked at what Nelly did, I remarked. At the word cunt she tossed her head, and when she'd got the shock I pulled her on to my knees, and said she would not let me because her thighs were not so clean. — That they were. — She had the bath always after Mrs. L**I*e. "Then why not let me?" — "I won't." — "Then you shan't have the garters, tho I meant to give you half a crown each garter I put on." — She laughed, I put them on the mantel piece and changed the subject — every minute or so, she then looked up at the mantel piece whilst we were talking.

"I shall go, Nelly's very late" — and I put the garters in my pocket. — "Mrs. won't be long, she'll be angry if you go — it's not my fault is it?" — "Yes, I'll go unless you let me put on the garters." — She hesitated. — I got close to her where she was standing. — "Now you goose, let me sit you on the bed." — She half sat on it and I lifted her on to it, she laughing nervously as I did so. — "Don't be rude now." — Then was the game I have played over and over again with females, both young and full grown, and rarely have failed. — A little variety in the attack, a little in their defense, but virtually all was the same. — Vanity, the desire for the garters, flattery of feet and ankles, pave the way. — Thus it was with Agnes — slightly struggling, refusing but acceding, bit by bit I lifted her clothes, put on both garters, and whilst she hollowed and resisted, got my hand on her cunt. — "Oh — don't — you beast — leave off." She escaped me and sat down crying, making indeed such a very loud noise that I ceased, but stood before her with a cockstand showing, begging her in plainest language to let me fuck her pretty little cunt. How stimulating to the passions of a woman, is that desire when expressed by a man in lewed language.

After a time she was pacified — I kept my prick out tho it was now hanging down, and stopped her going to the door. — "I will go if you keep on showing it" — so I put my prick out of sight. Then I praised her cunt, how hairy it was for her age, and what a nice smell it had, what fat thighs she had. — For a quarter of an hour I gave license to my tongue to stimulate her lust. She never made a reply or a remark. — "Come to the bed and I'll give you three sovereigns." — I kissed her again and she scarcely struggled, but sat sulkily looking at the fire and thinking over I suppose what had taken place; staggered but half lewed by the knowledge that I had felt her privates, and had got the aroma of her quim on my fingers.

"Another night you'll let me, won't you?" and I promised I expect all that I could to tempt her, and in my rutting furor meant it. "Who will know if you don't tell? all girls do it but don't tell — let me." — So I talked on, so long, standing by her side. — she I saw irresolute, — kissing her at intervals, and every now and then pulling out my staff, then pushing it back again, persuading, and offering money. She at last was sitting silent, sulky, shrugging her shoulders each time she heard lewed words.

Three hours had slipped away, so deliciously absorbing is a cunt hunt. — How I kept in my sperm I don't know — Nelly came in, and Agnes went to the kitchen: Nell when she'd heard me, said she'd talk to her again in bed. — "Perhaps she'd have let you tho had you tried to do it, as she sat still, try her well on Monday" — (it was Saturday). Then she asked me part payment, for services. "Not so

green, my dear, not yet — no fuck, no money — no virgin, half price, — I tip you each night I'm here just as if I fucked you, and you ought to be satisfied." — "Come on Monday, there is more noise in the house and street that day, bring champagne, and try her."

I restrained myself from fucking Nell, wanting Agnes to have it all, and went away concupiscent. — On the Monday by arrangement Nell met me in the street, said she had called Agnes a fool not to get three sovereigns and a good friend. — "Make her let you, she'll be frightened I think to make a noise, and she's curious to know if it hurts. I've told her that that's nonsense, that pleasure comes quickly, the pain is nothing, the pleasure great." — So with a determination to have the girl, I knocked at the door on the Monday night.

Nell had moved an old wardrobe across the lobby door of the bed room, so as to shut out sound, and had told me to close the folding doors — I did that directly, saying how cold the room was — Agnes sat herself in the front room, but there was no fire there, and the lass with a little persuasion came and sat near me. She looked anxious, kept moving her legs and hands about, and then got up and began dusting.

I opened my champagne. "I mustn't have any," said she. "For Mrs. L. gave me some gin and water before she went out." — I saw Nell's little game. — But Agnes persuaded took the first, then a second glass, and then began to laugh, and looked lovely — I got furiously lewed, took the pot, and pulling out my prick so stiff that I could scarcely piss thro it, ostentatiously for her to see, emptied my bladder. — "Do you want to piddle?" — A toss of her head. — "Now you're beginning again sir." — It little matters what remark you begin a bawdy conversation with, so long as it leads to thinking of prick joining cunt, which makes both sexes lewed — Dukes and Duchesses, Peasants and Beggars it is all the same. Suggestive conversation must be begun, to heat the imagination and make lewdness creep into the generative organs. Then when it does, the battle is half won. — A randy wench, her cunt sweating with lust, longing for the unknown pleasure, curious about coition which she has so much heard of, and seen dogs, and cocks and hens doing, can scarcely long resist trying it, when a man is soliciting.

She finished the glass, then a third, and soon after began to laugh at my talk but in a shamefaced way. — It was all about Nell and the men she'd seen fucking. — She'd the new garters on for I had left them her. — "Let me see them, you haven't." — She refused, I began pulling up her clothes, she resisting, and at length said she'd kiss me if I desisted. I did, was kissed but recommenced. — "Oh that's not fair." — She'd show me one garter, then turning round she took one off quickly. I would feel the other, got my hand on to it, then on to her cunt. — She rose up and dislodged my hand, but I pushed her to the bedside unbuttoning my trowsers as I did so.

My stiff cock was soon made visible to her and I tried to feel her again. "If you don't leave off I'll run out of the house." — "Let me fuck you." — "You beast." — "I'll give you these," and put three sovereigns down on the table (I've always found three sovereigns a lucky number). — "I won't let you, I don't want the money." — She got noisy, so I ceased attempting or tempting further. In a quarter of an hour, after chatting on with scarcely a reply, I produced a bawdy book and asked her to look at it. — "What's it about?" — "Come and see." — She sat on my knee, and took more champagne. — "That will make you want to piddle." — She tossed her head without reply, and I opened a book I have had some years full of the lewdest engravings. She turned over the leaves without any remark, but she coloured up. Then came a print of a girl gamahuching another. "Oh! what a beast" — and she closed the book. The pictures, talk, wine, and the look of my prick had heated her little quim, kind nature helps the man, thoughts stir lust. — suddenly tickling occurred to me, so kissing and talking bawdy, I began tickling her, and did so till she kicked, and writhed, yelled and laughed, till almost exhausted. Then I got my finger well on her moist slit, and frigged away spite of her closing her thighs on it, and wriggling her buttocks.

I saw that she was clean upset, that lust was getting strong in her. — Desire in a woman is her weakness. Thro struggling and my frigging, her hair was tumbling down — her breath got short, her struggles feeble. — "Oh — now — don't — oho — don't do that — aha — o — sir — what a

shame."

Instinct told me that the psychological moment had come. Kissing her I lifted her on to the bed, she perhaps half unconscious that she was getting on, and all the time saying, — "You shan't now. — I won't let you." — On to her back I got her, throwing myself upon her at the same instant, my trowsers a little unbuttoned, thro which my prick protruded. I hitched up her clothes with difficulty, fearing she would still resist, and somehow managed to open my trowsers more, laying on her all the time. — Then I noticed she had drawers on and tore at them violently. — "Oh don't tear 'em they are new," said Agnes roused. In hot lust, and fear of some impediment, I tugged harder, they seemed slitting, my belly partly met hers, and I felt her cunt with one hand whilst still tugging at the drawers with the other, till they were away from her thighs. For an instant I rose up between her thighs, had a flash of white flesh and dark hair, and down on her belly went again, guiding my prick to its goal.

Then occurred that which has taken place several times in my life, and I think more frequently of late years, perhaps the result of age. As my prick touched her sexual treasure, to my horror it quickly drooped, its tip was at the mouth of the temple, was between the lips of the avenue so coveted, but would not enter, and a fearful nervousness came over me. The girl lay quiet, yielding her person to my will, and I lay feeling her buttocks, kissing, endearing and rubbing my gland up and down the face of her cunt, in a state of a fearful misery at my impotence. — How long my nervous horror lasted I cannot say. "There love — that doesn't hurt does it — that's all" — and other puerilities I uttered, till I recollected suddenly that several times in my life before I had been similarly impotent, and that it did not last long. Courage came with that. Sliding my finger along the lips of her cunt I tried to put one up. She winced, "Oh! — you hurt" — I felt sure now that she was virgin, and at once my prick sprang into life, into splendid condition, — fit to break through any hymen, young, old, tough or easy.

My clothes seemed in the way, my prick couldn't get to its goal comfortably, tho she lay quiet with eyes closed, anticipating my pego. Rising on to my knees, rapidly I took off coat and waistcoat, tore open my trowsers, dropped down on her again, and my pego touched her notch, I placed it at the orifice, clasped her buttocks and lunged. It was stopped. — "Hoh — don't" — she cried. "Be quiet dear, they'll hear you," and I lunged again. She cried out loudly. It was a tough maidenhead, in two or three more lunges my tip stuck fast. Another lunge with all the force of rump and loins, a violent lunge, something gave way, and my gland seemed nipped. Another thrust, another sharp cry from her, and my prick was buried in her, her maidenhead was gone, my sperm was jetting out hot and thick into her cunt. Then she lay tranquil, soothed by the emollient my prick had shed in her. — Girls I find whatever their struggles before, all lay quiet directly the prick has shed its balmy fluid up them; sperm is a delicious cunt-soother.

Recovering from my fainting joy, my prick lay still stiff up her — Agnes lay quiet with closed eyes, and answered none of my questions, and so I lay up her thinking and indulging. At last she said, "You've torn my drawers to pieces I'm sure." — "I'll give you a new pair dear" — and I wriggled my prick a bit in her cunt, for it was dwindling. Now I longed to give her pleasure for she hadn't spent, and pushed and wriggled my prick more, put my hand down to feel it, and my fingers were blood stained. Then I uncunted. — "Let me get up, please do," she whined. She felt her quim. — "You've made me bleed," she whimpered. — "Let me get up." — I wouldn't, but still partially laying on her, lifted up one of her legs, tugged her drawers up, and put them under her cunt. It was a tough virginity, a bloody sacrifice, scarcely any hymen I've slaughtered caused so much blood-letting. Women in this vary much, I've ruptured many a cunt and know. — We lay now talking. How lovely is that chat with the woman who has just been fucked for the first time, whose cunt is full of the man's semen. "Next time dear it will be all pleasure." — Now and then I took the ragged drawers away from her quim to see if she were bleeding still. — She seemed now apathetic in her quiescence, as I tenderly put a finger up her deflorated hole. — What delight to feel the soft buttery interior, and know it was of my own making; how quietly she let me feel, altho with a few twitches of her thighs. Then I made her feel my prick, it was sticky, had drooped but was again stiff ten

minutes after it had left her cunt; then on to her again I turned.

"Oh — no — not again." — "There dear — the tip's in — there" (a shove). "O-hoo" — I was up her. — Then came the delightfully gentle thrusts as smoothly it stretched her ravished cunt, and glided up and down in the soft channel; it went out to the tip, up to the balls, and then lay quiet plugging her, letting her feel the delicious distention of her sheath. Then it wriggled up against her womb portals giving gentle titillating pushes there — knocking for an opening for the sperm to enter. She sighed, I saw the white of her eyes thro the half closed lids — she was enjoying the fuck now — its pleasure was coming on her — her cunt plugged and already gorged with sperm, was ready for my second libation. Now I thrust harder and quicker — a little sigh, followed by a slight shudder, her hands clasped my arse (a woman instinctively does so when she spends) and her crisis was on — Ah! that marvellous grinding clip, that gentle movement. My spunk shot up her as she quivered with pleasure, and then with eyes closed we laid together tranquilly joined.

But not for long, desire for her began as soon as I had finished, never had I been more continuously and irresistibly randy, and before the hour had run out we were spending again. Two hours later on, I had just had my fourth, last, long, labourious fuck, when we heard sharp raps at the door. It was Nelly.

"Oh! it's mistress, don't pray open the door." She shook her petticoats when off the bed, and with one leg of her drawers round her ankle, opened the door. I had buttoned up. — "I've been knocking ten minutes - fetch some ale Agnes," said Nell — the girl who looked ill went out. I told Nell all, gave her her present and left. She said that an hour before she had knocked. We had not heard her.

The next day with a cockstand, I knocked and Nell opened it — Agnes was there. "So you've been poking my maid you bad man." "Nothing of the sort." — "Nonsense, she has told me you did it four times, you never did me so often — I'm going out." — "If Agnes and I like fucking it's our business isn't it?" — "Mine too, for she is my servant" — and out Nell went.

The next moment I threw Agnes on the bedside and looked at her cunt — what a sweet pretty little cunt it looked. I fell gamahuching it with all my might, she was soon roused, and we fucked there.

I stripped her. A lovelier formed girl I never put naked, she had the fullness of eighteen in thigh, bum and breast, but the cunt of sixteen, the sweetest little split of a delicate pink, with slight, silky, shortish, brown hair round it, the lacerated edges of the virginity looked like a cockscomb. — Yesterday — a fight, a struggle to feel it — today I turn her on to back and belly, open her thighs, finger her from navel to arse-hole — I kiss — smell — lick her sweet red little quim, frig it and fuck it, as if her cunt had been my property for years, whilst she lays quite complaisant, tranquilly and voluptuously enjoying my investigations. — I show her all the curiosities and habits of a prick — its stages of repose, half stand, full stand, tip covered and uncovered — prick changing to crimson as the lustful want gets fiercer and it stands erect. What a treat for her to feel and stiffen it for me, whilst I lay licking her clitoris. I fucked, and sucked, and friggd her that night till she was blue under the eyes. I never left her cunt for hours, and fetched her young as she was, with tongue, finger and prick quite six times. — My prick this night was not so ready, towards the last indeed I had a dry Priapus, tho stiff as any horn from excitement, and kept ramming it up her without emission, tho I felt her young cunt tightening, grinding and wetting it. And then her quiet enjoyment, so quiet but so defined, when her cunt flux came on. Towards the last when I fucked her twenty minutes at a guess with-out an emission, she in her fatigue sighed. — "Oh, do leave off — I am so tired, — Oh do." — Nell came back in bad humour, a friend (so she said) had wanted to come home with her and wouldn't go with her elsewhere. I made that all right with money. Then we drank together. — "Agnes has got her cunt full of my spunk," said I — "Go and wash stupid," said Nell.

Next time, Nell put on clean sheets. — Being doubtful about her own, she had to borrow a pair, I had then no idea she'd got so poorly off. Then I and Agnes got into the bed start naked. For two or three weeks I was mad for her, I gamahuched her unusually, it was an inciting cunt for that — so

youthful. She was a strong, healthy, juicy, little wench and spent freely, but I knocked her up with spending. I taught her everything. Not an attitude in which a woman can be fucked that I did not fuck her in, she knew the whole art of copulation within a fortnight. Then my powers began to fall off and my litch was over, and I began to think of the future of the girl. What did she intend to do I asked. — "Go back to service, but in a respectable house, not like this." — Unless she was in the family way — she began to whimper at the idea of that. Nell got fidgety and said I was turning her out of her rooms. She said that Agnes did nothing but sit before the fire and think, and was no longer any use as a servant, all thro the fucking, but she would keep her of course if I wished it. All the harlot procuresses behave the same. — With that understanding, and that she would not let any of her visitors fuck the girl, I stayed away a fortnight. When I went again, Agnes had left and gone to her mother. Said Nell, "She would not stop any longer." Nell was dressed in her best, with silk stockings and nice boots, and threw herself on the bed, and scratched her cunt, and finding that that did not fetch me, opened her thighs showing her red furrow in the way she knew I liked it done — I had written to say I should call and she'd got up herself thus invitingly. I guessed that. It was useless, I was angry. Then she said she was lewed, it was such a time since I'd fucked her.

"Give it me," said she with her customary virtuous simplicity of speech. She had a lecherous looking, dark haired cunt, which tho now large inside was a perfect sperm sucker, and she had taken a fancy to my fucking her lately I think. I wouldn't give her any cock, and went off saying that if Agnes was not back in a week, she'd see no more of me [I always acted thus in similar circumstances, nearly every woman who has helped me to their servants, got rid of them soon after I'd fucked them, and tried to prevent my having them long]. In a week Agnes was back, and didn't I moisten her little cunt, didn't she wet my ballocks. In a few days (I was at liberty just then) I fucked myself out, and fucked, gamahuched, and friggid Agnes into a similar state of lassitude. [All love ends in fucking, and that delightful exercise and its preliminaries are much the same, excepting on the first nights of a new piece. But what delightful shades of difference with each woman. This makes the variety in women so charming. But with Agnes, one evening was I find from my amatory diaries much the same as another, so I burn those copious records of my frolics, and abbreviate the sequel with Agnes which was spread over three or four years.]

Agnes was in the family way by me. Nelly got that stopped, and I paid for it. A friend of Nelly's saw Agnes and offered to keep her, so Nelly sent her home to her mother. I heard nothing of the girl for some months, when Nelly told me she'd heard she was a shop girl, but didn't know where (I dare say she did). One night at dusk I met her in O**f**d St. walking fast, and carrying a large parcel. I stopped her, induced her into H*n*v*r S****e, where we kissed, then I felt her cunt and then with much difficulty got her to a neighbouring brothel. "Only to have a talk," said I. Within five minutes after I was fucking her. She to my great annoyance had drawers on, but what a delicious fuck it seemed to me. Then with drawers off we fucked again, and off she went. These chance meetings always are delicious. No one she said had ever touched her since I had, "And now perhaps I'm in for it again." — I couldn't get her address, and she refused to meet me, or let me have her any more.

Again as said she had drawers on, more and more this fashion of wearing drawers seems spreading. Formerly no woman wore them, but now whether lady, servant, or whore, they all wear them. I find they hinder those comfortable chance feels of bum and cunt, of which I have had so many.

Some months again elapsed when I met Agnes in the dark in R*g*t St. Again I got her to a house and fucked her. She had grown, was nearly nineteen, and what a lot more hair she had on her cunt. — I wrote a long description of that pretty article. I fucked her as much as I could in two hours, she refused to meet me again, and I never saw her more.

Full two years after, Nelly said that Agnes' mother told her, that the girl was married to a man in comfortable circumstances, had one child, and lived at B" * t* *ea.

Agnes was one of the pretty cunted ones — perhaps the rift in a female belly is never so beautiful as it is between the age of sixteen and seventeen; yet I have thought otherwise, have liked the full sized, hirsute furrow which thirty-five gives. — Age has changed my taste in cunts, as it has in

wines and other things.

But how singular. How few women I've met again when I have once lost sight of them, yet I have fucked a thousand. — Singular — where do they go to?

Vol. 9 Chapter V

Frances the tailor's daughter. • Struck with me. • My indifference. • A Priapean exposure. • Nelly's disappearance. • That night's meeting. • Easy victory, willing virgin. • Her history. • Father in hospital. • The wages of sin useful. • Parental obliviousness. • Frances in service. • In keeping. • H*I*n M*w**d. • Our first meeting. • Her physical perfections. • Money differences. • My promise kept. • A year's interval. • Friendship established. • Mutual meretriciousness. • Unrestrained sexual amusements. • Erotic tastes gratified. • Arcades ambo.**

For two or three weeks after Agnes first left Nelly L, I did not go there. Then I resumed my visits, which led to an extraordinary piece of luck. — Nelly was in the same rooms, and had no servant, perhaps because she couldn't then afford to keep one. Occasionally I when she didn't expect me, and several times found her called between three and four o'clock in the afternoon sitting and working with a shabbily dressed, tallish, pale-faced, delicate, indeed refined looking girl, with blue soft eyes and brown hair. Seemingly she was about sixteen years of age, which indeed she was. The girl was scuffled out of the room quickly, but till she left, she kept as much as she could her eyes upon me enquiring, and as if struck with me. That passed through my mind but without its leading to any other thoughts about her, excepting that she was a genteel looking girl to be sitting with a thorough harlot, for Nelly now looked one and was.

Afterwards the girl was standing in the passage once or twice when I had written Nelly to expect me. I told her she was pretty, to which she made no reply, but looked me full and earnestly in the face. I told Nelly of this, who angrily remarked, "What does she do there?" — "Wants fucking perhaps, get her for me, I suppose she's had the doodle up her."

I scarcely ever saw Nelly excited but she was now. That she wouldn't. "She's never had it, I'm sure." — The girl was the eldest daughter of a tailor, who with a wife and four children had the top rooms of the house, they were most respectable people, had prayers morning and night, invited Nelly to join them at prayers, worked from morning to night, but could scarcely live, for all that and permitted their daughter to work in Nelly's room in the day time. Nelly had told them she was engaged at a theatre, perhaps they believed that, at all events knew that Nelly was a quiet woman who paid her rent, and even once lent the tailor a little money when he was hard up. The girl was working at waistcoats, in Nelly's room.

"You talk about fucking with her." — Nelly denied that, but afterwards admitted that at times they did, if they talked about marriage, or children. "Why of course you can't help talking about doing it, all girls do." — "She'll be fucked soon." — "If she be, it won't be any fault of mine." — "She's been fucked." — "I'm sure she hasn't." "Get her for me." — "That I won't." — Mine was mere joking, for I'd no desire for the girl. Soon after I fancied that this girl must have heard from Nelly when she expected me, and that she had taken a liking for me, I saw it in her eyes, and if caught in the room she evidently took as long to get out as she could, yet for a couple of months I thought nothing about that. Then it passed through my mind that a poke into her little quim would not be undesirable.

One evening in my shirt only, and Nelly in chemise, I was going to fuck her and had a glorious erection, when a knock came at the door of the sitting room. Nelly jumped up, saying, "Wait a minute it's the tailor's gal she's got something for me." — Partly closing the bed-room door, she let

the girl in. I went to the bedroom door when they had been talking a minute. — Nelly had her back to me, the girl her face. — She saw me, but gave no signs of it to Nelly. Being lewed, I lifted my shirt and showed my pego. Still the girl gave no signs, but her eyes every minute went to my stiff penis, then to Nelly. Then I shook it at her, feeling delight at shewing it to one who probably had never seen, or certainly never handled a man's pego in that carnally excited state. A minute perhaps this went on, for they were engaged in an animated conversation about some-thing. Then Nelly turning round saw me, — I had just dropped my shirt, — and said, "Ar'n't you coming?" — She pushed the girl immediately out of the room. Whilst doing so and her back was towards me, I again showed the tailoress my stiff stander for an instant.

A week or so after that I called and the girl was there. To Nelly's annoyance I now kissed the girl who quietly submitted to it. Soon after when I called, a man was with Nelly, I went off and came back in an hour, and the tailoress was then in the passage. "You didn't tell Nelly I showed it you," said I. She shook her head but never spoke. Excepting one day after the cock exhibition night, I'd never heard the girl's voice.

Now came a passing desire for the wench and I spoke about her. Nelly repeated all. Thinking that the girl must know all about Nell's occupation, I said — "She'll soon get fucked I'm sure." — "Perhaps she will for they are dreadfully poor and she wants to go to service, but they won't spare her, but I won't have anything to do with your having her" — I thought no more about it for my desire was not strong.

About three weeks after this when I knocked at Nelly's door, it was opened by a man who said he'd been in the rooms a fortnight. Standing in the street wondering, disappointed, and much wanting a fuck, and thinking I'd try a French doxy, a girl came along carrying a small basket of vegetables. It was the tailor's daughter. "Why it's you, Miss Frances." — "Yes sir." Then she told me that Nelly left in a hurry, why she knew not, neither knew she where she had gone. We stood talking, my pego swollen with want of a woman, and the girl lovely in my eyes. I wondered if she'd been fucked, and a rush of cognate ideas coming, said, "Do you recollect my standing in my shirt?" — "Of course" — she replied quite calmly and without a smile as far as I could see by the light of the street lamps. Questioning her, she said she knew Nelly was gay, didn't think her father did, she'd never seen any one else in a shirt like me, and the placid manner and look of the girl was such, that I thought her one of the supremely cunning ones. She then looked round restlessly, saying, "I hope father won't catch me." Risking it I asked her if she'd come with me, have a glass of wine, and see me stand in my shirt again. I used no other language. She looked very queerly and earnestly at me. At length, "You're very fond of Nelly ain't you? she says you are." — "Pretty well, but I'm love with you." — "Oh you story." — "It's true — come now, and let me kiss those pretty lips, and I'll give you two sovereigns." — The girl got quite agitated, she seemed to shake — I repeated it. — "I would but am frightened." — "Oh come." — After a few minutes' persuasion, (had sensuous thrills in her cunt any-thing to do with it?) "I must take these up and get a bit to eat, and I'll come if mother lets me." — "I'll be here in half an hour with a cab, but if your mother won't let you?" — That agitated her more than ever, she reflected looking all the time at me. — "I will run out then, I will whether she lets me or not, I'm sick of home, but if father's at home, I daren't."

Has the little devil been fucked, and did Nelly fear my taking a fancy to her; that passed through my mind. If she had, it would still be a youthful cunt, one wanting a fuck, and that would be a treat in itself. As it was or would be soon my dinner time, I went to a fish-shop, dined off oysters, bought a cake and bottle of Sherry, and was in a cab near the house at the appointed time. Soon after she came running down the street. — "Mother wouldn't let me, so I ran off, and father isn't at home." Ten minutes after we were in a nice bedroom.

She was tired, had had nothing to eat since break-fast, none of them had for they were short of work, her father had gone to try to get some. — "I'm sick and tired on it, when other girls get a good living and nice clothes, and they won't let me" — said Frances. Her eyes shone when she saw the cake, she gobbled, she stuffed herself with it, but took wine sparingly. What struck me is the way

she fixed her large blue eyes on me all the time she was eating, without speaking. — Was she thinking of fucking? How I should have liked to have known her thoughts. Was her cunt heating voluptuously? I wished I'd been her cunt to have felt its sensations. I was longing to grope her but restrained myself, talked about Nelly and her fucking, to which she made no reply whatever, tho now and then her eyes blinked, and a flush came over her face.

Her belly full, I got her on to my knees and kissed her rapturously. She returned my kisses as if she'd known me a month, as if fond of me. I got my fingers on her cunt, she closed her thighs. "Oh don't," said she modestly. — "Let's feel it love, don't be foolish." — Then my fingers had their way, gently I slid one back to-wards the aperture thro which love enters, whilst she laid her head on my shoulder, and arm round my neck in such a loving way, that I didn't know what to make of it. Her thighs every now and then closed gently as my fingers advanced. — I spoke about fucking — ah! ah! an obstacle. — "Oh you hurt." — Then gently, delicately, I nearly satisfied myself she was virgin, and was in the seventh heaven. "You've never been fucked?" — "No one's ever done what you're doing," said she beginning to cry. I comforted her and gave her more wine, ceasing to grope, tho yet not absolutely satisfied of her virginity; it seemed so improbable.

Without any difficulty after a little more talking about fucking, I led her to the bedside, there kneeling, and throwing up her clothes, kissed motte and belly. But she wouldn't open her thighs. — "Oh! — no — don't now sir." Then rapidly I threw off all clothing but my shirt, and showed my stiff prick. — "Lay hold of it, look at it dear."

I'm sure that my prick when stiff, is not always the same, nor has it the same rigidity; it is longer, thicker, and stiffer at times, than at other times of its erection. Now it seemed bigger than ever, long, thick and as rigid as a horn, almost painfully turgid was it as I put her hand round it. The girl held it motionless, staring at it silently. Then both of us leaning against the bed, she still grasping my staff, I felt her notch and gently frigged her. Nature impels me to do this with every woman especially with one not gay, the feel of the clitoris to me is delicious, and more so when the gentle agitation of the lady's belly and thighs, warn me that lust is running through her frame, that voluptuous tightenings in her cunt prepare her for erotic ecstasies. "Aha!" she murmured and her hand closed convulsively on my pego. A woman's hand always does that when a strong voluptuous thrill passes from her cunt through her body. "Aha — A — har." — "Get on the bed love" — unhesitatingly she got there for, she'd come for fucking. — I had not asked her to take her clothes off, fearing delay.

Side by side for a minute we lay handling cock and cunt, her arm round my neck, mine holding her head to me, kisses alone heard. My pego began to throb. Never more sure of its potentiality I had no nervousness, knew that the stubborn tool would rupture the toughest hymen, would go thro two, would almost split a cunt if it were too small. — "Let me love." — "You'll hurt." — "No love." — "Don't put it far in then." — "I won't" — saying that I turned her on her back and mounted her, in a second lodged my prick against the little sloping inlet, felt the barrier of her chastity, and with all the force and weight of loins and buttocks gave splitting thrusts. "Hoh — oho" — she moaned. But ere she'd time to murmur more, my prick plunged thro the impeding cartilage and its whole length was buried in her cunt, her virginity was gone, a bleeding ragged edge alone remained of it, and a torrent of semen was jetting into her. I could not wait to give her pleasure, for my sperm was seething in my balls, my prick mad to flood that virgin avenue, to consummate the object of her birth, to open the gates of sexual pleasure to her.

Tranquil, with my pego up her, quietly she then lay answering the questions I always put to a just fucked virgin. It didn't hurt her now, it was not much pleasure. "Not so much as when you frig yourself." — "Oh! I don't know." — "Let me get up." — I withdrew my prick, and with a towel wiped her cunt, which was bleeding. Advising her to keep the towel there she did, but began to cry. Giving her more wine, I laid down by her side again comforting her. Then we sat by the fire, and she — her heart opened by wine, and food, and fucking, — she told me all about their miserable poverty, how they could barely get enough to eat, work as they might. Nelly often gave her some of

her food. She wished to go to service, but the parents refused it, she was so useful to them. Then she told Nelly she'd "go gay" but Nelly strongly advised her not. Her parents were kind, but, — "Look what a miserable dress mine is, other girls dress well and get their bellies full, we often can't get enough to eat, yet we work all Sundays at times, tho father says it's wicked. Father is out looking for work now."

It was a sad history to hear, but what a bit of luck for me. — After taking her clothes off to her poor dirty chemise, I felt her soft little cunt — such a small one, still moist with my libation, still slightly bleeding, and we talked on, but now mostly about fucking, sexual matters, and her own habits. She answered my questions in a frank free manner, as if we were old acquaintances, but in a resigned sort of way. Soon she felt my pego which had not yet risen again, and I taught her how to frig it up, whilst gently I friggd her almost impalpable clitoris, and we kissed in silence, the delicious excitement of soul and body satisfying us without talk. Her bum moved uneasily and a soft sigh escaped her. "Does that give you pleasure?" — "Yes." — Her thighs closed on my hand and another sigh came. — "Shall you spend?" — "I shall do it if you don't leave off." — Then up I rose, found blood upon my thigh, and quick as lightning a letch seized me.

I put her at the bed edge. "What are you doing?" "We'll fuck here love." The next minute my prick was buried in her lubricious cunt. Fucking slowly, I saw the shaft redden as the blood oozed slowly from her lacerated maidenhead, I gloried in it as I saw the gleam of my prick, moistened and shining with the juices from her cunt, reddening more and more as it went in and out of her; the sanguinary sight added to my pleasure and my lust. I told her of it. "The blood and spunk is in your cunt, more spunk's going into your — c-hunt — Aha — sp — unk." — I cried out in delicious rapture as my prick poured out its second libation, and she lay breathing out sighs and soft murmurs and spending with me. Three-fourths of the pleasure of having a virgin is in teaching her, making her for the first time spend with me. She whose fingers alone had given her sexual pleasure before.

We lay side by side on the bed so soon as my prick had left the lubricious avenue, and we talked now only of the way in which penis and pudenda were fitted for each other. — "Ah — yes — heavenly — oh yes — much nicer than doing it to myself." During the voluptuous talk, Frances kept kissing me with strong sighs of affection, and we felt each other's genitals till we had dried up the evidences of our love. But the red stain remained on my prick, and with pride I showed it to her. "It didn't hurt as much as I thought it would, and did you really put it all in?" asked she.

Now she was anxious to get home. With warm water she washed her quim which had nearly ceased bleeding, no blood was on her chemise fortunately, she remarked. I had a hurried look at the damaged little aperture, which so short a time before was virgin, and longed to probe it again, but my procreator was recreant. — In vain I friggd it looking at the pretty decorated cunt all the time, but having done duty twice within the hour, it refused further exercise, and as her anxiety was great I let her go. She agreed to meet me again. If they hindered her she would run away, never go back, and would tell them so. She could write, but correspondence was for the moment difficult, so it was arranged that on the fourth day at seven o'clock she would be near the end of her street. "I'll be there, nothing shall stop me, and I'll get my best clothes out of my pawn." Delighted greatly with my quite unexpected good fortune, I gave her three sovereigns instead of the two promised, whereupon she burst into tears, and said, "Nelly told me you were the kindest friend she ever had." — I took her in a cab to the corner of the street, fingering her little cunt at the last minute, and found it still bleeding.

At the appointed day and time she was there, off we drove. "Father's in hospital, and I've got my best things out," said she in the same breath and kissing me. We were feeling each other's privates on the road to the bawdy house, she put her hand on my prick instantly on my invitation, and at intervals told me what had occurred at her home since the eventful night. She was overflowing with news.

In the bedroom we lost no time, I was hot for her, her cunt moist and ready for fucking, so without undressing I put her on the bedside, had a hurried look at her secret charms, then mounting fucked,

and both finished our pleasure in a couple of minutes. Then near the fire we sat without ablution, for I like to know that the evidence of our pleasure remain on our genitals, — and she told everything voluminously, which briefly was this. Of the truth I have no doubt, having taken the trouble to go to the hospital to enquire, and the poor girl was in love with me, and was frankness itself.

Questioned by her mother she'd refused to say where she had been, and whilst having words, news was brought that the father was in hospital, having been knocked down and run over. The mother said they must go to the workhouse, being in debt, owing rent, having pawned all clothes. Then Frances said she'd got money, and would buy food. Another scene. Where had she got the money? not honestly the mother was sure; the children and she would sooner starve or beg in the streets than eat food bought with the money. Frances said that some one had lent her money, but wouldn't say who. After a time when empty stomachs pinched next morning, the end came. The mother cried, and abused her, but they were all fed with what the mother called "the wages of sin" (here Frances cried), and ever since had lived on those wages. Frances paid the arrears of rent, got some clothes out of pawn, and they had their bellies fuller than they'd been for weeks. The mother now was sullen, asked no questions, said she did not want to know, was sure her father would break his heart when he knew, and so on. Frances told her mother that before he came out of hospital, she'd run away, on which the mother begged her not, and so matters stood.

"Then you've spent all your money." — "Lord bless you sir, I ain't. — The rent was so much, the pawn money and small debts so much. She told me, "I've only spent four shillings a day for food and we've lived first rate and mother's had beer twice a day, it never costs us more than half a crown a day when we've lots of work." — The girl had about half a sovereign left which she showed me. It was a curious episode, and the way such poor people live interesting, yet it pained me, particularly as this girl began to show an affection for me, I had suspected it, but here I shall give no further account of it.

Then I gave myself up to erotic and sexual delight with a willing partner. What joy a woman must have, when for the first time she clasps in secrecy and security a good stiff stander, knows that she may handle and look at it, that it will stretch her cunt, and give her the divinest pleasure. What delight to her as she lets the man look at her cunt, that cunt which she has been taught to hide from every one, yet which she has since puberty or before, been longing to show to a man. That was Frances' pleasure. The evening was spent in handling and looking at our genitals without ceasing, unless when they were coupled and we could handle and see them no longer. Thrice we fucked, thrice did the dear lass spend, then able to do no more with my prick, my tongue came to my aid and I gamahuched the lovely little furrow for half an hour, till she begged me to leave off, and I almost lost the power of moving my tongue thro fatigue.

On parting I gave her more gold, telling that another time I couldn't give so much. At that she cried, saying she didn't want any money but only to see me. — "And to fuck, Frances?" — "If you like to do it you always may." — She cried more when she heard that I could not see her for a week. Some cake was left, for I'd taken a cake and wine again. — "I'd like to take that bit home for the children, only mother will ask questions." — But she took it away. Then we met two or three times more, but I could not spare her so much use of my prick. Then her father was about to be discharged from the hospital. — During his absence Frances had kept the entire family, "with the wages of sin," which the mother quite ceased speaking of.

I was about leaving town for a short time and wished to know what she was going to do. She'd go to service if she could get a place, if not she'd be gay. She wasn't going to work at tailoring, to be a slave yet be half starved. I advised service. Nelly had advised that, and she resolved to try service, but feared she'd only get into a small tradesman's house, where she'd "be a scrub," and work as hard as at home. — This was talked over with many tears because she shouldn't see me. She'd stop at home with her parents and go on tailoring, if I'd only see her, and she didn't want any money, she kept repeating.

Some how this affair pained me, I had taught her fucking, taken her maidenhead, but it had come about without premeditation. Experience teaches me that a girl in that condition of poverty, the acquaintance of a gay woman, with desire for nice clothes, with youthful blood heating her cunt and stirring up her lust, is certain to be fucked soon, good girl as she might have been, so my conscience didn't trouble me. Yet I felt sorry, for the girl had a strong liking for me. The end was however inevitable. I gave her five sovereigns, advised her not to let her parents know she had so much, to go to service at once, and on no account to let any one fuck her. The latter injunction she agreed to indignantly, "I'll never let any one else but you." She meant it poor girl, but I knew it would be other-wise. A girl in her condition of life who has had five or six nights' fucking, will never go long without having it again. Tho I advised it, why should I have advised her to forego that which is the better part of life? "Nature will however have its way in the teeth of any advice, fucked she will be again" — so thought I.

I gave her a name and place where letters would await me and her. She was specially to write me any change in her address. I was away a short time and never intended seeing her again, or calling for letters, yet after a few weeks did so. There were three awaiting me. The father hadn't broken his heart but like the mother ignored the circumstance, "the wages of sin" hadn't choked any of the family. She'd gone to service, but had to do such dirty work that she went home again. She meant to try another place. The father had some sort of place offered him where the weekly money was certain, he would take it, and they were going to move. I left a letter for her naming a meeting. She came, and a splendid fucking bout we had. She swore she'd not had any other man, and had not been in the family way.

I gave her gold, and said I was going abroad, not wishing to keep up the acquaintance. — After a time nevertheless I went for letters being curious about her. There were several, all sorrowing at not seeing me again. I'd got her in the family way last time, but a fortune teller had set that to rights. She was in service, didn't like it, but wouldn't go back to her father who'd moved miles off. A gentleman had met her when out on Sunday, and offered to take her to Manchester to live with him. She thought she'd go and wished I'd tell her what to do. I let the matter drop, never answered her, and never have seen her since, thinking that best for both.

She was a tall thin girl but well shaped, with bubbies scarcely showing, with but little buttocks, with one of the smallest looking cunts I ever saw, and with scarcely a bit of nymphae or clitoris, yet of course it took my prick up easily. There was but little hair on it of a lightish brown color. her face was handsomish, and she'd lovely large voluptuous blue eyes. No man could pass without noticing them. I believe if she grew older and got well fed, she must have been very handsome. She was by nature voluptuous, but never was im- modest, and was quite refined for her class of life. The restless way her hand moved about my ballocks, so soon as I'd made her acquainted with it, was unusual. She never relinquished it when we were sitting or laying together. I like to record the different ways of females. She was juicy cunted and spent copiously.

Two months after this I met Nelly on the pave and went home with her. She said she'd been to see her mother. I'm sure that was false, but never got the truth. She now was in better lodgings, and had got very tidy furniture in them. As I believed she was very poor when she so suddenly disappeared, this added to the wonder. I told her I'd fucked the tailor's daughter. — "I thought Frances would have it before long," said she.

The year beginning in the previous November with the lady of my silver watch, had more amorous incidents in it than usual, more narrative worth telling.

One night soon after this, I met at the A*g**e rooms H*!*n M***w**d and was struck with her instantly. My experienced eye and well trained judgment in women, as well as my instincts, told me what was beneath her petticoats and I was not deceived. I have had many splendid women in my time, but never a more splendid perfect beauty, in all respects. Of full but not great height, with the loveliest shade of chestnut hair of great growth, she had eyes in which gray, green and hazel were indescribably blended with an expression of supreme voluptuousness in them, yet without

baudiness or salacity, and capable of any play of expression. A delicate, slight retrousse nose, the face a pure oval, a skin and complexion of a most perfect tint and transparency, such was H*1*n M. Nothing was more exquisite than her whole head, tho her teeth were wanting in brilliancy, — but they were fairly good and not discoloured.

She had lovely cambered feet, perfect to their toes; thighs meeting from her cunt to knees and exquisite in their columnar beauty; big, dimpled haunches, a small waist, full firm breasts, small hands, arms of perfect shape in their full roundness. Every where her flesh was of a very delicate creamy tint, and was smooth to perfection. Alabaster or ivory, were not more delicious to the touch, than her flesh was every where from her cheeks to her toes.

Short, thick, crisp yet silky brown hair covered the lower part of her motte, at that time only creeping down by the side of the cunt lips, but leaving the lips free, near to at her bumhole, a lovely little clitoris, a mere button, topped her belly rift, the nymphae were thin, small, and delicate. The mouth of the vulva was small, the avenue tight yet exclusively elastic, and as she laid on her back and opened her thighs, it was an exquisite, youthful, pink cunt, a voluptuous sight which would have stiffened the prick of a dying man.

Her deportment was good, her carriage upright but easy, the undulations of her body in movement voluptuous, and fascinating; every thing, every movement was graceful; even when she sat down to piss it was so — and taking her altogether, she was one of the most exquisite creatures God ever created to give enjoyment to man — with all this grace, and rich, full, yet delicate of frame, she was a strong, powerful woman, and had the sweetest voice — it was music.

I saw much of this in her at a glance, and more completely as she undressed. Then the sweetest smell as if of new milk, or of almonds escaped from her, and the instant she laid down I rushed lasciviously on her cunt, licked and sucked it with a delight that was maddening. I could have eaten it. Never had I experienced such exquisite delight in gamahuching a woman. Scarcely ever have I gamahuched a gay woman on first acquaintance, and generally never gamahuched them at all.

As I went home with her in a cab I had attempted a few liberties, but she repulsed them. — "Wait till we get home, I won't have them in a cab." — Directly we arrived I asked what her compliment was to be. — No she had never less than a fiver. — "Why did you not tell me so, and I would not have brought you away. — What I give is two sovereigns, here is the money, I am sorry I have wasted your time" — and was going. — "Stop," said she — "don't go yet!" — I looked in my purse and gave her what I could — it was a little more than the sum I'd named — and promised to bring her the remainder of a fiver another day. Then I fucked her. — "Don't be in such a hurry," I said, for she moved her cunt as women either do when very randy, or wishing to get rid of a man. That annoyed me, but oh my God my delight as I shed my sperm into that beautiful cunt, and kissed and smelt that divine body, and looked into those voluptuous eyes. I had at once a love as well as lust for her, as my prick throbbled out its essence against her womb. — But she had no pleasure with me. — She was annoyed and in a hurry, she had another man waiting in another room in the house to have her — as she has told me since.

What was in this woman — what the specific attraction, I cannot say, but she made me desire to open my heart to her, and I told rapidly of my amatory tricks, my most erotic latches, my most blamable (if any be so) lusts; things I had kept to myself, things never yet disclosed to other women, I told her rapidly. I felt as if I must, as if it were my destiny to tell her all, all I had done with women and men, all I wished to do with her, it was a vomit of lascivious disclosures. I emptied myself body and soul into her. She listened and seemed annoyed. She did not like me.

Nor did she believe me. Two days afterwards, I took her the promised money, she had not expected it, and then deigned to ask if she should see me again. No. She was far too expensive for me — not that she was not worth it all. — Yea more — but blood could not be got out of a stone. — I had not the money and could see her no more. — "All right," she replied very composedly and we parted. As I tore myself away, my heart ached for that beautiful form, again to see, smell, to kiss, and suck,

and fuck that delicious cunt, to give her pleasure if I could. Tho I saw her afterwards at the A*g**e rooms — even went to look at her there, I resisted. — What helped me was the belief that I was distasteful to her, why I could not tell, and a year elapsed before I clasped her charms again.

On leaving her that day, I could think of nothing but her, went to a woman I knew, and shut my eyes whilst I fucked her, fancying she was H*1*n M. — "You call me H*1*n," said she. "You know a woman of that name I suppose," — I told her it was the name of my sister. Not the only time the same thing has happened to me, and in exactly the same manner with other ladies when fucking them, but thinking of another.

When I had her again she was in even more complete beauty, had more hair on her motte, and a thick tuft just above the opening of the notch. — Her limbs were larger and finer. I was frank, told her what money I could afford, that I never lied nor broke my word to women. She I think began to believe me, but it's difficult to gauge the depths of a gay woman, and difficult for any woman who has been gay long, to believe any man. — But things were changing, I began to see her for my pleasures, and her only — if I had an occasional leech, a chance fuck with another, I nearly always told her, but that was after I had known her a year or so. — If she then asked what I did not wish to tell, I said I should tell a lie or be silent. — So our meetings were pleasant, and I revelled in her beauty, and tho no longer young, have many a time fucked her thrice with-in an hour. — Then she began to spend with and enjoy me, which added to my delight; for in later years, giving pleasure to the woman is almost as great a pleasure to me, as my physical delight in her.

But she would not for long afterwards lend herself to my erotic fancies. She had them in her head, in her mind, in her imagination, and wished for many — I believed most. — She was lewed and voluptuous from only granting a few of my wishes from time to time as the greatest favour. Yet she longed for them at the very time she refused, and in the night and morning by herself in bed, practised them all mentally, her imagination filled with boudy images, whilst with her pretty fingers she frigg'd her delicate clitoris, for she was sensuousness itself, and a masturbatrix from her childhood. It was only after I had known her three or four years, and she'd disclosed involuntarily almost in our voluptuous conversations the secret desires of her nature, that she practised with me the frolics she never had done with any other man. — Then we studied lasciviousness in all its varieties, for I had conquered all ridiculous ideas she had had as to the sinful usage of her body — of the wrongfulness, of the shame in certain sexual acts. — She agreed with me that cunt, prick, and arsehole, mouth, armpits, feet and fingers, and all parts of the body, men and women might use to give themselves sexual pleasure, and endear themselves to each other — that nothing they did to each other was wrong, that their doings concerned themselves alone, that all sexual instincts were both proper and natural to gratify.

[This will be seen and the lustful amusements we both enjoyed described — nothing I have done with any other woman which I did not do with her. One fancy begot another, and erotic conceptions crept on us gradually.]

She said that she'd never done such things with an-other man — not even with the man she'd once loved, who had kept her, — nor with those she'd lusted for — for she had strong likings — that men had never suggested strange leeches to her. I expect she alone indulged with me in them, because sensuously our temperaments were the same. She matched me in lasciviousness, and moreover knew there was not the slightest chance of my divulging our erotic tricks, to either man or woman.

Many who have not tasted our sexual pleasures will call them beastly. They are not. But what if they are? — What are all the physical functions of man and woman, what are chewing, drinking, spitting, snotting, urinating, farting? — What is copulation? is that beastly? — Certainly it is what beasts do. — They will call that natural perhaps, but it's a purely animal act, tho not specially beastly to me. — What is a woman's cunt? — feel it when not recently washed, or when the prick has just left it and the semen is lying thick inside and out. Is that beastly or not? What is the joining of two tongues, the mixing of salivas, the gluing of two mouths together when fucking? — beastly? But there is no harm in these it will be said, it's natural. — Be it so. — So are other erotic

amusements equally natural and not more beastly. — What more harm in a man's licking a woman's clitoris to give her pleasure, or of she sucking his cock for the same purpose, both taking pleasure in giving each other pleasure. So if a man plugs a woman's bumhole with his finger when they are copulating or gamahuching, and so with other sensual devices and fancies, they are all equally natural tho many may not enjoy them. — All are permissible if a couple do them for mutual delight, and are no more beastly than simple human copulation, which is the charm of life, — the whole object of life, — and indulged in by all as much as their physical powers permit — yet it's not thought beastly.

Imagination plays a most important part in all acts of love and lust, which are nearly if not quite synonymous terms. All human affections are generated by the act of copulation and its preliminaries. — It is the dull boor, to whom a woman is warm flesh with a hole for fucking and no more — the man who has no imagination, — who is incapable of highly wrought sensual delights and fucks when his seed makes his cock restive, — only thinking of his woman then, and rumps her directly he has done with her — who is the beast — for he only does exactly what the beast, the animal does, and no more. — The couples blest with imagination, they who by various excitements of which a mere animal is not capable, bring fucking to intellectual height, make it a dream of the senses, make lust and love in its sensuous elevation ethereal, a poetic delirium, — they are not the beasts. But reduce coition to the mere act, and the inevitable sequel of the seed laying in the cunt, and the prick dwindling out wet and flaccid — at once that couple are brought to the level of beasts, and of those stupid asses who in their incapability of doing more than the horse, the hog and the dog, those who rut and ruddle like every other animal from a louse to an elephant, — such are the beasts, and not those who worshipping Eros, raise fucking by their imagination and sensuous preliminaries almost to a divine level.

H*1*n and I after a time laughed to scorn the crude notions of those animal idiots, who think that all is beastly excepting simply putting a cock into a cunt — which is what beasts usually alone do, — and amused ourselves erotically as we liked. I wholly for love and lust, she for the same and perhaps also a little for money, — all women are alike in that — but at length she indulged with me in Paphian pleasures for love alone — for our mutual satisfaction.

[Now I follow the course of the events, and have done with sexual essays and opinions as to what is beastly or natural, or what man and woman may do with their genitals.]

Vol. 9 Chapter VI

A chapter on gamahuching. • The taste cultivated with girls not gay. • A swarthy French woman. • In a Russian bordel. • The red haired French woman. • At the Alhambra. • Miss E*w*s met. • Plain face, perfect form. • Our silent supper. • Nudities complete. • Fucking and sweating. • Pale ale in bed. • Gamahuching preliminaries. • Her lovely cunt. • Lewedness. • Double minetting. • I'm deceived. • Her Spanish lover. • Her bawdy talk and lascivity. • Friend Eliza. • My narrow escape. • Reciprocating enjoyments. • Frigging herself. • The first floor lodger. • Her opinion of Miss E*w* *s who disappears. • A Saxon Paphian. • A hirsute cunt. • At the sea coast. • The shell box seller. • A very risky poke. • On the beach at night.**

I had early in life and indeed till middle age as told, been indifferent to having my cock sucked or gamahuched, had indeed forbidden French women — who do it as a matter of course, either as a preliminary or finish — to operate on me, altho exceptionally I had permitted it, and of late years even occasionally, sought it. I had gamahuched but little all my life with the exception of my virgins — or very pretty young cunts. — Virgin cunts always attracted me that way, there was

scarcely a virginity which I had not licked deliciously before I shattered it, and think I have told in this history, of all those on whom I bestowed that honor. They were nearly all young, but I was not insensible with some women to the endearments of mutual cock and cunt licking, when both I and the lady took a fancy to do it together. — With most gay women I cared not to do it.

But I liked to persuade quiet girls who had never done it, to tickle my pego with their tongues, and finally put it into their mouths. It was delightful to see their desire to comply under an affectation of dislike, and inexpressibly exciting to gamahuche a nice fresh girl, who had no idea of what a tongue could do on her clitoris, and who after declaring it, "Nasty — oh don't now" — began to quiver and sigh, her pretty bum to twitch and jerk, her belly heave gently up with manifest signs of voluptuous delight. — Then that sudden cry of, "Oh — oh my — aha — leave off — I shall do it else." — The clutch at your head, the catch of the breath, and the sudden escape of salt liquid from her cunt on to my tongue, gave me with such females, the most exquisite voluptuous enjoyment. — But as compared with the large number I have tailed, these were few and far between, for women are not naturally salacious, and there are many who prefer the prick up them to any preliminaries of pleasure — I have I may mention, once or twice deceived modest ladies absolutely, by treating their mouths exactly like their cunts, when they had no suspicion that I should do so. I found that a very amusing novelty, and they really didn't mind that cheating tho they said they did.

I went home about this time one evening with a French woman, a dark swarthy creature with fine eyes. — After undressing enough to show her breasts, she dropped on her knees and began sucking my cock as I sat — I objected, but she said her poorliness was on, so she finished me that way. — It was done with such art, delicacy of touch, tranquillity and refinement, that when she offered me a second pleasure that way I accepted it, and went away thinking that after all it was a very agreeable variety of sexual pleasure.

Soon afterwards I was abroad, and at a bordel at * * * * in Russia, selected a most delicious, fresh, beautiful creature and quite young. We neither understood each other's language, or but two or three words only. Tho full of sperm, I had one of those nervousnesses come on of which I have told, coupled with a fear of disease, for I was going to travel where I could get no medical help, and fatigue would increase any ailment I might have. — So my cock would not stand.

The house was of its class a novelty in that place and had been newly started by a French procuress, and such a collection (at a boudy house) of lovely creatures of different nationalities, I never saw before or since. They were got together for a special occasion which only occurred annually, and different national- duties were needed. But tho I had been two weeks with-out fucking, I could get no cock stand thro fear or nervousness. The lady laid along the side of the bed, thighs wide open, I stood by her head, could see her all over, and with a little bend could feel her lovely brown haired cunt, and thighs. She was as said lovely in face and form. I made signs for her to gamahuche. "Minette," said I. — She knew the word, and immediately engulfed in her mouth my penis. — After a few movements thro her lovely lips, it stiffened sublimely. — She made signs that her quim was to be its ultimate receptacle, I nodded "Yes." — Then on the angel went, gracefully moving her lovely head, till my prick gave me exquisite sensations, and lascivious intentions came that I would do, what I had intimated I would not. My pleasure increased. — Shall I fuck her or spend in her mouth? thought I — I stretched out my hand to-wards her motte, before that I had been feeling her breasts and lovely head of hair. She raised one thigh high up and open, and bent herself so as to help my fingers and I felt the delicate red button which just showed outside the top of her cunt. She looked up at me, I restrained as much as I could my increasing pleasure, and all signs of its advent, seeing that her look reminded me of my promise, till my sperm suddenly jetted out into her mouth.

So quick and strong were the throbs, that the maddening crisis of my pleasure was over before she was aware of my ejaculation. Then she repulsed me, ejecting my libation, hurried off the bed in anger and left the room, — evidently not accustomed to that mode of completion of male pleasure — and came back saying, "Nicht gut! Nicht gut!" But German was not her na- tive tongue. — She sat down, sulked, pouted, wriggled her lovely shoulders, kept repeating "Not good," then asked in

bad German, — Was I an Englishman? — I could make that out of what she said, but she said a lot more.

I have rarely deceived women, and now felt ashamed at having lied to her, so gave her four times the present she could have expected. Delighted and with smiles on to her face she thanked me, in a polyglot of Russian, German and other languages, so we made it up. She was Hungarian I heard afterwards. Then I looked at her beauties till I longed for her again. She fetched another woman as she did not quite understand me. I made myself understood at last, the other woman left the room, then and again I pointed to her mouth. She shook her head, and pointed to her cunt. I nodded, and after a little pantomime she took my pego into her mouth. Its resuscitation arrived between her lovely red lips, and when royally stiff and hrobbing, I placed it between the fat, soft, lips of her cunt which eagerly opened for its food, and spent in her temple of Venus.

[This was a few years after my adventure with the red-haired French woman, who minetted me, and thumb bugged me at the same time. I now fully realized what a variety of pleasure man and woman could give each other with mouth and tongue.]

Soon after was a lady — nameless — with whom I did something of the sort. She liked to be gamahuched but my taste for lickings had not then set in, and was but an occasional variety of pleasure which I had ceased to think about much; but whether it is, that I am now at an age when I naturally drift towards such pleasures, or whether the instinct of the fair priestesses of Venus divines my wants, I at this time fell in with one who satisfied me with her mouth, whilst mine satisfied her.

Two or three nights after I first made the acquaintance of H*1*n M. I was at the Alhambra, and met a Miss E*w***s in the bar room there. I noticed a tall, finely shaped woman talking to some men, her back was towards me, but I saw she was as upright as a dart, and moved with the grace of an Andalusian. The quiet swing of her petticoats told me the sort of haunches beneath, and that no padding or make up was there. — She turned round, and I saw a head of a peculiar character and face decidedly very plain, with lips noticable for their large size — so large that they reminded me almost of a negress. — There was a clear, sharp, clever look in her grey eyes, and a voluptuous, lewed expression which fetched me. I beckoned her, and she came to my table holding a wine glass in her hand. "Can I go home with you?" — She looked me all over. "I'll tell you in a few minutes" — and she went back to the bar.

I strolled into the corridor, returning in five minutes. — Yes, I could go home with her, but would I wait half an hour, as she wanted to meet some friends — I settled the money arrangements with her, and she went off to speak with the men again. The time expired, I got impatient and went to her. — Would I go to her house and wait for her, she would be sure to be there in time, she asked. — No, if she did not come at once I should get some other woman. — She didn't care she said, and I left the theatre annoyed, but waited outside a few minutes having told her I'd do so. She followed me soon with a short woman who lived in the same house. Would I take her also home? — I agreed, and we all three got into a four wheeler.

On the road I made acquaintance with her thighs. — "Can't you wait till we get home?" But she began to feel my cock. — "Can't you wait," said I — "I'll feel yours," said I to her friend, "to pay me for giving you your cab home." — The woman made no objection, but pushed her cunt forward to meet my fingers. They lingered high up on her thighs, twiddled the hairy thatch, but not quite touched her quim. I kept looking at Miss E*w***s face by the gas-lamp light, wondering how I could have selected such a plain faced woman, but on feeling her fleshy cunt and thighs, it reconciled me to it. I had soon relinquished feeling the other woman's thighs, and crisp haired motte.

On arriving at the house the other woman went to her room. Miss E*w***s sat down, stared at me, and I at her. — "What are you thinking about?" said she. "Where your bed room is." — She opened the folding door remarking, "It's small," — and beginning to undress. — "Oh God! how hot it is."

— It was an awfully hot night — I watched her form with delight as she undressed for it was exquisite — I groped between her thighs. — "Wait till I've pissed and washed my cunt, I'm sweating so," said she in exactly those words, and she did. — "I must have supper first, you would not wait or my friend would have given it to me, and Eliza as well." — She was then with chemise on only. — "How long shall you be?" — "A quarter of an hour." — "You've got a man down stairs." — "I haven't, I'll bring supper up and eat it here. — Give me a glass of champagne." — I refused. — "You are a queer sort, you like your own way." — "Many have said that before my dear." — "Well, give me some bottled ale." — I consented, she fetched bread and meat and had it with the ale — which she got somewhere — in the room with me. — We both drank the ale which was good, copiously, and I undressed to my shirt. — "Let's fuck now," said she. — "You don't mince your words," said I — "And you don't — just to hear you in the cab, but what's the good of not speaking plain, say fucking if you mean fucking." — She was a very frank, unusual, amusing creature, and her manner began to please me, tho I don't like coarse tongued women.

She ate her supper quite composedly without speaking, but looking at me all the time. I was lolling on the sofa equally silent, looking at her lovely arms, shoulders, and breasts, and wondering at her plain face. At last, "Let's see your legs." Without uttering a word she rose up, and pulled the chemise well up above her knees. — With that exception I don't recollect our saying an-other word, but we stared hard at each other.

She finished supper and then it was that she said, "Let's fuck now" — went to the bedroom and put the basin again on the floor. — "Don't wash again," said I. — "It's so beastly hot I must." — "But you washed your cunt a quarter of an hour ago." — "You don't like it dry," said she leaving off and laughing. — Then she got on to the bed, and without a request from me pulled up her chemise well above her navel. — I was delighted, and stood looking at her, feeling, kissing her lovely form, praising its beauty — and its beauty was supreme. — "Oh! Isn't it hot?" — Rising, she then threw off her chemise, saying, "There — that's nice." — "You're exquisite, lovely," said I. — "I'll take off my stockings," said she beginning to do so — but I stopped that. — Nakedness in bed is delicious — absolute nakedness, — but as long as I use my eyes, I like usually to have a woman with silk stockings and garters on, and all the rest naked.

"Let's feel your prick?" — suiting the action to the word. — I had now stripped to my shirt. — "Take off your shirt and let's fuck naked." — I did. — "You're a fine man, you've nice flesh, and are not hairy." — She then felt me all over quickly. — "Come on and fuck," said she impatiently opening her thighs, then laughing, and pulling apart her cunt lips with her fingers. I stood gloating over her delicious red groove, then looked at her, and never saw such a bawdy, randy, lewd expression on any woman's face as was on hers. — "Come on, let us fuck, you can look at my cunt afterwards," she repeated hurriedly, and she wriggled her bottom and loins. I mounted her, and we fucked in nakedness — a glorious fuck. — There is something odd about my memory: Heaps of things I only recollect generally — others I recollect in every detail. We were both hot, perspiring with heat, ale, and strong lust. My breast stuck to hers with perspiration when we had copulated yet her flesh felt quite cool. I recollect that perfectly.

When we recovered from our pleasure — for she spent rapturously — I lay rubbing my naked breast between her splendid bobbies. — "Fucking naked when it's hot weather is nice." "I always like it naked," she replied. Then with cock in cunt, that exquisite connection, we talked. "Get off, your spunk's running out on to my quilt, and it's quite a clean one." "Turn on your side and it will run on to your thigh," I replied — at the same time pushing my prick well up her, and turning and pulling her sideways with me to avoid uncunting. — "You're a bawdy devil." — "And so are you." — "You are up to a lot," — said she laughing and kissing me. "I want to piss again," and she uncunted me then, tho I pressed close to her belly. — She pissed and washed, and I expected she would put her chemise on as a hint that all was over, and having had my pleasure, would get rid of me, but she laid down again by the side of me, and asked me to stop all night. "I can only stop an hour or two, and can't give you more than * * * * *." — "Nobody asked you — here is a towel." — "Are you all right," I asked. — She gave me several hard slaps on my naked rump. "If I wasn't I

shouldn't have laid down by you again — look" — and she turned on to her back, opening her thighs wide to shew me her vulva.

I gave my saturated prick and appendages a rub with the towel, then looked her all over, and her cunt inside and out. "Have you ever been ill," she asked. — "Yes my dear, many times." — "I hope you have nothing the matter with you now" — and she took hold of my prick, examined the glans, gave it a hard squeeze, and relinquishing it said, "You are a rum-un" — and she laughed.

I had ever a keen eye for beauty of female form, and now have seen as much of it as the world can show. — She let me do what I liked with her, lifted up this limb and that, placed herself on her side, her back, her belly as I asked — her complaisance delighted me, and she seemed pleased as well. — Then she stood up and turned round as if on a pivot. "Put your right arm as high as you can — as if you were puffing a rope," I said. — She did and turned round in that attitude. — "Are you an artist?" — "No." — "Doctor?" — "No." — "I know you are one or the other and you are lying," said she curtly. — Then she told me that artists had said she was faultless, as I had said. We laid down — "Your flesh feels like a woman's, so smooth and nice." She kissed it all over and ran her hand over my breasts, thighs and buttocks, laid hold of my prick, glued her big lips to mine. The next minute I had groped her red love avenue for a second, and we were fucking again start naked still, and I sweating like a blacksmith. It was an awfully hot night.

She put her heels on to my rump to keep me up her when I had done. "Let's have some more ale," said she, and rang the bell at the bed head. — My prick was still in her cunt when in came the lady who'd come home in the cab with us. — "You're enjoying yourselves," said she in no way disconcerted at the spectacle — tho I was. She fetched the bottled ale. E *w* * *s drank a lot — so did I — so did the young lady, looking at us laying naked, and then retired. — We had uncoupled, sat up and now lay down again. I wanted to be off, but she kept hold of my tool saying I should do it again, but I got up and put on my shirt, she laying still. — Then I again looked at her lovely form and whilst standing doing so, she caught hold of my prick and played with it, asking when I had fucked last before that night.

What put it into my head then I can't say but think it was the thickness of her lips. I thought of her sucking my cock. — "I should like to do you again but can't." — "You will if you wait." — "Kiss it." — She kissed my prick turning on one side to do so — I felt her lovely haunches, and large firm breasts, yet my cock did not stand. — "You can make it stand, if you put it in your mouth." — "You beast — do you like that?" — "Yes." — "Ever had it done?" — "Yes." — "I won't — I never did such a thing." — "Do it now then — only for a minute — only just a little in — tickle it with your tongue." — "I shan't you beast."

I persisted — "Do." — "No." — "Yes." — "I won't." "Do, and then we'll fuck." — "There then," and she just licked the tip for a second. "Again — longer." — "There then" — a second lick. — "Now put it in further." — "It will choke me." — "Nonsense." — "I never have done so." — "Humbug. I'm sure you know how." — "I don't, show me." — "There — let it go" — and it went half out of sight between her fat lips. — She shut her eyes and palated it, and then spat on the floor. "It's beastly." — "Never mind if we like it." — Then my prick was throbbing, I felt the sperm on her cunt, turned on to her and again we fucked. With me it was a long exercise. — She was passionate now, and kissed me hard when spending.

Then I dressed and left, she came to the street door with me start naked. "When shall I see you again?" — "Tomorrow" — tho I scarcely ever promised to see a woman again. But her splendid form, frank bawdy speech, and voluptuous fucking, had caught me.

In the afternoon next day I went, she was having a bath the maid said. In a minute she appeared, chemise and slippers only on, her skin yet moist. — "Did you expect me?" — "Yes, I was sure you would come." In a minute I had her on the bed, start naked again, I stripped to my skin, and never left her till it was night and I could fuck no longer. — It was fearfully hot weather still. She was five feet eight or nine high and dressed her hair high (a fashion just then) which made her look taller.

Her form from neck to feet was absolutely perfect; hands, feet, knees were small, the swell of the calves and thighs, the roundness of the thighs as they grew into her large white handsome buttocks, made superb columns. The solid large breasts like half globes of ivory were faultless, and she had the full flesh of a woman of thirty, yet without a pound weight too much. It was lovely to see her walk naked across the room, so beautifully did she put her feet down, so exquisitely did her bottom and thighs move, so stately did her body undulate, so voluptuously yet without any bum-waggle or swagger, did her buttocks move.

Her cunt was fledged with dark auburn hair, in quantity only like a girl's of eighteen and looked lovely as she lay with her thighs open. — A somewhat large clitoris like a button or nut of a beautiful red colour shewing between the lips, she'd not large inner lips. The clitoris invited friggling or sucking. The prick hole was small and not a hair was near her bum hole. — Every-thing about her was perfectly young and lovely excepting her head. She had beautiful long auburn hair, fine teeth, and clear skin; but the large lips, peculiar nose, and general largeness and long shape of the head spoiled all. I have her photograph now and when looking at it, wonder how any man could take to the owner of it; but the exquisite form, together with the voluptuous power and lewedness of the woman had only to be known. — I liked soon afterwards, her absence of humbug and sham modesty. — Ugly shaped whores often affect that.

"You are a randy devil," said she. — "So are you." — "I am, and I like fucking with a man who knows how to fuck." That evening she had not eaten for hours, and I had forgotten my dinner. "I must go out and get some one to give me supper, but want no more fucking," were her last words as we parted.

I soon saw her again. My mind had been running much upon cock sucking, my recent experiences in that line had stimulated me, and there was something about her mouth which made me specially desire it from her. When a litch laid hold of me it never left till I had satisfied it. She was so frankly bawdy in her talk and manner, that I had already lost all modesty with her, and as I lay by her, feeling about her. — "Suck my cock again" — said I. — "No." — "You put it into your mouth the other night." — Still a refusal — I pressed — insisted. "You gamahuche me then, and perhaps I will." — Yes, she liked to be gamahuched. — "Gamahuche me first." — "No you minette me first."

— Then ceasing our mutual requests, we talked about the pleasure that gamahuching gave a woman.

As I looked at her quim and beautiful thighs, my objection was weakening — "Shall you spend if I gamahuche?" — "Oh shan't I just?" — "Wash your cunt"

— quickly she washed and laid down on the edge of the bed. — I knelt on a pillow, the idea of pleasure, of giving her pleasure had conquered my dislike, the nubby, cherry looking clitoris seemed begging to be bitten. I put my hand under her ivory backside, put my mouth to her red split, and gave it a rapid lick, spitting out the salt which met my tongue. — "O little lower — there — just there," — said she putting her middle finger on the spot. Opening the lips I placed my tongue there.

— "Ah'r — that's lovely." — Her backside twisted and wriggled a little. — The clitoris felt smooth and nice to my tongue — her voluptuous sighs and thrills randied me more, — my cock stiffened, I lost all dislike to my work, and licked all over and closed my mouth on her cunt. — "Ah-rr — don't — leave off dear, — quicker, aher — quicker, harr — ha — rr. I'm spending — quicker — a — harr" — she sighed and was quiet. — I wiped my mouth and then her cunt with the towel which I had by me. — But I didn't like the work I thought, when I had finished. She wanted me to do it again, she begged, insisted, and on I went gamahuching — she spent again — and again. — "Now gamahuche me." — "Not now, presently, let's rest." — My cock would not rest, into her mouth I put it meaning to spend there, but the attraction of her form was too much. After her mouth had held it a minute I with-drew it, and putting it into her cunt, fucked my spunk into it. — "It's nicer there," said she, "isn't it now?" I only thought then of fucking, and on the next visit or so it was the same, but the unsatisfied litch haunted me, and one night I went determined to do nothing else to her until I

had satisfied it. I oftentimes have made up my mind what I would do to a woman before going to her house, and then forgot it.

After stripping, feeling her all over, inspecting, and the usual amatory preliminaries, "You do it to me," said I. — "Don't spend then." — "Yes I must." — "If you were not a nice man I wouldn't, and you won't tell Eliza ' ' 4 " I' will you?" — Then I thought of a Serbian woman whom I had that way, and laid E*w***s on the bed in the same posture, fucked in her mouth and was satisfied; gave her then wine and gamahuched her. — I did not care that night to have my pleasure in her mouth again, my letch was over for the time. But I could not escape gamahuching her on other visits. — It was her letch with me, for she made me do it to her first, and then would do anything after. Soon afterwards I heard her using Spanish words, which a young Spaniard who was spoony on her and whom she thought would marry her and had taught her. Her mother kept a small shop at Gravesend, selling there tarts and sandwiches. He had been to see her mother. — She knew the Spanish of every boudy word and I learnt them from her but omit them here.

I called one afternoon, and she had gone away for a few days. — As I was leaving, Miss Eliza **** put her head out of the parlour. I had not seen her for some time, she looked inviting so I walked in to chat. — She told me about the Spaniard. — Didn't believe he would marry Miss E*w***s, but E*w***s thought he would, she was the boudiest woman she ever knew, all the women said so. — Wasn't it a shame? — She had had her niece up to stay with her, a girl seven years old, and she talked just as boudily before the child — Miss Eliza **** was shocked. — Miss E*w***s was idle, loved to be naked, and from the time she got up till she had her bath before dressing to go out, or to see any one, kept on her night dress or a chemise only, hadn't even shoes and stockings on when the weather was hot. — She let her little niece look at her cunt and play with the hair on it, and once let her remain in the bed room when a man was tailing her. — But she was a nice, kind, generous woman, and had been very kind to her (Eliza). "She is very fond of fucking," said I. — "Awfully fond of it," she replied, and was always talking about it. — "A very lewed voluptuous woman, awfully lewed, most men say so." — "And she's plenty of friends tho she is so plain; she'd fuck all day and night too."

This young demirep had been working all the time she was talking with me about E*w***s, and looked nice, pale, and delicate in her light, loose, clean morning gown. The talk had stirred my lust a little. "Show me your leg," said I getting close to her. — She shewed a bit of her calf — I pulled up the petticoat high, was pleased with the sight, then saw more, then felt, then fucked her.

When I said, "Let's poke" — she threw down her work and got on to the bed in such a hurry, wriggled and jiggled her bum and kissed me so, that I told her to be quiet, hating a violent fuckstress and sham emotions. — No sooner had we finished, than she cuddled up to me till I did her again, exclaiming, "Oh! I want you so, — Oh I'm so lewed." — Afterwards she asked me not to tell Miss E*w***s. — "Why not?" — When she came back I did. "Did you like Eliza?" asked she, giving a peculiar laugh, and looking at my prick curiously as she did so. — Her manner was a little strange, but I did not think about it then much. On the next visit, I heard that the young lady whom I had poked had left the house, and E*w***s then told me she had just recovered from a bad clap when I had had her. I had been her first man on her recovering she thought. — No evil effects followed to me from the poke.

I took a liking to Miss E*w***s, but for sensuality only, her lovely form delighted me, her freedom of manner, and way in which she let me scrutinize her charms was to my taste. She would lay in any attitude as long as I liked without any impatience, which kept me in a state of tranquil yet voluptuous delight without irritation. She seemed moreover delighted to be scrutinized, drew up the blind to give light to see her charms (close under the window) without being asked when she found my tastes, and almost invited inspection, looking at me all the while with a boudy smile on her face, which almost asked for copulation, her mouth slightly open shewing a beautiful set of teeth. She knew her body was absolutely without a blemish, was proud of being looked at. — One day she said it made her lewed to let me look, and she liked feeling lewed. — She was a woman who spent

copiously.

But the gamahuching tho at first I avoided it, she often made me do. — When I had well seen and felt her glorious form, her bawdy smile came on. "Put your head down I've just had my bath, but I'll wash again there," I took a towel to wipe my lips and obeyed but did not like it at first. — Again my lurch for being minnetted came on. "Suck my cock whilst I do it," said I one day — "or I won't lick you." She turned onto the bed directly. "I may bite it when I spend, you'd better not." — "If you do I'll bite your clitoris off." — Then we went at it, and I shall never forget it. We inverted ourselves on each other, — arsy — versy — mouth to genitals. — I was on the top and spent in her mouth, just as my tongue on her cunt fetched her. She hurt my prick in her ecstasy.

"I love a double gamahuche," said she. The cat was out of the bag now, I had had no doubt of it before, for it was she who incited me to do all this. Now so handsome was her cunt, so beautiful her form, so sweet the smell of her body, that I began to take to it. She liked the taste of my pege in her mouth, and always put it there before I commenced licking her clitoris. — "I like it when it's quite small at first, and to feel it stiffen up in my mouth" — was her remark one night when I passed a voluptuous evening with her, for now she avowed all her lusts, and did not care how openly she told them. She said it as she was laying on the bed with thighs wide apart, ready for me to cover her reversely, and lick her clitoris. The next second I was at it, kneeling over her, my backside well over her head, my prick dropped between her eager lips, one of her hands clasping my bum, whilst with the other she held my prick in her mouth, then with my hands under her lovely thighs, rapidly I passed my tongue over her clitoris. — In a few short minutes she spent, but my libation shot over her chin and neck. — "You cheat," — said I. "I couldn't help it, as I began to spend I let it go" [women in the acme of their pleasure, sometimes do so when in that position, the stiff stander with difficulty keeps in their mouths, and in the spasm of their own pleasure, in the voluptuous after lassitude they frig it for a minute, and let it out, or cease sucking it].

I was annoyed, for part of my enjoyment in this double gamahuching, is in the idea of my sperm deluging my sweet companion's mouth instead of her cunt. — "I won't let you spend next time until my spend's over." — "You shan't my pet, now let's do it again." — "I'm not stiff." — "I'll make it stiff, let's wash." — Both genitals made sweet and fresh again, and after half an hour's chat lying side by side, feeling each other's fucking tools, we went to work but in a different position.

I laid on my back, she over me, her knees on each side of my shoulders, and gradually lowering her belly, her glorious white backside came near my face; her bum hole shewed, the crimson cunt opened wide, showing its little inner lips and the clitoris — together looking like a crimson gash in her belly — whilst beyond just a bit of her curly brown haired motte was visible. This for a second, and then it was lost to my delighted gaze, her cunt dropped on to my mouth, and sinking down her belly towards mine she seized my drooping pege and placed it between her big rosy lips. I felt her tongue playing round the plum shaped knob, tickling, and sucking; — a voluptuous feeling shot thro it, it stiffened up and was at once engulfed in her mouth. Then up and down gently moved her head, the friction of her palate and tongue giving me intense pleasure. Out darted my tongue reciprocating her minnetting, licking the expanded surface of her cunt, now seeking the full clitoris, now shooting it up the avenue to her womb. So for some time went on this luscious play with mutual de-light. Then her backside wriggles, her cunt presses closer to my mouth, my prick stiffer and stiffer, involuntarily is jerked upwards by my backside: With gentle fucking motion quicker moves her mouth up and down it, whilst more quickly wriggles her buttocks as I clasp them or rub them and lick her quim rapidly.

With a moan of pleasure from me the sound almost lost in her cunt, out shot with thrills of delight my pearly libation into her mouth. "Aha." A fucking wriggling motion of her backside responds at once, as she feels my warm spunk gush, her cunt settles closer on my mouth, my nose is buried up it, her clitoris is between my lips, rapidly shoots my tongue over it as harder I clasp her ivory buttocks, a salt flux inundates my mouth, her wriggles cease, and heavily she now lies upon me, tranquil in her pleasure. She has spent a flood, my prick and its libation still in her mouth, her cunt

still emitting its juices over mine.

"I did it first this time," said I. — "Yes, and it fetched me at once, now give me another gamahuche, I love it tonight, and then we'll fuck my pet." — I did it to her again and again now kneeling at the bedside, watching her face and quivering belly as she spent and spent again, and we fucked for a finish of the evening's amusement. — Ach Gott! what exquisite delights the cock and cunt give to those who know how to use them.

Soon after luncheon one day I went to see her and took champagne (I had never done so before) intending a voluptuous afternoon. I found her excited, she had been out of luck and not fucked for four days. Night and day she had been expecting her Spaniard, fearing he had cut her, and that the marriage was off. Now overjoyed she showed me a letter just arrived, written in bad English, filled with bawdy words of love. He would be with her that night. She had been drinking with her luncheon, and after my champagne was more screwed tho but slightly so. She quickly unbuttoned my trowsers and got hold of my prick. "Let's fuck pet," said she throwing herself on the bed, stripping herself of chemise and loose gown, — as usual all she had on — and opening her thighs. — It was cooler weather and I would not strip. — "Make haste pet or I shall frig myself." — "Frig then, let's see you." — "No, put your prick up." — Then she began to frig herself.

I wasn't quite undressed, and thought I should like to see her frig. — "Frig away," said I placing myself in kneeling position between her legs and pulling up my shirt. — My cock was stiff. — "Come nearer and let me feel your prick" — said she frigging on — I moved so as to let her, she grasped it, began frigging me and went on frigging herself. — A fierce lewdness was on her face. — "I haven't spent for quite four days." — "Not fucked, nor friggd yourself?" — "No." — "Oh spend pet, let your spunk fall on me." — On your face?" — for I was now standing near her. "Any where — I'm coming — spend on me." — With a wrench at my prick which hurt me, she spent and lay quiet — I pulled aside her cunt lips (such a lot of her spending was running out of her like thinnish gruel), threw my-self on her, plunged my prick in it and fucked. — Then our spunk ran over the bed. "Damn the counterpane, let the spunk run on it," said she, holding me tight to her and kissing me.

We had a bawdy afternoon, she kept me up her revel-ling in our spunk, we talked all the voluptuousness which a randy man and woman could, she never let go of my prick for about four hours, fucked me dry, and when she rose to prepare for her Spaniard, what with frigging and fucking, she could have had but little enjoyment left for herself with another man. "I don't care, I like you, he doesn't fuck much, he's a little fellow, but he'll marry me I hope."

I followed up that lech of seeing her frig herself for a little time, she was complacent, and after calling me a bawdy old beast did what I wanted always — one day, she friggd herself whilst I held her cunt lips open, an-other day with my two fingers up her cunt. I did these tricks at the beginning of our entertainments, my satis-faction being mainly in seeing what she spent, tho I watched her face and movements during her enjoyment. — She insisted on feeling my prick whilst she operated on her clitoris, and talked bawdily all the time, looking lasciviously at me until she spent with eyes closed. One day I knelt over her, and she sucked my prick whilst she friggd herself; she was delighted with my proposal, but I finished up her cunt. — After that my curiosity was satisfied — I knew what her spendings were like.

I think I gave that woman full sensual enjoyment, she seemed to have such pleasure in feeling my flesh. — I have had other women take that pleasure in my smooth skin but none more. She had a lech for me. — As far as her hands would reach she ran them over my flesh when fucking, until the supreme moment when both male and female clutch and press to each other. It is the most ecstatic moment of life when the prick can go no further up, when the cunt lips are squeezed up to the balls, belly to the man's belly, the prick pulsates, the vagina tightens and grasps it, and with convulsive throbs the prick shoots out its sperm against the womb's mouth. I wish I could experience a woman's pleasure at that moment. Does she appreciate or understand a man's pleasure?

Soon afterwards she was away. I called there, she was expected, but never came back. There had been a row between her and her Spaniard and she had gone home, he they thought after her. This was told me by a first floor young lady, who on my calling a third time, set my cock stiffening as she stood at the foot of the stairs talking to me. To chat and learn more about E*w***s I went up stairs with her, and there my cock in due time stiffened into the young lady's cunt. She told me all she knew and perhaps more, but nothing unfavourable about E*w***s, who had said much in my praise, but that I was the oddest man she ever had. - Miss * * * thought Miss E E*w***s' *s very ugly but splendid in shape. All the women of that and two adjoining houses had seen her naked — all said she was beautifully made. — But what a bawdy woman! I was a bawdy man she knew, had heard her say I was, and I gamahuched Miss E. — Miss E. liked looking at the other women's cunts, and she liked them to gamahuche her, but she didn't flat fuck that she knew of. I never saw that first floor lady again. — She was thin, dark haired and cunted, and I believe gamahuched Miss E*w***s herself. I taxed her with it. — Denying it, she laughed, in a peculiar way.

I never could hear anything about Miss E*w***s afterwards, she never returned to her lodgings. I did not know her four months nor see her often, yet missed her — lovely in form, enticingly lovely in her meretriciousness, lovely in fucking, she certainly was. — Had she remained, I am sure she would have kept me as a friend and she liked my lewed ways. She may be living now, and many other of my past ministering angels.

Full thirty years ago I had a woman who in face resembled her, and whose form and movements of haunches when walking naked were the same. She how-ever had I think a tinge of the mulatto in her, and she also had thick large lips. — It was at a time of my life when straight forward cunt fucking was all I cared about — I think in these memoirs that I must have mentioned that woman.

Miss E*w***s left me with a more developed taste for gamahuching a pretty cunt, for whatever my in-difference previously, it was now vanishing. — I often thought of doing it with women afterwards. Once I did not indulge in it much, young cunts alone I tongued with pleasure, and did that instinctively. It was the absence of hair upon them, which I sometimes fancy was the cause of my taste for their little quims.

After that I went abroad for a very short time, and occasionally visited one or two nurseries of Venus, tho on the whole was true and chaste, which made me enjoy my few furtive amours more, when I had them.

I was at a great Saxon city and went to the swell brothel there, the price per woman was but two thalers, strangers of course paying far above the tariff. — There was music in one of the rooms, and two or three young men smoking and drinking with half a dozen good looking Paphians, who were décollété to their nipples, but otherwise dressed in silks and satins. Not aware that other men were in the salon when I entered it, and not preferring to choose women in male company, I was a little disconcerted, and selected one very quickly but made a very good choice. — I beckoned to her without having spoken to her, pleased with her opulent titties and massive hair, as she was sitting drinking with a man who looked at me angrily, as at once obeying my summons she left him.

She was a tall, stoutish, light auburn haired German, tolerably well formed, but wanting something in grace, as most German women are. Their thighs taper too quickly towards their knees, their hip bones show, they are in fact not voluptuously moulded tho formed to bear big babies in their loins; this one however was fairly well made and with splendid breasts. When on the bed I looked at her hidden beauties, and found such a cunt as I never saw before or since. — About every five years or so I think I have had women whose cunts were very uncommon in some particular.

This Saxon's sexual trough had roly poly lips, with lots of rather uncurled hair on them nearly down to her anus. — A fairly thick bush covered her mount, but not high up. The hair on the lips thinned as usual until their junction with her thighs where it ceased, leaving a well defined, clean flesh line; but on the thighs it began immediately to reappear, and thickened down about three or four inches forming little beards on each side of her cunt, quite handfuls of hair an inch and a half long. It had a

mere tendency to curl, and the tufts re-minded me of goats' beards. As she stood up with thighs closed, there seemed to be one continuous mass of hair from the top of her motte, to the end of these beards.

I remarked it at once, she thought I admired it (tho it was the reverse), and apparently proud of these hairy appendages, knelt on the bed and invited me to look at them from a rump point of view, without my having asked her to do so. I was in need of a woman, stiffened at once, — novelty always stimulates my salacity — plunged my love lance into her love sheath, and consummated. After ablution, with cooler blood I had again a good look at her curious hirsute growth, in-tending to write a description of it, and conversed with her about it, as well as I could. She kept twiddling my pego, and what with that and talking and looking at this strange cuntal physiognomy, I thought I should like to spend in it again. — "What are you going to give me?" quoth she when I suggested that.

The financial question being answered satisfactorily, we set to fucking dog fashion, every now and then I drew my prick so far out that the tip alone remained in her cunt, and looked down at the thigh beards which were however only partially visible in that position, but it was my letch. Strange ideas about fucking goats and hairy arsed women, passed through my brain, whilst ever and anon I friggd her clitoris, withdrawing my pego from her cunt altogether. Then resting on my heels I looked at her backside and pouters, and pulled the little beards. I could do it with fair composure, for tho my pego kept its stiffness, my sperm was in no hurry now to issue from my balls. At last I excited her. "Go on fucking, mein Lieben, I want it so, do me on my belly, I like to fuck that way best," — so I turned her on to her back, and after a final look at the thickets, plunged my prick up her quim and satisfied her and my-self. — I never saw her again, nor wished. — Next day I wrote this account.

[One or two unusual looking cunts have already been described in my narrative. Seven or eight years after this thigh tufted Paphian, I had a woman whose backside was almost covered with hair. — It will be described in its proper order — perhaps.]

On my return to England late in autumn, I went to the sea side on a well known coast. Girls in the streets and more frequently on the esplanade there offer baskets and boxes for sale, made or covered with shells. Pleased with the appearance of a box, I agreed the price and told the girl who hawked it to bring it to my hotel, giving her my name and address. The girl was very good looking and about fourteen years of age perhaps, but I had really taken no notice of her. I wanted to buy the box as a gift and thought of that alone.

At the time named I was alone in the hotel, which I had not expected to be the case, indeed had named a time when I expected to be far from being alone. "A gal's brought a shell box for you sir," said the waiter. — She came in, I saw the box was sound, paid the girl the money, and as I did so she struck me as being hand-some. — Said I, "I'll give you six pence for bringing it if you'll give me a kiss my pretty lass." — "All right, sir," and her face became saucy. She came to me, I sat her on my knees — I was sitting down — kissed her, again kissed, and when doing so desire seized me and I whispered, "And a shilling if you'll let me feel your nice little fat bum, and your little cunny." — "All right," said she, and before the words were out of her mouth, my fingers were between the lips of an almost hairless notch. I felt over belly, navel, and mons well, then thrust my fingers back and one a little way up the prick receiver, which she facilitated tho she said, "Now don't yer do that, sir."

Agitated now with desire for that little cunt, — she now looked beautiful to me, — "Feel my prick," — said I, pulling it partly out, forgetting the awful risk I ran, for my room door might have been opened at any minute. She grabbed it saying, "Give us another sixpence, sir." — "I will my little dear, I'll give you half a crown to fuck you." — "All right, but you can't here, I'll be at * * * tonight near the beach if you like." — She was a regular little whore I saw at once now.

Delighted and excited with the adhesive feel of her little split, as I kept my finger rubbing along it,

and with prick well nigh bursting, I forgot the awful risk I ran for I might have been surprized at any minute, and not only by a waiter but by others, I would have her at once. And how quick I always have found my decision, how subtle under the influence of lust. Out of the sitting room led my bedroom, the bedroom had another door out on to the stairs. I saw my chance and possible escape, looked up and down the street from out of the window, and then on to the lobby, looked and shut the sitting room door again, pushed the girl into the bed room, locked both doors of that, lifted her on to the bed edge, threw up her dirty clothes, saw plump thighs, a little fat, pouting almost hairless notch, and in a second drove my prick up it to my balls. — "Oho" — said she, "don't you do it so hard." — But I fucked with haste and fear, my ears open, yet delighted with the little cunt. Her eyes were fixed on mine, mine on hers, she was quite a fuckstress tho young at it, and I saw that I gave her pleasure. But it was only the beginning of her pleasure for my energy and hurry, pumped out my sperm into her tight little cunt too quickly. — No sooner was my spend over than I pulled out my prick still quite stiff, a copious pearly fluid following it. "You didn't spend?" said I. "No I was just agoing to." — The next minute I had paid her half a crown and she went off with cunt reeking.

Two hours later, I went to the place where she had first offered me the shell box. It was the attraction of her little cunt which took me there. She'd got another shell box for sale — I examined it to blind passers by, all the while asking her about herself. — Her father was a fisherman. "Does he know you've been fucked?" -- "No, he don't know." — She couldn't be out late, but soon after dark she could, and there were not many people out there, (naming place). At the hour and place that night I fucked her, and made her spend. She was still a little artless, for I frigged her nearly to a second spend before I put into her. — "Oh! I shall do it if you goes on rubbin' me." So then I rubbed her up and down with my prick, and she spent again with me.

I thought I had done with her, when one day she was in front of my hotel offering her baskets, "Buy another on me, I must sell em somehow," said she. — I couldn't stand that, I was alone but it occurred to me that the little bitch might have been put up to blackmail me. I told her I'd buy no more, and that if she spoke to me again unless I spoke to her first, I'd put the police on her trail. Saying that I ought to buy something else after what I done to her, she went away and never appeared near my hotel (that I know of) again. At the end of a few days desire for her revived, I stopped, bought some little shell rubbish, and asked her to come to a bawdy house with me. She wouldn't hear of it, for her parents might find it out. She knew where the bawdy houses were tho.

She said she'd go to the house of a friend when I asked her. I had no gay friend there, but met a full grown harlot, told her my game. (Great risk again.) She met me, I pointed out the little one, who went with her to her lodgings (not late at night this) and there we stripped the lass and washed her, and then I licked her little cunt till she was nearly dead with spending. Then I fucked her and left. She'd never been gamahuched before she declared, never been in a house with a man, she'd had it done to her on the beach, and on the seats, but no where else. Two or three days afterwards I came back to London, and never saw the little damzel after-wards.

Vol. 9 Chapter VII

Preliminary. • Initials. • My age, physical force and adventures. • A provincial giantess. • An ugly aperture. • Nutcracking demanded. • Pego evicted. • Cuntal introspection. • Second erection. • Shagging cum bum-whacking. • A dwarf for contrast. • French women on tribadism. • A tribadic evening. • Nelly's rage. • Nelly and Rosa B. • Beef and brandy. • Erotic fury. • "Where's the dildo?" • A volley of farts. • Rosa's antecedents. • Brother with sister. • Rosa's death. • A morning performance. • Pedal exercises on a prick. • A cunt parade. • Three rumps of a row. • A dildoing, cunt licking, cock sucking, frigging, and fucking orgy. • H*1*n M*w**d revisited. • A carnal paradise.**

Henceforth the right initials of my women will not be given always, indeed have not been for two or three years past, as the actresses are probably living. The bagnios will also not be clearly indicated, public improvements and public purity!!! have destroyed most of the best central ones, public morals being seemingly not much bettered. — The cosy haunts of Venus, are now nearer the suburbs.

My casual amours with the mercenary fair ones, were also becoming fewer as my intimacy with H*1*n M***w**d increased, for she satisfied gradually every voluptuous desire. Her desires were in fact as comprehensive as my own, tho for a long time she hid them from me; partly thro the habit and cunning of her craft, partly (tho absurd it may seem) thro a strange dislike to disclose her temperament. She however became a willing partner with me in the most erotic frolics. I did not altogether omit my opportunities with women who were not gay, my sexual strength being still good, tho not quite so strong as formerly, and having always taken care of myself, did not look within ten years of my age, and (it must be said) was thought handsome, tho I never thought so myself. Thus I had still good chances of liaisons, tho only able to avail myself of few of those. After a time she told me of hers. I also had occasional orgies with harlots, all of which freaks I told her of. There was indeed good comradeship between us, that of a man and woman who can freely disclose their lusts, to each other, or say love, for lust and love are synonymous viewed physically, and whatever morality may say about them. The law defines in a degree their relative meanings, but law cannot alter the sexual nature of things, cannot alter human instincts.

After the Saxon Paphian, I had one or two of her class, and a splendid creature at B**l*n, and came back to England quite at the end of autumn, when after a month's chastity, I had a charming woman who lodged in W**t*n P***e. About ten days afterwards I called just at twilight to see her again. To my surprize she had left and gone they knew not where. Whilst asking questions, an exceedingly tall woman came out of the parlour, and on the servant saying that perhaps Miss * * * * * could tell me (I dare say she'd been put up to that). I followed the giantess into her room, curiosity set to work, for the woman I'd had there was little, and I began wondering what sort of aperture lay between those very long thighs, what sort of bum and bobbies she had, and so on. I'd seen a thousand women naked but so much does female nudity charm me, that I should still like to see others.

The lady began to talk, and I found that she knew about the woman who had left less than the servant did. But she would enquire and let me know if I'd call again. Said she, "Excuse me, if I put on my home wrapper, I've just come in from a walk." With that she opened the door to the bed room in the rear and left it open (I guessed her little game), took off her frock, and in doing so disclosed rounder calves and fatter arms than I had given her credit for; big women being usually large boned, angular and with coarsely shaped limbs. I remarked out of compliment only, that she had a good leg. "Yes, I'm well covered." That set my cock tingling and swelling. I longed to fuck her, curious to know if her cunt would look or feel different from the smaller woman's, and in two

or three minutes we were sitting on the side of the bed, I feeling her cunt without lust or desire for her, but simply out of curiosity.

It ended in the usual way. She stripped, I felt and looked her over, found that she was bony rather than fleshy, but a long way from being lean. Her cunt was a full sausage lipped pouter, and I think the notch measuring from anus end to belly end, longer by an inch than it is in most full grown women. It looked immensely long and large, and was set in a quantity of longish, not very curly, somewhat ragged and not nice coloured brown hair. Her buttocks were biggish with hollows in them. It was a gaunt looking cunt, but her length of limb, and size generally, made me desire to have her. — Very soon on her belly I was fucking, and made her lift up her long legs as high as she could over my hips, then to my shoulders, then down straight, and made her roll about with me in various ways whilst my prick was well up her cunt. I first clasped her backside, then put my hands under her waist, then under her blade bones, and all to see what I could do, and have done, with such a tall woman, and I fucked on gently without much desire but with great curiosity.

I had been working in her cunt sometime when I paused, and guessing I suppose from the state of my prick and movements that I didn't want it much. — "When did you have a woman last?" said she — I told a fib, praised her size and form, and said that I liked a woman quite naked. She was in her chemise. — "Take it out then." — Uncunting me and getting off the bed, she took the chemise off, and obligingly turned round like a tetotum to show her charms, which humbuggingly I professed to admire. — She'd refused complete nudity at first. — "You're stiff enough," said she lying down again, — which was true, — so on her capacious belly I laid again, after amusing myself by frigging her a bit, and slowly inserted my penis in her cunt, which seemed now pleasanter to me. The idea of spending in that long, roly poly lipped gap, now affected me lasciviously, I tried to ascertain by careful prick pushing, if her cunt was deeper than other women's, then wriggling my prick up her till it found a snug spot for its tip, I fetched her and she spent, her body much agitated, whilst her thighs were high up in the air, one of my hands under her left buttock, the other feeling the puffy lips of the mouth of her aperture. Curiosity did not leave me, even in the midst of my pleasure.

After my spend I lay with pego up her, rubbing my hands up and down her big thighs, curious about their size and feel, novelty is so stimulating. Then I raised my self on elbows to look at her face, for the room was ill lighted, and all had taken place so quickly, that I hadn't seen her well. — "Tighten your cunt, make a nutcracker," said I. She gave my utensil a pleasant squeeze with it, but burst out laughing so at the word "Nutcracker" — which she'd never heard before she said, — that she jerked my prick right out of her. — "Oh! I couldn't help it, put it in again." — I did, but the charm was broken, I had thought whilst fucking, that I'd look at the cunt when I had withdrawn and my sperm was in, and do other things in an investigating spirit. My prick dwindled out, she got up, I lay looking at her whilst her big form lowered, her knees projected, her thighs thickened out, and her backside touched the basin for a wash. After making her piddle in it I began dressing, she put on her chemise, I paid her, and we talked. She had only come into the rooms a day or two, where from I couldn't ascertain, she told where but I thought it false. Her size she seemed proud of, I said I admired it immensely, and just as I was about asking her age, said she, "How old do you think I am?" — as if guessing what was passing in my mind.

I don't like wounding a woman's vanity, yet don't like her to think me a fool, so said I couldn't guess — "I'm twenty-eight." — "Exactly what I should have thought." — I believe she was thirty-eight. She had a long thinnish face, light brown hair and good eyes, was not bad looking altogether, and spoke with provincial accent, from that and her ignorance of many things, I think she had only just come to London, tho she said she'd been there some time. I never saw her after that evening anywhere.

She sitting in chemise after her cuntal ablution, I half dressed doing the same, curiosity again arose in me, for in the voluptuous excitement of the preliminaries of fucking, I had only looked hurriedly at her. I told her about the Great Eastern — that titantic whore had only a year or so disappeared. —

She had never heard of her which shewed that she was not a Londoner. It amused her much. She said that men all told her she was the tallest woman they'd ever had, certainly she was so to me. Then as I praised her size and so on, she let down her chemise to show me her form, which was indifferent throughout tho not bad, it was middle aged, common place, and looked as if she had been stouter. It was clumsy, and tho she had a largish backside and thighs, there was a strained sinewish look about it generally, which gave her a fucked out look. Her hands and feet were large, but I praised all, then asked to look at her cunt at the bedside. She thought I ought to give her another sovereign. — "Have me again." — "I can't manage another rise." — Indeed she didn't rouse my lust, it was only curiosity to over-haul such a Brobdignagian. — "I'll bet that I'll stiffen it." — "You'll have to suck it then." — "All right." At the bedside with her thighs wide apart I saw the long ugly cunt, with full sized clitoris and thick wrinkled nymphae joining it in a sort of red lump. For all that I felt a desire to fuck it again, as if her sort of gap was unknown to me, but I had no indications of a coming erection, tho I rubbed my prick tip on her thighs, and up and down on her clitoris.

I laid down on my back, and she stripping knelt over my breast, her legs on either side of it, and delicately took my pego in her mouth. The lingual, labial friction was agreeable, but being so tall, her backside was so close on my face that I could not properly either see her buttocks or split, tho I could rub my hands over the former — I didn't somehow care about fingering the latter. This was the case with the Great Eastern. Just then under her titillation, my prick swelled up to proper size, when leaving off her exercise, she asked me to gamahuche her whilst she operated on me. I declined, not in the least desiring to let either my tongue or nose, come in contact with her ugly gross nymphae and gaping aperture.

Altering positions, so that I could readily see her cunt whilst she was giving me pleasure with her mouth, I frigged away vigorously at her clitoris spite of the objection I'd had to it a minute before, till my prick gave a pleasure throb admonitory of sperm rising from my balls, and she'd wriggled her arse a bit. "Don't spend in my mouth — fuck me — do —you've made me want it so." — A fresh letch then seized me — how rapidly they arise — I put her at the bedside leaning over it, and inspected her gap from the other side of the room. She had lighted more gas, the contemplation of her in that attitude roused me more, and closing on her (she was at the exact height), I put my prick up her cunt and began slapping her backside. "Slap harder," said she. I did but still she cried "Harder — harder." — So I slapped both sides of her arse with both hands as hard as I could, whilst she kept still crying, "Harder — harder." Her bum was now quite red, I kept my prick up her as well as I could without clasping her buttocks, and with but little movement till I felt the constriction of her quim, heard murmurs of pleasure as she spent, and her cunt drew out of my balls a second libation. "I like to be smacked quite hard whilst I'm doing it," said she, "and be well smacked before I begin." — I departed with a half dislike to the giantess, tho glad that I had had so big a woman, and had thereby increased my experience.

A week or so after this, I saw one of the very smallest, almost diminutive nymphs of the pavé, and simply for contrast with the giantess who perpetually had been in my mind, took her to a brothel. In height about twelve, but said she was twenty-two, and her form and cunt were those of that age. — The pudenda was well haired, very small outside, quite a pretty little notch, it took my prick well in, and fucked very nicely. The cunt of the very smallest woman or girl, will I believe take the largest prick.

A month elapsed, during which I was chaste, then I had an erotic fit which lasted some time. Nelly L*** came to my aid, having long learnt the complete art of love. She took my sperm at times into her cunt, which now tho so ample in size, was still a delightful grinder, and she was still handsome, and very beautifully formed. My second libation she at times drew labially, for I had now found it a delicious way of finishing the evening when fatigued, and I had several other concupiscent freaks which she satisfied; but being mostly similar to those done with other women, I omit description, two rather novel ones excepted.

I again had been reading about the sexual tricks of women with women, before that having scarcely thought about flat fucking since Sarah F**z*r had disappeared. Now the Lesbian games dwelt in my mind, and I stroked one or two French courtezans, solely to question them closely about the erotic performances of cunt with cunt.

(Just before what is about to be narrated took place, Nelly had been ill and I paid her rent during that time. She shewed her gratitude.)

French women were much more free spoken than the English, who mostly said they disliked to touch another woman's cunt, which I believed was a lie. One or two only, said they'd had a flat fuck with a friend, and what harm was there? One night a woman threw her-self upon another before me, and with a sham wriggle said, "That's how we do it."

Nelly one evening in November got me another English woman, and she mounted her and jogged as if fucking, their cunts were close together, but they laughed, — I told her that she shammed, and should go elsewhere where I would see two women really and truly flat fucking. She thought she might lose me and so got serious. The other woman then said, "Nelly does it with Rosa B." — The only time I think I ever saw Nell thoroughly angry was then. She threatened to stick the other for saying so. — The woman who was a little in liquor said, "You do, Rosa flat cocked with me the other night, and told me she did it with you, she likes it, and I like it, I don't care a damn who knows it. Go to the bloody hell and suck her cunt, she says she sucks yours — there." — Nell threw a glass at her head which missed her, and with trouble I pacified them. Another night, Nell confessed that she did flat fuck occasionally with Rosa B. "She came from my village, is fond of me, and likes it, so I let her do it." — I often found two harlots close friends when they came from the same village or place.

Nelly happened then to be hard up — no unusual thing — I promised her and friend a good fee if they'd flat fuck before me. She didn't think her friend would, but after a time a night was arranged for the entertainment. Nelly then said that the girl did not succeed in harlotting, that she often gave her food, that she some-times stopped with her from Saturday night until Monday, they had been children together, she wasn't good looking now, and was thin and poorly clothed. She feared I should not like her. She also drank hard and was very fond of brandy, she told me.

One Saturday night I took a bottle of brandy for the tribades, and a bottle of sherry for my own drinking. The girl didn't come, Nell declared she had promised, but she was a funny girl and sometimes would not do it, tho generally she wanted to do it. — Just as tired of waiting, I told her she was humbugging me, she arrived, a middle sized, haggard woman, looking twenty-two or -three years old — with good features, a hectic flush on her cheeks, very thin, sadly shabby, and giving me the impression at once of her being a drunkard, lascivious, and being in a decline. I also recollected her features. She kissed Nell, said, "Good evening sir," threw off her bonnet and, "Oh my God Nell, I've not had a mouthful to eat, since last night — I didn't get engaged, and hadn't a blessed mag to buy a loaf with — Mrs. *** wouldn't lend me a penny as I owe a fort-night's rent, give me something to eat." I gave her money to buy with, and back she came with ham, beef, and rolls, and began voraciously to feed before Nell put it on the dish, it was painful to see her. — "Oh you've got brandy, give me a glass." — "Eat first," said Nell. — No, it would do her good to have some at once, or she should have wind on her stomach. In twenty minutes she had drunk three or four glasses, some with, some without water, and eaten a pound of meat. Then she began to laugh, be merry, and her face got very red.

I was impatient to see their flat fucking, and said so. Rising she gave Nell a kiss, and felt her cunt — Nell had only then her chemise on. — It makes me lewed to see a woman feel another's cunt. Then Rosa B. stripped to her chemise which was nice and clean. I pulled it off, and saw a very thin creature but straight and well formed, with a youthful looking cunt, darkish haired, and shewing as she stood with legs closed, a clitoris projecting well from it. I examined her notch which was little enough, but the clitoris and nymphae full sized. I then stripped Nell and looked at hers. Then we talked about flat fucking, cunt rubbing, clitoris', large and small — cock sucking, and fucking in

general whilst we sat by the fire, we two drinking sherry, Rosa brandy and water, till to my astonishment I found her screwed and she'd emptied more than half the brandy bottle. Nell put the bottle out of her way. — "You've had enough, I don't want you tight again," said she.

Nelly was friskier with tippie than usual. I made myself naked, we all felt each other, then I set them to work. They laid on the bed feeling each other's cunts. Rosa was randiest yet for a moment seemed hesitating. "Never mind him, — he knows, — do it properly," said Nell. — Rosa mounted her, her thin thighs fitted in between Nell's fat ones, Nell raised her feet over the other's buttocks and they rubbed cunts together. I put my hand between Rosa's thighs, my thumb up her cunt, two fingers up Nell's, and felt the two cunts joined together. I could even see and feel that they were rubbing against each other. They moved at first quietly with gentle fucking motions, then their arses wriggled, Nell seemed agitated, the other at first noisy, then they breathed short, murmured, and with sighs of pleasure their limbs straightened out and they lay still. Both spent in a few minutes. Encouraged by me, they soon recommenced, Nell again raised her thighs and began moving her legs, but I had been long stiff, excited by the sight of this cunt rubbing, and could wait no longer, so telling my wants and pushing off Rosa, I got on to Nell, fucked her rapidly, and against my will my semen flooded her cunt so quickly, that she had no complete pleasure with me, I had only wound up her lewedness.

Her cunt was running over with my sperm as I slipped off on one side of her. — She was getting up but Rosa rushed at her, pushed her back, and began flat fucking her again. — "Let us do it before you wash," said she. Their cunts squeezed and squashed together with sound, as my mucilaginous libation was pressed between them. Rosa was noisy and ejaculating broken sentences. "His spunk's nice, — oh ain't it nice Nell? — it's on our cunts — what a lot — spend — dear — ohar." — Both now seemed absorbed in lewedness, and rubbed their cunts together furiously till they spent again. I stood with unwashed prick, enjoying the sight, feeling their naked flesh, stimulating their lewedness "Rub your cunts together, rub my spunk up them — spend Nell — fuck her Rosa," — I cried, till Rosa rolled off exhausted, their two cunts were in a lather of spendings as I opened their thighs to look, their hair was moist and sticking with sperm. I and Nell washed, but Rosa sitting down naked began eating the remainder of the meat, putting large lumps in her mouth. She had got the brandy and was helping her-self, till Nell took it away again. We drank more sherry, Nell put on her chemise — Rosa at Nell's order washed her cunt and sat naked again, eating and drinking, we talked of flat fucking, and prick and cunt exercises of all sorts, for an hour or so.

The Sherry was finished by that time, and Nell had had a little brandy and water which finally screwed her. Rosa was drunk and as lewed as if she had not been fucked for months. Drink seemed to have roused her to lascivious fury. Why didn't she wait till Nell had washed after I had fucked her? I asked. — Be-cause she'd never done it to a woman who had just had a man. — Never? — Why she had never till tonight done it to a woman at all before a man, she replied. Then she told that she did it to two other girls but liked Nelly best, she loved Nelly, and getting up began spooning, kissing, and feeling her cunt, calling it a love-ly cunt — Nell repulsed her but seemed to like it, said she had been asked by men but always denied she ever did it with a woman, and that she hated women. Both their tongues were now loosened, and they told lots about flat fucking until we were all randy again. I put them side by side on the bed, and looking at their cunts prepared to fuck Nell. — Rosa asked me to fuck her. "I thought you liked a woman best." — So she did, but she'd like to be fucked by me. "I can spend with you, I don't spend with men often."

Each then for a minute took my prick in their mouths in turn, such a madly lewed woman I don't recollect as Rosa, at that stage, she was ready for any thing. She dropped on her knees, pulled Nelly to the edge of the bed and gamahuched her. Nelly enjoyed that. Then I began fucking Nell. "Where is the dildo — where is the dildo?" Rosa hollowed. — "Hush don't make that row," said Nell. But Rosa knew where it was, and running to the drawers brought out a largish dildo. — I didn't then know that Nell possessed such a thing — threw herself on the bed half lying, half squatting by the side of us, thrust the dildo up her cunt, and began dildoing violently, looking at us fucking. We spent, and Rosa spent on the dildo, hollowing out bawdy words and making such a noise, that Nell

more sober, told her not to screech so — for screech it was — Rosa laid back, eyes shut, the dildo still sticking up her cunt, and for a minute or two we all were quiet. — As I pulled my prick out of Nell, Rosa got up to look at Nell's cunt — took the dildo out of her own, and drawing it thro her fingers and thumb to clean it, large drops of spendings dropped off it. She had put it up her cunt quite dry. — "Let's do it in his spunk Nell, — in his spunk" — said she, trying to flat fuck at the bed-side — but Nell wouldn't, so she laid herself down on the bed and dildooed herself again — pulled the dildo out, threw it across the room, and dozed off, her face very red, her hair dishevelled. "She's drunk," said Nell.

We roused her by tickling. She got up, pissed and let a volley of farts. — "Go into the other room you dirty beast," said Nell angrily. The girl laughed a drunken laugh and said we all farted at times. Again we talked, I was not even yet satisfied, my voluptuous imagination suggested other boudy acts. Nell and I were still fresh, frisky and quite devil-may-care. Rosa suddenly got wild again on Nelly's cunt, and they flat fucked, Rosa screaming boudily and lovingly when spending.

We finished the brandy, Rosa then threw Nelly lengthwise on the bed, and gamahuched her for a full quarter of an hour. I knelt over her leaning against the head of the bedstead, and she sucked me whilst being gamahuched. — Then I dildooed Rosa's cunt from behind, and she licked Nell's cunt whilst I did it. Then Rosa sucked my cock — "Spend in my mouth, let it come, I like it." — She would have liked any sperm then — but I took it out, fearing that she in her drunkenness might bite it. — I finished by being sucked again by Nell, whilst I felt Rosa's cunt, who knelt on the bed to enable me to feel it easily. She began singing when kneeling and suddenly, — "Oh, you've made me want to piss" — and it began to squirt on to my hand. — "Don't piddle on the bed," said Nell savagely and relinquishing my cock. — "Let me suck him," said Rosa, still pissing, whilst turning round and trying to get at my doodle. But I finished in Nell's mouth, whilst Rosa was finishing her piddle in the pot, singing and yelling obscenely as she did so. I was exhausted and disgusted.

When I was leaving, Rosa had got into bed naked, but with her boots on, and was snoring, I thought now that I knew all about flat fucking and should not care about seeing it again, but all my letches seem to resuscitate, there is a periodicity in them. This evening terminated my ultra erotic amusements this year, to be resumed early in the year following.

I was with Nelly one or two days after, she was never shy about flat fucking after that night, and talked about it freely, said she liked a good straight poke with a nice man best, that it was only with Rosa B. she ever did it, that Rosa two years before was a handsome girl, but was killing herself fast with drink and libidinous excesses, would frig herself till nearly dead, would dildo herself by the hour. — She was also fond of flat fucking, there were three or four women who let her do it, and whenever she was dull she flew to her cunt — I never saw her after that night.

Nell some time after that told me that Rosa used to frig her own brother, a boy of fifteen, and he used to feel her, till they made better use of their privates, till her brother fucked her. Regular fucking went on for a year or two, for being brother and sister they got opportunity for lots of it, till the mother found them one day copulating. The story got wind in the village and Rosa came to London. One of her uncles came up to town to take her back, instead of which he fucked her into the family way.

This was likely enough, for among the poor, boys and girls amuse themselves with sexual tricks at an early age. They are thrown together, cannot be watched, and nature has its way. How many women I have known, who admitted feeling their brother's pricks, and having had their cunts felt by their brothers, been friggd by them, have friggd their brothers, and friggd them-selves. — When such become whores, their craft makes them hide this, they sham ignorance, and men have the felicity of (as they suppose) teaching them.

[Rosa B. died two years after.]

Early next year, I went one morning at about half past eleven o'clock, filled with a letch caused by hearing a man tell of having been friggd by a woman's feet. Nelly had not been long up, laughed

heartily at the idea, and agreed to try the exercise. To add to the amusement, she sent for Sophy to assist. I ordered Nelly and Sophy to wash their feet (Nelly was a clean woman then), and that done, we set to work, both girls naked as born.

We tried various postures, and found that by Nell laying across the bed with her feet over the edge, and my standing up there, it was the best position for the amusement. Sophy laid by her side with her bum just so near the edge, as permitted her placing her feet on the bed, her heels against her buttocks, her thighs wide apart, her cunt open slightly, and so that I could finger is as she lay by putting my hand out a little. — Really she made a lovely sight of deliciously moulded white flesh, but her head with the idiotic grin, with the mouth wide open, was there to injure the voluptuous, cock stirring effect. Then Nelly opening her knees and putting her feet side ways, took my tool already rampant between them, and began rolling it with the soles. There was no up and down friction, she could not manage that without losing her hold of my machine. She worked me by rolling it into a furious state of lust, but my sperm would not rise tho I felt it almost bubbling in my balls, as I looked at the two beautifully made women and their cuntal fringes so different in colour — it was a most cock stiffening, spunk fetching sight.

I'd not yet touched her feet, but had handled her calves, and fingered Sophy's quim, she'd done all the rolling business herself. Suddenly she let go my pego with a cry of pain, the strain upon the muscles, caused by turning inwards the soles of her feet for so long a time, gave her cramp in one leg. — "Let me do it," — said Sophy delighted at the opportunity. I let her, and when my pego was between her feet, laid hold of them, pressed them round it, and aided their action by fucking my prick a little up and down between them. Nelly soon recovered and was as usual jealous, said she was to do it, and recommenced. Her feet now I laid hold of and helped the rolling process, by keeping them tighter against my tool, but it didn't fetch me. I could scarcely keep my bum from oscillating with fucking motion, yet restrained my self, determined if possible to spend by the rolling of the soles of her feet alone.

This bawdy exercise I suppose lasted for nearly twenty minutes. I could have fucked twice in the time. When near spending, fatigued Nelly ceased at times her rolling friction, and my sperm then refused to mount up from my balls. — "Damn it, go on, or I must fuck through your feet, or fuck your cunt," — I cried. "No don't — do it this way." — Nelly like myself was curious to see me spend between her feet. The rolling went on, but still I could not spend, tho feeling my spunk almost boiling in my ballocks, and I got so excited, so determined to discharge, that I seized her feet, put the soles closer together, and bending down my pego pushed it between them, making her frictionize in that position. — Then pulsations in my prick, heralded the approaching delicious discharge and then she stopped again.

Then came — as usual to me now after long excitement — a rush of bawdy ideas and wants each jostling the other in my brain, each on the instant wanting to be satisfied. I pushed my left hand fingers up Sophy's cunt, making her pull the lips apart and frig Nelly with her other hand, whilst Nelly held the lips of her own dark fringed gap apart, and her feet kept on doing duty. "Closer Nell — closer — harder — ahar — ahar — my spunk's coming — higher up — rub the tip. — Ahar." — By a sudden inspiration, I emptied all the saliva in my mouth on to my prick tip and the soles of her feet, the lubrication refined the friction. "Now Nell — quicker — I'm coming — quicker. Ahar — hr — hr." — I saw both black haired and flaxen haired splits at a glance, wished I could fuck both at once, all our fingers, thighs, backsides and cunts, prick, and Nell's feet were now in gentle motion. What movement, what quivering of flesh and limb! I grasped Nelly's feet, pressing them on my pego, fucked thro them and out welled my sperm. It lingered after the first throb and gush then squeezing her feet still tighter on the tip, thrusting quickly with fucking motion, the remainder of the latent life giving essence welled out, the viscous fluid lay between her feet soles, and lubricated my softening pego stem.

As it welled over, "Frig yourselves, frig on, spend — frig yourself — Nell — aha — frig yourself Sophy," I cried. The girls (who had not been fucked the day before) who were ready for a spend,

curious, excited by this pedal onanistic performance, by the sight of each other's cunts, frigg'd themselves whilst still I cried out. "My spunk's on your feet Nell — frig — spend — Sophy." — Both their fingers quickened the frig — their bellies quivered, and both spent, whilst still I held Nell's feet round my shrinking procreator.

Sophy, almost before her pleasure was over, got up and looked at the mucilaginated condition of Nelly's feet, then wiped them. Nelly then washed them, each washed her cunt, Sophy washed my prick, and all start naked got into Nelly's bed, where we were squeezed together. — How delicious it felt to me to be surrounded with warm flesh. We indulged in amatory frolics till both had sucked my cock, I had put my prick in and out of each cunt, had fucked each, and at last gamahuched Sophy. Four hours had run away when I left them. [I have never since had similar exercise, tho I have put the soft soles of one beauty's pretty feet to my prick for a minute, when I'd told her what I did with the two girls.

[When about twenty-four years old, I recollect having two sisters named Nelly and Sophy, who were quite young, and one of whom I ravished in a field shed. Strange that I should again have two women together of the same names and thirty years after. But the first were field labourers — the second London whores.] Thinking of the worshipful pudenda, I had a recurrence of my litch one evening for seeing a variety of quims together, and went off to N**ly L**l*e who then lived in an unusually big house, where ostensibly the business of an engraver was carried on on the ground floor, but the house was really full of gay women — mostly French — from roof to basement. After I had seen N's fat lipped, black haired quim for the hundredth time, I said I'd give to each woman in the house a little present, if they would come to her room, and stripping naked show me their quims without sham or reserve. — "No humbug mind, or no pay. — I shall hold the light, in front of their cunts, see them from before, behind, sideways, and in any attitude that pleases me."

She objected, her rooms were not very good, she only knew two of the ladies, she didn't like French women — and so on — I told her that if she wouldn't do it, I would go to the first floor, introduce myself, and induce that lady to get me the treat. — "Only for about a quarter of an hour each woman, they are just dressing, and will all be glad to come, and get a little tip before they go out prick hunting, it will please them I know."

Down stairs she went on her mission and called two, who called others, and soon they came to Nellie's room, young, and middle aged and little and big. Nelly lighted her five light standards, all was bright, and naked I saw the women from bum to belly, standing and sitting, kneeling bum outwards lying with thighs open on the bedside, and in other attitudes. I saw cunt after cunt, and studied their aspects. Three women were in my room first, and I compared them with each other and with Nelly. They were all French but one, and liked I am sure shewing their cunts. — All women I believe like shewing them to men when they have been a little time well fucked. It makes them lewed to show them to a man. It's nature in them.

Then came the other old litch. — "Pissez ma belle et je vous donnerai." — "Oh — Voila." — Another. — "Mais je ne puis pas — deja j'ai pisse." — "Try then." — Some could, some couldn't. — A knock at the door. — "Who's there?" — "Is Mademoiselle * * * * here?" — "Yes." The speaker was let in and saw my game, she was on a visit, but soon her cunt was exhibited. — Altogether I saw a dozen women, that evening, those who retired sent up friends. There were but five women living in the house. — In this cunt exhibition I spent many hours happily.

My pego insisted on its share of pleasure, and keeping three women with the handsomest backsides, I put them kneeling on the bed bum to the front — whilst with her bum also towards me at the bed side, I fucked N. — who, rather too short, had to stand on two ottomans to bring her cunt to a convenient level. — "Oh — aharr — I'm spending. — Come nearer girls — push your cunt close up to my prick N**ly — Ah, my God" — and as Nelly and the two obeyed, I left off holding her haunches, rammed my prick hard up her cunt, slapped her arse violently for a second, and burying a thumb in each of the other's cunts and grasping all I could of their cunt lips with my fingers, I spent.

I had done much more than I had gone to do, but into my fertile brain came new desires, fresh latches were provoked. Concupiscence reigned supreme in me, neither cost nor consequences occurred to me. The three naked arses, the cunts I had felt were there, and whilst my prick was yet moist with sperm, my fingers yet moist from their quims, "Fetch your dildo Nell, stop ladies longer," I said.

She took one out from the cabinet, I agreed fees with the three women for further amusement, put the dildo into one's cunt, made one woman fetch a dildo from her room, then laying them on the bed put dildoes up two cunts leaving the centre woman without one. Then turning them with rumps towards me I did the same. With prick still glowing I would not fuck again yet, but walked about the room admiring the different sizes of the buttocks of the three, and the pouting lipped notches, fledged and hedged with crisp curly hair of different colours between them. One woman's thicket nearly hid her bum furrow, little crisp curls growing up to her bum bones. Then I made Nelly stand on the bed over the center bitch stooping to show her buttocks and cunt like the others, and forming an unique group — one I had certainly not had before, many as are the combinations of postures I have seen women in.

Again I put them with bellies to the front, made them open and close their cunts by word of command, and dildo each other, and Nell as well (the dildoes were not strapped on) and there was no fucking till I was tired of this. Then Nell sucked my prick to a good erection, each one in her turn took it into her mouth, until it clamoured for its share of pleasure — eye, hand and mind, being already satisfied.

Then turning the three rumps again towards me, having first placed Nelly on her back on the bed, I set the middle woman to gamahuche her. She had the biggest pouters, and hairiest notch, more so than I liked, yet somehow this shaggy cunt delighted me, and I drove my prick up it. Then with hands right and left I put dildoes up the other two, ramming them up and down, whilst vigorously I rammed my prick up my woman. Soon nothing was heard but the lapping of the tongue on Nelly's quim, the murmurs of pleasure of my fuckee and of Nelly. "Fuck, — spunk" — I cried, "Say fuck, — talk bawdy all of you." — All in bawdy chorus, then, — all but the cunt licker sang out, whilst Nelly spent, my hairy bumholed French woman spent, and I spent up her.

I hadn't even then finished. Fatigued with fucking and excitement, still libidinous wants rose up one after the other, more than it was possible to satisfy. But it was early, and I remained keeping the four women naked or nearly so, sent for champagne without stint and all drank till all were frisky and noisy, ready for any obscenity (objectionable word). We kept up a blazing fire. One woman went out for a friend wanted her, she went to be fucked, promising to return quickly — a promise she kept. "His balls were full, he spent quick, was an old friend," she said. "Why didn't you come up with your cunt full," said I. — "You didn't ask me cochon." — I felt sorry for having missed the sight, it had not occurred to me till that moment to require it.

Four hours had run away, all were tight, all lewed, they'd felt each other's cunts, two had frigged them-selves, one had frigged another, Nelly had returned her gamahuche, my prick had been into every cunt and in every mouth. I laid them on the bed with me, one on each side, one stood upright over me as I lay, so that I could see her cunt, and Nelly gamahuched me, whilst I felt the cunts of the two laying by my side. Then I departed, exhausted, with empty balls, with empty purse and a headache. The orgy was over, and I shall never forget it. It was unpremeditated. Had I been clapped I should not have known to whom I owed it.

Occasional amusements brought me on to late spring, then one night at the A*g**e rooms, H*1*n M***w**d spoke to me. I had several times been there solely to look at her, each time she seemed more beautiful than ever, yet beyond nodding or saying, "How do you do," we held no conversation, for she was always surrounded by men. I used to sit thinking of her charms with swollen pego, then either found outside a lady, or twice selected one in the room, so that H*1*n could see, and ostentatiously quitted the salon with her. I felt a savage pleasure in doing so. — A species of senseless revenge.

Sitting by my side, "You've not been to see me again." — "No." — "Why?" — "I'm not rich enough." — "Nonsense, you've got some other woman." — "None." — "Come up." — "No, I'll let no woman ruin me." — We conversed further, she got close to me, her sweet smell penetrated me, and spite of myself I promised to see her next day.

She had changed her abode, had a larger house, three servants and a brougham. I had a sleepless night thinking of coming felicity, and on a lovely spring afternoon, hot as if in the midst of summer, she was awaiting me with an open silk wrapper on, beneath it but a laced chemise so diaphanous, that I could see her flesh and the color of her mottled through it. Her exquisite legs were in white silk, and she'd the naggiest kid boots on her pretty little, well cambered feet. She was a delicious spectacle in her rooms, through the windows of which both back and front were green trees and gardens.

"Say I'm not at home to any one," said she to the maid. Then to me, "So you have come." — "Did you doubt me?" — "No, I think you're a man who keeps his word." Then on the sofa we sat, and too happy for words I kissed her incessantly. She got my rampant cock out and laughing said, "It's quite stiff enough." — "Let me feel you love," said I putting my hand between her thighs. — "Why don't you say, cunt?" — again I was silent in my voluptuous amusement, kissing and twiddling the surface of her adorable cleft. "Oh let us poke." — "Why do you say poke — say fuck," said she moving to the bed and lying down.

"Let me look at your lovely cunt." She moved her haunches to the bedside and pulled her chemise well up, proud of her beauty. Dropping on my knees I looked at the exquisite temple of pleasure, it was perfection, and in a second my mouth was glued to it. I licked and sucked it, I smelt it and swallowed its juice, I could have bitten and eaten it, had none of dislike to the saline taste which I've had with some women, no desire to wipe the waste saliva from my mouth as it covered the broad surface of the vulva in quantity, but swallowed all, it was nectar to me, and sucked rapturously till, "That will do I won't spend so — fuck me" — said she jutting her cunt back from my mouth.

Quickly I arose and was getting on the bed when, "No — take your things off — all off, — be naked, it's quite hot — I'll shut the window," which she did, and throwing off her chemise sat herself at the edge of the bed till I was ready. — "Take off your shirt." — As I removed it, she laid on the bed with thighs apart, the next second my pego was buried in her, and our naked bodies with limbs entwined were in the fascinating movements of fucking. What heaven, — what paradise! — but alas, how evanescent. In a minute with tongues joined, I shed my seed into that lovely avenue, which tightened and spent its juices with me. She enjoyed it, for she was a woman voluptuous to her marrow, my naked form had pleased her I was sure, not that she said that then, she was too clever a Paphian for that.

We lay tranquilly in each other's arms till our fleshy union was dissolved. She then — as she washed — "Aren't you going to wash?" — "I'll never wash away anything which has come out of your cunt you beautiful devil, let it dry on, I wish I could lick it off." — "You should have licked me before I washed my cunt, you bawdy beast," — she rejoined laughing.

She then came and stood naked by the bedside. — "Aren't you going to get up?" — fearing her reply. "Let me have you again," — I said. — She laughed and gave me a towel — "Dry your prick — you can't do it again." — "Can't I, — look?" My pego was nearly full size. She got on to the bed, laid hold of it, and passed one thigh over my haunch, my fingers titillated her clitoris for a minute, and so we lay lewdly handling each other. Then our bodies were one again, and a fuck longer, more intense in its mental pleasure, more full of idealities, more complete in its physical enjoyment to me, was over within a quarter of an hour after I had had her the first time. — Nor did she hurry me, but we lay naked, with my prick in her lovely body, in the somnolence of pleasure and voluptuous fatigue, a long time, speechless.

Both washed, she piddled (how lovely she looked doing it), put on her chemise and I my shirt.

Recollecting my first visit and her hurry, "Now I suppose you want your fiver and me to clear out" — said I bitterly and taking hold of my drawers, for I felt a love almost for her and said that I was only so much money in her eyes. — "I didn't say so, lie down with me." — Side by side on the bed we lay again.

She was now inquisitive. Hadn't I really a lady whom I visited, she knew that I'd had Miss * * * * * and Polly * * * I had had, she'd spoken about me to them. — Why didn't I see her. Hadn't I a lady, now tell her — I only repeated what's already told. — Then the vulgar money business cropped up. — No, she never had and never would let a man have her, for less than a fiver. Going to a drawer, she showed me a cheque for thirty pounds and a letter of endearments. "That's come to-day, and he only slept with me two nights."

She'd soon again my soft yet swollen cunt stretcher in her hand, and fingered it deliciously, never a woman more deliciously. I felt her clitoris, and kissed her lovely neck and cheeks almost unceasingly. — "Give me a bottle of phiz," said she after a minute's silence — I complied. — "It's a guinea mind." — "Preposterous, I'm not in a boudoir house." — "It's my price, my own wine, and splendid." — Of course I yielded, who would not when such a divinity was fingering and soothing his prick? It was excellent, we drank most of it soon, and then she gratified me after much solicitation, by lifting her chemise up to her armpits and standing in front of a cheval glass for my inspection, pleased I fancied by my rapturous eulogiums of her loveliness — and exquisite she was. — "You know a well made woman when you see one," she remarked. — then quickly she dropped her chemise, — she'd not held it up a minute, — it seemed but an instant, — and refused spite of my entreaties to raise it again. — "You have seen quite enough." — Again on the bed we sat, again our hands crossed and fingers played on prick and cunt, — silent, with voluptuous thoughts and lewd sensations.

Then came the litch — "Let me gamahuche you." — "I won't you beast." — "You did the other day." — "Be content then, I won't now" — and she would not. But I kissed her thighs, buried my nose in the curls of her motte, begging, entreating her, till at length she fell back, saying, "I don't like it you beast." — Her thighs opened and crossed my arms, whilst clasping her ivory buttocks my mouth sought her delicious scented fur-row, and licked it with exquisite delight. She at first cried out often, "Leave off you beast." Then suddenly she submitted. I heard a sigh, she clutched the hair of my head — "Beast — Aha — leave off — beast — aherr" — she sobbed out. A gentle tremulous motion of her belly and thighs, then they closed violently on my head, pinching and almost hurting me, — she tore at my hair, then opened wide her thighs — a deep sigh escaped her, and she had spent with intense pleasure. [That vibratory motion of thighs and belly, increasing in force as her pleasure crisis came, I have never noticed in any other woman, when gamahuching them, tho most quiver their bellies and thighs a little as their cunt exudes its juices.]

With cock stiff as a rod of iron, with delight at having voluptuously gratified her, wild almost with erotic excitement, — "I've licked your cunt dry — I've swallowed your spending my darling" (it was true), I cried rapturously. "Let me lick your cunt again." — "You beast, you shan't." — But as she denied it, lustful pleasure was still in her eyes. — "Let me." — "No, fuck me." — At once I laid by her side, at once she turned to me — grasped my pego, and in soft voice said, "Fuck me." — "You've just spent." — "Yes — fuck me — go on." — "You can't want it." — "Yes, I do, fuck me, fuck me," — said she imperiously. I didn't then know her sexual force, her voluptuous capabilities, did not believe her. But I wanted her, and she was ready. On to her sweet belly I put mine, plunged my pego up her soft, smooth cunt, and we fucked again a long delicious fuck, long yet furious, for though my balls were not so full, I felt mad for her, talked about her beauty whilst I thrust, and thrust, and cried out boudoir words, till I felt her cunt grip and she, "You beast, — beast, — Oh — fuck me - - you beast — aherr" — and all was done, I'd spent and she with me.

And as she spent, I noticed for the first time on her face, an expression so exquisite, so soft in its voluptuous delight, that angelic is the only term I can apply to it. It was so serene, so complete in its felicity, and her frame became so tranquil, that I could almost fancy her soul was departing to the

mansions of the blest, happy in its escape from the world of troubles amidst the sublime delights of fucking.

Then she wished me to go. But only after a long chat, during which she laid all the time in her chemise, her lovely legs, her exquisite breasts showing, she was curious and I told her more about myself than I'd ever told a Paphian. "When shall I see you again?" — "Most likely never." — "Yes I shall." — I told her it was impossible. "Yes, come and sleep with me some night." — Laughing, I said, — "I can't do it more than three times." — "I'll bet I'll make you." — Then with sad heart, and almost tears in my eyes, I repeated that I should not see her again. — "Yes — you will — look — I'm going to the races to morrow" — and she showed me a splendid dress. — "I'm going with *** of the 40th." How I envied him, how sad I felt when I thought of the man who would pass a day and night with that glorious beauty, that exquisite cunt at hand for a day and night.

She was right. I went after a time to the Argyle solely to see her, and visited her twice more, when she let me fuck her till not a drop of sperm would rise from my ballocks. Then I told her that I couldn't (I was then a little hard up) see her again — yet one night (I'd visited her previously in the afternoon) I told her I had no money, would she trust me. — "Come along all right" — so I went home with her and a few days after called and paid her in the afternoon, and fucked her. Then for months I went not near her, not even to places where I could look at her, much as I longed to do so.

Vol. 9 Chapter VIII

About flagellation. • A peep thro a key hole at Nelly's. • A lubricious poke in an overflowing cunt. • A little bitch missed. • Two little cunts in a fog. • In a brothel. • Varied amusements. • Juvenile experiences detailed. • By a canal bridge. • A lady in black. • In her rooms. • Frisky and risky. • Twice in thirty minutes. • My luck in winter months. • More manuscript destroyed. • Retrospective and prospective. • Doings at a French lapunar. • Luxembourg Elaine. • The sous-maitresse.

In all my amorous adventures, I up to this time had scarcely thought about the effects of whipping the buttocks of male or female, to excite lust or give sexual pleasure. — About this time, either I had read of, or heard this lustful provocative talked about, I can-not say which, for there is nothing in my notes to tell, altho I began to refer to birching, and find that of Paphians both of high and low quality, I asked if they'd either witnessed or performed the operation, or had themselves been performed on. All, young and old had heard of it — few had witnessed it — one or two said they'd flogged men, and one that she had been flogged by a woman for a lady's delectation. They had birched her till her buttocks bled, and she was paid handsomely for submitting to it. No man was present, it was a lady's lech, and the lady was masked. — This story I did not then believe, but do so now. Thinking much of this erotic device I sought Camille. don't recollect having ever before talked with her bout flagellation, tho it's scarcely possible that I have not done so, — having conversed with her about all things erotic She (now years older) smiled, produced birches, and also bunches of string with knots in them, with which she said she flogged the bums of one or two of her friends. That some of their backsides bled, some not, that they all got good cock-stands and spent freely y) this backside punishment. And she offered to try on ne if I liked, which I declined.

Then not quite satisfied I went to Nelly L**l*e, and asked her. She had clients whom she flagellated with birches, and shewed me the rods. Frank as Camille, he told me all about it, how one of her men never got in erection by any other process but by birching, and hat without any act or volition on his part, without his ouching, or any one touching his prick, he spent copiously under the operation. He was a man between thirty and forty, — and this I didn't quite believe.

All seemed most incredible, so I visited her again one night solely to complete my information upon

the subject, and at length stripped, laid upon the bed, and let her birch my backside — bore a few blows, but the pain became so great that I made her leave off — Nor did have a stiff stander in consequence, tho I waited to see what the heat on my bum would do for me in procuring it. After an hour, at the sight of her fully haired quim, up rose my prick at once, and as usual in that exceptable, roomy as it now had become, and as no doubt I have told — I had a complete pleasure, but not thro birching.

[I did not apparently think much more about flagella- tion then, but in a few years I was to be by chance a witness of many birchings, have seen bleeding male rumps, and have seen the wales on women's bums who had been birched. This will be told hereafter.]

She told me on that night I recollect, that she had seen in her own rooms, a woman, flogged by a man who made wales, on her bum, from some of which blood started. Directly he saw that he ceased birching her, friggd himself, spent over her rump, gave her five pounds and went away. — [That I didn't believe but now believe that lust will breed most extraordinary erotic eccentricities.] That in half an hour after the woman grew wild with lust, the birching heated her buttocks, and then that the heat flew to her cunt, and she friggd herself half a dozen times till exhausted. — If this be true, it shews that birching does stimulate both prick and cunt to action, but it cannot make or store up semen in the male — sperm is the only true source of copulative power.

It was a long time since I had seen a man and woman copulating — nor had I as far as I recollect, thought of seeing any such sight again, when one fine afternoon two or three months after the cunt parade, I called on Nelly, who was still living on the third floor of the house where she had two rooms — a bedroom and an-other which was her kitchen. — Leading out of each other: each room had also a door on to the landing of the stairs. — I knocked. — "Who's there?" — there was a mumbling and a man's voice. "It's I" — a pause. — "Wait a minute and I'll come." said Nelly who knew my voice, and almost at the same time appeared at the door in her chemise. Seeing me she came right out on to the landing holding the door close.

In a whisper. — "I'm so sorry — I have a friend — can't you come back in an hour?" — "No — send him away." "I can't till he's had me, he is a married man and so good to me — he was just going to do it as you knocked, and will soon go." — "Let me see him do it to you?" — the desire came thro me like lightning. — "I can't, I don't like." — My blood heated to boiling point at the idea, I promised much money, and she consented after hesitation (all said in a whisper). "Wait here." — Going in and closing the door she went thro the bedroom into the other room, the kitchen, the door of which as said also opened on to the stairs, and let me in. — My brain was now filled with lewedness. "Show me his prick — I won't pay you unless you let me see your cunt full of his spunk after — don't wash — don't move if you can help it after he's fucked you till I have seen your cunt — make his prick stiff for me to see, — turn him towards me." — "It will be stiff enough," — said Nell with a grin. — "But don't look thro the keyhole directly, wait till you hear us talking — go down now a few steps, making a noise as if you were leaving, and then come back here softly." — I went out of the room and returning bolted the door, — Nell went back into the bedroom to her friend, fastening the kitchen door which led out of it on her side — with a small bolt.

I knew the door well and the key hole also, having more than once looked thro it, and asked if any one (jokingly) was looking at me when fucking. — Clothes usually hung over the keyhole on the kitchen side as well as on the bedroom side — I took care always that there was no peep hole, not then liking to be looked at when fucking, but thro the key hole knew I could see the bed and half the bedroom. — It was a fine post for viewing the operation. It was a bright day and the white blinds in the bedroom windows shut out but little light. — Clothes hung over the key hole, indeed almost covered the door on the kitchen side where I was, and had he been suspicious and looked thro would have seen nothing. My lubricity would not let me wait, and the instant almost that I heard the bolt shot, I applied my eye cautiously to the key hole. There were no clothes hiding the hole now on the sitting room side, she knew my eye would be investigating every thing almost before she'd got back to him.

He was sitting on the side of the bed about eight feet from the key hole, and my eye, his trowsers down, his shirt tucked up, his big prick nearly at cock stand size flopping on his thigh, his finger and thumb near the tip of it. He was a handsome tall man of about thirty five, I could hear every thing they said for there was but little carriage traffic in the street.

Said he, "It was a man wasn't it?" — "Yes, he will come back in ten minutes — I'm so sorry dear, but he is such a good friend, and I thought you would not mind for once going soon — he's going off by rail and I don't like him to go without seeing me." — "All right," said the man good naturedly. "If he had been a minute later I should have been up you." — Both laughed then.

— "Who's in that room? there is some one." — "Oh, it's the old woman who does my washing — let's do it

— I don't want him to meet you as you go down stairs."

— She then dropped off her chemise, went to his side, and took hold of his prick. He pushed his hand round her bum and between her buttocks. She opened her legs, and I saw his fingers approaching her cunt from behind. She pulled up his shirt which had slipped down, and tucked it up in a roll above his navel. — His prick was now standing up like a scaffold pole, — a big one

— feeling her had erected it fully.

Then Nelly pulled the prepuce up and down for my edification. He got up, and his trowsers slipped all down his legs — Nell put herself on to the bed kneeling, and I could see the nick of her cunt in the black hairy setting, as plainly as I could my own fingers, tho but sideways. He opened her thighs more, pulled the cunt lips apart, and looked at it, his prick throbbing violently, rose up and fell a couple inches at each lustful pulsation. — Then up into Nelly's quim he drove it, gave a few quick shoves, then pulled it out slowly just to the tip, looked down, plunged it up again violently and did that two or three times, looking at his prick and opening her buttocks with his hands each time. Then he pulled it out altogether — "The other way," said he

— Nell knew, turned on to her back on the side of the bed, and up into her cunt then went his prick — he holding on to her by her thighs, and pulling her to him.

— A few shoves, a very low sigh or two, and he was done, had emptied his ballocks, and was lying over her bending and kissing her, whilst she was holding his shirt up high above his arse for me to see that — I saw all this side ways — saw every wriggle — heard every word — and every sigh — every murmur of pleasure.

He withdrew it still stiff, and came shuffling along his feet encumbered by his trowsers towards the wash-stand which was quite close to the door. The prick was then within a yard of my eye, and I saw sperm drop from it — Nelly did not get up, but with thighs closed turned herself round so as to lay more easily on the bed, her heels towards the door — "Make haste dear, I don't want him to meet you on the stairs, he said he'd be back in ten minutes — and I want to wash before he comes, you have made me so wet." — He gave his prick a hasty wash — I could not see that, but saw him rub his tooleywag (still stiffish) and a big bag of stones, with a towel. He pulled up his trowsers— he had already his coat on, — gave her a kiss, — said he would see her next week, paid her, and went away. — "Make haste down, I don't want him to see you, turn the key twice

— that's it, — good bye love, shut the door, come next week and write when." — Off he went utterly unsuspecting.

Nelly saying, "Oh I must wash" — as he left, still lay there until the door closed, and we heard the clatter of his feet on the stairs — Nelly let me in then, and immediately laid down again. — Mad with lust I rushed to her. — "Oh lock the door first, in case he comes back."

— I ran and did so, and back to her in a jiffy, she on the bed had opened her thighs. — The man's footsteps were still audible going down stairs, whilst all this took place.

I had seen fresh fucked cunts before, but never but once saw one like this — from her arsehole to

clitoris, it was one thick mass of glairy or rather gruelly sperm.

— Shutting her legs in getting up to open the kitchen door for me to enter, some had squeezed out and her thighs were wet with it. — It clung to the hair round the lips. — It lay in a large globe at the mouth of the prick hole, ready to drop down or roll down towards her arsehole. I stretched her thighs open wide, the cunt lips opened with them — but the whole mouth of the red avenue was still hidden by the sperm — from clitoris to bum hole, from one lip to the other distended as they were, was one mass of transparent viscosity, mixed greatly with opal lumps. The inner lips, — the nymphae, — were almost indiscernible — tho they are distinctly developed in Nell now. — She was older and her nymphae had enlarged since I first fucked her.

My prick was throbbing — I felt as if I must spend even when peeping thro the keyhole, and unbuttoned my trowsers, pulled it out, and gave it ease and play.

— "Did you spend with him?" — "No. I was just beginning to feel him when he finished, he was so quick."

— "Oh! now don't, — you'd better not — oha — you baudy — beast you." — I had seen Nelly's eyes and knew the look. Randy and without thought or pre-meditation, I thrust my pego up her into the man's sperm, and fucking violently, Nelly and I spent together the next minute. I kept questioning. — She ejaculating, "Baudy — beast you — oh — yes — he spends always — spends — a lot — aharr — eher — ah."

When we came to our senses I was anxious and feared consequences, and still up her with prick still stiff, her cunt yet constricting, as if to incite me to continue the exercise. — "I hope he is all right in health," I said — "I think he is so — but I can't be sure, what made you do it." — "You know him?" — "I've seen him regularly for a couple of years, he is married and has a family he says, and comes to town purposely to see me." — I felt then easier in my mind. — Nelly was tightening her cunt still and pinching my prick with it, whilst we were talking. — My pego responded by keeping nearly at cockstand. — "You spent with me almost directly I put into you." — "Yes, he'd been tormenting me before and made me want it, he always gamahuches me till I'm nearly mad; and leaves off just before it comes." — "You want fucking again Nell." — She laughed, pushing my prick out in doing so.

Then Nelly shifted herself lengthways on to the bed, leaving a trail of spunk on the coverlid as she did so, then throwing off my coat, I jumped on to the bed — saw her cunt still flooded with sperm, — now, mine, and his, and hers mixed — fell on her, and was up her cock exhauster with a dash. — "Oh what a baudy beast you are." — "So are you." — "What a lot of spunk's on your cunt." — "He always spends a lot, and so do you.

— Oh! oh you beast." — "Is his prick bigger than mine?"

— "Oh — same size — you — bea — fuck — ahr — fuck" — said Nelly who was unusually hot arsed and lewed tongued, and in a minute we spent together again, talking about her friend's copulative qualities, to the last — till our power of talk left us, and we could only ejaculate baudy words, as our seminal juices squirted and oozed and mingled.

Out came my doodle soon — reeking to my balls with spermatic fluids. "You have dirtied the counter-pane," said Nell. — I washed my prick in a hurry and Nell did the same to her cunt. — Seeing her black motte over the basin, — "Don't soap it," — I said still feeling lewed — "let's see if the spunk comes out." — Nelly did exactly what I asked her, she always did, it was one of her great charms. — She obeyed me unhesitatingly like a French whore, without sham or affection. There were now very few sperm lumps I recollect, it had got churned up, and came out mixed on to our genital bushes, had rubbed nearly dry on my balls and her thighs, and all and every where on those surfaces was adhesive. Then for a while we talked and all about the man, his way of fucking, his prick, his balls, his sperm, and everything else about him. — We laid upon the bed whilst we talked. My prick had a soft, lewed irritation on it tho it was not stiff, as if his sperm had left his lust in me

as well as my own. Then we moved head to feet of each other lying sideways. — I saw Nell's large, fat lipped, dark haired cunt, under the strong light of the summer afternoon, my head lay on one of her legs, with one hand I propped up the other, which opened the gap, whilst she gently frigged me — she was now a splendid frigger. — Then my prick went into her mouth, and whilst my fingers travelled round her hard smooth bum and thighs, and I gloated on her cunt, titillated the clitoris, twisted the curly thatch, or probed its depth, she gently fetched the sperm out of me into her mouth and at once I fell asleep my head upon her thigh. When I awoke, she was seated at the side of the bed quietly twiddling my cock — she never could keep her hands off of that — and would play with it for hours, twiddling it from the time I first saw her till I left; keeping up voluptuous irritation and desire, even if I had no intention of further pleasure in her charming, soft, pulpy, yet powerful cunt, for its muscularity at the crises merited that description.

There was something in the smoothness of the cunt filled with sperm, a voluptuous lubricity together with the idea of another man's prick having just been up it, which excited me tremendously — I seemed to participate in his pleasure whilst having my own, and as I thrust, could almost feel his thrusts in her — his prick seemed to be up her as well as my own — there was a maddening voluptuousness about it which sank deeply into my mind, and made me desire to taste such pleasure again. — And I have been able to repeat the pleasure, tho I had resolved for many reasons not to do so, after my frolic with the man at Sarah F**z*r's. — It was now some years since I amused myself with him.

I went to see Nell again to talk about it, hoping for the chance of having her after her stalwart friend, but failed — I said I'd wait for another man, but she put me off. Now she went out at night, which she formerly used rarely to do, and that did not suit me. At length she one day said, — "I can't get a gentleman for you to do it after, but there's a man who has begun doing it before gentlemen, will you have him?" — "Is he a bugger?" — "Oh no. He's a poor man, a workman about thirty years old." She did not know how he came to be fucking before gentlemen, a girl had told her of him and that he had a very big prick. — I refused to see him.

Then I went abroad and did nothing worth telling about there. — On my return I found Nell had just got a little servant girl. I could have her if I liked she said, but she'd have nothing to do with it — I persuaded the lass easily enough, and she frankly admitted that several had had her. But the extreme smallness of her cunt was a wonder — I tried to fuck her, but getting my prick in was impossible, to get two fingers up her was as much as I could do. I have had many girls as young as she but none with such a small vagina, tho the cunt in its entirety looked large enough. I doubted if she really had been fucked. Two or three days after, going there to try her again, she had run away, and stolen some of Nell's clothes.

Pondering on this, that evening at about six o'clock, I passed some little juvenile punks as I walked thro the Quadrant, and thought I should like to feel the make of one or two. — Three quite little ones passed me together, it was tho early, dark, and so foggy, that it was possible I might be mistaken. — Were they modest, or immodest? — I chirped with my tongue, saying in a low tone, — "Come here," as I passed them and walked up * * * * Street.

That street was quiet, I walked quickly on in the fog — heard small feet pattering after me — turned round, and there were two of them. — We could not now see across the road for the fog, which had thickened suddenly, at ten paces I could barely see the outline of any one. A suitable evening for feeling cunts on the Queen's highway.

"How old are you?" — "Fifteen." — "Have you any hair on your cunt?" — Only a little sir, but she has none — have you Louey?" — "No, that I ain't" — "Come to a house with us, it's close by." — "I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt." — "Oh no — I'm frightened of the police, come with us and we'll both strip naked." — "I can't — let me feel your cunt." — A little more talk and one said, — "Stand a little off Louisa and see if any one's coming." — Then I felt all round her bum and belly, and put my fingers well up her cunt. — "You let men fuck you, don't you?" — "Yes, come with me." — "Do they hurt you?" — "Not if their things ar'n't too big, I won't let them if they are.

— Let me feel your cock" — and she began fumbling outside my trowsers. — "Leave my cock alone." — "Let's feel it — pull it out, — I like feeling them — it won't show under your great coat." — She made an effort to get it but could not, for I was stooping to feel her notch and my cock was out of her reach — "Stand up, and let me feel it." — "I won't." — "Let's feel your prick, isn't it stiff?" said the other damzel.

My letch was satisfied in ascertaining how small her cunt was, and I gave her a shilling. "Oh! give me an-other, you've been feeling a long time." — The other girl who had been standing near said, "Give me a shilling too, I've been watching for the police." — "Let me feel your cunt" — she stretched out her little legs and I felt quite easily up her cunt — she had a little hair on it, and was fifteen years old. — "She's only fourteen," she remarked of the other — "But come to a room with us, there is a nice house close by." — "I can't, I'll give you a shilling to piss over my fingers." — "I'll try, but I don't want." — She squatted and pissed. "I want," said the other. "Go on then and I'll give you a shilling." — She pissed a rattler over my hand, placed so as to feel the stream. — "Oh you're wetting my drawers so — don't." — Then I leaned my umbrella against the wall, and felt both cunts at once, then went to my club and dined. — No policeman had approached. — A woman and man came near but stopped — the man was feeling her I think.

There's a wonderful attraction in cunt, — I'd no sooner dined than I wished I'd gone to a house to see the little bitches, whose impudence and baudiness were astounding, so went to the spot where I had met them, but they were not to be seen — I walked up and down for full half an hour — it was still foggy — when they passed with two youth after them, talking with them. "It's the old bloke," said one. Chits like those call every man after forty, old. — The youths went off, I found where the girls would go to, said I'd have both and give three shillings to each. — "Will you have the best room, it's five shillings?" I agreed to that, and was soon in it.

They were not badly dressed, nor very dirty, but certainly not very clean. — Two little nearly hairless cunts were soon under my inspection — both had been fucked a year they told me — I made them wash their cunts and strip naked. "Show us yer prick," said one boldly. — "Oh! ain't it a stunner?" — Both handled it. — "Who will you do it to?" said one. — "Both." — They burst out laughing. "That yer can't." — I sat one on each knee and we chatted. — They said they were not fucked every night, but some one felt them every night, sometimes two or three did. — "Mother knows" — said one of them. — The boys annoyed them, they couldn't abear boys. — "Why? their pricks are as big as mine." "That they ain't — not near as big, are they Louey?" — "Not as I've seen," said that young lady. — They often frigged gents in the street they told me. — "Oh ain't it stiff?" I laid them both side by side on the bed and put a middle finger up each of their little cunts, at the same time.

About to fuck one whose cunt looked the prettiest — one had a little down, one scarcely a hair, — I took the hairless when fear seized me. So after pulling open their cunts wide, examining them well, and seeing that they looked all right, yet still fearing, I laid down five shillings for each girl, which was two more than I'd promised, told that I wanted to fuck but had fear, would they tell me the truth? If I liked them I should see them again, if I got ill I shouldn't, — there was their money tell me the truth. — Both sat up and both gabbled together, "Don't be afeared, I'm all right." — "I'm sure I am," said one, "I ain't had it done to me for four days, but I've frigged two gents." — They were complete little harlots.

Satisfied, I laid upon my selected one, almost hiding her little body with mine, and my pego was well engulfed in her cunt in a second (wonderful oh pudenda is thy dilatibility). I fucked slowly at first, then left off thrusting, and asked her to frig herself. Gently easing myself off of her, but keeping my prick up her, she obeyed, put her little hand between our bellies, and frigged her clitoris vigorously, whilst I watched her face. I have been rather fond of making women frig themselves whilst my prick was in them during the last few years, — all sorts of letches have their turn with me. — "Does it give you pleasure?" — "Yes, soon I'll spend." — Then I fucked with vigor, and the little one spent with me. — Making her spend gave me much voluptuous gratification, she was so

artless in her pleasure.

This was an unlooked for enjoyment and my erotic fibres being set, vibrating, I resolved to fuck the elder and slightly haired cunted one. — There was a good lot of fattish sperm in the little one's cunt which I wouldn't let her wash out. — She didn't care about washing it she said. I washed myself, and promised them another shilling each if they'd suck my pego. That both re-fused to do, but in five minutes acceded, tempted by the promised gift. — Being in no hurry, and my sperm bag not now being quite full and ready for a second libation, for half an hour I chatted with them, feeling and looking at their little cunts at intervals. I got some further confessions from them about male doings. It was quite a treat — never at this moment do I recollect having had two such young strumpets together. — Each had been fucked a year, each had a sweet-heart they said, and evidently those were youths, tho they affected to despise youths. — The eldest had refused to be bugged several times. One man had offered her five pounds to do it to her, another had offered her ten shillings extra only. — "No thankee, — not for Joseph" — said she. She seemed quite to understand what fundamental fucking was. They were young men generally, not old, who went to boudoir houses with them. They often frigged men and liked it. These are the most interesting facts I heard, if facts they be, and they are probable enough.

By that time ready to begin work, first one took my prick into her little mouth, and then the other. I laid the biggest along the bed on her side, making her gamahuche me, whilst I frigged her. My pego rose up, voluptuous sensations crept thro my ballocks and spreading through my body, letches of all sorts arose in my brain. — "Frig your friend," said I withdrawing my pego from her lips, and I'll give you each another shilling — a shilling procured me the gratification of each fantasy. — Now short of silver, I took theirs back, giving each of them half a sovereign instead. — The eldest began to frig the younger — "No I'll frig you." "No frig her whilst my sperm's still in her cunt — no sham — frig properly." — They began the cuntal titillation.

Whilst she was fingering the little one, I changed my mind, and set the little one to frig the other. They made no objection, the friggee took my prick in hand whilst the smaller lass titillated skilfully the other's clitoris. — Feeling certain of it, from the businesslike way they surrendered themselves to the masturbating exercise — "Do you often frig each other?" I asked. — The elder whose cuntal sensations began to show themselves in her face and body, yet replied, — "Not often, sometimes if we sleeps together we does it." — Stretching out her other hand (my prick was in one) she felt the little one's cunt, and tried to frig her whilst being herself frigged. The idealities were on her, her eyes closed — "Frig — faster Milly — ahar," — she cried — and the next moment was quiet. — "Have you spent?" — "Yes" — I opened her thighs, and intruding my finger, found that the little devil had wetted her cunt well inside.

Then came another letch. I made them both lick my glans at the same time. Sitting down on the bed edge, the two little naked ones did it kneeling, their noses nearly meeting, and laughing heartily at the fun. They had never done or heard of such a thing before, nor do I think I had. This lingual amusement roused me well. — "Oh ain't it stiff and big now?" said the younger with the tone of a connoisseur. Then making them stand up rump to rump I frigged with both hands for a little time, both of their cunts simultaneously, whilst my prick I pushed between their naked backs as they stood, and their flesh pressed its tip gently. There were no looking glasses in the room to increase my pleasure.

Then I put both on the bedside, and first put my prick into the spermatized cunt, withdrew it and put it into the other, half finished there, then wishing a change of position withdrew it, put her along the bed, fucked her laying on her belly, and spent whilst with my right hand I felt the little one's gummy quim. — I had had a most voluptuous evening, and departed leaving the two little jades pleased with the fun, and the money they had gained. I have played these games, with women, but never with such a young couple of harlots.

Most of my adventures with married women, or women who were not Paphians, have occurred during the winter months. — Darkness is favorable to risky amours — I was going soon after this to

visit a friend one Sunday evening, the road at one spot was over a canal, beyond it the canal was open, with roads on each side lined with houses of good class, and having gardens in front and rear.

It was just before church time, and the bells were ringing. It was a pitch dark night, bitterly cold, had been snowing slightly, and the wind had driven the snow up against the walls and railings, leaving white lines there, whilst all under foot was black. The piercing wind I expect kept people at home, for there were scarcely any out. I stood for a minute looking over the parapet at the canal, watching by gaslight the ice forming, then walked on, and at the corner of the road by the canal, saw a female standing, and clothed seemingly all in black, who looked at me with eager dark eyes, as I fancied, then turned round and walked down the canal road. There was a gas of this lamp at the end road by which I had been able for a second to see her face. — A gay one, thought I, and of good class — for I had seen she was well dressed, so stood and watched her.

When at about twenty paces off in the darkness, and I could barely see her, she turned back, slowly approached the high road again, stood still at some feet from me, looked as I thought at me, and again turned round.

A lustful curiosity arose in me, for she now did not seem to me to be an ordinary trull, and slowly I followed her. She went further down into the darkness without looking round, then I conjectured she was waiting for some one and stopped. She turned round again, walked back towards me, and would I believe have passed me tho she walked very slowly, when a sudden lurch for feeling her cunt seized me. — "You're waiting for a friend," said I. — "No I am not" — and she stood still. — "Let me feel it," said I. — "My — God — no," — said she with emphasis as if perfectly astonished. Then afterwards, "You may come home with me if you like, if you'll be quick" — her voice was tremulous and nervous, I noticed.

"Where do you live, is it far?" — "Close by, but you must be quick." — There was something about the affair which now excited me. — "I'll go with you, but I'm not a rich man mind." — She made no reply but laughed slightly, pulled down her veil, put her arm through mine, walked with me quickly on, stopped in front of one of a pair of semi-detached houses fronting the canal, went up a flight of stairs to a portico (the house I should say was about eighty pounds a year rental) opened the street door with a latch key, and we entered the house. Silently and quickly she led the way to the first floor, and we were in a well furnished pair of rooms, parlor in front, bedroom leading out of it, — then raising her veil she stood looking at me and I at her. — "We must be quick," said she. — "They've only gone to church, and I let the other servant go out for an hour, telling her I didn't mind being in the house alone," her voice was tremulous, but her manner firm and decided.

I felt a little bewildered now with the woman. — She relieved me by saying, — "Take off your hat and coat," which I did, putting them on the table, whilst she did the same with her cloak and bonnet. That done she sat on a sofa, I by the side of her, and commenced my courtship by a kiss, which she returned three or four times, saying, "We must be quick." — She was clad very handsomely in black silk from head to foot, I now noticed.

She was a handsome, dark eyed woman of about thirty, but her face was most unnaturally white, whether from agitation or what I cannot say. I asked if she'd been there long. "No, we must be quick." Again our mouths met and kissed, then I put my hands under her petticoats, well between her thighs and touched her cunt. — "You've no drawers on," said I pleased (for every dirty little whore as well as servants and ladies all wear those cunt swabs now). — "I never wear them." — Her thighs opened to receive my fingers, to invite their titillation on her cunt, and she put her hand on to my cock outside my trowsers. Aiding her I pulled it out, and she grasped it feeling from balls to tip eagerly. — In a minute it was stiff, silently we lay half back upon the sofa, handling our genitals in quiet delight, till with a voluptuous shiver and, "Ahar — we must be quick," she arose and walked to the bed-room, where gas was burning and the room very bright. I followed with prick standing out.

I had scarcely time to think, all was action, "Is she gay — a wife, mistress, or what?" — These

passed through my brain. Her manners were not those of a gay woman, yet as she threw herself on the bed, partly lifted her clothes and said, "Make haste," there was a freedom and lustful impetuosity about her, more like a lewed, half screwed harlot who wanted fucking than anyone else. — "Let me see it dear" — said I, throwing up her petticoats above her motte, and saw a dark haired cunt set in handsome thighs and belly. — "Open your thighs." — She opened them wide, for she'd nothing to hide. The gas shed a strong light on all, and her cunt looked handsome, — perfect to me — who had now a well roused standing prick; and throwing off my coat and waistcoat I laid myself by the side of her.

For a moment I groped her sexual treasure as far as I could reach, and friggd her button whilst she handled gently my prick, and we kissed until I mounted, and plunged my prick to its very roots up her cunt, then lay in that exquisite consciousness of possession, which I have when well within a woman for the first time. She breathed hard at once, moving her buttocks gently, and murmured, "Oh — go — on — aha — go — go — on — ah — r" — I had not made a dozen thrusts, before she spent, her cunt relaxed — my prick felt drowned. — "Ahrrr," — she sighed with violent passion as her cunt gave its final grip, and loosened as the flux of juices came with her spasms of pleasure.

Ceasing to thrust — "You've spent," said I. — "Y — hes," — she whispered, holding me tightly to her still, and raising her thighs to clip mine — alas in trowsers. — Then on I went fucking — but tho I wanted her now, I was not so impetuous, my ballocks were not so full, so urgent to be emptied of their sweets as they are at times. — At once she joined in the exercise. "You'll spend again with me," I murmured thrusting slowly, pulling my prick out quite slowly to its tip, and then ramming it back violently. — She liked that mode — "Aharr" — she sighed at each stroke of greater force, and sought my tongue with hers. Tongues rubbing languidly together stopped further words. — Now my sperm-holder sent its delicious thrills through me, as warning of the coming jets of life — nature had all its way — "Aha — fuck" — our backsides now oscillated fast and in unison, now rapidly my prick drove up and down the lubricious channel. — Its tip found its nook, and nestled against her womb portals. With loving murmurs choked by our mingling, dripping tongues, we spent with passionate transports.

We lay quiet till the junction of our bodies nearly ended. — Then, "You wanted a fuck," said I. — "Ah! yes" — she replied with a sigh. Then she wanted to wash. — "Don't, and I'll do it again." — "No, you can't — can you — but you mustn't. — Wait. — I must, — I will wash" — and throwing my prick out, she sluiced her cunt, a reeking cunt, — for she was a juicy one, and our spendings were issuing fast on to her thigh, as she lay on her side facing me, struggling to get up, whilst I tried to hold her down. I washed as well, and then she begged me to leave. "Now do — for God sake." — "I'll do you again." — "You know you can't — do go — I've only let the servant go for an hour, and the rest of them are at church

— I suppose." "Where are the rest of the family?"

— "Now never mind, ask no questions." — "Are you married?" — "I shan't answer you — do go." — "You'd like another fuck wouldn't you?" said I chaffing. — "You can't do it if I should, — now go."

There was something about the lady which now made me want to have her again. — I'd no desire when first I saw her. — Now the affair excited me and stimulated my lust — I showed her my prick which was large, hanging, but not stiff. — "Feel it, you'll make it stiff enough if you try." — She looked earnestly at my machine, went to the door and listened, then stood looking at me. I went up to her and friggd it. — The lewed but agitated look came over her white face again. — "I'm so frightened. If you are caught here I'm ruined, tell me exactly what the time is." — I did. — But before I looked at my watch, put my prick in her hand. She held it handling it softly in a nervous way, it grew larger and larger, and a slightly voluptuous thrill shot thro it. "Let me look at your cunt well and it will be stiff," said I — Without a word she went back to the bed, and laid on it, I threw up her clothes to her navel, had a good look at her notch and its neighbouring charms. — "You've had a child," said I. — She pushed down her clothes and sat up. — "Are you going to have me?"

was all her reply, and fearing hindrance I mounted her. It was a longish fuck, for my prick was not quite rigid at first, but I managed it. She was voluptuous and charming in her caresses, her cunt fitted me, and I spent with delight in her, feeling her big smooth buttocks. She was a well fleshed woman.

I uncunted from a cunt which seemed as wet as before. She didn't wash — all she seemed to want was to get away — her anxiety seemed extreme. I wanted to talk, was curious. — "Ask me nothing, — won't tell you. — Go for God's sake — if you're caught here I can't tell the consequences." — "Here's a sovereign." — "Oh! put it down" — said she laughing as if it were a good joke. — "I'll call next week." — "Oh! — my God, — do nothing of the sort, — but I shan't be here if you do." — Then kissing me, permitting me to feel her cunt in the passage way, yet almost pushing me out of the street door whilst I did so, I departed. — I was not in the house half an hour.

A fortnight after in the day time, I went to look at the house. — On the first floor window "apartments" was written — I did not call to ask questions, thinking I might get the lady into trouble and perhaps myself as well. — Who and what was she who wanted fucking so badly? for I'm sure that's why she had me — I fancy she was a lodger there, and either married or kept. — I have an impression married. This adventure terminated the year.

I have had most of my adventures with half and half women — widows, wives or others, who hot arsed only get a bit of strange cock on the sly — in the winter months. This piece of luck occurred quite at the end of this year, during which and the preceding one, I had certainly a large variety in my amours, and erotic amusements.

[More manuscript must be destroyed for mere abbreviation will be useless. — Eighty pages must go to the flames. — The narrative thus curtailed cannot show clearly the gradual development of abnormal excentric tastes, and necessitates an epitome of some years to supply the hiatus. Some of the most conspicuous incidents I shall keep as originally written or nearly so, and they will take their place chronologically.]

[Some years before I met H*I*n M***w**d, I had been frequently at * * * * and more frequently at bordels than for many years previously. I principally visited one where there were (and still are) about twenty women on the establishment, who sit nightly nearly naked in the saloon, a bewildering, voluptuous sight. Idealities becoming an increasing source of delight to me, and abnormal erotic latches and fancies coursing through my brain whenever I was in rut, variety in form and color of my women, and in their postures, being to me more charming than ever, I sought this lapunar. There I had one, two, or three women, or more at a time and got much voluptuous enjoyment — had all those voluptuous preliminaries which a stiff prick suggests, and never hurried myself to the delicious crisis which for a time destroys desire.

[It is doubtful however whether I got more pleasure, from having three women together, than I got by one alone; so soon as my prick had stretched the cunt, and fucking had begun. But idealities in the preliminaries, and even during the consummation of love, are much — perhaps almost every thing in love. — Is it not the beauty, the taste of the eye the thoughts, which more frequently than otherwise make the sole difference in the pleasure between fucking one woman and another — makes the difference between a cunt which a man thinks pretty, and one which he thinks ugly?

[There was one woman at the lapunar whom I selected often for her exquisite form and sweet face, named Elaine — a Luxembourg woman. She took a fancy to me, and after a time told me much of the inner life of a brothel, of its internal economy, and the habits of the inmates. She told me of those who were much sought after and always had five, six or seven men a night. Elaine saved money, and in three years be-came sous-maitresse, and was then supposed to have ceased fucking there; yet I had her there once or twice, on the sly. She then left and set up a bordel of her own. One named Hortense succeeded her, and then Alexandrine.]

Vol. 9 Chapter IX

H*I*n M*w**d revisited. • Curiosity and plain words. • Confidence begun. • Fucking on trust. • Cuntal essentials to a sensitive penis. • Nelly's assistance. • The cabinet maker naked. • Masks. • Masturbations and copulations. • The naked steel pen hawker. • Nipple and quim. • Sophy's white shoulders and onanism. • Pudenda's piddling. • A fuck for a half crown. • A cuntal purse. • Twin sister harlots, Cissy and Amy. • A fuck for champagne. • My confessions to H*I*n. • On cuntal physiognomies.**

Then the attraction of H*I*n M***w**d took me to her again, and I revelled in her voluptuous and expensive charms. She complimented me by saying, there was plenty of stuff in me and seemed to enjoy my embraces. — On my remarking that, she said curtly, — "I didn't say so." — After that I went at times to the A*g**e to look at her, and she came to me leaving her group of admirers, and actually asked me to go to see her. I refused that — "You're the strangest man I ever had, but I like talking with you. Come and see me, to-morrow, and you can stay as long as you like." I fixed a day a little later, yielding to her fascination spite of myself. On the day, I thought that I wouldn't go. — "It's only a gay woman." But I keep my word even with them, and went there. It was cold weather, large fires were in her rooms, she was but slightly clad as becomes courtesans, whose beauties should be easily seen and felt. — Before the fire I felt her perfumed cleft, whilst the grateful warmth played on her lovely thighs and belly. "It's cold, I wish you'd let me get into bed with you." — "All right." — In three minutes our limbs were inter-lacing between the sheets — I was silent, thinking of her manifold beauties, feeling the juicy folds, twisting my fingers in the soft curls of her mount, kissing her sweet lips, anticipating the climax. What she was thinking of I know not, but curiously she felt me all over which she'd never done before, and settled on my prick with a handling peculiar to her, which I recognized more fully afterwards. Soon my glowing rod was buried deeply in her warm lubricious cunt, and with frantic thrusts my sperm flushed into her. Soon after that we fucked again, but she annoyed me by getting out to wash after each emulsion which my pego gave her.

When I wanted to inspect closely her pudendal charms, she was capricious, partly refused me, said hastily, "There, that's enough" — closed her thighs and covered herself up. She was not yielding, was inclined to have her own way in everything. — Then said, "I'm going to have a glass of champagne." — "I don't want any." — "Nobody's asked you to" — but I did. — She got curious about me. — "Don't ask me I shall only tell you a lie." — "I don't want to know." — "What did you ask for?" — "Something to say, — you're the oddest man I ever had." — Again we cuddled in the warm bed, in delicious silence I felt all over her lovely body, playing with the ivory hillocks on her breasts, roving over her soft belly and bum, gliding my hand between her smooth thighs till I felt that soft silky fringe, and the lovely aromatic grove it circled round. Then a finger plunged far back in the grove and curved up-wards, wetting itself in the warm avenue to her womb, then drew back to the sweetest little clitoris and titillated it. Again, she seized my prick, handling it with her delicate squeeze and motion, and up it sprung to full potentiality. — Without a word she suddenly threw off the bed clothes and looked earnestly at the erection, covering and uncovering its ruby tip. Then hurriedly. "Fuck me," said she. She was a plain speaker in sexual matters. I thought her in a hurry to get me over and away, tho it was but a thrill of lust which made her impatient to satisfy it. She was ever I found impatient to spend directly her lewed sensations began. I did not know her physical forces then, or that spend after spend was easy to her, without fatiguing.

Fuck her I did at once, she joined her tongue to mine, enjoyed my prick with a luscious quiet enjoyment, in a manner which left me pleased with my own performance and with having fetched her. She did not uncunt me after this libation, but kept me longer in her lovely sheath, whilst it drank up my semen, and she squeezed her cunt and moved it gently around it, as if with the intent

of prolonging my sexual delight. She had never done so before I fancied, but I had been too excited perhaps to notice these voluptuous details of her copulating. "My love you spent with me this time." — "This time? I've spent with you every time you've fucked me." — "Really?" — "Can't you tell?"

Soon after I got up. — "Are you going?" — "Yes, — I can't poke again." — "I bet I'll make you" — but I could not wait, so bid the voluptuous siren adieu. — "When shall I see you again?" — I would not promise.

— "Come in the afternoon the day after to morrow."

— "I can't, and if I do, you'll have to trust me." — She thought for a minute, then said, "I'll trust you." — On that day I went, and she would have trusted but I paid her — having the money, and not intending to be in debt. — Two or three months then elapsed before I clasped her charms again.

The delight at the sight of Nelly's overflowing cunt after her married friend had tailed her, some months before this — its exquisite lubricity as my prick glided up it, the soft voluptuous sensation as its tip enveloped itself in fat sperm, the absence of hard friction and irritation on it which I often feel when I begin fucking, and in addition to this the lascivious delights roused in my brain, at the idea of my prick being in the temple which a man had just enjoyed and left, haunted me spite of myself. After a month or two, I asked her if the cabinet maker was still to be had, and two nights after she said he was, tho now at work. I arranged to have him. Then I resolved that we were both to be masked. I was to take his mask off if I wished, but I really neither wished to see his face, nor him to see mine.

On the evening I was anxious, but got over it by drinking champagne. — The masks helped also to steady my nerves. — I don't know the manners of sodomites, but expect they have more confidence than this man had. I had him strip and handled his tool, it was thick and soft, and nice to feel, seemed nicer than the feel of a cunt, but it did not swell till Nelly shewed him her pudenda, when it roused itself. It was an extra sized one, long, thick, and much thicker as it neared the balls — I felt it in silence long, wondering if he had much sperm or not, then put him in various postures to see how his stiff tool looked as he moved about, scarcely speaking a word, and only in a whisper when I did.

Then I laid him on his back on the bed, and turning Nelly's rump towards him as she knelt, so that he might have the excitement of proximity to her cunt, began frigging him. — "Damn it all, let me fuck her" — cried he with a loud voice, as he felt pleasure coming on. — But that was not my game. Frigging on gently, my own prick sympathetically became rigid, then undressing to my drawers, I watched him and his tool whilst doing so, and he fingered her quim. Seeing my pego standing, he laughed and she chuckled. Then a desire to fuck her, came over me — for she is still beautifully formed and good looking, — for an instant I forgot him, and cunt resumed its natural sway. But his great stiff prick recalled me, and I frigged on, and my own prick at the same time. — Soon his was throbbing with lewedness. "Oh — a — h — r. I'm coming — I'll spend" — he cried. Then wanting to see his face, and watch his emotions, I pulled off his mask — "Pull yours off" said he. — I didn't, but stood gazing at his face, then at his nodding prick which for the instant I let go. Then my mind reverted to my object, to let him fuck her first — so ceased frigging and saying, "Fuck her." He began to get up.

But again I altered — "No — no — lay — there" — Again I seized his tool, to frig him was now all I wanted, and in a minute whilst he felt her cunt, out spurted on to his belly a copious shower of semen. - An aberration, a lustful delirium came over me, — had never intended, never thought of it till that instant

— I wondered if my sperm was as thick as his — for I hadn't frigged myself to see for sometime — wondered how my sperm would look by the side of his — and the instant that the idea flashed through my brain, I frigged myself rapidly. — Nelly looked on. — "Lay still" — still he lay — my ballocks were full, and I spent over his belly, my sperm falling by, or mingling with his. — In the wild excitement of the crisis, I laid hold of his prick again, whilst with my other hand I finished my own onanistic performance, standing by the bed side with eyes closed, and frigging both pricks at

once, till sense slowly returning I found both hands moist with our generative fluids.

He washed, put on his mask again, and we sat down.

— I thought of what I'd had him for, was sorry for what I had done — annoyed — and asked if he could fuck Nelly. "Not for an hour," said he. Then I was going to leave and told him he could dress. — He'd no sooner put on his shirt than I altered my mind, said he should wait and fuck her. — "All right, she's a rare good fuck"

— said he in a loud tone. "Let me take my mask off."

— I wouldn't. I had a dislike to see his face tho a hand-some one.

I didn't want to talk, or to feel him. He and Nelly talked and drank, I occasionally said a word. She after her custom played with his prick, and what with her feeling it and his feeling her cunt, before the hour I saw it swelling. — "You can fuck now." — "That I can." — Nelly put herself on the bed side, soon I saw his big tool going to and fro up her cunt, and put my hand under his balls, feeling its movements till his libation was given. I didn't disturb him whilst he bent over her, until from under his balls I felt his prick uncunting.

Nelly lay still with thighs wide apart as his tool left it, her cunt glistening invitingly with clear thin albumen, and beginning to yield up its liquids, for he had spent well. Then plunging my prick up her, it revelled in the grateful lubricity, and my libation mingled with his. — Then rapidly I washed, dressed, and went my way, throwing off my mask only at the door. — He was still masked and naked, sitting on a chair feeling his prick. He fucked her again when I'd left, she told me afterwards.

The excitement during copulation suspends judgment, — almost thought — except bawdy thought — reflexion comes afterwards. Next day I felt delight at the mode in which I had made my offering to Venus, in that one of her many temples which lay at the bottom of Nelly's belly, I was sure that the lubricity of her cunt, that softness prepared by the semen of my pioneer, added highly to my pleasure in coition with her, had made it perfect; yet I disliked myself for liking it, and vowed that none but Nell should ever know of my sexual whim [yet now I am narrating it, and have told it to other women — never to men].

Going to Nell's solely to talk about it a few days after, to my surprize she said she'd got another man for me if I'd like one, quite a young respectable fellow who had been a clerk, lost his place, had got down in the world, and now sold steel pens, calling at shops, offices and so on, to sell them. She fired me. "Get him, get him," said I. The idea of copulating after the man in the same female receptacle, again overwhelmed me with lascivious desire.

He was brought, was a short, dark youth, slim and almost boyish. At the first minute almost, he asked me what I was going to give him, and when told, said, "But you'll pay her." — Nelly in vain tried to stop him talking about that. "Pull out your prick," said I quite boldly finding him to be, or seeming to be a novice. He hesitated as if ashamed, and Nelly pulled it out for him — a little one — I laid hold of it. — "What are you going to do?" said he. — "What he likes" — said Nelly answering for me. — "Oh — no — what? — nothing at the back" — he remarked.

He undressed to his shirt, was clean, had a small prick growing out of a thick but small bush of jet black crisp hair. — His eyes and hair were very dark. — Talking with him, he said he'd been a clerk, but I couldn't get from him why he'd left clerkship. By selling pens, he made such a poor living, that as soon as he'd got twenty pounds, he meant to go to America. Miss * * * (naming a gay woman) a friend of Nelly's told him he could get money if he'd let gents frig him, and bugger him, but he wouldn't do the latter at any price. — He was to have Nelly wasn't he? — he hoped so, she was a nice girl, but he'd never done it to her, tho he had to her friend.

My lewd whims, likes and dislikes are so unaccountably curious. — Somehow I didn't care about his lubricating Nelly's vagina, the very idea of going where his prick had been gave me offence, tho he'd been hired for that purpose. — I frigg'd his little prick twice, he sitting on my knee whilst I masturbated him. Then I fucked Nelly and left. [Then for a time my dislike to another male being

even near me, returned. — Curiosity was I thought at the root of all I had done, yet the pleasure of a lubricious cunt still dwelt in my mind.

[I nearly burnt these episodes, yet why should I? — education, prejudice, how powerful are they — what more harm can there be in feeling a man's prick than his hand, his prick, is the noblest member?

[I was certainly wildly erotic after this, and went to Nelly L. for all my satisfactions. — Whenever I thought of H*l*n M***w 'd my prick stood, but I avoided her, fearing to fall in love — into that infatuation of lust which leads men to ruin. — How with my voluptuous temperament, and my adoration of the beautiful in women I kept from her astonishes me. Perhaps my erotic whims and Nell's economical facilities, saved me. My purse was impoverished just then also.]

I saw flaxen haired Sophy in the streets one night and had again a letch for her. Nelly got her, and my desire to see light haired and dark haired cunts to-gether, was again gratified. She had grown stouter, her breasts were very large, but not flaccid, her nipples were very prominent, which perhaps suggested what took place.

Comparing their cunts belly upwards, side by side, then with their bums towards me, we talked about the difference that age had made in them since first I had had them; how it had plumped their rumps and bubbies, and thickened the hair on their mottes. — Sophy's motte had swelled up, and was now thickly covered with crisp pale sandy colored hair, indeed was a very fine handful. — She was formed every where for fornication. She had kept a paler tint on her cunt's inner surface than Nelly had. — Dark hair was just shewing round N's bum hole, and we agreed that on her motte — where it was wide spread and thick, even when she came out — it had wider spread, had bunched out and was quite horse hairy. — Putting them on the top of each other I wanted them to flat fuck — Nelly refused, tho Sophy was ready for it, half screwed when she came and more so now, for I'd taken a bottle of gin with me. However they laid belly on belly with thighs wide apart, their mottes touching, cunt wigs entwining, but clitoris did not touch clitoris. Whilst fingering, I pulled their lips apart, admired the different crimson tints of their notches, felt their smooth slippery surfaces, saw the fullness of the pouting ridges which closed up the inviting red dells, and the difference in color of the crisp curls. It was a charming sight, a wonderful contrast in two cunts only.

N-y still refusing to rub her cunt against Sophy's, I put them on their backs on the bed, and examined their cunts as they lay that way. — "Lay down with us" — said Sophy. Naked I laid between the two (bed not large enough) and with middle fingers friggd both cunts at once, till their bums wriggled. "Frig faster, I'm coming" — said Sophy, grasping my cock and kissing my naked arm. "Leave off now," said Nelly. Tho lewed to my very arsehole, I got away from them, and pulled away Sophy's hand from her cunt, for she with that reckless lustful abandonment which now characterised her, feeling the want of complete pleasure which I had roused, had when my finger left her clitoris, began friggd herself energetically.

Then noticing her nipples. "Yes, them's growed big thro suckling the brats so long — ain't em?" — said she in her hideous lingo, and voice. — "Put one up Nelly's cunt." — "Oh, you baudy old bugger" — cried she. "What?" said Nelly laughing. — "How is it to be done?" — "I must piddle." — The gin had done its work, both women pissed and began my trick. I didn't know how to manage it at first, but lewed desires soon work themselves out practically with two well trained doxies. Both women now were lewed, excited by drink, and ready for any baudy trick, for a novelty in lust is enjoyed thoroughly by a whore whose cunt is hot, as I have proved many times.

I put Nell on the bedside, and Sophy kneeling in front of her on pillows, to bring her to a convenient height, which wasn't done in a minute. Then standing at Sophy's back, I held Nelly's legs up in the air as wide apart as I could, holding them by the heels, my arms distended, which brought her buttocks to the bedside, her cunt gaping. Then Sophy holding up one breast, pushed the nipple against the cunt, and squeezed her breast flat up against it, hiding all the hair encircled gap but the tip of the clitoris, which just showed itself above her breast. I stood with legs apart straddling over

Sophy's fat white back, my balls touching it, and my prick soon erecting, almost buried itself in the hair of Sophy's neck.

"Move it about." — "I can't, it will come out if I do." — "Do you feel the heat on your nipple?" — "Yes, it tickles it." — "Squeeze it backwards and forwards." Sophy obeyed, her breast squeezed up fuller and fuller, then receded, but never quitted the cunt. "Frig your-selves." — Sophy obeyed. — Nell refused, but commanded again angrily did so — her finger rubbed between her clitoris and Sophy's white milk bag. They didn't mind me, they were both too lewed and screwed, were both in a minute well off on the frig. Stooping for a moment I put my finger up Sophy's cunt from behind, could feel her finger agitating violently, the whole of her cunt seemed moving with it as my finger buried itself in its folds. Then again straddling across her white fat back, wanting to fuck, to be frigged, be sucked, all at once — that irresolution as to the act, that desire to have all the sexual pleasures in all ways at once was on me, and intoxicated me with lustful ideas.

Then the loveliness of Sophy's deliciously white skin struck me. Spitting on her back, I rubbed my prick tip up and down on the soft moist surface, frigging the stem with my wet fingers at the same time. I saw Nelly was coming by her looks and manner, that the frigging of Sophy was fetching herself also. She never hid her joys, had become a bawdy screecher when her pleasure came, and now sobbed, "Oh — my — dear — fuck me cunt — oh fuck" — I spurted a shower of sperm on to her white back as she ejaculated her lustful cries of delight. Nelly who had herself kept up both legs, when for the minute to frig myself I had relinquished them, was quiet, had spent, and dropped her legs over Sophy's shoulders, and there we all remained, Sophy's breast still squeezed gently up against the other's quim, my prick slowly drooping on to its own semen, whilst my hand rested on Sophy's shoulder.

The excitement had been very great to us all, tranquillity followed, but my erotic imagination never ceased working. Sophy's nipple was wet from Nelly's cunt. Both stood then in front of me, both cunts wet, both almost running with their spending. Then we washed, they drank more gin and talked about our lech — a lascivious triad — the nipple and cunt work amused us all.

After a time, Nelly put her breast on to Sophy's cunt for a minute, just for the sake of doing it once, and immediately washed her breast. But the excitement of the novelty was over, I didn't enjoy the sight as I had the first act, when the caprice had just struck me. I was most pleased with having spent over Sophy's back. I have spent over women's breasts, thighs, bums, cunts and faces, but upon a back never before, and the novelty was delicious.

Afterwards I wanted to fuck Nell, after putting my prick into both alternately. She positively refused, and wouldn't have my prick put into her, after the other's cunt, until the prick was washed. She was snappish with liquor. The fair haired one was ready for any-thing, and it ended in both gamahuching me to a certain stage of pleasure. Then in Sophy gamahuching Nelly at the bedside, and whilst doing so her bum towards me, I made her stand up, and pushing between the thighs towards the flaxen hair rift, my prick entered her deliciously lubricious cunt, that cunt which retains all its exquisite qualities — fucked by hundreds as it has been, and had three babies thro it — and spent with my hands on her white buttocks, listening to the lapping of her tongue on the other's cunt, who was spending again.

In another hour Sophy had gamahuched me, taken my libation in her mouth, and departed muzzy enough. — Nell then told me that she wouldn't let her cunt touch Sophy's, for she'd heard she'd had a clap lately. I took no harm. An hour afterwards the theatres were closed, I had had a lobster supper, was still lewed, tho not wanting to fuck, and strolled along a street where I knew women pissed freely, and felt the wet cunts of half a dozen. Tired of that and still loitering about, talking bawdy to every woman I met, I saw Sophy going along with a young man, followed them to a low broth-el, loitered about till she came out, found she was quite drunk, asked if she'd been fucked. "Yes, and the buggers only give me half a crown — no more," said she. She could scarcely speak for drink and scarcely seemed to know me at first. Then all at once, "Oh! Oh! it's you, come and fuck." — "No come here." — At a dark spot I felt her cunt again, it was mucilaginous. — "You haven't

washed your cunt," said I. - - "Ain't I? — I thought I did when I pissed" she mumbled out. I left her standing there, and soon turning round, saw her going with another man towards the bawdy house.

The following incident occurred I find two years ago, but the manuscript got displaced. Altho I did then see her often, I seem to have relied on Nelly L. to satisfy my erotic whims, and indeed now only went when I had some unusual lech to gratify. She was complaisance itself, I often wondered how it was that with that willingness in pimping, and her personal charms in form and face (she'd shown no signs of fading) she didn't get better rooms, and a better class of men. — Some women have no desire to rise, the lower stage suits them. She was indolent, was not poor, and was content.

Talking with her about a woman who had been taken up for robbing a man, and had kept the stolen trinket in her cunt for two days before it was found there. (This was told in obscure language in the newspapers.) I doubted the possibility. — Nelly averred that it was easy, and it ended in my going out to get the silver, putting forty shillings up her cunt, and seeing her walk up and down the room naked, holding the money in that feminine receptacle. Then she squatted over a pot, and the money dropped out.

I thought much of this, and a few weeks after, re-solved to try her pudendal capacity and tenacity. Taking five pounds all in shillings, I talked with her about her cunt which I knew to be very elastic and distensible, altho its muscular action in fucking was so delicious, as before I must have said in this narrative. Telling her the silver I had brought, she entered into a compact at once. Up to forty shillings if held, the money was to be hers, if sixty, fifty hers, if eighty, sixty hers — after eighty all was to be hers, till the silver fell out of her cunt as she walked across the room. She was to walk once up and down if I wished it after each shilling that was inserted. — If she held eighty, I was to fuck her on two other visits without payment. I stipulated that, tho not however intending to act on it, I never like to have a woman without making her a present.

Putting the silver into a basin, she washed and dried it, washed her cunt, dried that well and the insertion began. Shilling after shilling I put up. — After the first twenty — about holding which there was no doubt — until forty were embedded in the elastic gully. Then she walked up and down. "I'm quite sure I can hold twenty more," said she and I put them up by fives, the last five she herself squeezed up in some fashion. — "You've put those up your arsehole," quoth I joking. "Don't make me laugh, that won't be fair." — In a business-like way she now put up shilling after shilling as I handed them to her, till seventy were in her, and triumphantly she walked up and down the room, none falling out of her cunt.

Then I went on slowly, not believing she could hold any more, adding shilling after shilling, and making her walk after each addition to the load, till at the eightieth I put her at the bedside standing, then pushing my finger up a little distance only, felt the mass of coin seemingly but about an inch up from the mouth — I now laid her on the bed for introspection of the infundibular cavern, pulled open the lips for investigation, and could see the silver. Then triumphantly she promenaded the allotted distance, and said, "The money's mine."

Then shilling by shilling others were engulfed in her capacious receptacle, which held them firmly till the eighty-fifth, which tumbled out. Then the game was over, she laughed heartily and more fell out on the floor, her cunt relaxed its grip, I threw her on the bed-side, pulled rudely open her cunt, and a dozen rolled out, she laughing almost convulsively, and at each jerk of her belly more silver was ejected. Then over a basin squatting she relieved her cunt of the coin. The last being got out by aid of her fingers, it was then washed and dried, she washed her cunt out with a syringe, we counted the silver, and eighty four shillings were her gain. — "I wish some one would do this every day," said she elated.

The bulk and weight made it seem incredible that any vagina could have held it. But she had done it, and thought that had it been all in half-crowns, she could have held more.

I put then three fingers up her smooth red cul-de-sac, then four up to their knuckles, and believe I could have got my hand nearly up, but she would not allow that saying it hurt. Then my

manipulation having brought the avenue to its natural state of lubriciousness, she feeling randy and my prick being ready, we copulated. The clench of her cunt was delicious, and it seemed impossible that ever it could have dilated, and held eighty five shillings a quarter of an hour before.

[I never tried this trick again with her nor with any other woman but one — four or five years afterwards but told several free mercenary lovers about it. — None had ever heard of such a letch, which was evidently a very original one of mine, and came to me suddenly.]

I did not keep to H*1*n, could not afford to see her often, and one night from the Argyle went home to W**t*n P***e with a sweet faced, dark eyed girl, quite young (wasn't eighteen), a man opened the door, and objecting to his look I nearly left, paid her, and said I had forgotten an appointment. But she pressed me so — "Come and have me first" — that I went up to her rooms. She'd the prettiest little, chestnut haired cunt between plump thighs, and had a sweet form. We stripped to shirt and chemise — it was very hot — and with great mutual pleasure fucked. — Her manners were nice, modest, yet voluptuous, and I lay with my prick long up her, all the time kissing her — her teeth were beautiful. Our tongues played in silence till our carnal union was dissolved. Then I arose, saying, "you have a lovely cunt." — "You're a lovely poke" — she replied. Just at that moment a knock came. I started, somehow thinking of the sinister looking man who'd opened the door. — "Never mind, lie still, it's only my sister come home" — said she going to the door

With a ridiculous modesty, I covered my tool with my hand as the sister entered, a girl shorter, but in features closely resembling my woman. — She was very handsomely clad in bright yellow silk (as had been the other), a color then fashionable. Whilst getting some-thing from a drawer, the two began talking. "Yes, he never came, it's the second time he's humbugged me, — So and So wanted to come home with me, but I lost him thro waiting for ***, I'll serve him out." She was angry. Then she asked if her sister had supped, she hadn't, and was hungry, should Mrs. * * * * get any thing ready? and off she went. I had noticed this girl at the Argyle that very evening, but don't recollect seeing either of them before that night. They'd not been long gay, my woman had told me.

I dressed, and just as I had finished buttoning my trowsers, a voluptuous throb shot through my prick. "You're a sweet girl, I'm longing for you again," said I, kissing her and feeling her breasts. I'd been stimulated by seeing her wash her cunt, always to me a pleasurable sight. She kissed me. — "Come on then." — "I can give you no more money." — "All right" — In a minute we were on the bed, she grasping my tool, I twiddling her quim, our tongues meeting — "Do it, I want it," said she. The next second my prick was buried up to my balls in her tight little cunt, and with prolonged pleasure we spent. How tightly she held my bum I noticed, how she pressed up her cunt to me whilst we spent together. This time we had stripped entirely, and our flesh was in exquisite contact every where. Then we lay and talked till came another knock. "It's only Amy" — saying that she got up and let her in again.

Amy who was eating laughed at our nudities. — "Go and have supper Cis, Mrs. **** wants to put the things by and go to bed." — "Go, it's a man waiting to have you," said I, jeeringly, and really thought so from the manner of her sister, knowing a bit about the dodges of harlots. "There's no man in the house but Mr. ****. — My rooms are above, and I and sister the only two women in the house." — "You may go up and look," said Amy. — "Are you her sister?" — "I should think so" — and she laughed. "You are alike in face, are your quims alike?" — "I don't know, they ought to be for we are twins, would you like to look?" — "I can't afford it to night, shew it me for nothing." — "Oh likely." — Then after a pause, and having heard my woman affirm their being twins — which I had thought a hoax. — "I'll let you look for a minute if you'll give me a bottle of phiz, I've had not a drop of anything to day."

I agreed, saying I'd not pay more than ten shillings a bottle. — She didn't think that the landlord would supply it for that, but going to ask, returned with the brute of a man and the champagne. He took the money for it and departed. Then we drank and talked. They had not been long in London I heard, and that was the only house they had lived in. — My woman had been born only three minutes before the other. The champagne, - which was not bad — was finished. Again my lady

washed her cunt. "Now show me your quim" — Amy laid on the bedside, pulled up her petticoats, and I saw a cunt as much like her sister's as possible. — Neither girl had drawers on. — I put my hand to feel her treasure, when she pushed it away and got up laughing, "I didn't say I'd let you feel it."

Just then came another knock and a female voice, — "If you're going to have any supper Miss Cissy, you must come at once." — Asking me to wait only five minutes off she went. "You stop," said I to the sister. — She did, and I talked with her till her sister returned, but she wouldn't show me her cunt again. — "How do you like my sister?" she asked — I said I'd fucked her with the intensest pleasure. "He is a bawdy man," said she to her sister as she entered the room. — "I told you so" — was the reply.

I longed to see Amy's quim again, and said I'd have another bottle if she'd show it, and let me open the lips. She wouldn't agree to that at first, but she'd show it. — I agreed. She then stripped to her chemise, the champagne came and they got frisky with it. — "Shew me your prick," said Amy. — "It's a nice one, and he's a lovely poke," said her sister. I wouldn't shew it, unless she'd let me feel her cunt. She did, and it was a beautiful little split much like her sister's. She caught hold eagerly of my tool, which swelled largely in her hands, but didn't stiffen, quite.

All was most luxuriously inviting. The two sweet girls close to me in their chemises, with bubbies shewing — dark patches every now and then peeping from their armpits — lovely shaped legs in silk stockings and natty boots, formed a delicious sight. Every now and then I felt the elder girl's quim; she lifted my shirt, and gently handled my prick, and our talk got bawdier. The champagne was finished, it had got into their bladders, both pissed, and so did I — Amy again felt my prick (not any stiffer) and said, — "I shall go to bed, I wish I'd some one to sleep with, I've not had a poke for two nights." — "I'll give you another bottle of champagne if you'll let me fuck you — if I can — if you can stiffen me." — "Have him," said Cissy. — "All right," said Amy going to the door and hollowing down stairs for the wine. — "He's gone to bed and I can't get it" — said a female.

Up stairs clattering ran the lass, roused the man who came down grumbling (she'd left the door ajar). Soon after the parlor door opened, a champagne bottle was pushed thro, the hand remained. — "The money," said he. I put it into his hand which disappeared. The next few glasses screwed the girls, who had been somewhat chaste in language till then, but now returned my lewd talk. — "Fuck me," said Amy, laying hold of my tool. — "It's not stiff" — "Come on the bed and I'll make it stiff, but it's stiff enough to get into me now." — "Suck it — you must." Both refused, nor would they. — "Mind, I can't give you any money." — "All right, come on." — "Pull off your chemise." — Off it went, off went my shirt. — She laid on the bed thighs wide apart, I investigated her cuntal charms, and my cock then stiffened gloriously; but not feeling pressed by my sperm I still laid by her side. — "Why it's quite stiff, put it in," said she impatiently, and tugging at my prick vigorously.

Who could resist such an eager, loving, invitation? I plunged my pego into her thirsty sheath. She was dying for it, and worked her cunt vigorously, but my tool tho now as rigid as the most exacting cunt could desire, had no libation ready at its roots. Fucking on vigorously to meet her ardor, soon the clip and grind round its tip told me she was coming. The soft, moist relaxation of cuntal friction, her murmurs of pleasure, and tranquillity of thighs, bum and belly, told of her spend. Directly after, "You haven't spent, go on fucking, go on," said she.

On I went fucking with pleasure, grasping her bum, kissing the delicious creature, pleasure in my gland, my mind filled with visions of women, of her sister's cunt, and other exquisite meretricious reminiscences — but without that all pervading voluptuous pleasure, which runs thro every fibre of my body and heralds the advent of spunk, as it prepares to issue from my balls. — She sighed, — she kissed me. — "Aha — you fuck lovely" — I plunged harder and quicker, up and down the lubricious avenue, and sweated copiously with my exercise on that hot night. — Then her cunt gripped and tightened again, then came a voluptuous thrill thro me. — "I shall spend love — it's coming from my balls" — "Aha — so — shall — I — Aher — Aher" — and my spendings mixed with hers in the lovely sheath, and we were tranquil. There sat her sister watching us. — "He's a

lovely poke isn't he?" said she. — "Yes." — "How often did he do you?" — "Twice." — "Aha" — said Amy laying with my prick up her, I on her belly, which heaved up.

Then I left. — Many a year was it since I'd fucked a Paphian for a bottle of champagne. It was near day-light when I got home.

A few days after I had the elder in the afternoon. She was fresh as a daisy, looked handsomer than at night. What a long look I had at the little cunt, with what delight I fucked it twice. She then told me she should leave London soon, a gentleman was going to keep her. I gave her champagne as we sat and talked. She said they really were twins, lived not far from London — had been fucked not quite a year, that the same gentleman had the virginities of both of them and of one not long after the other. They had known him since they were little girls, and their parents as well. He'd helped their parents and had dropped down dead just before they had turned gay. — A curious history if true, yet not improbable; for I know of a case intimately, where a very rich man fucked first two sisters, and left them each small fortunes; some people said he'd fucked their mother as well. She was a remarkably handsome woman. He died suddenly.

Again I called — Amy appeared, said her sister was engaged with a friend. — "I wish I were fucking her instead," said I. — "You might if you'd been ten minutes earlier, but I am glad, for it's the gentleman who's going to keep her." — I examined Amy's charming form, and her little pretty quim was very like her sister's, with but a small quantity of silken hair on it. I fucked her and departed, not liking her as well as her sister, but why can't say. — Calling a few nights after, the sinister looking man opened the door, and said Miss **** had gone away. Off I went to the A*g**e, saw the sister, took her home and had her. Her sister was in a nice house of her own with a great swell she said. I questioned her more. — Yes. One gentleman had had both their virginities, and he was dead, "So much the worse for us."

A day or two after I visited H*l*n. She had now become very curious about my doings with women, and always questioned me. Generally I told her truly what women I had. It pleased me to tell her, especially as I saw it annoyed her when told what the cost of my pleasure had been. She averred that they were not sisters, tho they'd given themselves out as such. — She knew them by sight, they had only been seen a few months, and one had recently disappeared. She had enquired about the sisterhood.

They however resembled each other immensely, had voices alike, and cunts wonderfully alike. Out of a hundred cunts, not one is quite like to another, there is always some difference noticable in them. -- In my belief, there is as much difference in the look of cunts as there is in noses. — But sisters' cunts I think are generally somewhat alike. — One sister often makes another a harlot. All this I've remarked before.

"You say you're fond of me but see other women much more frequently." — "Yes but don't give them your compliment." — "But you spend much more money." — "Perhaps, but have three or four women for what I pay you once." — "Well — I won't let any man have me for less than five quid." — But she was annoyed.

Soon after calling on Amy, I found she had also left, both had disappeared from London. They were lovely young harlots, had the sweetest cunts, and each would have let me fuck them as much as I liked — which was less than they wanted. Sweet as they were I gamahuched neither of them — why?

Vol. 9 Chapter X

A dancing demirep. • An admiring crowd. • The landlady's bonnet. • Flight prevented. • Miss Bh*m. • The effects of smooth flesh on her. • My confessions to H*I*n. • Financial proposals. • Aboard. • At peepholes again. • The English woman bathing.**

I then went to the A*g**e three or four times, disguising myself a little, to look at H*I*n, (who looked lovely in her superb dresses) and perhaps a little be-cause I had found women well dressed, handsome and young, who readily accepted a couple of sovereigns or less. About to enter late one night, I saw a crowd in the road and a little woman evidently drunk, yet steady in her limbs, dancing with her clothes up to her knees, and singing. The mob — mostly of common men applauded, making smutty remarks, "Pull 'em up higher and show us yer cunt." — She made some reply and pulled them up higher, asking if her legs were not beautiful.

There was something about her exhibition which made my cock horny. — I'll get her into a cab, and feel her cunt thought I. — "Here's the Bobbies." — "Hook it little un. — Here's a Bobby," cried out the men. — The crowd separated, the girl dropped her clothes, and quickly ran up * * * * St. — I followed. "Come into a cab." She clutched my arm. "Don't let em lock me up, they did last month — Oh — don't — come away." — She was wild with fear, tho there was no need for it, for the circle having broken up, the police interfered no further. In a second into a four-wheeler we had got.

"Where to?" — "Oh they won't let me in I think." — "Where to?" — "I don't care, I live at * * * * but they won't let me in perhaps, I got out of the window — they've locked up my things." — "Well, I'll leave you." — "Oh — no — don't — take me home with you." — She was thick in voice, very anxious, but coherent and didn't stammer even. — She seemed a little out of her wits, I began to think. — With difficulty I got her exact address which was at the extreme end of F****h*m.

In the cab my lust rose higher — "What lovely legs you have." — "Haven't I?" — Saying that she stood up in the cab, pulled her petticoats nearly up to her back-side, tried to dance, knocked her head up against the roof, then sitting down, put her legs upon the opposite seat. "There, ain't they beautiful — feel my cunt — let me feel your cock." — She tore my trowsers open violently, and seized my pego. — "Oh — oh — oh it's a beauty — let's fuck — but ain't my legs beautiful." — All this in a breath hurriedly. — Thought I, she's randy mad drunk. But vanity was stronger than her lust, for relinquishing my prick, she again pulled up her clothes to call attention to the beauty of her legs, — and beautiful they were — then again grabbed my pego eagerly, begging me to fuck her. — "We can't." — "Oh we can — I've done it in cabs" — and so on. — She gabbled on in a half cracked, half drunken, lewed manner, every now and then feeling me and asking me to fuck her. I felt a fat, well haired cunt, and rump and thighs quite solid. She once so handled my prick — for I liked her doing it — that I resolutely withdrew it from her, not wishing my letch to die away in masturbation. — "Haven't you been fucked to night?" — I enquired, for it occurred to me that she had got tight with money received for her favours. Tho tipsy, she answered steadily enough, "I've not been fucked for three days, they have locked me up, I owe a month's rent, they took away what my friend gave me when he called, they said they'd give me in charge if I didn't let 'em." "O fuck me" — laying her head on my shoulder. Then suddenly, — "Oh — that's * * * * St. — what shall we do if they won't let us in?" She then was quiet, evidently fearful of something at her house. Her talk raising all sorts of suspicions, and not wishing to be mixed up in a boudy house row, I felt inclined to pay her and cut — just then the cab stopped at a small house.

I knocked and rang several times, bolts and locks were withdrawn, the door opened, and a coarse looking, middle aged woman stood there candle in hand, who looked savagely at my little woman as she closed the door. — The demirep was going hurriedly to her rooms on the ground floor, when the landlady called out, — "Here, take the light, and give me my bonnet, you'd no business to have taken it." — Hastily the girl gave the bonnet, took the candle, opened her room door, and when

inside locked it, and said, — "Oh ain't she a beast? — but she can't get at us now." I heard the street door bolted again, and the woman tramping up stairs. I felt uncomfortable, but the feel of the cunt had set me longing so, that I resolved to fuck it quickly and get off. — She tried to mount a chair to light the gas but reeled and nearly fell. — I lighted it, and found the rooms comfortably furnished. — She was now more intoxicated, and thoroughly lewed, grabbed at my prick, and then chuckling, undressed rapidly saying, "She's listening to us perhaps, don't talk loud — look at my legs." — It occurred to me again that she might be cranky.

But I had no time for reflection, for dropping all her clothes on the floor, mounting the bed, throwing up her chemise and opening her thighs wide, "Come on — fuck me" — she cried. I've known gay ladies screwed and lewed behave similarly, and urge me with their impatience for my cock. Modest females indeed have cuddled up to me, and without bawdy words hurried me up their thirsty cunts. I threw off my coat, pulled her to the bedside, looked well at her cunt — which was roly poly lipped, fat, hairy — as I had guessed by my feel — and her bum and thighs large and solid. She had beautiful feet and legs from her knees downwards, above them a little heavy. I then put her lengthwise on the bed, laid besides her, and pulled out my cock. — "Pull off your clothes and stop all night." — "Impossible." — Raising herself she took unasked my prick in her mouth for a second only, saying, "I like to lick a good stiff un first." Then I mounted her, and she being lewed and my sperm simmering, her cunt was soon overflowing. She spent with violent demonstrations of pleasure, and a minute after clasping my backside tightly, and putting her short legs up round it, she re-commenced oscillating her buttocks. "Fuck on, I shall spend again." — "I can't." — "You can it's quite stiff — fuck on." — It was unusually rigid, but during her random talk whilst undressing and also in the cab, she'd said that when she was ill she'd never had a fuck. It occurred to me that she might have had pox or clap. So spite of her I withdrew my prick.

When I'd washed and buttoned up, off the bed she jumped. "Fuck me again." — I told her I must go, but she closed with me, said I shouldn't till I'd done her again, that she hadn't been fucked for days, damned if I should go till I'd fucked again. "Look at me naked." Stripping off her chemise, she put her arms round my neck, pulled my head down and kissed me, praying for a fuck. It was irresistible, I laid on the bed with her, and as my cock was not ready, she frigged herself and spent. In a quarter of an hour she'd minnetted my pego to full penetrative size, and my second injection was given.

That seemed to have cooled her arse, and her manner changed. In a whisper almost, — "Let me dress, and when you go out let me go with you" Said she had got out of the window that night (it was quite easy to do so) with the only things she'd got, the landlady had the rest — It was her own bonnet, not the landlady's, who'd taken it, and she'd got it away on the sly, be-cause she couldn't go out without a bonnet. "Oh take me away do — I'm so frightened of her." — She clung to me evidently in fear of some one in the house but she was now incoherent. She managed however to keep me an hour or more after I'd paid her, till she'd put on her clothes. — "Go softly — I will go out with you." — In vain I persuaded her not, she insisted. — I was embarrassed, went softly to the street door, she following me, found it locked and the key taken away. "Oh she's locked us in," said she in terror.

I called out and knocked with my stick till the woman came down, saying she thought I was going to stay all night. Then to the little woman who stood close to me, — "You go away Miss * * * *" — quick as lightning she ran into her room and slammed to the door. The next minute the street door closed on me — I was glad to be clear, yet very curious, waited outside for a minute, and heard women's voices hollowing at each other, then I went off.

A few days after seeing the dancing demirep, I was at the rooms quite early, and noticed a tall, black haired, dark eyed woman of Jewish type, with a small delicate nose and pearly complexion. She looked five and twenty and was elegantly attired in a black silk dress, very décolleté, showing a lovely pair of exquisite breasts, which together with a breadth of hip, and easy undulations of her body as she moved swelled my pego with desire; but thinking her price would be too high for me, I

stifled my lust.

She came towards me slowly, looking at me, and then concupiscence suddenly overcame prudence. I thought of nothing but fucking her. "You're very lovely, I'm longing to have you." — "Why don't you then?" — "I can't afford to pay for such a beautiful dress." — "Some can if you can't." — "I can't afford more than a sovereign" — all said in a very low tone of voice. She looked me up and down for a second or two — then, "You may go home with me if you'll go directly, I must come back." In five minutes we were in a cab, in twenty minutes in her rooms at P**l*co.

She took off her bonnet, sat down, looked at me scrutinizingly, and remarked that a sovereign was very little. At once and without reflection, I thought I should be bilked unless I paid more to have her. The hurried feel in the cab of her smooth thighs, and extreme crispness of the curls on her motte had so excited me, that had my purse been filled I should have payed anything, but there were only a few shillings and one sovereign in it.

"I've not deceived you — I'm a gentleman, here is your money." — Angry and scarcely knowing what I said, and putting the money on the table. She looked at me without speaking until I put on my hat, and then, "What are you doing, aren't you going to have me? come along" — and she went to her bedroom.

I followed, thinking that I'd rather made a donkey of myself. "Undress," said she smiling. "I thought you wanted to get back." — "So I do, but take off your things." — She was soon in chemise, and as I watched the disclosure of her charms, my prick rapidly erected. She laughed directly she saw my horny procreator, which propped up my shirt tail, and she manipulated it gently directly I laid by her side. I fingered her lovely cunt, every now and then intruding a finger into the red avenue as herald to my carnal king. She passed one ample thigh over my hip, opening her delicious furrow, giving free play to my fingers, glued her mouth to mine, and tongue to tongue we lay in silence, excepting for her soft murmurs of pleasure; all this surprizing, delighting, and stimulating my lust. — It was so delicious mentally and physically, that tho my semen was near to ejaculating itself without the friction of her pudenda, I restrained myself from fucking. "Leave off dear, or I shall spend." — "Don't put it into me yet" — she replied, relinquishing my tool. — I'd stirred her concupiscence — and many a Paphian have I done the same to, — they have said it — who enjoyed my embraces, and stimulated me to further enjoyment of them — and this has occurred quite as frequently in my middle age, if not more so than in my youth.

How exquisite is the touch of the soft hand of a woman as it glides about my prick, soothing yet exciting, moving gently, slowly, restlessly up and down the stem — without the vigor of the masturbating friction. — I missed Miss B**h*m's hand so much, and liked so much my fingers smoothing over her soft, pulpy feeling vulva, that for the moment I regretted we had ceased manipulating our heated genitals. But either overcome by her concupiscence, or a desire fully to gratify mine, she turned on to her back. The invitation was irresistible. In my strong desire for her, desire to join her exquisite body to mine, to spend my seed in her, I had scarcely yet looked at her cunt, so overwhelmed, so satisfied entirely with the beauty of her form was I, as it disclosed itself whilst undressing. Every garment she took off one by one added to my fire, and I had followed her on to the bed, without that investigation of her centre of love and bliss, which so much delights me. Now as she lay with thighs apart, showing the jet black, crisp curls, umbrageously hiding the soft lipped division of her belly, my prick gave a violent throb, nodding its adoration of the avenue it was to travel up, and my sperm seemed beginning to rise from my testicles.

Then impatiently my fingers divided the curly covered lips, my prick now shaking with desire, then a rapid glimpse of the red opening, and delirious with beauty of her sexuality, I dropped on to her, our bellies met, my thighs enclosed by her plenteous columns, and ere my fingers were there to guide it, my prick had struck the crimson aperture, and with one thrust splitting the lips, buried itself up it, plunged up to its roots, my balls rubbing themselves on to her lovely buttocks. — I could not repose even a moment in the delight of possession of her body — of our being joined as one in the flesh, and in the mind — that exquisite pause which comes when my prick can go no

further up — but with sperm seething and ready to ejaculate into its lubricious recipient, it urged me on. With frantic thrusts, up and down moved my prick in her cunt, which sympathetically heaved to meet it, grip-ping its ruby tip, and whilst she murmured, — "Don't hurry" — hotter and hotter it grew, lodged itself in the innermost folds of the channel, and with gentle movements a flood of sperm poured into it. — So soon as she felt the warm mucilage, her cunt discharged its glairy juices to mix with mine. Then with lingering vitality, my prick still gently moving, her belly gently heaving, our spendings churned together and slowly we sank to repose in each other's arms — our mouths and tongues still glued together. Ah! the bliss of those few minutes from conjunction to dissolution.

My pego shrinking drew out some of our spendings. Still keeping my motte pressed up to hers, I felt the genial juices cooling on my scrotum, felt voluptuous de-light at feeling it there. She did not move, but rubbed both hands up and down from bum to neck on my naked flesh in silent pleasure; then remarked, "You have spent a lot, what lovely flesh you have." — Vanity gratified, yet doubting — I replied, "Humbug." - "Humbug, what's humbug? — your flesh feels lovely, by God." — Then after feeling and praising her solid backside I turned over from her my pego dripping with lubricious moisture, and got up to wash. She lay quite still looking at me, thighs apart just as I left them. — "You've a lovely skin for a man — let me see you quite naked."

I drew off my shirt and stood naked, the love essences glistening on my drooping pego, hairs on my motte glued to the flesh, she with thighs just as I'd left them, the black curls on her mount drenched, sperm showing on the little red line visible — for she like me had spent copiously, and our mutual desire to continue our loving connection, had squeezed out the essences from her flooded cunt. — After contemplating for a minute, she said, "You're a fine man," and got off the bed holding her cunt to catch any mucilage. Washing and squatting over the basin, she looked at her fingers covered with the lustful emollient of my testicles. "Haven't you spent?" said she, and laughed.

Both were washed. — "Let me see you naked, I haven't done so." — In my lustful impetuosity, from feeling to fucking had not occupied a minute, all was hurry to mix with this goddess of pleasure. — I didn't expect she'd comply as she was in a hurry, but she said, — "Let's look at ourselves together." — Taking off her chemise, she laid hold of my waist and we turned towards the cheval glass, she rubbing her hands all over my flesh, and at last kissing one of my nipples. It was startling to see these evidences of pleasure, after the cold, hurried beginning of an hour scarcely past. Then I felt her breasts and cunt, she laid hold of my prick, we turned belly to belly, contemplating ourselves as Adam and Eve might have done if they had had a looking glass, then saying, "You have lovely flesh" — threw herself languidly on the bed as if fatigued, put her fingers on her clitoris, and remarked, "We needn't be ashamed to show ourselves." — This Jewish Paphian seemed to enjoy my skin and nudity immensely, as other women have done. — I'm sure she was Jewish, tho she had scarcely a marked feature of her race.

Then she let me see her secret charms, and turned about readily to show them — accomplished Paphian as she was — and exquisite they were. — Every now and then she caught hold of my pego, squeezed, relinquished it, and smiled. It had not left her cunt twenty minutes ere lustful thrills shot thro it, then my fingers fastened on her black, thick, wiry haired — how crisp and curly they were — notch, and instinctively rubbed her button, — that button made for frigging, — and when I had frigged it a little time left off, thinking I saw from her silence and a certain manner, that she wished me away. So I ceased the titillation and took up my shirt. — "Fuck me again," said she.

Astonished. — "You wanted to get back quickly" "Never mind." — Then, for I can't bear to have my pleasures without paying, can't bear to leave a woman dissatisfied unless I find her out to be a harpy, — "I've no more money, you may look in my purse." — "Oh damn the money lie down." — In a second I was beside her, we were lying side by side, one of her thighs passed over my hip, she handling my prick, I her cunt, our lips kissing, and so we lay concupiscently playing and coaxing each other's genitals. — Now and then I ceased to feel, then turned to look at her black haired temple, then resumed my place by her side and probed her cunt with my fingers, till our lusts were

assuaged by a second fuck. Then she asked me to take her back. We dressed quickly and I took her back to the congregation of cock-huntresses. I felt her all the way there, she me, and my prick was again stiff as we parted at the door of the saloon. — I gave a half promise to see her again, but did not.

It has not often occurred to me to have had two gay women in five days, worth telling about. In my youth I have had dozens without any thing specially notice-able, tho in my diaries most were mentioned.

A week after this I saw H*1*n and told her all. It was then that I mentioned having poked one of the twins for a bottle of champagne. H*1*n seemed much irritated, which pleased me; said again that they were not twins, it was a sham to entice men who liked the idea of having sisters, that the little one was a little beast who would let any man have her for any money. — Miss B**h*m was dangerous, let men bugger her, did not care who knew it, and liked that bestiality. A man lived with her, and she'd heard that together they got money out of gentlemen who went home with her. — She knew I'd gone home with her, for a woman had told her so, but it was nothing to H*1*n, I'd a right to have any woman I liked. — As to the terpsichorean harlot, she did not recognize her from my description. — H*1*n cooled down after I'd fucked her twice and had given the fiver, and on telling that I was going abroad and might not see her for months — said if I liked to come as a friend, and give her a bottle of champagne I might have her; but if money passed, it was a fiver and nothing less.

I set all she said down to spite, and to hinder my again seeing B**h*m. — In a few days I visited H*1*n again, she was voluptuous to perfection, wanted me to fuck her again and again. I fancied indeed that she was determined that my precious, life giving emollient, should go into no other woman's cunt that day. — We had the champagne and I might have enjoyed her for that, but gave her some gold when leaving. She said she didn't want it but accepted with very little pressing. "When I return I will always give you that, if you can-not accept it I must keep away from you." — She made no reply, and soon after I went abroad.

Of late years my opportunities of using peepholes at hotels have been but few, this season chance gave me more. Owing to the limited accommodation at hotels in the travelling season, friends cannot always get bed rooms close together, and this was the case just now with us, which gave me the chances.

Alone in a large bedroom, in an ancient hotel in a mountainous district, I went to bed early and slept at once soundly. Soon after day-break a sudden noise in an adjoining room roused me. Instantly my old curiosity came on, for from the shuffling of feet, and movements heard thro the ill fitting doors between my room and the next, I knew it must be a woman there. Instinct tells me that sometimes before I know there is one. My sensuous temperament I have at times thought gives me a presentiment that a woman will be visible to me — absurd tho this may seem. — It is the sympathetic transmission of lust to lust, an ethereal inter-change, which I believe in, and which has rarely deceived me.

Jumping out of bed, stealthily going to the folding doors, I heard water splashing, and directly found a hole just above the top of my washstand, big enough to put a large quill through — so large that it is a wonder it had not been seen and plugged up by the occupant on one side or the other. — But my experience is, that half the travellers fatigued and preoccupied, either are in-different to, or don't suspect these subtle means of inspection. — A washstand was also placed against the door on the other side, and there was a woman in night dress washing. — I couldn't see her face, or anything but about half of her body.

Shortly she moved off to the middle of the room, poured out water into a large sponging bath then stripped, and naked in it began sluicing water all over her. Sometimes she stood with a sponge letting the water run down her back, then down her front, then she squatted and bathed her cunt, in doing which she luckily faced me and I saw her twats fairly well and the hair on her motte and

armpits, both of which were visible every second. — Her sluicing was mainly in her cuntal regions, where she sluiced so long, that I concluded she had a weakness there. After drying her-self, she opened a window, threw her night gown loosely over her shoulders, and stood looking out with naked bum towards me. Then she began to dress, and I lost sight of her. — I was ravished with the spectacle which lasted some minutes, set my pego swelling, and with difficulty I restrained an onanistic performance.

She was a tall, thinnish English woman, seemingly about twenty three years old, with blue eyes, lightish brown hair, with but little hair on her motte, and less in her armpits. I longed to be nearer to her, for when-ever I secretly see a woman nude, I desire to get near her and talk to her, thinking about her charms, whilst I converse. I feel as if I liked her, as if she were some-how bound to me and I to her, and that I would do any-thing kind or useful for her. Such is my sensuous temperament, such the amiable state of mind which seeing a pretty woman naked puts me in. This sexual longing, this feeling born of the urging of the prick to-wards the cunt for conjunctive copulation, or in plainer language fucking — is that which directly or indirectly, determines the whole course of human existence.

I dressed rapidly and got to the breakfast room. A few minutes after, there was the lady with her relatives who were going off early by carriage. I spoke to them about the weather and their journey, with the familiarity which travelling engenders. Then it was that I saw she had blue eyes and was English. I thought how I should have liked her to have seen my prick though that peep hole, as well as I had seen her charms, and delicious thrills ran through that carnal tube as I thought of her nudity, so soon as she had gone. Fucking is the real bond of union of the sexes, what interest would a man have in a woman who had no cunt, — beyond mere curiosity?

Vol. 9 Chapter XI

A big Kellnerin in the mountains. • The privy in the barn yard. • Her bedroom at midday. • A sleepless night of love.

Three weeks later I was travelling alone in a higher mountain region. — My Lohnkutscher set me down at the best of two hotels in a primitive village, a rough place it was, tho clean. — Soon after day-break next morning I was up (like the rest) and wandering about the village which contained perhaps a hundred houses, till I reached the other hotel, seemingly a poorer place than mine. On the opposite side of the road to it was an adjunct. A female carried to and fro coffee and bread and butter, and some dozen or so well clad farmers, peasants, and their like, were breakfasting there. It was about six o'clock.

The building where they were eating seemed like a huge two storied barn — the front on the ground floor forming this eating place, the rear half abutting upon a yard in which were empty vehicles, the yard having been got by cutting away the rock. — By the side of this building was the church yard with a public pathway thro it, which continued in the rear of the barn yard, and was about fifteen feet above it. From it, the interior of the back of the building on the ground level could be seen thro big folding doors which were open. — There were little windows on the floor above. In the yard was a privy. Whilst looking in at the people breakfasting, an exceedingly tall woman crossed the road. — She was quite six feet high, and stout in proportion. Her arms were naked far above her elbows, till covered by a white chemise, her petticoats were half way up to her knees, she'd strong laced up boots, — the peasants' costume — and a little covering of some sort on her head. Her face was bronzed and handsome, her walk stately. As she passed she smiled, and said, "Good morning sir" — a salutation given to all in that country. — She had a bunch of keys hanging from her waist, and a leather bag for money, which proclaimed her a Kellnerin.

I watched her for a minute, thinking what thighs and bum she must have, then strolled through the church yard, and along the pathway mentioned, and looking down on the cart yard, the Kellnerin

appeared, saw me, but taking no notice walked straight to the privy, barely closed the door, and in a minute came out again having evidently gone there to piddle. My prick then tingled as naturally I thought of her cunt, and a train of voluptuous thoughts followed. She looked at me, I nodded, she nodded, walked to the barn doors, again looked up at me. I kissed my hand as she disappeared. There was nothing rude or lewdly inviting in her. My prick was standing now, I had not fucked for a week.

It is delicious to look at a woman and to think about her hidden charms, even when I have no expectation of sexual gratification. Going on a little further, I again got to the main road, turned towards the restaurant and entered it. The farmers stared at me but not rudely. Passing to the rear of them I ordered coffee, and the Kellnerin fetched it. Almost directly afterwards a rough diligence appeared, some went off by it, two or three others carrying guns went off also, all saying "Good morning" to the Kellnerin, and she and I were alone. Then she sat down near me, — mountain custom — and remarked that it would be a hot day. I didn't understand her language, thereupon she spoke in German, but with a patois which made it difficult to understand each other.

I wondered if she were the daughter of the proprietor, —they often were in such hotels. She was not, she lived with her mother in the winter, and "now here, and up above" and she tossed her head up to the rough flooring overhead. Then I wondered if perchance I might knock my balls against that big bum. My lust rose high, I thought of the Great Eastern, and of the big woman I fucked in W**t*n Place not quite two years ago, comparing the Kellnerin mentally with them. She was bigger, better proportioned, and younger — twenty two she said — then my passion grew stronger — I was reckless and resolved to try it on. — There was a quiet look and manner about her which made me hesitate, but I knew that in her country, sexual love with-out priestly permission is common, is readily pardoned and thought no sin, that the state charged itself with illegitimate infants, and that women were not thought to be degraded thereby.

I began praising her size and perfect form, was sure there was padding, chaffed about sweethearts — how old was her baby? — Ah — she had none — I should like to be the father of one. — Should I indeed? — all was suggestive of fucking. — We looked in each other's eyes laughing, knowing well each other's thoughts - paid for my coffee, giving her all the change, she caught my hand and kissed it (the custom of Kellnerin then). Then I caught and kissed her without difficulty. "You don't sleep in this barn." — Yes she did — there were many sleeping rooms above. I promised a florin if she'd show me hers. — She said after looking funnily at me, that she would, but, "It isn't worth a florin to see that." — Still we sat, she on the other side of the table, with the simplicity of manners which is found in primitive places in that country, then went to the front of the eating place, looked out, said the diligence was late, and sat down again. I ordered more coffee which she fetched, sat down, and began counting out money from her bag. — I resumed our talk. — Where did she garter?

How absurd this repetition seems — but it's a fetching question, — one which makes a woman laugh in all Christian countries. — Lets her know that her questioner is thinking of her secret parts. — Then if she's game, if her carnality is in the ascendant, her cunt be-gins to heat, prick enters her mind, desire rises.

Was it so with this stalwart Kellnerin? — Her eyes, mild, quiet, without a bit of the Paphian in them looked softly into mine, before she answered me, — "Above knee of course." — "I wish I were the garter then I should see all." — "Ach Gott — you're a funny gentle-man." — "There are no rooms above." — "Yes, a dozen I say, and full often in summer, but the weather's been bad." — "Show them me, and yours, and I'll give you ten florins to show me your garters." — "What — ten florins? — I will show the rooms, after the diligence has passed." — Then I kissed her, pulling her to me and trying to pinch her bum. — She took the kiss but repulsed the pinch. — "My God, how you have set me wanting you." — My German was vile and I knew but little bawdy language in it, but she understood me I saw. She was staring at me kindly when a jingling of bells told the approach of the diligence.

A man and woman from the diligence had breakfast, — which was over in ten minutes — and

departed. Said she, — "There will be no one here now till dinner, and I must go to the hotel." — "Leave this house with-out our seeing them?" — "Show me your garters." "Nein — I'll show you the rooms" — joking with her, she went forward to do so. I followed, and found that the big, wooden, barn-like structure, was divided into three parts, — that next the eating place was boarded and clean, with a large coarse wood staircase, and on mounting, that on the first floor was quite a dozen, common looking bedrooms, and on one side an enclosure, which I knew from the smell was a bogging place.

The rooms tho large and rough looked quite clean. "Where's yours?" — "There." — On the other side of the staircase were two rooms where she and a fellow servant slept. She showed me her own room, holding the door half open, I pushed by her and sat down on the bed. — "Come out, I must be off," said she laughing. — "Come in" — and I pulled her gently inside, sat her on the bed and began kissing her, trying to feel her garters, murmuring all the bawdy German I knew, offered her the ten florins to — "lay down with me." Just as I had managed to touch her flesh above her garters, — she strongly resisted, but begged me not to make a noise, — the house master might come over. — But the mere touch of her flesh had made me reck- less, and repeating that I'd give her ten florins, I took that money out of my pocket and laid it down.

She was evidently staggered by the offer, tho not quite an English sovereign. — "Nein — nein — zehn florin? — Ach nein mein Herr" — but she'd sat down again at the edge of the bed, whilst she seemed reflecting. In a minute I'd pulled my prick out and my fin-gers were between her notch. — My German language left me in my excitement, all was physical now, it was all kissing. — "Nein — nein" — "yah — yah" — and cunt fingering. — At last quietly she got up, listened, bolted the door, the next minute I had pushed her unresisting on to the bed, and her petticoats were up to her navel. I saw an expanse of deliciously white flesh, a triangle of brown hair enclosing her belly rift, and instantly divided it with my pego. — Never before did I seem to have had such exquisite delight, as when my prick opened those soft lips, and my semen gushed copiously out into her midst her pleasure sighs, and belly heavings. The five minutes struggling with me, and the touch of her cunt by my fingers had roused her lust, which as I pierced her was as strong as mine. She was young and hearty.

We lay embracing, kissing, whilst my pego was re-tiring. When it had slipped out, and I felt its tip touching the cunt wig, she whispered, "Be quiet" — told me to stay there till she fetched me, went down stairs, and in five minutes returned. — "Go now, and by the way of the cart yard" — I wouldn't go till I'd had her again, and played with her sexual orifice in its unctuous state, till nature again permitted me the exercise of conjugal rites. She retired first and washed her cunt somewhere, and I had a good look at it, before we fucked ourselves into Elysium again.

Then she went to see if the coast was clear, and by the rear of the building, and a narrow path up into the Church yard I got to my hotel. It wasn't eight o'clock when I arrived there.

I had intended leaving, but now was overwhelmed by lust for her, wanted her again, to see her charms more fully, to revel in them, to sleep with her if possible. So at midday went to the tavern and took a meal there. — Stalwart peasants were feeding, and I rested long, wondering if any of them had tasted the Kellnerin. She didn't look like their sort of meat, but who could tell. — I waited till all had gone, then ordered a chicken which I knew they'd have to roast, and waiting for it talked, and, said I wanted to sleep with her. Whilst talking, in came the hotel keeper, and asked if I wouldn't go opposite where the room was better fitted for "Mein Herr" — I declined and away he went.

In half an hour I'd offered her twenty florins. With much fear and hesitation, — for she was to be married in the winter she said — all was arranged — not for that night, but the next. She hoped there would be no travellers, for if the hotel was full, some might come to these barn rooms — if not she'd be quite alone, for the servant who slept in the room next to hers was to have "her night at home" — I was at dusk to go through the barn yard and the back part of the barn to the first division — the door of which was usually locked at night, but she'd leave open, and go up to her room. If

any one chanced to be still in the dining room I must wait, but nearly all went away when it was dark.

The next day I had breakfast at the eating place, it was raining hard. — "If it goes on raining there won't be any travellers." — "I hope it will for I'm so frightened." Rain it did to my great joy, only clearing up about the time of my visit. At dusk I went down the rough steps to the barn yard, and fumbling along thro the outer part — filled with lumber and straw — found the door which opened to the staircase portion, and thence into the dining room — saw lights thro the chinks, crept softly up to her bedroom and found the door locked, and the next door locked also. Then a traveller's room door was open, and I sat upon the bed awaiting her in pitch darkness.

In half an hour I heard doors locked, and up she came with an oil lamp. That wasn't sufficient for me, so she went down in the dark to bring up a candle — With the two, all was bright enough. She sat on the bed, said she was frightened, that it would be her ruin if she were found out, and begged me to go. I pressed the twenty florins but it was of no avail, she'd rather not have it — if it were ever known she'd never get married, how came she to arrange this meeting? She'd never done the like before — her intended was away for military training. — She'd let me have her the next morning as she had done the day before if I'd go now, and much more. — She wanted fucking and I dare say the money, but every action, bespoke a woman who didn't get her living by her cunt. She resisted my feeling her till she drove me wild with desire.

I refused to go till I'd had her — would I go if she let me? — No — I'd stop all night. — With that I threw off all but my shirt which I tucked up, shewing my persuader in magnificent erection, sat by her side, and she seeing refusal was hopeless, my fingers were on her notch soon. So for a time twiddling her clitoris, kissing and persuading we sat, she dressed, and still refusing till I made her feel my prick. That weakened her resolve, for she kissed me and began undressing — the feel of the prick makes every woman yield. Her chemise she wouldn't pull off, nor let me look well at her charms. — Women not gay, are so whimsical in their behaviour in love matters — at first.

Too impatient to dally longer, and throwing off my shirt, I got into the bed — one so small that it would scarcely hold us. — Soon she followed me I pulled her chemise up to her armpits, then laid my body on hers. — At last I got her to let me take the chemise off, and both start naked, I folded her magnificent frame in my arms, laying between her glorious thighs, distended to help my entry to her, my horny ruby tipped prick rushed up her cunt, and we were one. With slow movements I probed its depths, but the tightening of the glowing sheath, its soft compression round my pego, and her thrills, hurried me on; my thrusts soon were quick, then grew frantic, our tongues met, her thighs tightened against mine, and as our sighs and murmurs of pleasure mingled, my prick with violent pulsations of heavenly pleasure, throbbed out from its reservoirs copious jets of sperm, whilst the ambient streams from her cunt mingled with it. Then we dozed off, still holding each other in loving embrace, prick and cunt still united, and in healthy slumber for a short while lay sideways face to face, our naked bodies touching everywhere, clasping each other's haunches, my arm under her neck, uncovered both — for our fucking movements had thrown off the bed clothes. — Soon that slumber was over and next instant lasciviously I grasped her sexual orifice. She caught my hand. — "Ah — don't" — "I will." — "Nein — nein." — "Yah." — Thrusting my knees between her big white thighs turned her on to her back — or nature made her turn so — rose on my knees, saw motte, and thighs, and cunt lips covered with our spendings. At once my prick with throbs rose up potently, down came my belly on to hers again, up into her lubricious avenue went the pro-creator, up and down in the soft mucilaginous compound it churned. Her "nein, nein" ceased, her luscious cunt began to heave to meet my thrusts, our tongues met, all was delicious silence till the moist interior partially dried by the prick gliding to and fro, in it, tightened closely, our tongues met, quick now my thrusts, my arsehole gripped, my prick tip found its home, and again we spent, again dozed off in tranquil pleasure. But we slept not for long, restless, sleeping by snatches still in full rut, with prick still hot and lusting, wanting enjoyment in her yet not ready for the duty, at each awakening putting my hand on to her motte, slipping my fingers into the soft notch, awaking her if asleep — not meaning to do so, — turning bum to bum, then face to face

again, placing her hand (nothing loath she) on my doodle, inviting her to rouse it, her cunt willing to receive me, we passed long hours. A clock not far off loudly struck each hour. Then out went the lamp, the candle I had put out before. Then she laying on her back went fast asleep, even with my fingers on her notch and snored vigorously. Soon after I slept, awakening by falling off the narrow bed on to the floor. — "Was ist?" — cried she loudly with fear as she awakened.

Instantly she left the bed, and lighted the candle, We talked. — Nein — never had she had such a thing done to her — "Never, never — my God — never." — Then little by little I got her to the bedside, and kneeling with her legs over my shoulders, I gamahuched her for an hour as it seemed and till my tongue could scarcely move, till she groaned in her spasms of pleasure. — Then exhausted, subdued, yielding to my every whim — as women at last do — I placed her leaning over the bed, her lovely buttocks towards me, and licked the hairy notch as well as I could. It was but a mere passing of the tip of my tongue along the furrow, but in my meretricious fury that seemed divine. — Then my pego rose to its work, I plunged it up her, and as I did so out went the candle.

At once my rigidity gave way, she grew restive in the sudden darkness, out slipped my tool. — "Let me go to bed I'm so sleepy," said she. — On to the bed she got. — Then furious to have her I mounted her, her willing thighs opened, a rub of my gland along the slippery notch stiffened me, but it took me long before I left the last drop of my sperm in her lovely cunt — my prick and arsehole aching as the sperm sped out. — "Ach Gott let's sleep," said she and bum to belly we both slept now — exhausted by amorous delights.

The clock struck loudly as again I awakened from restless slumber. — She was awake and turned towards me. — Lewed talk again, for I could talk of nothing but sexualities — I was cunt struck, had most of the talking to myself. It was a polyglot of English, German, and *****. — I tried to talk bawdily and fingered her cunt, but no erection followed even from her soft endeavours on my pego — I made her try her best and she tried well, but clumsily. — I thought of the delicate manipulation of many sweet fuckstresses whom I'd slept with and compared her frig with theirs, but all was useless.

Then suddenly — for so do latches come to me — the lingual play on her vulva again occurred to me. I couldn't make her understand my want at first, so kissed rapidly down from breasts to motte, then pushing open her thighs, my tongue touched her clitoris. She closed her thighs on me as she felt the sensation it gave, and spoke I know not what. — She'd had it done before, I tried to say in German. — Whether I did or not, can't say — but from her nein — nein — again inferred that she never had. There is a fascination in any voluptuous novelty. — Gradually I got her thighs well apart, my tongue touched her clitoris easily. — "Nein — gehen sie weg — gehen" — I heard; then came a clip of the thighs. — "Ach — haaa" — her buttocks moved upon my hands which lay beneath them, her belly heaved, her cunt came full on to my mouth, oscillated a little, and then was quiet. The gamahuche was over. — Habit does wonders. — At day break she got up and I with her, — both haggard, I still with desire, and I fancy she also, and that thinking it would be our last embrace, readily she laid down to receive me. I frigged my lazy tool, — sore, with its previous exercise — and long in vain, — till once more I fucked her. — Quickly we both dressed, and at the foot of the staircase kissed and parted. Thro the yard and foot-path I sought my hotel (it was not six o'clock). Mine host was up and said, "Good morning sir." He must have known that I'd not passed the night in his house. — I gained my bedroom, laid down, and slept eight hours without a break.

Then I went to her eating house, ordered food I didn't want, went just when I knew but few would be there — it was still raining pitchforks. — She had the other servant with her, and sent her to fetch my order. — Kellnerin said she was all right, and not a trace of fatigue was now on her face. — Such is youth — I put my tongue out as if licking, she knew my meaning, colored up strongly, turned away her head and then looked round — I repeated the lingual motion, she laughed, said, "Ach!" and lifted both hands rapidly. Then I put my hand up her clothes, and got the smell of her cunt on my fingers just as the other brought my food.

Then the Kellnerin helped the other in various works. — On an opportunity, I begged her to go up

stairs again with me. — "Ach — God — nein — she sleeps there" — would be about all day. In vain I tried, sent over for beer, wine, and mineral water. Each time when absent I felt the Kellnerin's notch or motte — a momentary pleasure. — Peasants came in, I went to my hotel and stopped the night. — Next morning the fever in my prick had gone. — Away I went, kissing my hand to the Kellnerin as I passed her hostelry — wondering who'd fuck her next, and if her intended would ever know of that night's amusement. — It was her affianced who had fucked her she had told me amidst our amatory amusements. — What opens the cunt, oftentimes, opens the heart, and loosens the tongue of a woman.

Next day I stopped at * * * * and rested, much fatigued. — It will probably be my last great effort — five times in seven hours is much — and enough even for a young man — I am dilapidated as I write this narrative — but how delicious is the reminiscence of that night of love, that small cunt in that huge woman!

Vol. 9 Chapter XII

My sensitive pego and consequences. • Wanting yet revolting. • At P*r*s. • At the lapunar. • Alexandrine the new chambermaid. • Her useful information • An erotic evening. • Sappho. • A limp doodle. • A second Paphian suggested. • Raffaella in the adjoining room • In my room after-wards. • The German's semen. • My dislike to it. • Dislike forgotten. • Tribadic exercises. • The Paphian's opinion of me. • A lewed triad. • Flat fucking and gamahuching galore.

[Many a page of manuscript must now be burnt, a mere outline given instead, tho some erotic episodes will be retained as written.]

[The irritation in my gland about this time increased, and came on quite once or twice a week, in fact directly I wanted the love of woman. In coition then, a freshly washed cunt such as gay ladies like to prepare for their visitors, became to me more objectionable than ever. My first thrusts in the warm red avenues at the period of these visitations, were positively painful to me, and I thought incessantly of the pleasure I had, when the spermatic softness had just been given to the pudenda, by a pioneer on to the road which was open and ready for me to enter. Strange it was however, that at that time, a dislike at the idea of following an-other of my sex there, sometimes came over me, a dislike mingled with fear. — Foolish tho it was for the time — a short time only — it restrained me from giving myself the fullest pleasure, and I contented myself in preparing pudendas by lingual and digital friction, so that natural lubrication might be got before we fucked — if permitted.]

A month after being in the mountains I went to the lapunar at P*r*s already mentioned. At various periods, many of the Paphians there knew my tastes — I usually saw the saloon when full of women, and each was anxious for my selection, for I was liberal.

[A new chambermaid soon after came to that part of the house in which I usually had my chamber — for I had a favorite room — who was quite unlike her class. She was not thirty years old, plump and not bad looking. I tipped her handsomely got very friendly with her, kissed her when I arrived and left, and tried hard to in-duce her to let me fuck her, for she was appetizing, but which she would not permit. — Nor would she let me feel her cunt, nor even her legs. Her name was Alexandrine. The one before that was Hortense, but further reference will be made to these aids to my pleasure.

She told me after we got friendly, that she was married, had never been gay, nor kept, nor in a bordel before, nor did she seem to me as if she had; and from enquiries made I believed this to be true. — After Hortense left, she became sous-maitresse and our friendliness much increased. — She

had more time to talk with me, and she carefully instructed the chamber-maid who replaced her, about my whims and latches, and how to minister to them. I increased still more my tips to her, she got more and more communicative, showed me the women's bedrooms, the medical examination chairs, whips, birches, straps, dildoes, and the whole paraphernalia of artistic whoredom; told me from time to time what woman had just come in the house, and when one came who was new to her occupation there, which women loved each other and flat fucked, in fact put me up to every dodge, and completed my knowledge of human nature in its erotic phases, and of the internal economy of the lapunar. Of course all this was under pledge of secrecy. — But this is looking forward too much.]

I went to the bordel early, the women had only just left the coiffeur's hands, few had been fucked that night, tho some no doubt had during the day. — About twenty of them were in the salon, some quite naked, stockings and shoes excepted, others with diaphanous gauze around them, thro which all their charms were visible. Some sitting, others half reclining, one or two standing. — Breasts, arms, fat thighs and backsides nude — mottes shewing like charcoal set in ivory, some women exhibiting hairy armpits, — an indescribably voluptuous scene.

"Salon mesdames," said the sous-maitresse opening the door. — For a second the chatter ceased, then re-commenced, limbs moved, eyes flashed, many spoke and all at once. — "Ici, Monsieur." — "Monsieur c'est moi." — "Moi Marguerite." — "Ohe." — "Ah cochon." — "Vous ne vous souvenez pas du moi" — etc. etc. — Some put out their tongues lasciviously. — Some opened wide their thighs. — Some put fingers on their clitorises with frigging movements, — others pulled their cunt lips open. — It is one of the most marvellous sights in the world, but the excitement renders selection of a woman difficult. My eyes roved from one to another of the Paphians, dazzled, bewildered by sight, sound, and lewed suggestions.

I selected a woman, who went upstairs naked, step-ping up daintly, I following just so low behind her, that I could see the dark furrow between her buttocks, which moved with a wriggle as she went prancing up step by step — a cock standing sight, but mine didn't stand — "Marie, est ce que la jaune est occupee?" Her hand was on the handle — I had asked for that room. — "Si, si, Mademoiselle, pas la, — ici donc, — ici." We entered another room, rich looking and hot — they are all kept hot, so that the women who are naked for hours should not catch cold, and can strip themselves. In fact, a fucking atmosphere is kept up.

I did not like my choice, she was thinner than I'd thought, but was beautifully made, had dark brown hair on her cunt and not too much of it, — a pretty cunt. Her face was Southern, her head dressed in Oriental fashion was hung with sequins, large gold bracelets were on her arms, gold coins round her neck. She was she said twenty two. "I'll make my toilet," quoth she. I don't know what made me say it or what passed thro my mind, for I had come to be gamahuched, and on those occasions like to feel a quite clean cunt — for all that I objected. "Have you been fucked to night?"

— "Not yet." — "Don't wash, I don't like a dry cunt."

— "Tres bien, je le rafraichirai seulement." Out she went, in a minute returned, I put my fingers up her cunt and felt its natural state, it had not been washed inside. — Then I wished it had been but did not say so, looked at it well but was confused, saw a cunt and nothing particular about it, and had no desire to fuck.

I had travelled much two days previously, felt tired — and worse — that I should not like her. I had felt my cock whilst she was washing and there was no stiffness in it. — "I shall give you trouble, am old, may not be able to fuck you." — "Old? not so old — I'll make you do it." — "No, I am old." — "How old then?" — I told. "Quel mensonge — what shall we do — faite l'amour?"

— "Let me see your cunt more." She threw herself on the bed, her legs invitingly apart. — It was a pretty and fresh cunt but it did not stir me. — When I had done amusing myself with it, "Suck my prick" I said. — "Tres bien." — Taking a wet towel she washed the top, pulling down the prepuce and looking carefully at it — I took off my clothes and laid on the bed, she began running her

nimble tongue all round the roots, over the balls, and finally taking the tip into her mouth, gave a preliminary lick, spat out, and then went on quickly rolling her tongue over the tip, moving her head up and down. One moment the tip came into sight the next it was hidden to the roots.

For a moment it stood stiff under her delicate tongue friction — She gave it a gentle frig, and down my prick sunk again, — to my shame — "I told you I was tired." "Never mind, I'll make it come up" — and she re-commenced.

I turned her about in many attitudes, her lithe form twisted any way I felt her cunt deeply whilst she gamahuched, then put her over me kneeling and looked at her cunt, but all was useless. — Ashamed, "I told you so." — "You are fatigued" — I was glad of the excuse which was true tho. — "Let me feel your finger." — Finding the nails short, — "Put one up my bum, gently, oh, gently." — "Open your legs wide." Wetting her finger with spittle she gently drove it up me, irritating my fundament, sucking my cock all the time, giving me voluptuous sensations — but no cockstand came. Then she tickled my bum hole with her tongue, then up went her finger again — but it remained limp.

"It's of no use," said she, — "Shall I get you another girl?" — "Have you a dear, dear friend?" "Yes, a fine woman — superb — dark — oh dark, such black hair on her cunt. — You'll like her." — "Will you play at minette with her, voulez vous faire la tribade avec elle?" — "Oh yes, we often do it, shall I get her?" — I wanted some excuse, yet for some intangible reason said, "No." — "Do, — you have made me randy," — said Sappho. "Whilst she minettes me, you can fuck her." — "What's her name?" — I did not want a woman who knew me. — "Raffaella — so lovely, — the finest woman in the house — and si chic, si polissonne, je l'aime la petite cochonne" — and she kissed the air and wriggled her backside. — "She is si fraiche, only been galante deux mois — ah! je l'aime."

I did not want Raffaella, had come to be gamahuched, wanted to feel my prick tip rubbing in a pretty mouth, my sperm gushing into it, to feel the peculiar sensation which gamahuching can alone give the prick when it spends — to feel it shrinking — yet retained and sucked — no cunt can do that quite, tho, it does much better. I felt angry and ashamed. "Suppose your friend won't." — "But certainly she will, let me fetch her, she will minette you, and so will I her."

Just then I heard a woman coming up stairs singing, and the tread of a man following. They went into the adjoining room, and we could hear them indistinctly through the partition. — Lewed thoughts now came. I had many times seen the cunt of my handsome H*l*n M***w**d covered with the sperm of her lover, had gloried in its viscid glistening, had seen and heard her in her throes of pleasure, whilst a magnificent prick was jetting out its essence into her, and afterwards had put my own prick up and added to the libation; but had then no desire to see any other cunt in similar state. Yet now the litch seized me. "Fetch her directly she's been fucked, and before she washes." — Out went Sappho, knocked at the next door, there was a low toned conversation, and she came back. "It is she, she who is my friend, she will come, you shall see she is the finest woman in the house. — Yes, she'll come with foudre in her cunt."

Laying half naked, thinking and frigging my prick, a voluptuous sensation ran from its tip thro my balls, but no stiffness came. I heard laughter in the adjoining room, and a screech like that which a randy woman sometimes gives when a man bawdily assaults her. Sappho was standing by the door "Why stand there?" — She wanted Raffaella to come in quickly without being seen she said, to bilk the landlady by not letting her know she had had two men. All was quiet now. "They are making love," said Sappho shutting the door and beginning to play with my cock, which had shrunk to the size of a walnut again.

A door slammed, mine opened, and in came a fine tall young woman. — Jet black she looked in hair and eyes as she entered, one hand on her cunt, pinching the lips to prevent the spunk dropping on her legs. On the bedside she laid at once and opened her thighs, shewing a cunt surrounded with hair black as charcoal from motte to arsehole, where the thick growth hid the buttock furrow. The lips opening, shewed a dark crimson lining where thick sperm did not cover it; the bright light fell

on her cunt. Sappho soon leant over her, sucking her nipples, muttering I know not what in an endearing manner.

Raffaella pulled open her cunt lips with both hands. It was dark crimson colored, shining and with little lumps of opaque sperm laying near the prick hole. — "Do you like looking at a cunt so?" she asked — "Yes." — "Fuck me cheri, fuck then." — My prick stood now. — "Has he spent much?" — "Oh! yes much — look." — Raising her thighs and buttocks but keeping them wide apart, she then gave a tightening, and a mass of gruelly sperm rolled out slowly towards her bum furrow, till caught by the crisp black, curly, hairs. — Did you spend." — "Nearly, I want it now, fuck me and I shall." — My cock stood stiffly, but I did not insert it. "I am frightened," I said.

She moved sideways on to the bed, closing her thighs, grabbing my prick as she did so. — "It's quite safe, he is a friend, and I often see him, a blond with a fine beard, his foutre is good, fuck me cheri, put it in." Again she distended her thighs and friggged my prick hard. Her thighs had now got spermy thro her moving. There I stood I looking at her, Sappho recommenced kissing her, and every now and then feeling my balls, whilst Raffaella sometimes twiddled the tip gently.

Tho this was yesterday, I am confused about my thoughts and sayings at this juncture, then all is clear again. Raffaella looked lovely, her body was gloriously formed, large globes with small nipples, black arm-pits, large creamy colored thighs, joining her belly in a thicket of black hair. The cunt slightly open and fuckingly aromatic, smelling like the cunt of a woman, soothed by male sperm which had not mingled with her own. I wanted her, yet did not accept the invitation of, "Baissez moi donc!" But fear and disgust at the male sperm came over me — my nature is so curious.

All at once I thought of H*I*n's cunt. "Faite la minette," — Sappho dropped on to her knees and began. I laid my head on Raffaella's thighs and smelt the sperm, my bum began to oscillate as I fucked in Sappho's mouth. She held my balls in one hand, whilst her finger penetrated gently my bum hole till I spent. Raffaella was friggging herself when my pleasure came on.

Raffaella saying she must go back to her friend, left, but she would soon return. I laid on the bed tired, Sappho sponged and wiped my prick, and wanted to know if I always was gamahuched. "No." — "Why not fuck now?" — I did not want the man's spunk on my prick. It was all right, she knew also the man, besides Raffaella had wanted me to fuck her. — "Nonsense," I remarked. Sappho was sure she did. Then we heard laughing in the next room, the door opened and champagne ordered. — "Ah mon Dieu, they will be some time, he will fuck her again." I would wait, and Sappho remarking that I should have to pay the house for her, I consented, was now indeed ready to pay anything to see that fine black hair cunted, woman naked, and her semenalized cunt again.

I laid on the bed fatigued, languid with voluptuous anticipations. Sappho chatting and playing with my cock, at times sucking it. At times it stood, but fell when she ceased I played with her bubbies and cunt, then noticed that her clitoris projected much, tho not very large nor ugly. I friggged it till her bum wriggled and she pinched my prick hard. "Do you like gamahuching a woman?" she asked. I had done such a thing. — "Do it to me" — I declined, was too old. — "You look better than half the young ones," said she.

I told her I'd had many women in that house. — Had I seen women flat fucking each other? — I mentioned women I'd had, some were there still, others had left.

— Said she, "I never had a man who wanted a woman just when she has been kissed, and I thought you wanted to fuck her so." — I replied that when the de-sire seized me I scarcely knew, quite what I wanted, but now wished to see them two flat fucking together. "What will you give us?" — "A napoleon each if you flat fuck properly, spend together, — faites la tribade."

— Laughing in the adjoining room ceased. "He's fucking again," I said. She went outside the door again. — "The chambermaid's there and says you must pay the house as well." — "I have already said I will!" — Sappho again went out and coming back, "She will be here directly — he is going."

— "Let me see him." — "No."

— Gentlemen did not like to be looked at and it was the chambermaid's business to prevent it. — I heard, "Monsieur descend" The next instant Raffaella came again into the room smiling and with fingers on her cunt as before and at once threw herself on the bed and opened her charms to my gaze, the cunt looked much as before, but less wet. The spunk was in the roots of the hair and on one of her thighs, but her cunt was less inviting.

"Did you spend with him?" — "Ah yes, now I had my pleasure." — I stood enjoying the sight, and again she pressed me to have her. — We kissed, she shoved her tongue in my mouth, used all her incitements. — "Kiss me cheri. — Ah? fookee moi donc, c'est anglais, n'est ce pas? fookee me — fookee me, n'est ce pas. — Ah pollisson."

I wanted to feel her cunt, yet could not bear to touch the man's sperm — strange inconsistency — but amused myself by squeezing the lips together and letting go, they opened with a slight noise. She every now and then heaving her rump, sighing, and asking me to poke her, took hold of my prick. Sappho then began sucking Raffaella's bobbies, and cooing her in an affectionate way. — Rail got more energetic, grasped and licked my prick, begged me to do it — it was delicious with the sperm of another. "Mais que c'est donc deliceux" — "Faites la minette avec Sappho." — "No do me — fookee me donc." — "Don't you like Sappho?" — "Perfectly, yes" — I, weary of Sappho had been tipping my champagne, and suddenly sprang on the bed, put her legs across and knealt over the mouth of the other, the dark one put her hands round Sappho's buttocks and licked Sappho's cunt. I saw her tongue go up and on it, saw Sappho's arsehole, on the left side of which was a little lump as big as a pistol bullet — I had felt it before. The dark one's legs closed up now. I only saw the wriggling of Sappho's buttocks — and in the large looking glass on the wall against which the bed was placed — the movement of her breasts and belly. The sequins on her head shook as she moved, she sighed, murmured, her buttocks wriggled, and Raffaella's fingers buried themselves in bum furrow. Then Sappho crying, "Suck then, suck quick — quick," — and jogging her backside on Raff's mouth rapidly — leant forward over her head, then reeled off by her side, and lay panting — legs slightly apart — the hair of her cunt drenched with spittle

Sappho soon got up, gave champagne to her friend, drank herself and asked for another bottle, then pissed. The two were getting noisy. French women soon get lively under champagne. They rarely piss before a man unless asked, most of their arseholes I expect have been stretched a little, and farts then escape easily I have been told.

More champagne was brought. — They questioned me. — Raffaella asked me to lie down — I did. — She moved more on her side to let me, then began frigging my cock, which was quite limp. — Sappho again stood by the side of the bed, and told Raffaella she had put her finger up my bum hole. Raffaella laughing asked if I liked that, and why I wanted, to see her without having "made her toilette." — French women don't use the strong expressions, unless lascivious with desire and really wanting a fuck.

The room was very hot. — There I lay on the outer edge of the bed — the dark one by my side — Sappho standing by the bed. I slipped one hand on to Raffaella's cunt, and the other on to Sappho's, which was still wet with her friend's saliva and her own spend. Raffaella's was moist and I longed to feel up it, yet had the dislike to put my fingers into the man's sperm. Raffaella went on handling my doodle. — "Kiss me" — said she. "Let Sappho kiss you." — "I'll wash first," said she. — "No — no — just as you are." — "I can't." — "Yes, I don't mean minette, but tribadez — rub your cunts together — clitoris to clitoris — till you both spend."

Both laughed long and loud. — "We never do that — jamais." — "You lie, — Sappho said you did." — "Oh, but isn't he a villainous old pig." — "Oh the old rogue," said one. "He has lived, hasn't he?" said the other. — "Do English women do it? — tell us then" — said Sappho. — I told them all I knew, and how I had had my thumb up one woman's cunt, and finger up the other's whilst they lay flat fucking.

"My God! — he is fit for a school teacher or a professor," said Sappho. — "I'll wash — yes, — it's not healthy," said Raff. — But I pushed her back — "I wish not that, but with the sperm." — I had got off the bed, was pulling wide open the dark one's thighs again, and now the sperm attracted me. — It made me stiffen as I saw the still glazed cunt. — I was longing, yet disliking it. Then Sappho laid herself down by the side of the black haired and kissed her, began sucking her bobbies, put one hand to her cunt and friggid it. "Was it the German?" asked she. "Yes" — "Which." — "The tall one — he is coming tomorrow, he likes me," — this all said in a low confidential tone. — The other slightly then turned round, quite closing her thighs as a woman sometimes does, when a voluptuous randy thrill goes thro her. Sappho put her tongue into Raff's mouth then turned on to Raffaella's belly, who opened her thighs, and lay on her back.

Sappho nestled her belly to her friend's, put her hand between them, seemed to be feeling their cunts, then clutching Raffaella's backside, wriggled — Raffaella raised her thighs and crossed her legs high up over Sappho's loins, then they both wriggled, sighed and kissed, their tongues were joined, I heard the slobber of their salivas. — Then furiously Sappho began to move somewhat like a man fucking, Raffaella's hands slid up and down Sappho's back, then clutched her bum. — "Ah! quicker! — Ah! God" — cried she. Again their mouths slobbered and smacked whilst their arses heaved, their bodies moved all over, both sighed, then gently subsiding lay quiet in each other's arms.

I saw every movement of their arses, their heads, their eyes and mouths — not one escaped me — they were reflected in every direction, and every wriggle, twist, thrust, grip and thrill was visible. — I stood by the bed feeling Sappho's bum, then got my fingers between the cheeks till they were buried in wet hair, and then my fingers slipped further into a mass of wet cunt — for both cunts were close together — I could not touch one without touching the other. I thought they had done, when Sappho again began wriggling, and for a quarter of an hour was more kissing and wriggling, then murmuring their delight, and at last loudly, they again lay tranquil, but with bodies palpitating, their limbs straight, the red silks of Sappho between the white silks of Raffaella. Again I pushed my fingers between the cheeks of Sappho's arse. She distended her thighs to let them thro as if she liked my groping. Their cunts were still touching each other. "Sappho," said a shrill voice outside, and a knock came at the door — Sappho went out quickly. I looked at Raff's cunt, as Sappho got off from it. It was wet, the hairs were sticking on her mount. — She caught hold of my prick. "Foutez moi donc, cheri — fookie me — c'est anglais n'est ce pas cheri? as que vous etes mechant." — She liked a fuck after a flat fuck she said. [Some women did I find.]

My prick was stiff now and I was about to put into her, when the dislike and fear of the male spunk again overtook me. "No, suck me." — She wriggled to the bedside pulled me to her till my prick touched her thigh, but I got away from her and wouldn't fuck. — Sappho returned, and I put her on the bed with knees up, and one leg so that her foot rested on the pillow, thus her thighs opened, and I saw sperm on her cunt, she'd been fucked when out of my room. Raff put her head on Sappho's leg which lay nearest, turned on to her side, her face close to my belly, and raising herself on her arm took my prick in her mouth. "Put up your leg, let's see your cunt." — Up one went, and there in front of me was the brown haired cunt of Sappho open, and glistening with spunk, her clitoris jutting out, and the large white thighs of Raffaella distended, her black haired cunt, gaping and shining.

Then I fucked between Raff's beautiful red lips — glancing first at one cunt, then the other. — "Aha — aha — I'm coming. — Je decharge." — Withdrawing my pego — I thrust one hand's fingers up Sappho's cunt, the other up Raffaella's, forgetting now the male spunk, both cunts wet with it and their own spendings. My hands out spread were covered with it, my fingers glided in and out of the prick holes, and then I felt the whole of their cunts at the same time. Suddenly the sperm which I had disliked excited me, made me lewed, I wanted to fuck in it, one hand was wet to my knuckles, the sperm squeezed between my fingers, it was the outcome of the spending of two lewed women and two men. — "Oh you hurt," said Sappho. — The idea of that fetched me. — "Christ! I'm coming." Putting my pego again into Raffaella's mouth, I half fainted with pleasure, — my body

drooped over her — and still I kept my fingers in the cunts — When I came to, Raff was still gently sucking — Oh! the delight as it drew the last drop of semen in a way that no cunt can, — dragging it out from the roots of my balls, my anus tightening with the throbs. — I almost dropped down with voluptuous enervation.

Then I staggered to the sofa, half stupefied. In a few minutes came to, my hands still sticky, and I lay feeling my fingers with eyes closed, and thinking of the voluptuous delights. There was movement, sighs, a sob of pleasure. Opening my eyes, there was Sappho on the top of Raffaella again. — They were cunt rubbing hard, sucking each other's tongues, backsides agitating, they moaned, kissed, sobbed, then shrieked, their thighs and buttocks moved so fast together, that the spring mattress heaved them up, they were almost glued together. Then all was silent.

Sappho rolled off her backside towards the looking glass. Raffaella's cunt had every hair of it soddened, Sappho's was the same — I opened Raff's thighs, she still panting. Sappho opened her eyes. — "Have we done well, vieux cochon."

Sappho's head dress which she had begged me at first to take care of during our frolics was now in disorder, gold sequins had tumbled off. Raffaella's hair lay loose about her neck. — Both mechanically put a hand under their cunts as they got off the bed. Both took up the champagne bottle. — It was empty — I'll order another. — "My God! if I have more, there will be a row" — said Raff. — "Never mind I have you both for the night." — "Are you going to stay? — do — sleep between us naked."

I was done up — my long journey — the heat, excitement, and spends had finished me; had a violent pain in my head, my eye sight seemed to be going — it was exhaustion. — But I could not bear to leave the naked women, sat feeling my prick without desire, yet in a state of bawdy pleasure looking at them. — Sappho went out to wash and came back. — "Let's see your cunt again Raffaella before you wash." — "Look at him feeling his old prick." — Saying that she put one of her feet upon my knees, and pulled open her cunt lips. — "Tchec," said she with her tongue. — "Is not he a bawdy one?"

Both then sucked my cock, and got it stiff again — but throbbings in my temple warned me, just as I was about to put my prick into the thicket of Raff, so I left. Ten years ago, I would have fucked each of them twice.

I am paying penalty to day. Writing this, whilst fresh in my memory, how unfit I feel, and almost hate cunt. [Next day I left the city.]

Vol. 9 Chapter XIII

H*I*n again. • Financial arrangements. • Mutual erotic tastes. • Hers for gamahuche. • Her sexual strength. • Bawdy books in bed. • Varied amorousities there. My smooth skin. • Animalism cum ideal-ism. • Needless repetitions in this narrative. • On a metropolitan railway. • Female costermonger in wrong class. • A stern guard. • My aid and recompense. • At the terminus. • In the half formed road. • Against a wooden fence. • The voice in the dark. • Rapid flight. • Voluptuous sensations in a lusting quim. • White stockings in a fog. • "Ain't you got cheek." • Favours in the mews. • Fucking con amore solamente. • We separate as strangers.

Returning to England, H*I*n M. seemed much pleased to see me. After visiting her a few times, she agreed to accept what I could afford, and I became a regular friend tho I did not see her frequently. — What with presents, and years after assistance when she was in difficulties, the cost of her charms increased rather than diminished, but I was content and saw her when-ever the troubles of

life made me miserable, and then her intense beauty, and most exquisite sexual inter-course relieved me. By degrees it was that we got to confidences. She left gay life two years after, and gradually each understanding the erotic tastes of the other, our sensuous temperaments being similar, we gave way to all our devices, and she did with me and others, and saw done with me and others, acts which when regularly gay — she had never seen or done. — The incidents as written would have disclosed this gradually, but this preface is now necessary, so much manuscript having to be burnt.

As said, — since my lingual amusements on Miss E*w***s pudenda — gamahuching had become a greater pleasure to me. — Formerly at the sight of a lovely woman, my first thought was of her cunt, and my first desire to fuck her; now quite as frequently, my first desire is to give her cuntal pleasure with my tongue, — what the special attraction in a woman is, which makes me desire to gamahuche instead of fuck her, I can't say, have often tried to solve that problem without success, but certain it is, that this gamahuching is not generated in me by every woman.

This letch was roused in my be H, the first time I had her. On subsequent visits she refused it, and anxious to please her, satisfied by the exquisite pleasure she gave me, I contented myself with fucking her only. But as she learnt a little of my secret life and told me hers, gradually disclosed her erotic tastes and latches which all gay ladies have — for lust increases with the knowledge of what lust can do — I found she liked it. Towards the end of this year, one afternoon being in bed together and I ready to mount her, she said looking at me voluptuously, "Put your little head down first." — For the moment I didn't understand, but in a minute my tongue was on her clitoris, she spent under its delicate irritation, and I was delighted. Subsequently we nearly always commenced our active pleasures with lingual play, and I found out in time her extreme sexual force. She could spend two or three times under the gamahuche, and then enjoy my prick three times, as well as if she'd had no spend before. — Generally she did all this amorous work without a sign of fatigue. I never knew a woman of such sexual strength.

We used at times to lay in bed reading bawdy books. Then I would gamahuche her, and she liked the lingual exercise continued almost directly after her spend. A few minutes' repose only and I'd fuck her, then we'd go on reading. Sometimes she'd read until suddenly she'd frig herself, laying back, grasping my prick hard with one hand, even hurting it sometimes, with eyes closed, more frequently looking me full in the face eyes wide open, with a wonderful voluptuous expression, till her breath shortened, her lovely thighs and belly quivered, then her eye lids drooped till her body was quite tranquil. — Then with the remark, — "We are beasts," — our reading was resumed. So we went on for hours, fucking, gamahuching, and she frigging herself at intervals — both drinking champagne from time to time — for I always at last took that exhilarating, kidney stimulating liquor to her. H*I*n was made for fucking.

The feminine softness of my skin was always ad-mired by gay women, whose lust often times seemed stimulated by feeling it. Many a one has desired a second poke on account of its nice feel. Now in my maturer years it has the same effect on women, which I should not have expected. The narratives of several incidents shewing this have been destroyed, but enough preserved to prove it. H*I*n by feeling it, found it increased her liking for me — mere lust that perhaps — but what voluptuousness is added to fucking, when a man and woman like feeling each other's bodies. If only mere animalism this, why speak slightly about that, why not accept it philosophically. Our brains work with our bodies sympathetically in the physical junction of cock and cunt, and for the time the couple love each other, love till the ecstatic crisis is over. Man and woman can both intensify their physical pleasure by thought, can fancy any one or anything, when fucking. — When the carnal exercise is finished, the libation given — all is over.

As I read this later manuscript now, I come upon opinions and scraps of conversation on sexual matters, which altho apropos of the event, seem to me to have been said before on many similar occasions, on exactly the same subjects. — If so it is needless repetition, but it's now impossible to refer back — Better perhaps repetition than total omission.

I had been to my stock brokers one day at the beginning of November this year, had luncheon in the

City, called at a friend's office, and at about half past five o'clock got into a first class metropolitan railway going to the north west, where I was going to have a friendly dinner with a man. The carriages were full, in ours but one place was vacant, when just as the train started in rushed a woman and took it. She saw at once that she'd made a mistake, and smiled at no one in particular, looking anxiously, about, and as if she'd never been in such a carriage before. She then looked at every one of us in turn, with an expression on her face of, — "You know I'm in the wrong carriage and so do I." — They were mostly elderly men, tired perhaps with business, and beyond giving a glance at her, took no further notice and read their newspapers. I kept my eyes on her for she was coarsely handsome, was opposite to me, and our knees nearly met. Soon I put foot and knee against hers, and a thrill of desire shot through me directly they touched. A desire to see, to feel her cunt, to fuck her, which like lightning goes thro me at times, and almost immediately when I see certain women, I believe that feeling creates a secret sympathy between us, and if the concupiscence in one or other of us be strong, that it is communicated to the other, if he or she be physically in a receptive state which is only if the blood be warm, the organs charged, and cock and cunt be ready for amorous endearments.

She was a well grown, good looking woman about twenty-three years old, of the costermonger class. She looked like one who sold goods from a barrow, or a very small shop. She was commonly but comfortably clad, not warmly enough perhaps for well to do people, but enough so for her class who don't feel cold as we do. She had a vulgar hat — half bonnet — on, yet not a flashy one, and a good, bright, short woolen shawl, over her shoulders. Her face was coarse but good featured, and a little browned (tho winter) by exposure. Her eyes were dark and full, her hair dark brown. She had a full bust, and I knew at a glance had a good fat bum and thighs, from the room she occupied on the seat. — Her hands were discolored with working, a color which would not readily wash off, the color of healthy labor, for she didn't look unclean at all; her nails were quite short and she'd a wedding ring on. I sat looking at her, and she at me at last, till leaning back, purposely I pushed forward both my knees, and touched hers, of which act she took notice, not being accustomed to such refinements. Then my prick began to swell, and she to fix her eyes on me. — Did she feel lewed at that moment also? — how I should like to know.

I began to scheme how to have her. How many times I have done so in public vehicles without fixed intention. It seemed absurd, but such seemingly improbable successes with women have fallen to my lot — and thro perseverance mainly I think — that I gave reins to my wishes. — Nil desperandum. Pushing myself more forward still, as if better to read a newspaper which I held in my hands, I got her legs well between mine and very gradually closed them on hers, till I could feel the warmth we gave each other. I watched her over the edge of my paper, and fancied I saw that she was conscious that I pressed her limbs purposely. A soft uneasy look came then into her eyes, and she looked round anxiously at the other travellers, twiddling at the same time her third class railway ticket nervously. I felt certain — instinct told me — that she knew I wanted her, and that I was kindling; in her desire for a prick, if not for mine; for lust is stirred in a woman, by knowing that a man wants to fuck her. Ostentatiously I put my hand under my great coat on to my ballocks, and moved it there restlessly, looking her full in the face whilst doing so. She turned her eyes away, — she'd not done so before, — and I felt then sure that she was thinking of my prick — I wonder what she thought.

Two or three stations were passed, passengers got out, and at length the carriage was empty all but the woman and myself. As he closed the door, the guard eying her, asked for her ticket, and then, "Wrong class — four pence extra — come out." — She preparing to leave, said she'd got in in a hurry. — "Oh yes — come out — four pence." "I haven't a farthing, I paid all I had for my ticket." — She was quite agitated. — Interposing, I said that she got in as the train moved off, asked where she was going to, paid the collector the extra fare for her, and off went the train.

We were now alone in the carriage and the next instant I was by her side, she volubly thanking me. — Plunging at once, I said I'd give a hundred times the amount to sleep with her. "Oh I dessay," said she laughing. "But I'll have a kiss." — I took one without resistance. "It's very kind of you."

— "What, to kiss you?" — "Oh no, not that" — and she laughed heartily. I took another kiss. — "It's nice to be gentle-folks and ride in such carriages," she remarked.

The kiss inflamed me, no time was to be lost, for in fifteen minutes she would be at her destination — far beyond mine — and other passengers might come in. Placing one hand on her lap, — "I've been rubbing your leg with mine, have been mad for you since you entered the carriage, you are so well formed, so beautiful, get out at the next station and let's have a glass of wine together." — "Oh I dessay — no thankee sir — but you're very kind." — "Let me have another kiss then." — "No — leave off," — but I took a dozen. — "Give me one," and she gave it. — "There now I've paid you, leave off." — "You've a lovely leg and foot (she'd thick ankle jack boots on), let me see a bit more of it, don't mind me, I'm old enough to be your father." — "Oh I dessay." — But she seemed pleased at my praise, looked confused by it, and as I put my hand down didn't resist my lifting her petticoats a wee bit up. I pinched the calf of her leg. "You've a fine thigh I'll swear" — pinching it outside. — "I'm pretty well covered" — laughing. — Certain that she was randy now, — "Let me feel." — "Oh! I dessay, not for Joseph." — Bending I put my hands up her clothes and just touched her flesh, vigorously she pushed her clothes down. — "Now — no nonsense sir — or I'll get out — I'll tell the guard" Just then we reached a station.

But she didn't get out, or tell the guard, and no one got in — so alone together on we went. I now tried to feel her notch, she resisted but laughing always. Several times I touched the hair of her motte, and felt firm fat thighs, yet but for a moment, and never felt the cleft. "Now you're not a going to, I tell yer — now — I'll get out." — "You won't get out — don't be so cruel, I don't know when I've seen a more lovely creature." — "I will tho." "Feel this before you go." — In a state of reckless libidinosity, I threw open my great coat, and exposed my prick in glorious erection. — "I won't you old beast" — I stood up with it in front of her. — "Feel it." — "I won't you beast." — She pushed me away gently, and in doing so touched it. — Again I stood so — "Oh don't pray. What will they think if they see you?" — Then I hid it demurely, and took my place in front of her, reading my paper, just in time — for at the station some one got in.

We both looked at the intruder who stared at her, wondering I suppose how she came to be in a first class carriage. Soon after I pushed my leg which was nearest the carriage door well forward, and pressed her thigh with it. She didn't move hers away. The other passenger ceased looking, then I put my hand down and clasped my scrotum so that she could see me do it, and a suppressed smile broke over her face. I dropped my glove purposely and picking it up, ran my hand up the calf of her leg. The other passenger was then looking out of the window, tho it was pitch dark. At the next station he got out.

The train next stopped at her station, which was nearly at the end of the line in the western suburbs, a district then only half built over, but with plenty of new roads laid out. I stepped out first not taking any notice of her, waited at the top of the steps till she appeared, followed her till well away from the station, and then went up to her. — It was pitch dark. "Don't follow me now." — "I must, I will, till you let me — come to this coffee shop and have something to eat." We passed one and I guessed there were beds there. She wouldn't — I kept on walking by her side, begging her to let me feel her, only feel her, nothing more, ex-tolling her beauty, saying I'd never felt such firm flesh as her thighs. She turned down a dull new half lighted street, newly formed roads without lights and building land enclosed by fences leading out of it, were soon approached. "Give me a kiss you sweet creature, and just let me feel it once only here, and I'll go." She'd been begging me to go, and I was beginning to think I should not succeed. — "I'll kiss you if you'll go." — "Turn down here then and no one will see us." — Not a person was then in sight in the road we were in, we went down the side road about fifty feet, in the dark I kissed her, she me, and next minute my fingers were between the lips of a thickly haired quim. I was enraptured and longed for more. — "I won't let you" — but she stood still — I would go if she'd feel me. — In a minute she held my stiff stander. — "I'm frightened — suppose we're seen." — A minute after we were fucking up against the railings, and never had I a more delicious embrace. What a clipper her cunt was, — how she wanted a prick, how she enjoyed it, we even put our tongues together voluptuously as our bellies

pressed each other, a lingual embrace which I've not often done when having a woman in the open, or in-deed when having uprighters any where, that at this moment I can recollect.

My prick wouldn't leave her, for I was lascivious, she lustful — I'd roused hers, and she didn't hurry it out. So we stood conjoined, both my hands round a large solid backside. We talked in a low tone. "If any one passes it will amuse him," said I. — "These side roads don't go through yet, and there's no houses in them," she replied. No one was likely to pass. I was hoping to fuck again without uncunting, and perhaps she was hoping the same, so tranquilly did she stand keeping her belly to mine, but my prick at last came out, her petticoats dropped. With my handkerchief I wiped my dripping doodle, she standing still just where she'd been tailed. "I've done a pretty bit of marketing in the city," said she laughing. "Have you been to market?" — "Yes, but the price wouldn't do." — "You told the guard you'd no money." — "No more I have expecting what I took to buy with — I must be off — let me go first — don't come further with me, will you now?"

But my passion was not satisfied, I longed to have her again, the adventure so like those of my youth stimulated me. Besides I can still at times fuck twice or thrice within the hour. "Let's talk a little longer and we'll do it again," said I, holding her shoulders. — She couldn't, she was late, they'd wonder where she was, yet there she stood in the cold, talking with me in a subdued voice. I asked her where she lived, how she lived, what she'd been to buy. "Oh them's tellings," and I could get no information, nor indeed cared much about it, all I wanted was time for my prick to recuperate and stiffen again, but it didn't. — "I must go, I really must" — and she walked towards the road, out of which we had turned, I with her, no word about money had passed yet.

It was a dreary half built neighbourhood. Scarcely a person was in the thoroughfare, but she begged me to leave her as she was near her home, and feared being seen. "Now do go, you promised. — Oh, impossible to tell you where I live, or meet you again." — "Turn up here then." We passed and now on the other side of the way — what looked like a similar half formed road. I said I could do it again to her. — She now went willingly up the place with me, and soon her back was up against some railings. I found however that I wasn't quite ready for duty, but the feel of her gluey cunt — she'd not piddled since the fuck — and fat firm buttocks, together with her feeling my pego — all of which took place in silence — reanimated it, and before it was thoroughly rigid I put it against her notch. She held up her clothes to aid me, my prick tip touched the spermatized gap, and rose up stiffer, then clasping her bum I gave it a cautious push, and with a throb, to full size it erected, we were off again, and had an exquisite second pleasure — almost greater than the first. — She responded to my thrusts and aided me voluptuously.

My prick had just left her cunt, when a voice not far off, and as it seemed to me on the land behind the fencing, cried out — "I see you. — I'll tell" — and then laughed. — "Oh! God!" — said she, and rising up

— for she had just squatted to piddle, — took to her heels and ran off as hard as she could, unheeding my, "Stop, stop, it's only a blackguard." — I lingered to button up my trowsers, saying to the voice, "You go to hell." — The voice made no reply, all was dead silence.

— In my flurry I buttoned my trowsers somehow on to my coat, then had to undo it, then buttoned my trowsers to my drawers, then couldn't find the button holes, and so lost time, altho whilst arranging my trowsers I walked slowly towards the main road, thinking she'd wait for me there. But I could see nothing of her, and after walking all about the street and side streets for half an hour, went home, never saw her since, and know no more about her.

What a delicious adventure, beginning and ending in an hour and a half. What led up to it — my lust or hers — or did we both want fucking when we met — or did I communicate the lust to her — or she to me? — I know my evolution of desire, beginning with pleasure in looking at her face and form, then guessing at the sort of cunt she had, then desire, then a voluptuous tingling in my tip, then a stiff prick, then an attempt to possess her, then recklessness. — Did she go thro similar phases of lust? — How I should like to experience a woman's sensations as her cunt heats and

moistens, and desire for the man gradually rises till it overwhelms her, and she yields. This woman was not a Paphian class, which made fucking her nicer. Yet how delightful is the facile manner, the frank lewdness, the desire to gratify her lust, which marks the Paphian when in rut. Both in their way are charming, the modest and the immodest, the variety is delightful. This woman was, and will ever be, unknown to me, which makes the episode doubly charming now, when I can rarely avail myself of my chances. It is well that I seize them when I can.

[Once or twice in my life I've been scared when in amorous play — more than once have lost my chance thro scares — I have also scared others, tho I've not told of that here. I should not be so cruel now.]

Legs all my life had almost a greater attraction for me than faces — and distinctly so since I was about twenty five years old. I can now pardon an ugly face even, if the body be beautiful in form. Much as I love a beautiful face, I am sure that my prick has risen more quickly, and lust has thrilled thro me more instantaneously, at the sight of a fine leg and good foot, than it has at the sweetest face. A fine face says to me, — "Am I not beautiful?" — Good legs say to me, — "Fuck me."

One night near Christmas, going along a big, wide, silent street in the suburbs — streets where the houses are detached, with gardens in front and rear — as I passed a gateway, two women — servants evidently — were talking. A tall woman one of them, went off in front of me saying, "Good bye," just as I approached, and I saw that she had thickish ankles in white stockings, and held her petticoats high up. It's strange what simple things will rouse my amatory passions at times. Those white stockings did, and after following her a few hundred feet, I thought I should like to feel her cunt. I'd not seen her face, didn't know whether she was twenty or forty — but she stepped out briskly and I guessed her thirty, and from what I saw at the gate, that she was a servant.

It was a pitch dark night, muddy, and all of a sudden became foggy, and scarcely a person was out. — I'd allowed her to get about thirty feet in front of me, so that I might see the white stockings, and now owing to the thoughts which following her and looking at them had generated, my prick began to throb. If she's game, I can have a kiss or a bawdy chaff, which is agreeable; if she's offended, I can but beg pardon, cross the street and leave her. I have done so when I've made such mistakes. Thinking thus, I hastened my steps, and when by her side said, — "You've a splendid pair of legs, I wish you'd hold up the clothes a little higher, and let me see a bit more of them." "They are quite high enough to keep off the mud, and it's like your impudence," said she — laughing heartily tho. — Thought I, she's game, and now knew by voice and manner that she was of the servant class. We just then passed a gas lamp, and I saw that she looked thirty years old if not more. "It's your fault if I'm impudent, for showing your legs so." — "You need not look at them." — "I could not help it and it's set me longing for you." — "Oh in-deed." — I got a little suggestive now. — "Do you live about here?" — "No," — I replied, and telling her where I was going. — "It's the other way, not this," said she. — "I don't exactly know where it is, you come and show me." — "Oh I can't, I must get back."

— "Give me a kiss, you're a fine woman," said I. — She made a sham struggle but I got one, and then an-other, then I felt sure she liked it. — "You're a rude man." — "You've made me rude, for my cock's been stiff ever since I saw your legs. — Let me feel them."

— "You're a very rude man." — "Where are you going my dear." — "Oh — ain't you cheeky." — "I'll see where you go, and won't leave you till I've felt your lovely legs." — "Oh! ain't you got cheek?" — "Give me another kiss, you've splendid thighs I'll swear" — and again I attempted one. Just then some one approached us. "Leave off, you'll get me into trouble, I live not far from here."

This sort of game went on for a quarter of an hour, she slackened her pace, or else I did, and I went on chaffing. At another gas lamp I thought she looked forty. The houses were now further apart and with larger gardens, the fog got thicker. "I shan't be able to find my way home," said she. — "And I'm sure I shan't find my friend's house." — "Leave me now please sir," — said she seriously. — "I won't till I've felt your legs, come here, this is your way home, let me give you a kiss." — "I shan't."

— I laid hold of her arm and led her up what seemed a muddy grassy place, which looked like an entrance to a field by the side of a garden to a large house which we had just passed, or else a mews, the fog prevented my seeing clearly what. She permitted me to pull her but it was really only leading her, and when we were in utter darkness and in perfect silence, I kissed her, and held her close round the waist, my belly against hers, telling her about the excitement her ankles had caused me, she saying, — "Now let me go, I really must go." But instinct told me that she knew I meant fucking. I slipped my hand up her clothes, felt big thighs and a fully haired notch, with scarcely any resistance. — "Now I wouldn't have come if I'd thought you'd be so rude." — Then I put my pego into her hand. "Let's fuck my darling — let me do it."

She at every advance I'd made said, — "Oh! no — ain't you got cheek." — But she was randy and meant to let me. When we were both feeling each other's privates, she asked me to promise not to follow her home, for she was in service. — Two minutes after, my hands were clasping a pair of big buttocks and we were fucking. — She'd had many a fuck in her time I'm sure, and enjoyed it immensely. She'd taken off one glove, and felt my pego before she consented, and I'd introduced it to her quim.

The fucking over, we kissed and parted, and I agreed to meet her the following Sunday. She went out of the dark turning, first. — No money was given or promised. Had I seen her ten minutes after I shouldn't have known the woman. There was something about the business which made me fear a clap, but nothing of the sort occurred. — It took me half an hour to find my way to my friend, — it was my second visit — tho really it was not ten minutes walk from his house, where I'd fucked this amorous domestic. I fancy that by a little flattery and persuasion, both of which I'd used, any prick would find an easy entry to her. Sure am I that she'd been well fucked long before I had her. I enjoyed the unexpected adventure immensely.

Then again I went abroad for a couple of months, and amused myself with foreign women, the well kept, well drilled whores, of a French lapunar.

These last two episodes are wonderfully similar in character. There is nothing in that, but it is singular, that they should have occurred so soon after each other.

Vol. 9 Chapter XIV

An error in dates corrected. • H. and I get confidential. • Her voluptuous abandonment. • Our erotic philosophy in practise. • My sensitive pego avowed. • My seminal ejaculations. • H. likes a big pego. • A big one up her. • I up after the big one. • Mutual delight in a semenalized vagina. • Reflexions thereon.

[I find that the narrative about Sappho and Raffaella has been placed more than a year too early. What immediately now follows and more should have been placed before it. — This error no doubt is caused by sorting, selecting, and destroying manuscript, with the object of abbreviating.]

H*1*n and I now began to understand each other (tho not yet perfectly). She knew I was not easily humbugged, so abandoned largely Paphian devices, treated me as a friend, and her circumstances compelling her to avoid male friends, and not liking females much, and it being a human necessity to tell some one about oneself, I became to some extent her confidant. She then had a charming, well furnished little house, replete with comfort, and her own. I at times dined with her there. She was beautifully clean, you might have eaten off her kitchen boards, and the same throughout the house. She was an excellent cook, cooked generally herself and liked it, was a gourmet. It was delightful to see her sitting at table, dressed all but a gown, with naked arms and breasts showing fully over a laced chemise, with her lovely skin and complexion, eating, and drinking my own wine, she passing down at intervals to the kitchen. We eat and drank with joy and boudy expectation, both of us — for she wanted fucking. — Every now and then I felt her thighs and quim, kissing her,

showing my prick, anxious to begin work even during our dinner.

Afterwards adjourning to her bedroom, we passed the evening in voluptuous amusements — we had then but few scruples in satisfying our erotic wishes. — Soon after had none. — How she used to enjoy my gamahuching, and after a time abandoning herself to her sensations she'd cry out, "Aha — my God — aha — fuck spunk" — and whatever else came into her mind, quivering her delicious belly and thighs, squeezing my head with them, clutching my hair, as her sweet cunt heaved against my mouth when spending, till I ceased from tongue weariness. Sometimes this with my thumb gently pressing her bum hole, which after a time she liked much. Then what heavenly pleasure as I put my prick up her, and grasping her ivory buttocks, meeting her tongue with mine, mixing our salivas, I deluged her cunt with sperm. — Never have I had more pleasure with any woman, with few so much.

Resting, we talked of her bawdy doings and mine — of the tricks of women. — We imagined bawdy possibilities, planned voluptuous attitudes, disclosed latches, suggested combinations of pleasure between men and women, and woman with woman — for Eros claimed us both. In salacity we were fit companions, all pleasures were soon to be to us legitimate, we had no scruples, no prejudices, were philosophers in lust, and gratified it without a dream of modesty.

One day I told her again of the sensitiveness of my pego, that with a dry cunt the friction of fucking some-times hurt me, that my prick at times looked swollen and very red, unnaturally so. — French harlots — more than others — I found washed their cunts with astringents, which my prick detected in them directly, so when I was expected, I wished H. not to wash hers after the morning, her natural moisture then being so much pleasure to my penis. — No saliva put there, is equal to the natural viscosity, mucosity of the surface of a vagina. — But from her scrupulously cleanly habits, I had great difficulty in getting her to attend to this.

That led one day to her asking, if I had ever had a woman who had not washed her quim after a previous fucking. She then knew my adventure with the sailor, that at Lord S's, and at Sarah F**z*r's — but not the recent one at N**I*e L*le's. — I told her that I had not with those exceptions. — "I'll bet you have without knowing." She told me of women where she had lived, merely wiping their cunts after a poke, and having at once another man, and of its not being discovered; of she herself once having had a man fuck her, and his friend who came with him, insisting on poking her instantly afterwards.

We talked soon after about the pleasure of fucking in a well buttered cunt, and agreed that the second fuck was nicer if the cunt was unwashed. I racked my memory, and recollected cases where I had had suspicions of having done so. H*I*n who always then washed her quim, again said it was beastly. — I said that if more agreeable to me and the woman, there was nothing beastly in it; nor cared I if there was, fucking being in its nature a mere animal function, tho in human beings augmented in pleasure, by the human brain. "So why wash after, if the two like it other-wise?"

About that time I found I had not quite as much sperm as in early middle age, testing that by frigging myself over a sheet of white paper, and wished to see what a young man spent both in quality and quantity. We chatted about this at times, and one day she told me she had a man about thirty-five years old, who visited her on the sly, but very occasionally; a former lover who had spent a fortune on her (I know since his name, his family, and that what she told me was true). She let him have her still, for gratitude. He was very poor but a gentleman, and now he helped her in various ways. It struck me she liked him also, because he had as she told, a large prick. I found she had a taste for large pricks, and described those of her former friends who possessed such, in rapturous terms. This man spent much, I expressed a desire to see it, and after a time it was arranged that I should see this cunt prober, him using it, and her cunt afterwards, but this took some time to bring about. In many conversations, she admitted that she had not more physical pleasure from a great prick, than from an average sized one. "But it's the idea of it you know, the idea of its being big, and it's so nice to handle it."

I went abroad as said, the incidents there will be given hereafter. On return, I went soon to H. and told her what tricks I had been up to, and our conversation went to the subject of my sensitive prick and semenalized quims, those I'd seen, and what she had promised should come to pass.

One afternoon — this was some months later what I shall soon tell about — I was in her bedroom as arranged, he was to have her in the adjoining room. She placed the bed there, so that when the door was very slightly opened, I could see perfectly thro the hinge side. We were both undressed, she with delight de-scribing his prick, repeating her cautions to be quiet, and so on. — A knock at the street door was heard. "It's his," said she, and went down stairs. — Some time passed, during which I stood on the stair landing listening, till I heard a cough, — her signal — then going back and closing my door, I waited till they were up stairs and I heard them in the back room. Opening mine ajar again I waited till a second cough. Then in shirt and without shoes, I crept to their door which was slightly open.

They were sitting on the edge of the bed, she in chemise, he in shirt, feeling each other's privates. His back was half towards me, her hand was holding his large tool not yet quite stiff; but soon it grew to noble size under her handling. Then he wanted to gamahuche her, she complied, being fond of that pleasure as a preliminary. He knelt on the bed to do it, tho he'd wished to kneel on the floor. — She insisted on her way, to keep his back to me. So engrossed was he with the exercise, that when her pleasure was coming on, I pushed further open the door (hinges oiled) and peeping round and under, saw his balls, and that his prick was big and stiff — I was within a foot of him. — But he noticed nothing, all was silent but the plap of his tongue on her cunt, and her murmurs. When she had spent once, he laid himself by her side, kissing her and feeling her cunt, his stiff, noble pego standing against her thigh, — she puffing the prepuce up and down, and looking at the door crack. After dalliance prolonged for my gratification, he fucked her. She pulled his shirt up to his waist when he was on her, so that I might contemplate their movements. I heard every sigh and murmur, saw every thrust and heave, a delicious sight; but he was hairy arsed, which I did not like.

Then said she, "Pull it out, he'll wonder why I have been away so long; you go down stairs quietly, and I'll come soon." He uncunted, they rose, I went back to my room. He had been told that she was tricking the man then keeping her, and knew that a man was then in the house, and he there on the sly was happy to fuck her without pay — for he loved her deeply —and not at all expecting or knowing that his fornicating pleasures, were ministering to the pleasure of another man.

Then on the bedside she displayed her lovely secret charms — a cunt overflowing with his libation. — It delighted me, my pego had been standing long, I seemed to have almost had the pleasure of fucking her as I witnessed him, and now to fuck her, to leave my sperm with his in her, came over me with almost delirious lust. "I'll fuck you, I fuck in it." I cried trembling with concupiscent desire. — "You beast — you shan't." — I will." — "You shan't." But she never moved, and kept her thighs wide apart whilst still saying, — "No, no." — I looked in her face, saw that over- powering voluptuousness, saw that she lusted for it, ashamed to say it. "Did you spend?" — "Yes." — "I will fuck." — "You beast." — Up plunged my prick in her. — "Ahaa" — sighed she voluptuously as my balls clasped, and fucked quickly for my letch was strong. "Ain't we beasts," she sighed again. — "I'm in his sperm dear." — "Y — hes, we're beasts." The lubricity was delicious to my prick. "Can you feel his spunk?" — "Yes dear, my prick's in it. — I'll spend in his spunk." — "Y — hes — his spunk. — Aha — beasts." — All I had just seen flashed thro my brain.

— His prick, his balls, her lovely thighs, made me delirious with sexual pleasure. — "I'm coming — shall you spend H*I*n?" — "U — hes — push — hard — ahar."

— "Cunt — fuck spunk," we cried together in boudy duet her cunt gripped — my prick wriggled, shot out in sperm, and I sank on her breast, still holding her thighs and kissing her.

When we came to, we were both pleased. — "Never mind H*I*n if we are beasts — why say that if you like it?" — "I don't." — "You fib, you do." — After a time she admitted that the lasciviousness of the act, had added to the pleasure of coition greatly — to me the smoothness of her vagina

seemed heaven. — I was wild to see all again, but circumstances did not admit of it then, yet in time I did, and one day after he and I had had her, "Go down to him," said I, "Don't wash, and let him have you again on the sofa." — The leech pleased her, he fucked her again, and thought he was going into his own leavings. When she came up, I had her again, I was in force that day. Her taste for this lubricity then set in, and stirred her lust strongly, — she was in full rut — I gamahuched her after she had washed, thinking where two pricks had been, and half an hour after she frigged herself. Whilst frigging, "Ah! I wish there had been a third man's spunk in it." — "You beast — ah — so — do I." — She rejoined as she spent, looking at me with voluptuous eyes.

We often talked of this afterwards, and agreed that the pleasure of coition was increased by poking after another man, and we did so when we could afterwards with her friend and others. Sometimes it is true she shammed that she allowed it only to please me, but her excitement when fucking told me the contrary. She liked it as much as I did, and it became an enduring leech with her.

Whether H*I*n or any other woman — I've known several who liked it — had increased physical pleasure by being fucked under such pudendal condition, it's not possible to say. — With me owing to the state of my gland, no doubt it did. But imagination is a great factor in human coition, and by its aid, the sexual pleasure is increased to something much higher than mere animalism. It is by the brain that fucking be-comes ethereal, divine, it being in the highest state of excitement and activity during this sexual exercise. It is the brain which evokes leeches, suggests amatory preliminaries, prolongs and intensifies the pleasure of an act, which mere animals — called "beasts" — be-gin and finish in a few minutes. Human beings who copulate without thought and rapidly are like beasts, for with them it is a mere animal act. — Not so those who delay, prolong, vary, refine, and intensify their pleasures — therein is their superiority to the beasts — the animals. What people do in their privacy is their affair alone. A couple or more together, may have pleasure in that which others might call beastly — al-though beasts do nothing of the sort — but which to them is the highest enjoyment, physical and mental. It is probable that every man and woman, has some leech which they gratify but don't disclose, yet who would nevertheless call it beastly, if told that others did it, and would according to the accepted notions — or rather professions — on such matters, call all sexual performance or amusements beastly, except quick, animal fucking. But really it is those who copulate without variety, thought, sentiment or soul, who are the beasts — because they procreate exactly as beasts do, and nothing more. — With animals, fucking is done without brains — among the higher organized human beings, fucking is done with brains — yet this exercise of the intellect in coition is called beastly by the ignorant, who have invented a series of offensive terms, to express their objections. — Their opinion of the sweet congress of man and woman — which is love — is, that it should be a feel, a look, a sniff at the cunt, and a rapid coupling — very like beasts that!!!

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.